THE SUNDAY AT HOME:

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SABBATH READING

1855

LONDON.
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY
56 PATERNOSTER ROW; 164 PICCADILLY.

INDEX TO VOLUME II.

Page

ABRAHAM (See PATRIARCH) . . . 1, 17, etc.
Africa (North), Jews in 710
Allen, William 363, 380, 405
American Telegraph's First Message . 765
Anecdotes 261
ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE:—
The Ape 190
The Bat 375
The Mole 535
The Bear 679
Anniversaries, The Religious, of 1855 . 300
Army Surgeon, and the Incorrigible Sunday Scholar 46
Arreton, A Visit to 550
Augustine, Mother of (See MONICA) . 11, etc.

BERNARD GILPIN, Some account of. . . 491
Bible Questions, 15, 31, 48, 63, 95, 144, 160, 175, 191, 223, 255, 303, 336, 384, 399, 416, 432, 464, 510, 576, 608, 624, 639, 671, 687, 736.
——— Answers to, 80, 111, 144, 207, 240, 287, 383, 463, 494, 543, 640, 656, 720, 767, 784
Bible Commerce 646
BIOGRAPHY OF GREAT BOOKS:—The Pilgrim's Progress 324
Birs Nimroud, The 470
Brading and Arreton, A Visit to . . . 550
Britain and the Prophecies 95
British Museum—Shall it be opened on Sundays? 682
Budgett's (Mr.) Tea Party 20
Burned (The) Volume 801

CALVIN, The Last Days of 635
Canonizing a Saint 77
Carefulness and Care 606
Cautions for Commercial Men 356
Cedars of Lebanon (The) A Sunday at . 6
Chinese Illustrations of Scripture (See ILLUSTRATIONS).
Christian Lady of the Seventeenth Century 155, 164, 180
City Missionary, The 604
Claude Brousson 109
Conscience at Work 197
Coral Islands, Gems from the 476
Crabb, Rev. James 331, 347
Cross, Travels of the 284

DAY of Small Things 485
Daybreak in Britain—A Tale of the Ancient Britons, 689, 705, 721, 737, 753, 769, 785.
Death-bed of the Christian and the Sceptic contrasted 758
Delusive Prospects 725
Derby, The 334
De Stael (Madame) and Madame de Broglie. 676
Discrediting Religion 527

EGYPT'S long-forgotten Dead. 726
Elijah's Sacrifice on Mount Carmel, The Scene of 53

Page

English Prisoners in France 420
Ephesus 517
Evans (Christmas) at a Welsh Association 741

FANNY HERBERT 679
Fox, Henry W. 298
Frederick II. and Ziethen 132
Frederick William the Great, Death of . 398
Fry, Elizabeth 507, 523, 533, 548

GIPSY'S Friend, The 331, 347
Go down the Alley 750
Gustavus Adolphus 262, 278

HARVEST Field, Honouring God in the . 632
Hogg (Thomas) Two Passages in the Life of 59
Holy Wells of Ireland, . 294, 316, 438, 683
Howard, John 123
How to enjoy a Sunday. 561
Hunted Stag, The 453

I DESIRE to die 678
Illness, a Little, not considered dangerous 719
ILLUSTRATIONS, CHINESE, OF SCRIPTURE:—
Fishers 343
Hunter, The 583
Loom, The 775
Mourning for the Dead 486
Organ, The 614
ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE:—
Eagle (The) and its young. . . . 790
Hebrew Husbandry 431
Judea's last Fortress and its Defence 254
Nineveh, Dimensions of 311
Nineveh Marbles 228
Provision for the Poor 407
Sparrow (The) on the Housetop. . 773
Indian Anecdotes, with its Lessons . . 620
Infidelity, The Doctrines of 701
Immaculate Conception, Feast of the . 622
Ingenuity in doing good 20, 616
Irish Roman Catholics in America . . 139

JEWS in North Africa 710
Jones, The late Mr. William 303
Judgment Hall of Osiris 805
Judea's last Fortress and its Defence . 254
Judson (Dr.), Anecdotes of 205

KILMANY, The Missionary of 308

LADY, A Christian, of the Seventeenth Century 155, 164, 180
"Left!"—Why? 437
Leigh, Rev. S. 570, 588, 597
Leper's Cottage 222
Life, A 308
Lingerer, The 270
Littleness and Greatness of our World . 596
Lochleven, The Shores of, and their Religious Associations 187
Lost Bells, The 166

Page

Luther's Elm, Visit to 118

MADELEY, A Visit to 214
Maltese Penitents 359
Man in the Mask 94
Mansoul, Siege of, 21, 37, 69, 85, 101, 134, 149, 198, 229
Mariolatry in France 766
Martyn, Henry 236, 244, 322
Mary Leslie; or, the Struggle of Love and Duty 748, 756
Meadowbank, A Sunday at . . . 417, 433
Midnight Prayer on the Shore 612
Missionary (The) in the Wilderness, 570, 588, 597
Missionary Pedlar of the Vaudois . . 141
Missionary in New Zealand 381
Missionary Episode 799
Modern Monasticism—The Oratorians in England 650
Monica, the mother of Augustine . 11, 27, 43
Morrison, Robert 662, 820
My Old Mother; or, Conscience in Trade 355
My Way is hedged up 516

NARROW Escape from the Punishment of Death 318
National Fast, Results of a 286
Nazareth, A Sunday at 182
Neander, An interview with 461
Nero's Household, Saints in 292
"New Name," The 125
Newton (Rev. John), Character of . . 541
Newton (Robert), Some incidents in the Life of 443
Nineveh Marbles—Illustrations of Scripture from the 228
Notes by a former Resident in India . 773
Nothing lost by serving God 212

OLD HUMPHREY, Last Days of 251
One who trod in the steps of Henry Martyn 298
One who went about doing good . . . 123
Our Readers, A few Words to 16

PAGE FOR THE YOUNG:—
Aunt Clara's Story; or, Love one another 495, 511
A Word to the Young 368
Bible Pictures.—The Kind Lady . 256
Boy Soldier, The 432
Daily Thoughts 32
Evening Prayer 192
Father's Promise, The 96, 112
Gentle Boy, A 368
Great Gift, The. 192
Happy Spring, The 224
Hebe 15
Illustrations of the Law of Love, 574, 591, 607
Lessons from the Fields of Galilee . 528
Let me pray first 368
Little Charles 336

Page

PAGE FOR THE YOUNG—*continued.*
Lessons from Snow 160
Mary's Texts 816
Missionary Bridge 320
Missing Plum Cake, The . . 448, 464
Morning Prayer 192
Prayer for Sunday 192
Pride and its Reward 48
Shepherd Lad, The 143
Stolen Penny, The 400
Willie 288, 304
Paris, A Sunday in 630
Parisian Sunday 268
Parisian Chiffonnier 666
Paterson, Alexander 308
Patriarch, The Life of a, 1, 17, 33, 49, 65, 81, 97, 113
Pen, The 804
Perpetua—a Story of the First Persecutions 699
Pharaoh, The Drowned; or, Egypt's long-forgotten dead 726
Philosopher, Religious Perplexities of a 219
Picture Worship in Russia 159
Piety in a Camp 278
Piety upon a Throne 262
Pitcairn's Island, An Incident in . . . 100
PLANTS OF SCRIPTURE:—
Gopher wood 743
Oak Tree 567
Pocket Bible, Story of a, 129, 145, 161, 177, 193, 209, 225, 241, 257, 273, 289, 305, 321, 337, 353, 369, 385, 401
Poem, The most ancient in the World . 695
POETRY:—
Beauty of Death 47
Birthday Verses 544
Cistus, or Little Sunflower, To the . 504
Dead in Christ, The 111
Divine Reproof 63
Dove's Return, The 367
Flamborough Light, Lines written on seeing 367
Fugitive King (The) quitting Zion . 560
Fulness of Christ 704
Happiness, A Search for 427
Hour Glass, The 827
I'm but a Stranger 63
I was wounded in the house of my friends 278
I will arise and go to my Father . 816
Lark, To the 544
Lilies of the Field, To the 544
Missionary Hymn 704
Oak, To the 574
Our Rest 792
Prophet, The 455, 469, 493
Rain, the Blessed 815
Remembrance of Youth a Sigh . . 544
Resurrection Morn 704
Russian Rites and English Prayers . 176
Sabbath, The 504
Shining Light, The 408
St. Paul loosing from Troas . . . 239
Time 827
What can harm the Christian? . . 416
Whitwell Chapel 168
POETRY (SACRED) OF AMERICA,:—
"Abide with us" 526
Death Scene 205
Maternal Piety, Power of 526
Name in the Sand 204
Sabbath, The 203
Seasons of Prayer 525
Widow of Nain 204
POETRY (SACRED) OF GERMANY:—
Christian's Prayer 656
Eternity 655
Hymn for the Reformation . . . 656

Page

POETRY (SACRED) OF GERMANY—*continued.*
On the Crucifixion 654
POETRY FOR THE YOUNG:—
Angel's Whisper 414
Blind Nurse 31
Child's Comfort in Sorrow . . . 672
Child's Friend 800
First Prayer 256
God everywhere 95
Infant's Prayer 256
Little Mary and the Straw Bonnet . 320
Morning Praise 672
Mother's (A) Fears and Hopes . . 687
Pelican, The 496
Providence, Trust in 368
Redbreast, To the 672
Seaweeds, Life among 672
Simple and True Story for the Young 384
Still Small Voice, The 384
Suffering soothed by Sympathy . . 800
Wound (The) Healed 95
Poor, yet Rich 536
Prodigal Son, The, 561, 577, 593, 609, 625, 641, 657, 673
Profitable Preaching 342
Promise Illustrated, A 36
Providence 95
Providence, Divine, The Leadings of . . 68
Providence, The Finger of 389
PULPIT IN THE FAMILY:—
A Chapter for the Aged 153
Acknowledgment of God 745
Adverse Providences 361, 377
All these things are against me . . 137
Bereaved (The) Comforted 585
Boyhood, Importance of a Religious. 521
Christian, Manners of a 265
Christian Diligence 537
Christian Growth 313, 329
Christian Master, The 281
Christian Servant, The 233
Christian, Responsibility of a . . . 777
Christianity—The Character of its Founder an evidence of its Truth, 105, 121.
Death, Thoughts on 57
Death as contemplated by a Christian 823
Family Worship 345
God's Glory in the Firmament . . 617
Good Physician, The 729
Gospel Narrative of the Resurrection of Christ considered 761
Harvest (The) and its Lessons . . 601
Happiness the result of an early Dedication of the heart to God . 73, 89
Man (A) greatly beloved—Daniel, 425, 441
Mary at the Sepulchre 409
Meditation for Sabbath Morning . . 489
Mighty One, Fall of the 249
Misery Makers 569
National Success retarded by individual Transgressions 467
Old Year Buried and the New Year Born 9
Parents, Duties of 553
Prayer for Rulers, Importance of . 185
Principle and Peace 809
Prisons and Palaces 201
Profitable Forethought 297
Religion not the foe of Innocent Enjoyment 41
Sins estimated by the Light of Heaven 697, 713
Sowing, The, and the Reaping . . . 217
Terrors of the Lord 793
The Unfailing Welcome 473
The Untried Way 25
War, Lessons from the 169
What can I do? 505

Page

Pursuit, The 472

RAY of Light 633
Red Letter, The 429
Rees Prichard and his Goat 301
Register Office, Reminiscences of a, 638, 653, 667
Religious Intelligence, 64, 127, 207, 272, 351, 415, 559, 623, 687, 768, 828.
Religious Education of Little Children . 788
Resting-place, A Safe 423
Rome, A Sunday in 326
ROMANISM:—
The Fête Dieu 13
Holy Wells of Ireland, 294, 316, 438, 693
Mariolatry in France 766
Scala Santa (The) at Rome 733
Sabbath, The 271
Sabbath, Rest of the 372
Sabbath-keeper (The) Rewarded . . . 680
SACRED PHILOSOPHY:—
Bow of God 666
Clouds 84
Sadler, Elizabeth (See CHRISTIAN LADY).
Save the Boy 195
Scala Santa (The) at Rome 783
Sceptic (See CHRISTIAN).
School for Fathers 153
Science and Infidelity 44
SCRIPTURAL BOTANY:—
The Rose 248
Selden's Dying Testimony 504
SHERWOOD, (Mrs.) Life of . . 692, 715, 731
Shilling (The last) lost 509
Sister's Prayer answered 365
Socinianism, The Fruits of 824
Spangenberg, (A Moravian Bishop) Notices of the Life of. 340
Sparrow (The) on the House-top . . . 773
Spoiled Child; or, a Father's Prayer answered 449
Sunday Trading in London 174
Sunday Faggot 817

TELEGRAPH'S (American) First Message 765
Things to be remembered 72
Thou shalt not Steal 564
'Tis Buts 686
Tobolsk School 481, 497, 513, 529
Too big to pray 646
Too late!—a Dream 735
Tract, The Rejected 545
Trial by Fire 197
Truth, The Travels of 393
Two Ways of Spending a Day 465

UNEQUAL Yoke, The, 4, 29, 44, 52, 75, 91, 107

VAUDOIS (The) A Service with 669
Vaudois (The) Liturgy 708, 813
Village Prize Fighter 446

WALES, A Sunday morning in 459
Walker, Mrs. (See CHRISTIAN LADY).
Watching for the Morning 171
Watering-place Acquaintance 116
Weitbrecht, The Rev. J. J. . . 780, 795, 810
What can I do? 148
What will the world say? 536
"*When* ye fast." 260
Whitfield's (George) Pulpit 92
Will my case be called on to-day? . . . 276
Working Men's Reasons for signing the Petition for closing Public Houses on the Lord's Day. 126

ZIETHEN, and Frederick II. 132

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE PILGRIMS ON THE WAY TO CANAAN.

THE LIFE OF A PATRIARCH.

PART I.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

To appreciate the beauty of the Old Testament histories it is necessary for us to picture the scenery amidst which the persons described performed their memorable actions, and spent their every-day life. We must sit down in an oriental country; gaze on the sun, moon, sky, mountains, trees, and flowers of Asia; go forth with the nomad tribes of the desert, follow their flocks, travel with their caravans, rest in their tents, load and unload their camels, drink at their watering-places, pause during the heat of the day under their palms, cultivate the fields with their implements, gather in their harvests, dress in their costume, note their provincial and idiomatic speech, and listen to the strain of song or story with which they beguile their vacant hours. The impressions received by many readers of sacred Scripture are only like the faint outlines on faded tapestry; and knowledge of the kind now referred to gives vigour and colouring to those impressions, rendering their pictures clear in their delineations, and rich, warm, and glowing in their hues. At the same time no one must rest satisfied with a reproduc-

No. 36.—Published January 4, 1855. Price One Penny.

tion in his own mind of the outward life of patriarchs and prophets, important and instructive though that be; he must aim at comprehending the moral and religious character, at penetrating into the inward spiritual sentiments of the men whose actions are depicted by the pen of inspiration. A sanctified imagination informed by study, and a devout judgment enlightened by experience, are both essential to the profitable reading of the sacred Hebrew writings. Recollecting this, we shall devote a few papers to the history of Abraham.

According to the common chronology of our Bibles, this eminent patriarch lived between four hundred and five hundred years after the deluge. On the other hand, Dr. Hales assigns the eleventh century after that awful event as the era when the father of the faithful flourished. In explanation of the discrepancy it should be stated, that Scripture only supplies materials for chronology, informing us at what age a person begat a son, and how long he lived afterwards, and the like, upon which data learned men have formed varied computations. If Dr. Hales' theory be correct, then there had been time, when he travelled as a pilgrim, for the earth fully to recover from the great catastrophe of the deluge, for nature to gain an appearance of antiquity once more, for the human population widely to spread and largely to multiply, for mighty cities to be built, and for religion to become corrupted.

The place whence Abraham came originally, and where probably he was born, is called Ur of the Chaldees—some say the present town of Orfah, numbering 50,000 inhabitants, in Upper Mesopotamia, about 230 miles north of Damascus. The people were idolaters, worshipping heroes or the heavenly bodies, perhaps connecting them with some supreme power—a common practice in the ancient world, against which the first commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods *with* or *beside* me," was levelled. All we know from Scripture is, that Terah, who was father of Abraham, served other gods; but Jewish tradition informs us that he was a maker of images, and that when God enlightened his son's mind, the latter burnt his parent's workmanship, and that his brother, in attempting to save the idols from the flame was himself consumed. Such traditions are curious, and possibly may have some truth at the bottom of them; but they are so mixed up with exaggeration and falsehood, that it is now impossible to separate the precious from the vile, and therefore they possess not the slightest amount of historic value.

The father of the patriarch, with his whole family, according to the book of Genesis, travelled from Ur of the Chaldees to go into the land of Canaan, and they came unto Haran and dwelt there. In the Acts of the Apostles we read that "the God of glory appeared to our father Abraham while he was (at Ur of the Chaldees) in Mesopotamia, before he dwelt in Charran, and said unto him, Depart from thy land and from thy kindred, and come hither to a land which I will show thee." The first removal, then, of the patriarch was according to Divine command; and next, after the death of his father Terah, we find him leaving Haran to pursue his journey southward towards Palestine, in accordance, as Dr. Hales is of opinion, with a *second* call, recorded in the twelfth chapter of Genesis. He was now to separate himself from his father's house, as well as from his remoter kindred, which he did, taking with him of his relatives only his wife Sarah, and his nephew Lot, whom Josephus represents as his adopted son.

The country through which this pilgrim band passed was rich and fertile, bordering on the desert of Syria. It was full of fine prairies, vast uncultivated tracts, forests throwing up their thick masses of foliage on the margin of emerald pastures, and flowers of bright hue and rich fragrance dappling the green grass. We imagine the wild luxuriance as the growth of a thousand years, resembling scenes such as we read of in America or Australia, devoid of cities, towns, or villages, deep solitude and silence for miles and miles, broken now and then by the rustling of an antelope or "the voice of the turtle." Mark the dark line stretching across the plain, or winding along the valley, or creeping down the mountain's side. These are flocks of sheep, and goats, and oxen, with their drivers. You see the shepherd with his crook; you hear him calling his own sheep by name. He takes up the weary little ones, reminding us of another Shepherd, who bears the lambs in his arms and carries them in his bosom. Some drivers are on foot, others are mounted. Yonder is a line of camels following each other, the halter of the one behind tied to that of the one before. The provisions, including skins full of water, and other baggage, are placed on these strong and patient animals, while old men, women, and children, are mounted on the top. Abraham, the lord of the tribe, appears the most prominent of the company, seated on his own noble camel, his wife and nephew following; the lofty figures, the towering necks of the huge creatures on which they ride, rising far above the level of the rest of the procession. Such is a filling up of the outline, "They went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came."

In that man's soul there abides a faith that is God's own gift. It is not that by nature he has

a purer mind, and larger views, and brighter hopes than other men, but his soul has been touched by a Divine power; he has been given to see, in the trees of the field and the stars of heaven, what others, blinded by unbelief, have failed to see. It has been given to him devoutly to recognise in the ways of mankind what others, who look not beyond themselves, have never discovered. Abraham sees God in nature and providence. God is not confounded by him with either. He is not lost in his works; he is not absorbed in his ways. He, as a personal Being, self-existent, eternal, unchangeable, and righteous, at once the foundation and Lord of the whole universe, is present as an object of worship, reverence, love, and trust, to that pilgrim from Ur of the Chaldees. Abraham's *faith* in the one true Jehovah, cutting him off from idolatry, destroying in him the follies and superstitions of his country and his childhood, purifying his soul and making it the temple of holy thoughts and Divine communion—there, in that faith, is the grand distinction of the man Abraham to be found. He is not his own guide; he walks in the light of the Lord. He rests not on himself for defence; God defends him. He knows not whither he is going; he is content that his Father in heaven knows. He is not marching along as a proud chieftain at the head of his followers; he is as a little child himself, following the Allwise, Almighty Leader.

His faith had now been twice tried; first by the command to leave the land of his childhood, and secondly by the call to separate himself from his kindred; the latter exceeding the former in severity, and illustrating a method of providence often pursued—the stronger the faith the stronger the trial. Abraham's faith had not been found wanting, it was now to be tested again.

He had been resting awhile in the valley of Sichem; he had encamped with his servants and possessions among the terebinth trees on the open space of Moreh; his flocks had whitened the sides of the lofty Ebal and Gerizim; the neighbouring fields had yielded corn, and from the vineyards he had obtained fruit; in Sichem, too, he had built an altar. A further emigration had brought him and his tribe to the vale of Siddim, near Bethel, where you can picture the encampment, the tents of the nomadic servants clustering round their chief, the cattle grazing in the distant meadows in the day-time, while the sheep browse on the hills, all being driven within the enclosure of the camp at nightfall, with watch-dogs set to guard them. And now came a new trial for the patriarch's faith. A famine arose in the land. The fig-tree did not blossom, there was no fruit on the vines, the labour of the olive failed, the fields yielded no meat. One can conceive Abraham's anxiety, disappointment, and grief under these painful circumstances. But the failure of crops was only partial. There was corn in Egypt. Its soil was not dependent on local rains, but on periodical overflowings of the Nile, which are wonderfully regular. To this great granary of Western Asia, then, would the pilgrim go; and here we are to see the failure of the faith, before so strong and calm. We find that he was not the perfect man sometimes imagined. He had infirmities. His self-defeat on this occasion shows that his victories over himself at other times were not won without a struggle. Faith is not a hothouse plant; were it so, it would not have much strength. It resembles rather a forest oak, beaten by storms, rocked by winds, sometimes stripped of a branch or two by the rude blast, but in the end becoming the stronger for it all.

Sarah was remarkable for her beauty; her fair complexion appeared to great advantage contrasted with the dark hue of the Egyptian faces. Abraham foresaw that there might be danger here; but instead of trusting God with the character of his wife and the safety of himself, he betakes himself to deceit, equivocation, and falsehood. He said, She is my sister (or niece). It was literally true, but it conveyed what was virtually the opposite. To tell one side of a truth for the sake of deceiving, is to tell a lie. Among the easterns, and especially at the early period of which we are writing, deceit was not looked on in the light in which the morality of the New Testament places it. A skilful deceiver was applauded rather than blamed. Such was the element of moral opinion amidst which the patriarchs lived, consequently the stain on Abraham's character in this instance, though not excusable, is by no means so dark as such a stain would be on ours, now that the whole atmosphere of moral sentiment around us has been purified by Christian teaching and influence. But the Lord was merciful to his faithless servant. "And the Lord plagued Pharaoh and his house with great plagues because of Sarai, Abram's wife. And Pharaoh called Abram, and said, What is this that thou hast done unto me? why didst thou not tell me that she was thy wife? Why saidst thou, She is my sister? so I might have taken her to me to wife. Now therefore behold thy wife, take her, and go thy way. And Pharaoh commanded his men concerning him: and they sent him away, and his wife, and all that he had."

Abraham's connection with Egypt—one of the earliest of the world's empires—is deeply interesting. One thinks of the land, and of the strange government established in it. In the

months of July and August, the traveller would behold a wide sea caused by the overflowing of the river, towns and villages shining as islets on its bosom, with causeways, however, uniting them. In January, he would be surrounded by meadows enamelled with flowers, while on every side there would be flocks scattered over the plains, and orange and lemon trees, loading the air with fragrance.

Dr. Hales considers that the shepherd kings, as they are popularly called (the chiefs of pastoral tribes who had made a victorious excursion upon the Nile country, and dethroned the native rulers), held sovereignty over Egypt from the year 2159 to 1899 B.C., and that the first pyramid was begun about 2095. If this be correct, then Abraham's visit might have been, as the learned author just mentioned thinks it was, under the third king of the shepherd dynasty, and about twenty years after the erection of the first pyramid. So we may imagine that wondrous structure, the pyramid of Ghizeh, on the pictures of which we have so often looked, and which stands before us the oldest existing monument of human strength and skill, which so many suns have shone upon, and so many rains have washed, to have stood in its freshness, on the banks of the majestic river, lifting up its head against the clear blue sky, covered with marble and sculptured with hieroglyphics, in the days when the patriarch Abraham was sojourning there.

Abraham returned from Egypt to Canaan, and we are informed by the sacred historian that he was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold. This is the first instance in which mention is made of the precious metals, as articles of property and wealth. It appears from a subsequent transaction—the purchase of the field from the sons of Heth for four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant—that the precious metals, silver at least, had a representative value at that time, and facilitated affairs of purchase and barter; and it should be recollected, in connection with this circumstance, that the employment of money indicates the establishment of the rights of property, the existence of commerce, and the advance of civilization; but we should not lose sight of the fact that silver then was not coined and stamped, but only *weighed;* and as a standard of value, therefore, the degree of its purity was taken into account. We do not suppose that the patriarch had *much* gold and silver; perhaps he obtained in Egypt what he had of it, in exchange for the produce of his flocks and herds, and he would employ it in securing the conveniences of life, such as suited his nomadic habits, and such as were obtainable in the places where he travelled and lived.

THE UNEQUAL YOKE.

PART I.

"MAMMA, do you know that Emily Burton is to be married next month to Mr. Mannering? You remember him, do you not? We met him last winter at dinner at Mr. Lawrence's. She is a fortunate girl; such a marriage is not made every day. He has a thousand a-year it is said, and she has not a penny; well, she is a beautiful creature, and deserves such a fortune; it would have been a pity for her to have gone out as a governess. And yet, mamma, do you know that Mrs. Burton does not like the marriage, and even said to Mrs. Graham that she never could sanction it: what can be her reason? Mr. Mannering is handsome, clever, amiable, and very wealthy; he is passionately fond of Emily, and even offered to allow Mrs. Burton to live with them at the Hall; but she has declined, and is to remain at her own little cottage. I wonder what her reasons can be?"

"Mrs. Burton, my dear, thinks it an unsuitable marriage; that is the reason she does not sanction it."

"Unsuitable, mamma! Surely the difference that fortune and comparative poverty makes is the *only* cause; and we know that, in former years, Mrs. Burton's circumstances were very different. Emily is accomplished, very beautiful, and very elegant; I think she is quite Mr. Mannering's equal."

"Is there no *other* difference between them, Mary?" said her mother emphatically.

The daughter paused, and looking up met her mother's steadfast gaze.

"You mean, mamma, that Mr. Mannering is gay, and fond of society and pleasure; but you must admit that he is greatly changed during the last few months; he has attended church regularly, and there have been no dinner or card parties at the Hall on sabbath-days as there used to be; there is altogether a great change in him; Emily herself thinks so."

"Emily Burton *cannot* think so."

"Oh, mamma, how can you be so severe? I am very sorry for Emily. I think many people are very harsh with her, and just because of this little difference between them. Mr. Mannering has promised not to control her in any way, never to ask her to attend the theatre, or opera, or any balls; what can the little difference between them, then, matter? In all other respects, they are quite suited to each other, and I am very glad she has been so fortunate."

Mrs. Chester laid down her knitting, and, placing her hand upon her daughter's arm, said kindly, but very decidedly, "Mary, tell me *what is the little difference* between Emily Burton and Mr. Mannering?"

"Why, mamma, you know as well as I do." Observing that her mother waited for her reply, she added, "He is a man of the world, and she professes to be a religious girl."

"And can you call *that a little difference*, my child? Emily Burton has professed, not to be merely a '*religious* girl,' for that is an indefinite term, *but to love Christ*, and to be one of his disciples. It is now just two years since she was admitted to communion and fellowship with the church; by that act she virtually renounced the world and its pleasures; is she, think you, acting consistently now?"

"She is not obliged to love the world, or be worldly and gay, because her husband is so, mamma."

"When she is his wife, Mary, she cannot exclude herself entirely from the society of the worldly and gay; she must entertain his friends, and strive to make his home attractive; how can he find entire satisfaction in her society, when there ought not to be any sympathy between them? Love of the world and the worldly can find no place in the heart of one who has given herself entirely to Christ; and if, in subjects of such vital importance, there can be no sympathy, no union, how can she expect happiness?"

"Emily says that she refused to accept Mr. Mannering until he promised that all her religious opinions and views should be regarded; could she do more than this? and I am sure that she has firmness enough to withstand all temptation."

"What proof has she given of her power to withstand temptation? has she not yielded at once? I readily admit the greatness of the temptation. Mr. Mannering is a gentleman, highly accomplished, and can offer her an elegant home; but what says our Saviour? 'He that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me.'"

"But it does not follow, mamma, because Emily has accepted him, that she loves him more than she does Jesus Christ. Is it not natural and right to love? I am sure, dear mamma, you loved my own papa very fondly; cannot then earthly love and love to the Saviour find a place in the same heart?"

"Most certainly, Mary, its *proper* place; but what says the Scripture? 'Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world; if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world—the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.' How then, my child, can you reconcile her choice with her profession as a Christian? Do not deceive yourself; Emily Burton must have yielded sorely to temptation before she could have taken this step; it is not a sudden falling away; did she not, in opposition to her mother's earnest entreaties, encourage the attentions of Mr. Mannering? and when her pious friends remonstrated with her, how did she receive their remonstrances? By absenting herself entirely from their society, and neglecting those duties it was once her delight to perform. It is a splendid marriage she is about to make, but it cannot be a happy one."

"I think, mamma, you are too severe. Emily was offended with some of her friends for their interference; but you must remember how very rude some people are; I have no doubt that they have given her just cause of offence."

"Do you know who it was that spoke to her?"

"No, mamma."

"It was I. Do you think I could say anything rude or unkind? When I heard of her intimacy with Mr. Mannering, I went to see her, and begged her to consider what she was doing. I warned her of the danger of such a marriage, and its inconsistency with her Christian profession, but it was of no use."

"But, mamma, she hopes, by her example and influence, to wean her husband from the world. Such things have happened, that wives have been the means of their husbands' conversion to God. But do not say that her marriage cannot be a happy one; it must be, if she has the Divine blessing with it."

"But can she expect God's blessing, when she openly opposes his will? Again, I say, it cannot be a happy marriage: 'As ye sow, so shall ye reap.' Emily Burton, if she be a Christian, which I fondly hope she is, will have some bitter portion in her cup; it cannot be that a child of God should so far disobey his commands, and remain unpunished. I remember when I was a little girl, I paid frequent visits to a dear friend of my mother's, Mrs. Wilmot, who resided in London; a lady, whose name was Mrs. Summers, lived with her as governess to her children; she had been very fair and very lovely, and when I first knew her was about forty years of age. She was always cheerful, though upon her face there was an air of sadness—it could not be called gloom—which told that care and sorrow had been early known to her. Two years after my marriage, I again visited Mrs. Wilmot. Mrs. Summers was then in very delicate health, and she survived but a few months. After her death, Mrs. Wilmot sent me the history of her life, written by herself for Mrs. Wilmot's children; I was much interested in it. You were an infant then, Mary, but I thought the time might come when its perusal might benefit you. I do not think that we could spend an evening more profitably than in hearing her history as she speaks to us from

these written pages. I will fetch you the manuscript. You will find in many parts of it a commentary on the words—

"BE YE NOT UNEQUALLY YOKED TOGETHER WITH UNBELIEVERS."

A SUNDAY AT THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

ABOUT half-way up the sloping side of "that goodly mountain, even Lebanon," the writer, not long since, approached a village by a path through a watercourse, which was so narrow that the portmanteaus slung on our baggage-mules often touched both sides of it at once. The name of the place is "Eden," or, in English, "Delight." It is mentioned Ezekiel xxxi. 16, in the words, "All the trees of Eden, the choice and best of Lebanon." In verse 18, too, the "trees of Eden" are spoken of again; so that, probably, in olden times, Eden was in the dark shade of a forest of cedars. But now not a cedar is to be seen there, and the little clump, called at the present time "the cedars of Lebanon," we found was four hours distant. In the East, we may remark, journeys are measured, not by distance in miles, but by time in hours. The infidel Volney appears to have remarked with great surprise, that although the whole mountain of Lebanon was once thickly covered with cedars, it is now bare of them, and not one is to be seen at Eden, where grew "the choice and best of Lebanon." And yet there is a small remnant which still holds out—quite enough to speak to any mind not prejudiced by unbelief.

Having reached the village for which we were bound, we all sat down cross-legged in a "khan," or Syrian coffee-shop, where were about forty men engaged in shelling cotton-seeds for their priest. Whilst we helped in the work, I found that this priest could speak Greek, and I surprised him by pulling out of my saddle-bag a Greek Testament, and asking him to read it. His pronunciation was very different from that taught in our universities. The man was pleased when I pointed to these texts—Rom. v. 8; 1 Tim. i. 15; John iii. 36; Gal. v. 22; and to show that he understood the last, he pointed to John iii. 3. Before we left, he brought from his house some red and yellow-coloured sweetmeats, which he pressed us to eat. Feeling unwell, I sat down beside a murmuring little stream, which rippled modestly along, as if too sparkling and clear for the desolation all around. Yet perhaps this one of "the streams from Lebanon" will flow past Eden restored, when not only shall the teachers of the people learn the letter of Christ's gospel, but all men shall know its spirit and feel its power, acknowledge their sins, and accept his mercy. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it."*

The village doctor, or "hakeem" as they call him, took hold of both my wrists to feel the pulse; and as he was prescribing some herbs for me, I noticed a man walking very solemnly, and striking two large sticks smartly together at each step. This was the "parish-clerk" of Eden, who was thus calling the people to prayers. What a number of ways there are for inviting men to come and worship God! In the army we hear a bugle sound the "church-call," and in the navy a gun fires, and flags signal the time of service. In China a gong is sounded, and all over Europe bells are rung for the same purpose. In Italy, you see the church-bells struck by a wooden hammer; in England they are made to swing round by ropes. But among the Turks bells are abominations, if used in connection with Divine service, though the horses, mules, camels, goats, and other animals, often carry bells on their heads, and remind the Christian of the prophecy, "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."† In Jerusalem, a bell is allowed to be used to announce the English service in the Protestant church. It is a small hand-bell, rung by a man standing on the flat roof of an adjoining house. The hour of prayer is made known in Mahommedan towns by the "muezzim," who walk round and round little galleries outside the minarets of every mosque, singing a strange song in a high key.

After hearing all these different calls to worship God, how sad if the heart is as little disposed as ever to give him praise! All creation entreats us to praise the Lord, but sin unpardoned closes our lips. Only the pardoned sinner can really lift up his voice in heartfelt praise; and, blessed be God, no sinner need be a moment longer without this salvation, giving him joy as well as peace.

We hurried on, as it was Saturday night, and "the cedars" were to be our resting-place for the morrow. The Turk observes Christian travellers attentively, to see what obedience they render to the commandment of God by keeping the first day holy. During our travels in the east, we had only once to set off on that day; this occasion was when a water-skin burst in crossing the desert, and the camels and men would have been a whole day without drink, unless we had moved on to a well.

Our tent was soon pitched under one of the oldest cedars. How venerable did those giant

* Isaiah xxxv. 1, 2. † Zech. xiv. 20.

limbs appear in the red light of a fire, kindled by means of the branches! The smoke half hid the knotted trunk, and the topmost branches were high above in the dark. Twelve of us sat round the fire, watching the progress towards supper, and a ring of strangers—the inquisitive inhabitants of the locality — stood outside. Amongst these, I noticed a handsome boy, about twelve years old, with bright eyes, and a merry face. "Good evening, sir," he said, in English, at the same time holding out his hand. This boy was one of the first converts of the American mission at Tripoli, and he was, I learned, so earnest a disciple of the Lord, that he visited almost every day seven or eight persons, who allowed him to read the Scriptures to them. Here is a noble example! Whose fault is it if we do not follow it? No day should pass in our lives without some *missionary* work being done by us, either by word or deed.

The dead silence which prevailed around was the first thing which I remarked on awaking on the sabbath day morning. Far away from villages, or the crowing of cocks, or the dashing of waves, or lowing of herds, there were not even birds in the trees around, and the air was calm. What a Sunday! How different must have been the scene here when "king Solomon raised a levy out of all Israel, and the levy was thirty thousand men. And he sent them to Lebanon, ten thousand a month, by courses. * * * And Solomon had threescore and ten thousand that bare burdens, and fourscore thousand hewers in the mountains."* The number of trees must have been enormous to furnish work for 80,000 wood-cutters, and it was a bold boast for Sennacherib to make: "With the multitude of my chariots I am come up to the height of the mountains, to the sides of Lebanon. I will cut down the tall cedar trees thereof and the choice fir trees thereof."† We read, however, in the latter part of this chapter, how Sennacherib was slain by his sons, and his host destroyed by the angel of the Lord; for God will not let the wicked spoil the cedars at *their* will, though he plainly tells his people: "But if ye will not hear these words, I swear by myself, saith the Lord, that this house shall become a desolation. For thus saith the Lord; unto the king's house of Judah, Thou art Gilead unto me, and the head of Lebanon, yet surely I will make thee a wilderness and cities which are not inhabited; and I will prepare destroyers against thee, every one with his weapons, and they shall cut down thy choice cedars and cast them into the fire."‡ Another prophet was bidden to tell them that to "punish the fruit of the stout heart of the king of Assyria," "the rest of the trees of his forest shall be few, so that a child may write them."*

Now let us look out of the door of the tent, and with these Scriptures in our hands, see how far we can observe them to be fulfilled. The whole hill seems one mound of rock and gravel, rising ten thousand feet above the sea, being more than twice the height of any mountain in Britain. Great caverns and abysses, jagged peaks and fantastic natural pillars of all sorts of shapes, give Lebanon something of the appearance of a Swiss mountain, with its glaciers and crevasses; but the pale grey stone-colour soon tells us that it is a "wilderness," and its naked heights show that the cedars have been cut down, all except the little knot of trees around us, which seem huddled together half ashamed of their miserable appearance.

Examining this group of trees more narrowly, we find that they are of two sorts, "the tall cedar trees thereof, and the choice fir trees thereof."† They are also referred to thus: "Howl, fir tree, for the cedar is fallen."‡ Of the fir tree kind there are about two hundred growing, and a few uprooted; but of the real cedars, *there are only twelve* left. Yes, indeed, a "child may write them."

Snow made the top of the mountain glow crimson in the morning sun, and white at midday, and then it was that we saw the real meaning of the name "Lebanon," which is both "white" and "incense," for our eyes saw the white, while the fragrant wood burned in our fire like incense.

Two priests sat down outside our tent; they were begging friars, with long beards and very long pipes made of rose bushes. "We cannot read," they said. "Still, we sometimes hold service for our people." On being closely questioned, one replied, "I said a mass last month." The popish priests in Syria are dreadfully ignorant, lazy, dirty, and generally mendicants. Perhaps, however, through means of this war, there will be more good missionaries sent to the people of Lebanon. Opposite to our tent was a large square piece cut out of the old bark of a cedar, and this inscription engraved on it: "Les 40 democrats, 1848," being a notice of a visit from a body of exiles, who left France after the Revolution. The trees are covered with names cut upon them. The branches are hewn down without mercy for the fire of each party of travellers, and bullets have been shot at some of the trunks as targets. So runs the prophecy, "I will prepare destroyers against thee, every one with his weapons."§

The snow was melted in a pot over the fire,

* 1 Kings v. 13—15.
† 2 Kings xix. 23. ‡ Jer. xxii. 5—7.

* Isaiah x. 12, 19. † 2 Kings xix. 23. ‡ Zech. xi. 2.
§ Jer. xxii. 7.

VISIT TO THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

and we drank the water thus produced, being reminded of the verse, "Will a man leave the snow of Lebanon which cometh from the rock of the field?" Then we read many other passages in which the cedars are mentioned, such as 1 Chron. xxii. 4; 1 Chron. xvii. 1; Ps. xxix. 5; Ps. cxlviii. 9; Judges ix. 15; Ezek. xxvii. 5; Zech. xi. 1. How beautiful Jeremiah's exclamation: "O inhabitant of Lebanon, that makest thy nest in the cedars;" and David's description, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap, the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted." The Psalmist's son describes the Redeemer in eastern imagery, and says, "His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars." By his Spirit working in us we can copy even this excellence.

The view from the summit of Mount Lebanon is very grand indeed. The ridge of the mountain is sharper than any other I have seen, so that on the one side the country towards Persia, and on the other the sloping terraced sea coast, are seen without obstruction. But the view looking to Palestine is gloomy; the beauties of the scene are distant, and cannot be traced by the eye alone; just as the glory of the heavenly Canaan is known by faith, and not by an eye of flesh.

I recollect, when crossing this lofty ridge afterwards, my horse showed a great desire to return, and it was very difficult to urge him over the summit. The cause of this was a little plot of grass, which being near him, though behind, was more attractive to the horse than all the distant green plains of Palestine. Thus how often does a trifling present pleasure occupy us more than the highest glories in the future!

The little patch of sea visible from the cedars breaks upon the shore in a bay protected by high rocks and lined with a beach of gravel. This is near Tripoli, and is said to be the spot to which "the great fish" carried the prophet Jonah. "And the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land." The Lord has a voice which a fish hears and obeys. He spoke from the bush, and Moses heard; from the cloudy pillar, and the Israelites "kept his testimonies." He spoke to the infant Samuel, to the young man Saul, and to the old man Abraham. He spoke to the winds and the sea, and they obeyed him; nay, even to the very devils, and they obeyed that voice. Has he not a word to you also, reader? And will you not hear it and obey?

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE OLD YEAR BURIED, AND THE NEW YEAR BORN.

Life and death hold a divided dominion over this world. Death is busy in garden, forest, field, and city; and so is life—growth struggling with decay, and new births repairing the wastes of mortality. The two thrones stand face to face, the reviving influence of the one making up for the desolations of the other. Vital existence is drained away in this direction, and fresh supplied in that. Here comes the destroyer with his scythe; there follows the replenisher with his seed-basket. Rivers are flowing to the ocean, fountains are rushing from the hills. Whence comes the water? From heaven. And whence comes life? but from God. On the whole, too, we see that life in this world has the upper-hand of death; its subjects multiply faster than the enemy can destroy them.

It is in one respect, just now, with time as it is with existence. The boundary line between the two years is a position between death and life. As we bury the old year, we see the new year born; and this is a fact worth thinking of, and may yield for us some grave and profitable reflections.

When the last week of a year arrives, we seem gathering round the death-bed of an acquaintance. It shortly expires, when thoughtful minds give it a becoming funeral, and stand over and look into its grave. 1854, historically considered, goes down to the sepulchre with a renown linking it, in political importance, to its next predecessor but one—that having produced a great empire, this leaving behind it a great war. The consequences of the two upon Europe and the world, who shall tell? These years of the right hand of the Most High, the Christian will review under the conviction, that he who is Lord of all time and ruler of all events—who putteth down kings and setteth up kings—who turneth men's hearts as the rivers of water are turned—who maketh the wrath of man to praise him, and restraineth the remainder thereof—who is the Lord God of armies, and employs his creatures for the punishment of his creatures, renders war the minister of retribution for unrighteousness, and brings the fruit of more lasting peace out of the carnage of the battle-field—has watched over all such years from beginning to end, and has some deep meaning in the permission of them, and will make them tell wisely, righteously, and mercifully on years to come. We bury the year that is gone with solemn thoughtfulness, but with calm hope; and connecting its social and domestic history with its political importance—passing from strife on distant shores to sorrows and joys at home—to the remembrance of the sweeping pestilence and the abundant harvest—the mourner's wail and the reaper's song—we are led to ponder this signal blending of judgment and mercy, as full of deep and striking lessons, bidding us repent of sin, and yet lovingly trust him who smiteth us, for the Divine Wounder heals.

But regarding 1854 in reference to ourselves individually, let us review its history with thankfulness. It has come full of God's goodness, temporal and spiritual, and so it has stayed; and many a reader of these lines will at the moment be ready to respond from his inmost soul, "Indeed it has to me." What records of wonderful mercy might be penned from the relation of such incidents as have happened during the last twelve months, in the home life of thousands whose eyes may pass over these pages! What strains of joy, and it is hoped thankfulness, would blend, if those thousands of hearts were to give utterance to their emotions! And perhaps here and there some traveller through this world, who may light upon and notice the contents of this humble leaf, may be reminded by it how he has been led by a way that he knew not, even as the blind are often led by the God of light—led out of the path of spiritual death into that of spiritual life, or out of those of decline and backsliding into those of repentance and revival. He wonders at the mysteriousness of the process, while he rejoices and thanks God for the manifestation of the result.

Under another view, the end of the year may make us thankful. "Bless God, it is over, some may say; for what a year of sorrow it has been; how keen its trials and strong its temptations. They have involved us in conflicts and perils like the battle of the Alma—like storms off the Cape." And young people, it may be, have gone through ordeals of character terrific to think upon: but if virtue and obedience, if faith and trust in Christ have been preserved, and have

gathered fresh purity, vigour, simplicity, and devotion, from all this endurance and exercise, with what swelling hearts should such young people thank God that they have been preserved and kept.

Take leave of the old year with penitential regret for all the sins that have darkened and spoiled it, and offended and grieved its gracious Giver. Sins have a voice which is heard in heaven, and should be listened to in the heart. Sins, too, have hands and feet, and once created by our evil will, they walk forth and work and do more mischief than we their authors can ever tell. This we should remember, and mourn before God that we have given birth to so many enemies of his and of human happiness. The Jews made a remembrance of sin every year in their sacrifices. Better still, we can remember ours in the presence of the infinitely precious victim Lamb, the all-reconciling and glorified High Priest. If sins stare us in the face; if the ghosts of departed mercies which we have slain rise up to haunt and terrify; if conscience says, over and over again, "You ought not to have done so and so, yet you did it;" let us not despair. We would finish one year's series of religious addresses, and begin another by preaching the plain, simple, blessed gospel of salvation through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, begging all to consider what a difference there is between remembering sin now on earth, and hereafter in hell—between that remembrance *with* a Saviour and *without* one—by the refuge and far from it—near the ark, on the steps, close to the open door, and afterwards, when the flood is come, and the door is shut.

Bury the old year in hope. Has it been one of bereavement? Have children been snatched from your arms, and Christian friends been taken from your side? Bury the year in hope of a joyful reunion with those it has taken from you; for be assured it has only sent them on a little beforehand to the home where the whole family of God will soon be gathered. Has the year separated you from those of whose state you are doubtful? Still bury it in hope of that coming day when, if you are true Christians, there shall be made to you such a revelation of the government of God, and you yourselves shall have such a state of mind, that no fact can then become known with regard to the destiny of others, but it shall so convince you of the righteousness and goodness of the Universal Ruler, and so fill you with the adoration of his name, as to leave nothing wanting to your perfect satisfaction and holiest joy.

Has it been a year of manifold griefs? Bury it in hope that it may prove a soil out of which may spring rich fruits hereafter—that your supreme affection may be detached from earth—that you may have a stronger feeling of dependence on the Almighty's arm—that you may cherish more sympathy with the children of sorrow, and that you may thus prepare for future usefulness.

Has it been a year of toil? Bury it in hope of the last day's harvest, and think of what a year of Christian obedience will stand for then; not that there will be any reaping from merit, though there will be a marvellous reaping through grace.

Nor let one bury the year in despondency, while there is a living Saviour to pardon transgression, and a mighty Spirit to renew men's hearts; while faith and prayer, through God's mercy and Christ's atonement, can work such wonders as to wash out the stains of old sins, and to bring life and hope out of the memory of old sorrows.

And how can we see the year expire, and bury it in the sepulchre of its fathers, and not carry our thoughts onward still to the hour when the world itself shall die. Yes, the old gray wrinkled world, which has traversed the pathways marked out by God for it so many ages—the hoary pilgrim that has gone round the sun more times than we can tell—the great titanic earth, with its snowy crown, and its mountain shoulders, and its rocky limbs, and its garments of green, and its ocean girdle—the aged worn-out pilgrim in the paths of space immense, shall meet its doom at last. The things that are shall be no longer; and the men that are on the earth this hour, and rest on its bosom, and call it their parent, shall remember it at length as no more living, but as numbered among the things that were.

But it is time to turn to the new-comer. This Monday, January the first, 1855, was born. It came into the world to grow and work, and look on the ways of man, and chronicle their deeds, and offer them opportunities of usefulness, and make them good and happy if they will. Life and death, joy and sorrow, it will carry in its hands, as its forerunner did. What incidents it will bring to the world—to Europe—to our country—to ourselves—we know not.

But this we do know: it will be a season of fresh obligations and responsibilities. It comes from the Master of the universe, and it brings with it, *for you*, days full of duty; remember, there is no getting rid of your moral relation to that supreme and righteous Lord, and to those human beings who, with yourselves, form but one family. You cannot burst the ties which bind you to God and to your race. You cannot annihilate the Divine commandments. You cannot silence the voice of God's everlasting truth. You cannot say this year, I will have

nothing to do with man or God; or, if you do say it, it will be a lie.

What you *may* make of this new year, if you feel your responsibility, and act accordingly, just consider. New time is so much raw material to be worked up—so much stone and timber—what will you build with it? It is a blank book—what will you write in it? You that are unconverted, may make it a new and blessed era, full of repentance and faith, and therefore life and peace. You that are halting between two opinions, may make it the time of decision; and you Christians, who are a long way off being what you ought and might be, may get rid of your spiritual feebleness and disease, and make, through fervent prayer for the Holy Spirit, the coming year one of health, strength, and progress.

What God may make the year to us, we know not. It may be a year of trial, or of prosperity—of eminent opportunities of active usefulness, or of seclusion and endurance, calling only for silent submission. It may be the LAST YEAR. Well, one thing is certain, if you take care to use the year well in the service of God, God will take care to make it turn out well for you. Whether, when it closes, you be in trouble or joy, in this life or the next, all of the twelve months given shall be so much discipline for the eternal future; and oh, with what joy will you welcome, when earthly years are dead and buried, the birth of that grand new year that shall never die.

ILLUSTRIOUS MOTHERS.

MONICA, THE MOTHER OF AUGUSTINE.

THERE are different kinds of heroes in the world. There are heroes who march boldly on in the front ranks of war, gazing with undaunted courage on the enemy's roaring artillery. There are heroes who maintain their faith and own their God and their Saviour while the flames rise around them at the stake. There are heroes and heroines who each day, without repining, take up their cross afresh and follow the Lord. When a wife for years and years sits by a blind and sickly husband, feeding and nursing him like a child, and receives from the man himself the testimony that she has never complained, but, on the contrary, thanked God for being accounted worthy of ministering to his comfort, every day beginning her work afresh in the strength which prayer has given her—such a one we think deserves the honour of a true heroine. A nobler song can be sung of her than of Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite. But there is still another kind of heroism. It may be illustrated by the biography before us. It is, when a wife, by the power of faith, has courage to bear up with a husband sunk in drunkenness and in every abominable sin, and anew day by day maintains afresh the great struggle to deliver his soul; and even when years have passed hopelessly by, still neither flinches nor quails, but looks at the promise that her labour shall not be in vain in the Lord, and cheerily renews her work. Of such a woman we are now to speak.

Away beyond the Mediterranean, some hundred miles from Carthage, in the sands of Africa, lay in olden time the town Tagaste. It was of a moderate size, and had, in the middle of the fourth century, a respectable Christian church, under the care of a bishop. It was in this town, and in the year 332, that Monica was born, of Christian parents. What little we know of her life is recorded by her son Augustine, and of her early years, very little indeed is preserved. She remembered an old nurse who had become gray in the service of the family, having nursed her father; and to this faithful Christian servant Monica was entrusted. The domestic was one of what might be considered in these days an old-fashioned school, and thought it was good for a child to bear the yoke in its youth. For example, between meals she would not suffer any of the children to drink, not even water. The reason she gave was: "Now you drink water because you cannot have wine; when you grow up, and have the keys of the cellar, the habit of drinking remains, and the water will not satisfy you." Monica learned by experience the force of the reasoning, for when the old nurse was dead, and she was able to help her mother in the housekeeping, it became her duty to draw the wine. At first she merely tasted, but after a little she could drink deep enough. The servant who accompanied her did not interfere, till one day, in the heat of a quarrel, she called her young mistress "a winebibber;" so summoning all her powers, in the strength of Divine grace, she from that day broke through the evil practice. The nurse's injudicious restraint was perhaps, however, the cause of the formation of such an irregular taste.

As a child, she loved the word of God and the assemblies of the Christians. Bibles were scarce in those days—perhaps one only was found in a whole congregation—and each day the hungry and thirsty were obliged to assemble in the church to hear portions of it read. The congregation, however, knew thus more of the Bible than is often done now-a-days by others having better opportunities. Take an example. The great Jerome had translated the Scriptures, and in the book of Jonah had made one alteration. Instead of the word "gourd," Jerome inserted the word "ivy." A bishop read the

new translation one day, and the whole church rose in commotion, refusing to be calmed till they had ascertained from learned Jews what the right translation was. The Jews decided in favour of the term "gourd," and that word was kept. It may be a question whether a phrase altered in our day would be thus promptly observed and resented by some Christian congregations.

In daily intercourse with the word of God, Monica's character was formed and her faith was strengthened, being founded on knowledge. She had need of all this strength. In her twentieth year she was given in marriage to a heathen of the name of Patricius, a town-councillor of Tagaste. What induced the parents to take this step we know not. Mixed marriages bring little comfort. Patricius was neither amiable nor rich, and his expenditure exceeded his income. He was a heathen just because his parents had been so, and because heathenism did not make any very high demands of self-denial. He cared as little for the principles of heathenism as for those of Christianity. He had what is generally, but foolishly, termed a good heart. Our readers know what that means, namely, a disposition which is capable of every thing but a steady course of virtue. When in good humour he could do much that was agreeable, but no one could reckon on his temper more than on sunshine on an April day. In his domestic arrangements he had always been guided by his mother, and as the latter still lived, Monica entered her house with a heathen mother-in-law to control all her management. Hers was, indeed, no bed of roses, yet still she had in her breast a living principle of faith and love, which converted all her trials into blessings. Many a young wife would have said, "In this house I must go with the stream: here I dare not speak a word about a Saviour." But Monica did not so act. True, she did not speak much about him whom her soul loved, but she remembered the words of inspiration, (1 Peter iii. 1, 2,) where the promise is held out of a husband being won to Christ even without the word.*

The great aim she set prominently before her was the conversion of her husband. He must be won to Christ. She does not stop to quarrel with him about any single fruit of the corrupt heart; she wants to make the tree good, and she does not, therefore, expend her strength in sweetening the bitter streams, but goes direct to the fountain. Ere long she heard of his conjugal infidelity, she saw his drunkenness, she daily experienced the fruits of an unsubdued temper, but still she kept her eye fixed on the source of all evil thoughts, words, and works, and would never have been content to see these outbursts merely subdued so long as the heart was a stranger to the constraining influence of the love of Christ.

She had taken as her motto, "This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith" —and we shall see how she disposed her forces so as to secure this victory. First in the ranks stood prayer. When the wife's heart was like to break, it was then that the high-toned supplication, mixed with the burning tear, sounded loud and long in the ears of the Lord of Hosts. Noble lady! wield that sword well, it cuts deep. He that heareth in secret will reward you openly.

Next in the ranks stood a cheery, ready, implicit obedience to her husband's wish. His most fearful outbursts of passion were never met by a single word of retort from her. She never requited his bitterest provocations with a stubborn silence. When he ordered any domestic arrangements which the woman's judgment could have planned much better, her wishes always yielded to his. When she had accomplished his purpose, and he was once more calm, she then quietly told him how she would have arranged, if left to herself; but even in her self-justification there was not a tone of upbraiding or even of the gentlest reproach. When he raged and fretted and fumed, she did not see the red eyeball, nor the face distorted with anger, nor the clenched hand ready to strike; before her stood the poor helpless torn spirit of a beloved husband, who had never learned the power of the love of Christ. She could weep bitterly over these outbursts of passion, not because she was their object, but because her dear husband was the subject. She knew that nothing could heal him but faith in the Son of God, the gentle Saviour. Her outward quiet in these domestic scenes was not the fruit of indifference but of faith, for she looked into the future with the certain hope that her husband would one day be healed of his dire disease, and she looked up to Him who as a brother gave her strength to bear it all.

As the whole town knew that Monica's husband was a tyrant whom no woman could endure, they wondered how she could tolerate his severities. The secrets of her home, however, Monica never betrayed. Had she any ground of complaint, she spoke of it after she had shut the door behind her, and found herself alone with her God. To the well-meaning neighbours she used to speak, half in jest, of the marriage contract, by which the husband is constituted

* This promise is an encouragement to those who find themselves, from unforeseen causes, unequally yoked; but let no one presume on the Divine goodness by rushing, on the strength of it, into such a union in expectation of converting the unbelieving partner. To adopt such a course is to sow the seed of future misery.

lord of his house. She threw out hints, that if the hands of the men were rough, the tongues of the women were sharp, and then, in full earnest, would tell of the power which prayer has to enable a wife to bear even a hard lot. When Monica was in company, and was obliged to listen to tales of scandal, she contrived to turn the conversation, so that something good was said of the person concerned. Then, taking an early opportunity, she went and repeated the kindly words which a supposed enemy had uttered. She was thus as an angel of peace in her wide social circle.

Sixteen long years she struggled for the conversion of her husband, before even an appearance of success was seen. It was the will of God to make her an example for coming generations, that no wife should fancy, even after months and years of fruitless labour, that her case is hopeless. How hard, however, to nature, is it to hold out so long! Many give up in despair, and sink into a hopeless lamentation over the failings of their husbands, and learn, after a long life, that recriminations and quarrels never yet brought a sinner to repentance.

But what were the steps of the progress which Monica made? She first gained the entire unbounded confidence of her husband. She stood before him so guileless, so artless, so pure, that, in the most violent passion, he could not strike. In her gentleness, he saw the violence of his own boiling rage; in her patience, the blackness of his own ingratitude reflected. After many years there arose in his mind a wish to be like her. She did not strive to make him feel her superiority; nor did she try, by force of words, to persuade him to become a Christian; nor did she presume to act as his teacher. In his wife's whole life, he saw Christianity personified, and after sixteen years he, of his own accord, presented himself to become a catechumen in the Christian church. That was a day of joy to Monica. Her prayers were heard, her tears were dried, a song of praise was on her lips.

In that family all was now peace. One prayer, one faith, and the love of a common Saviour, knit their souls together, as if a new marriage ceremony had been performed—the first marriage, sixteen or seventeen years ago, having nurtured merely outward interest, whereas the husband's conversion linked heart to heart. Monica's earthly joy was not, however, of long duration. In the year 371 Patricius was baptized, and shortly afterwards his newly-found Master called him home. She that remained such a pattern of a wife, was now to exhibit herself a pattern of a mother. This part of her history, however, we must reserve to our next paper.

ROMANISM ON THE CONTINENT.

THE FETE DIEU.

On the occasion of a recent tour on the continent, I arrived at the town of Rennes, in France, very late on Saturday night, and was immediately ushered into a bedroom. On arising the following morning, and strolling forth before breakfast, I found the place in great commotion. Enquiring the cause, I was informed that it was the "*Fête Dieu.*" It was not long before a procession appeared. Priests, civil authorities in their various costumes, soldiers of the line, national guards, banners, bands of music, ringing of bells, crowds of people—the more respectable on the balconies of the houses, the poorer in the streets—all proclaimed that the day was an high day. One poor old woman in the crowd excited my compassion. She was sitting on a door-step, saying her prayers and counting her beads, with all the earnestness of devotion, and, just as the procession had passed, overcome by her feelings, she fainted away. She was immediately carried into a house, and of course I saw her no more; but she looked as if she had received her final summons to depart.

On the following Sunday I was at St. Servan. As the *Fête Dieu* is celebrated on two consecutive Sundays, I had thus the opportunity of seeing it twice, and in two different towns. At the latter place I was able to observe the ceremonies which accompanied it much better than at Rennes. During the preceding week I had heard music proceeding from a house in the street in which I was residing. On making enquiries, I found that a band, composed of the principal gentlemen in the town, was practising for the *Fête Dieu.* At the same time my attention was drawn to the fact that cords were passed along the fronts of all the houses in the main streets. "What was this for?" "Oh, it is for the *Fête Dieu,*" was the ready answer. When Sunday arrived there was great bustle and preparation. In several parts of the town, altars were reared and decorated, some in a costly manner, that in the "grande place" being the handsomest. In all the streets through which the procession was to pass, men were running about with ladders on their shoulders, and covering the fronts of the houses with clean white sheets. Shortly after came the procession itself, the order of which, however, I do not pretend to describe accurately. There was a band of widows, nicely dressed; then came as many widowers, and some young ladies in white, followed by a body of youths, attired also in white dresses, like those of the priests, but with scarlet ribbons round their waists. These were led by a priest, who, with a kind of clapper, or two pieces of wood moving easily on a hinge, directed their motions.

I had seen them drilling the week before. Sometimes they formed in two parallel lines down the streets—sometimes in two parallel lines across it—sometimes in the form of a cross—sometimes, at a signal given, they would stop, bow their heads, and swing their censers. Then there was a band of music, playing secular, if not martial airs; and next came some trumpeters from the regiment in garrison. Of course, in one part of the procession marched the whole body of the town clergy. Beneath a canopy, moreover, walked three priests, one of whom bore the Host. Last in the procession came a small body of soldiers, for the purpose of keeping off the crowd, which followed in a large, dense mass, but in remarkably good order, and with perfect decorum.

Such were the general arrangements of the procession. At intervals, of course, they would arrive at the altars. Then the music ceased playing, the trumpets sounded, the youths formed in some particular order, bowed their heads, and swung their censers; the people falling on their knees. The priests next ascended the steps of the altar, said some prayers, and delivered a short address to the spectators. All would then proceed to the next altar, where the same ceremony was repeated, until every altar had been visited. The procession afterwards returned to the principal church for the remainder of the ceremony; and the loud tolling of the bells informed you when they entered and when the whole service was concluded. One thing, especially, struck me—it was the celerity with which the streets were deprived of their white covering. No sooner had the procession passed, than the men with their ladders again appeared, and took down their coverings; so that, while at one particular period nothing was to be seen, as far as the eye could reach, but this floating drapery, in a few moments the whole had disappeared as if by magic.

The writer is not exactly acquainted with the object of the Fête Dieu. He supposes that it is meant to bring vividly before the eyes of the people either the doctrine of the Trinity, or that of the corporal presence. The three priests under the canopy were probably intended to convey the former idea, and the carrying of the Host the latter.

One anecdote connected with this occasion, illustrating the action of Romanism upon individual minds, I may add. In the course of the evening, meeting a French gentleman with whom I was acquainted, the conversation naturally turned upon the events of the day. He informed me that "he had not been to church for two years, but that nevertheless he was a good Catholic. On that afternoon he had visited all the altars for the forgiveness of his sins." He said this, I doubt not, in perfect sincerity; and, smiling with great complacency at the thought, put his cigar into his mouth, and puffed away with much composure, as though fully assured that his sins were actually forgiven, and that he might go on and run up a fresh score, until the time should arrive for his being cleansed again.

Such spectacles constitute a part of the system of the church of Rome. Processions, purporting to convey the knowledge of scriptural truth to the minds of the people, are substituted for the pure word of God; and the acting of some of the most solemn events in the Bible takes the place of biblical teaching. Can we wonder, then, at the ignorance and avowed indifference to religion which are so fearfully prevalent in Roman Catholic countries? Let them not retort the ignorance and vice which, alas! are so common among the lower classes in this land. We may reply to such a charge, that this ignorance and vice exist in spite of all that is done to prevent them. We give the Bible to all, that they may read it in their mother tongue, and it is publicly read in every Protestant place of worship in this island. We give the people services entirely in their own language. Is it so in the Roman Catholic worship? As far as our observation has gone, the priests keep nearly all to themselves. The people seldom join in the service. The worship in Roman Catholic countries, too, seems to be very individual, each one doing as appears right in his own eyes.

Again, we may observe that there is another thing also which must strike every Englishman as peculiar to Roman Catholic countries—it is that immorality and vice seem to be systematized. The people appear to sin more by rule. There is not the acknowledgment, which is met with in England, that such and such acts are sins, notwithstanding that they continue to be practised by the parties making the admission. And who can wonder at all this when the people are taught to believe that a few visits paid to certain altars now and then—a few prayers repeated at the various stations in the church—have power to cleanse them from their guilt.

We have only to add that it should be the prayer of every one who loves the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, that God will be pleased to prevent such a system from taking hold on this land. We labour under moral and social evils enough, from which we should earnestly desire to be delivered; but if Romanism be added, with all its attendant consequences, reducing Christianity to a mere lifeless form, miserable indeed will be the result to our country.

Page for the Young.

HEBE.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

I ONCE knew a dear little girl named Hebe. She was such a sunny little thing! Her face was all over smiles, and if you did but look at her you would be obliged to smile too. You could scarcely ever find her still. She was either running races with Fido, her little dog, up and down the passages, or making believe to clean the house, or pretending to go to market with her basket on her arm, or trying how often she could jump without being tired, or—but, really, I could not tell you of half the ways by which that dear little child contrived to make the day pass away pleasantly.

"Mamma, what shall I do next?" she would sometimes say; and then when she was quite tired of doing all the little plans that her mother made to employ and amuse her, she would lay her head on her mother's lap, and, if you had watched her well, you would have seen a little cloud of sorrow—a very little one, and it was soon gone, but still a cloud—on her face, and so I used to think that it said, "I am not satisfied; I want something else to make me quite happy." Some might have thought her very silly for feeling so, for she had a very beautiful home, and such dear, kind parents! and they loved her so tenderly! Yet when her father pressed her to him, as she sat on his knee, and called her "Precious Hebe!" the same feeling would come—"I am not satisfied, I want some one else to love me."

As Hebe grew older, this feeling grew too. She went to school, and there she found a dear friend, named Helen. Oh! how Hebe loved Helen, and Helen loved Hebe! But Hebe's heart *would* keep saying, as she and Helen used to say "Good-bye" when school was over, "I am not satisfied; I want some one else to love me—one from whom I shall never feel separated."

Well, time went on, and Hebe became very fond of reading. She loved beautiful poetry and touching stories: but after reading a story of which she was anxious to know the end, she would throw down the book, and, while a cloud of sorrow, larger than that first one I told you of, would come over her face, her heart would still say, "*I am not satisfied.* Oh! how I wish there were some book that would be always new! That story has lost its interest to me now."

So Hebe's life went on. There was ever a yearning for an unfound good—a deep, deep place in her heart yet unfilled. Not that Hebe's face, from a sunny one, was become a sad one. Oh no! every one thought her a very happy girl, but it is into her inner life, her thoughts and feelings, that I am giving you a glance.

After a while though, Hebe had her first *great* sorrow. She lost both her parents in a few months, and was taken to live with an aunt, whose house was a long way from her own loved home. And now she is an orphan. No one can tell the bitterness of that word but they who are such! At her aunt's she had a little room given to her for her own, and there she often went to weep. How could she help it? She was so lonely! and the longing in her heart seemed deeper than ever, and so it was; for she had no parents in it now: they were gone. Oh! was there nothing to come and take up *all* Hebe's heart? Nothing? Yes; it is going to be filled up now. Listen!

Hebe's aunt had once felt as Hebe now felt, and she was sorry for her, and wished to comfort her; so she drew Hebe to her side one evening, and told her that there was a Friend who loved her very much, and who would supply the place of the dear parents she had lost.

"Oh! that can never be," said Hebe; "I can only have a father and a mother once! None can be to me as they were."

"'I will be a father to you, and you shall be my daughter, saith the Lord Almighty;' and, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; when my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.' Those are promises, Hebe," said her aunt, "made to you by him who never *breaks* a promise."

Hebe's attention was arrested. Kind as her parents had been to her, they had never told her of that heavenly Friend, for they did not know him themselves, and now these words seemed written purposely for her.

But it was not on *that* evening that she became happy. No: evening after evening she and her kind aunt read the Bible together, and as she listened to the love of God in sending the Saviour, and the love of that Saviour in coming, knowing, as he did, that he would have a life of sorrow, and a death of shame and pain, she began to feel—and I wish to tell you that it was God's Spirit who made her feel so—that there *was* One who loved her perfectly, and whom she could love without a pang Then, as she believed this, and strove day by day to please Jesus, and told him every sorrow, little as well as great, just when it came, and wherever she was, the aching empty place in her heart began to be filled up, and she felt that she had now a friend indeed.

She did "long" though still, but with this difference, that now she knew what she craved. Her heart would say, "THOU, Oh GOD, art the thing that I long for!" and "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of thee!" And when she used to say this, such a happy feeling would steal into her heart, so different from that longing which used to make it ache, that she would feel no longer alone, for the Father was with her.

Ah! Hebe then was truly happy; for she had found a book that was ever new—the Bible; One to love her infinitely—God; a Friend who was ever with her—Jesus; a Friend to subdue her sins—the Holy Spirit; and the hope of a happy home which she would never have to leave—heaven.

There! do you not think that Hebe was happy? *Are you, dear reader?*

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Give an instance of relic-worship from the Bible.
2. Where have we a description of the effects of true repentance (or godly sorrow)?
3. Is any other sorrow spoken of in Scripture? and what is its effect?
4. Give an illustration of godly sorrow unto life.
5. Also of worldly sorrow.
6. Give instances of leprosy being sent as a punishment from God.
7. Who is our perfect pattern of meekness.
8. Give an example of the effects of a guilty conscience in producing fear?

A FEW WORDS TO OUR READERS.

THE opening number of a new volume of our journal offers a fitting opportunity for restating its objects and aims, and urging its claims afresh upon all such as are interested in its success. It had been felt by its conductors, from the first projection of the magazine, that a task of no ordinary difficulty, demanding peculiar tact and delicacy of treatment, was before them. The periodical was well nigh unique in its structure and scope. It had no exact precedent in the field of sacred literature. Other religious magazines, of undoubted excellence, there were in abundance, sustained by different branches of the Christian church; but it is no disparagement of them to say, that they were never expected, or indeed designed, to be extensively read beyond the boundaries of religious circles, where alone they could be appreciated and valued. On the other hand, there were shoals of publications, in the form of popular weekly serials and Sunday newspapers, which, even where free from topics and sentiments positively corrupting or frivolous, were strictly secular in their contents and tone, and as such could not be regarded by Christian people as furnishing appropriate reading for that vast portion of our population outlying the frontiers of the religious world.

The problem, then, of which the Committee of the Religious Tract Society were constrained to attempt the solution was, whether a periodical could not be started and sustained which should, so to speak, bridge over this chasm in the literature of our country—a publication at once cheap and artistically attractive, which should unite the charms of style to the grave verities of religious teaching; and which, without abating or compromising in any degree the "true sayings of God," might avail itself of the occasional vehicle of imaginative literature, of instructive biography, of sacred philosophy, of the incidents of church history, and such like mediums, for the conveyance of saving truth to the minds of multitudes who might otherwise seldom come within its reach. Such was the primary aim and mission of the "SUNDAY AT HOME." At the same time, however, its conductors, equally impressed with the importance of rendering it a welcome and profitable inmate of Christian households, have striven to furnish, from week to week, biblical papers, of an instructive and edifying character, for the benefit of serious and devout minds; while it will also be found that the younger members of the family, on whose proper religious training so much depends, have not been overlooked.

Such is the plan and purpose of the "SUNDAY AT HOME." That the ideal of excellence at which its conductors aim has not hitherto been fully attained, was perhaps unavoidable. Great impediments to the execution of such a scheme have had to be encountered. These have partly arisen from the practical difficulty experienced in harmonizing the two apparently conflicting elements of the journal, so as, while meeting the requirements of the Christian, to avoid extinguishing the incipient interest of the non-religious reader; and partly, also, in the temporary difficulty found in meeting with a duly qualified staff of writers, who could enter at once into the spirit of the work, and supply contributions combining, in an equal degree, spirituality of tone and literary grace. These inconveniences, however, are being gradually overcome; and it is confidently hoped that the new volume will exhibit a marked improvement over its predecessor.

No effort or expense will be spared by the Committee to fit the "Sunday at Home" for its special and momentous mission. Without being insensible to the encouraging aid which has already been rendered by many warm-hearted friends, for which our cordial thanks are tendered, much more may still be done. Clergymen may greatly promote its sale by recommending it to their parishioners. Ministers of the gospel may bring it under the notice of their congregations. Scripture readers and city and home missionaries have it in their power largely to introduce it to the homes of the industrious classes. Parents would do good service by procuring it for their children and domestic servants. Sunday-school superintendents, teachers, and preceptors of youth in general, would find it a useful auxiliary to their benevolent labours. Tract distributors would find it an excellent occasional accompaniment to the ordinary tracts circulated on their respective districts; while benevolent individuals in general would afford encouragement to this important undertaking by purchasing copies of the magazine for free distribution among the objects of their solicitude. Booksellers, too, we may add, have it in their power to do much, by various means, to facilitate the sale and the success of the work.

It has in some quarters been urged against the work that the title "Sunday *at Home*," is calculated to convey an impression that the perusal of the journal at home would be a justifiable substitute for attendance on public worship. This idea we most emphatically repudiate, and should be grieved indeed to learn that the magazine was the means of withdrawing the feet of one individual from the house of God; though, on the other hand, we can conceive of nothing more gratifying to a Christian mind than the knowledge that any of its readers, who had heretofore been wont to spend the Sabbath in idle vacuity or dissipation, had been induced by its perusal to abandon their habits of Sabbath desecration. It is surely something gained to the cause of the gospel, if any portion of those millions of our working classes who, according to the melancholy disclosures of the late census, have renounced the public services of the sanctuary, can be brought, by means of such an unobtrusive messenger to their homes as the periodical in question, into direct contact with Divine truth. In such cases, it is to be hoped that the magazine, under Divine guidance, may lead to the Bible, and the Bible to a devout frequenting of the house of God.

In concluding these few remarks, we would strengthen our appeal by bespeaking attention to the numerous omens which indicate that we are on the eve of some great struggle to preserve the sanctity of the Sabbath. Premonitory efforts have long been made, by plausible friends of the working classes, to secularize the day of rest, and turn it into a period of mere physical relaxation or intellectual delectation. These concerted assaults are about to be renewed with tenfold determination and energy; and it is not improbable that during the present session of parliament, legislative authority may be invoked for the purpose of throwing open the Crystal Palace and numerous other places of amusement to the public. In such a critical juncture, how important is the duty devolving upon Christians to invest the homes of our artizans with every possible attraction, so as to weaken, as far as possible, the tremendous force of temptation to Sunday dissipation which will soon, we fear, be brought to bear upon them. Should it be thought that the "Sunday at Home" is calculated, in however humble a degree, to contribute to this momentous object, its distribution or recommendation is urged upon every lover of "the Pearl of Days."

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE CONTENTIONS OF THE RIVAL HERDSMEN AT THE WELL.

THE HISTORY OF A PATRIARCH.

PART II.

THE SEPARATION.

We approach a beautiful episode in the patriarch's history. We left him last in Egypt, whither he had been driven by famine. He now returns to the land of Canaan, "very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold;" in fact, laden with costly royal gifts, as well as rejoicing in the increase of his flocks and herds. As he crossed the desert and came within the bounds of the promised inheritance, where rocks and towns and groves that he had been familiar with once more met his eye, and awakened comparisons between the past and present, his feelings were very different from those of the desolate Naomi, who exclaimed on her return from the country of Moab, where she had so long been an exile, "I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty."

A distinction of interests between Abraham and Lot now appears. The whole of the property of the large nomadic encampment, pitched in that fair valley of southern Canaan, is not in the hands of the elder chief. The nephew has his own possessions. He has his own flocks, and herds, and tents. They are an appendage

to the larger estate of the senior relative. So the herdsmen of Abraham's and the herdsmen of Lot's cattle form distinct parties, and go forth their separate ways in search of pasture, where they appropriate old wells or dig new ones. Sometimes they light on the same spot, select the same pasture, and gather round the same well, which leads to strife; and on their return, they respectively carry their tales of complaint and crimination to the lords they severally serve. This mars the happiness of the two relations and friends. It is plain that the land is not able to bear them, that they may dwell together.

It is obvious that wells of water are of great value to the proprietors of cattle; and we are informed that in the desert they are generally "the exclusive property either of a whole tribe or of individuals, whose ancestors dug them. The possession of a well is never alienated, perhaps because the Arabs are firmly persuaded that the owner of a well is sure to prosper in all his undertakings, since the blessings of all who drink his water fall upon him." The cause of the strife between the two bands of herdsmen is not explained in the sacred narrative, but it is a plausible supposition that the difficulty of procuring sufficient water, as well as sufficient grass, had much to do with it.

It seems probable, from Abraham's reply to Lot, that the latter made some complaint to him: "Let there be no strife I pray thee between me and thee, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen, for we be brethren." The answer reveals a beautiful trait in the patriarch's character. He had before shown his abhorrence of idolatry, the strength of his faith in God's promise and character, his implicit obedience to the divine will, his general consistency of conduct, and his zeal for the worship of the Almighty, and now he exhibits the amiable disposition of his mind towards a younger branch of his family and his associate in life. His proved piety yields its natural fruit, "brotherly kindness." He is more anxious for peace than aggrandizement; he will make a sacrifice rather than be at strife. How does this Hebrew display of social and domestic charity rebuke manifestations of jealousy, avarice, and ill-will on the part of those who call themselves Christians! A man dwelling in the twilight of revelation cries shame on the conduct of many of us who are surrounded by the brightness of gospel day! Though our religion is, still more than his, a religion of self-sacrifice and disinterested love; though it binds the bonds of brotherhood more closely together by the remembrance of an incarnate and redeeming Lord, the brother of us all; yet how often are we lacking in the exhibition of Abraham's noble temper when circumstances require its exercise!

"Let there be no strife—we be brethren." This is as it should be. It was necessary Abraham and Lot should separate: "Let it be done in love," said the kind-hearted chief. Circumstances may render it necessary that those who have been together should become distinct and separate; the mind of the man before us is a model of the way in which it should be accomplished. Much of the colonization that has scattered the human race over the globe, and much of another kind of colonization which has multiplied the number of Christian churches, has proceeded out of contention about opposed interests and rights; and thus the branches of the human race have become more vigorous and fruitful, and the seed of the kingdom has been carried and cast in afar; strife has been subordinated by God's rich grace to the welfare of humanity and the advancement of religion; but no thanks for the overruled issue to those who, like the herdsmen, have striven and have not, like their masters, loved.

The nature of Abraham's proposal—the manifest waiving of his own right to choose first as the elder of the two—the singular delicacy of feeling expressed—the true moral politeness manifested in the transaction—have ever excited the admiration of every reader of this portion of the book of Genesis. All commentators are here loud in the praise of the father of the faithful, as well they may be; and surely even they who unhappily are not wont to reverence the Bible must be touched by this trait of gentle benevolence in a scripture hero; and they should remember that it is nothing more than the avowed purpose and the proper tendency of that very religion they reject to create in all men's hearts the like self-sacrificing generosity. In proportion as men believe in the Bible, they will become Abrahams in this respect. Their want of faith in its teaching, however they may talk to the contrary, is really the cause of their acting like the quarrelsome and low-minded herdsmen. "Is not the whole land before thee?" asks the good man; "separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left."

The character of Lot in this affair does not come out to so much advantage. He had not the delicacy of his uncle. He did not say, "Choose first yourself, for it is your right," as he should have done, but at once set his mind upon what he considered the best portion of the neighbouring country, and chose it for himself. "And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord, like

the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar."* While this statement incidentally illustrates the fact of the rich fertility of the plain of Sodom previously to the overthrow of the cities, and the proverbial luxuriance of the land of Egypt, it especially prepares us to receive a moral lesson presently to be evolved, when we have combined with it the record of Lot's actual choice. "Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan; and Lot journeyed east: and they separated themselves the one from the other. Lot dwelt in the cities of the plain, and pitched his tent towards Sodom. But the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly."

First of all, we are struck by the circumstance of the remarkable control which Lot had over his after life, when he was invited to make his choice and accepted the invitation. The land was all before him; he could settle where he liked. His destiny was at his own command. The helm of his fortune was left to his guidance. It was a great power—a great privilege — a great peril. He misimproved the crisis, spoiled the opportunity, judged foolishly, went wrong. And have we not all great power over our history? The fate of inferior creatures is wholly determined *for* them. What shall become of a flower, or a tree, or a beast of burden, is not for them to fix, but (all metaphysical controversies about the human will apart) are we not every one of us conscious of a great liberty of choice as it regards what we are to be both in this world and the next? We may not always choose with Lot where we are to dwell, but the *use we make* of circumstances and opportunities, which are of the nature of so much material out of which the texture of our life is to be woven, depends upon ourselves; and a miserable thing is it when any one gets the notion that he is either the pet or the victim of an omnipotent fatality. And assuredly, with regard to our everlasting condition in another world, the choice of that is throughout Scripture represented as resting with ourselves; faith and obedience, upon which it depends, must be our own acts; men are neither lifted up to heaven contrary to their own resolution, nor thrust down to hell without doing anything to take them there; so that whether men go to paradise or perdition is as much left for them to decide as it was left for Lot to choose his earthly dwelling-place. The privilege of having this choice must appear to every thoughtful person pre-eminently great. To think of the precious possibilities of the life that is, and the glorious certainties of the life to come, must surely impress us deeply with a sense of the advantageous position assigned us by the Author of our being and the Saviour of our souls; while as peril follows close upon privilege, so here the danger of making the wrong choice is plain and imminent.

The thought of responsibility is inseparably connected with what we have said — persons are often almost unconscious of it in the act of choosing. Lookers-on may see it better and feel it more. In reflecting on Lot's situation at the moment in question, one may fancy him looking round on the fertile vale, while one of the angels, who afterwards visited him in Sodom, watched to see what he would do, scanned his destiny as it trembled in the balance, foresaw the mischief of the scale turning on the side of the well-watered plain, impressed, above all, with the conviction of the responsibility of the man left at this crisis to determine for himself. While we make our outward determinations, the All-wise, Infinite and Eternal One sees our responsibility, and with a solemn voice calls upon us to see and feel it too.

The fearful consequences of Lot's choice, who judged only by outward appearances, and chose the land because it was well watered, though the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners against the Lord exceedingly, should warn us, in laying our plans for life, against leaving out those moral considerations which are of infinitely greater moment than any temporal ones; while, at the same time, the well-watered plains, like the garden of the Lord, covering volcanic fires afterwards to break forth and destroy all the verdure and fertility of the scene, are but too apt emblems of those shining yet deceitful appearances in the present world, upon which commonly men set their hearts to their own final disappointment and undoing.

In choosing what only relates to this life, it is nothing but wisdom to consult our spiritual interests. Had Lot duly reflected, he would have seen how his highest welfare was endangered by living in a place like Sodom, to say nothing of the risk he ran of sharing in the judgment which the people's sins were drawing down upon their land. In the choice of a position in life, it becomes us to calculate on the moral hazards we are likely to run, and not simply because the tide leads on to fortune, take it at the flow, heedless of the rocks on which it is sure to dash us. Little did Lot think of what lay underneath the well-watered plains; and a similar superficiality of view is frequently taken

* "This," observes Dr. Kitto, "has perplexed some commentators, because Zoar seems to be mentioned as in Egypt, when in fact it was one of the cities of the plain. Dr. Boothroyd has transposed the clauses so as to give what is generally allowed to be the right sense of the verse, thus: "And Lot raised his eyes, and beheld that the whole plain of the Jordan, all the way to Zoar, (Jehovah not having then destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah,) was everywhere well watered, like the garden of Jehovah, or as the land of Egypt."

by mankind. In choosing friends and companions, as well as residences and occupations, how many consult only what is agreeable, without asking questions that go much deeper. And so too brilliant theories are sometimes adopted without an attempt to divine what lies underneath. A dash of eloquence, some bright sparks of poetry, are their only recommendation, while they are based on principles which will prove the ruin of the souls that rest on them.

As it regards the supreme object of life, with the multitude it is the world itself, and the world only, in some shape or other—its power, pleasure, wealth, or applause. And it must be confessed that the object is taking — like the well-watered plain. But in judging of the world as the one thing to be lived for, if we be wise we shall look below the surface. We can do this. We can penetrate the underground vaults and caverns. God gives us a light to explore them; and *there* we find the sources and causes of everlasting destruction, *there* we discover wrath treasured up against the day of wrath, and having seen that, no one in his senses will ever think of making his home *there*.

We should infer from the sequel of Lot's story, that in the case before us he did not seek counsel of the Lord, but walked in the light of his own eyes. Self-will is a perilous impulse. Commend thy way unto the Lord; trust in him, and he will bring it to pass. You are not living in a world which has been abandoned to itself by its Maker, but one over which he rules with infinite wisdom, rectitude, and love; and the guide of your ways he will be, if you, childlike, put your hand in his, and say, "Father, lead me." Better still, he has given you a book to direct you in your course towards eternity. Here is the oracle of salvation; and surely if the Sodomites were sinners exceedingly, more exceeding sinfulness attaches to those who reject such an oracle, and despise the counsels and entreaties of redeeming love. Best of all, he promises his Holy Spirit, who will work within us to will and to do all the good pleasure of his goodness.

INGENUITY IN DOING GOOD.

MR. BUDGETT'S TEA PARTY.

We remember to have once heard a gentleman remark on hearing the twelfth and thirteenth verses of the fourteenth chapter of Luke's gospel read aloud: "Well, that is a precept to which I never knew even religious people pay attention."

We do not now stop to inquire whether this person's observation admits of too general an application, but hasten to the pleasanter task of recounting an instance in which the command of Jesus thus referred to was simply and literally obeyed, and with such happy results as seems to say to those who hear it, "Go thou and do likewise."

It is related of that Christian merchant, the late Mr. Samuel Budgett, that returning home one Sunday evening from a village where he had been about his Master's work, he saw a number of youths idling in a lane, with every appearance of being persons of the worst habits. He thought how they had been spending that lovely summer sabbath, and his benevolent heart grieved for their state of moral destitution. He went to them, and, in his own kind way, entered into conversation; he said he wished to see them happy. "You have minds, and I should like to see you improve your minds; you ought to have something to think about, and to employ you usefully." After chatting with them till he gained their attention, he said: "Now, if I gave you a good tea, would you like to come and take it?"

"Oh yes, oh yes!" was the reply.

"Then come up to the vestry of Kingswood chapel to-morrow evening; we are going to have a little meeting, and you shall have a good tea."

This invitation, which was to a tea-meeting of tract distributors, was accepted. He paid for tickets for his new friends, who did not fail to attend, and do ample justice to the fare provided. He then came up to them and said, "Well, have you had a good tea?"

"Yes, thank you."

"I suppose you know many young men just of your own kind, who go about the lanes on a Sunday night, like you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do you think if I promised them a good tea, they would come?"

The answer encouraged him to hope for their company on such terms. One hundred tickets were soon after distributed to the worst young men in the neighbourhood, with a promise of a bountiful treat if they came to Mr. Budgett's large room on a certain evening. This gentleman's character was too well known for them not to be aware that he had some religious end in view; still they did not like missing the feast; so they compromised the matter by resolving that the moment they had finished the tea, they would go away before they could be involved in a religious meeting, or anything of that sort.

But Mr. Budgett was a match for them; he met their stratagem by one of his own; his heart yearned for these poor lost sheep, to bring them to the Good Shepherd, and, like the apostle, "being crafty, he caught them with guile." Above a hundred of these outcasts of society assembled

on the appointed evening; the room was crowded, and seldom was there so extraordinary a company gathered under a decent roof. In one corner of the apartment, especially, it seemed as if the ringleaders had fixed themselves; and to this point one of Mr. Budgett's sons, who was in the plot, immediately betook himself, made one of the party, and talked familiarly with their chief.

Just as the repast ended, the preconcerted move began to be made; but Mr. Budgett ran up into the desk and said: "I asked you to come here for the purpose of doing something for you —something that will be of use to you. Now, just as a start, I will give among you, fifty pounds, and you must make up your minds what you will do with it."

The "wild rogues," as the narrator of this interesting incident calls them, were quite thunderstruck. It is easy to run away from a prayer-meeting, but it is another matter to run away from fifty pounds. Hats were laid down, and some who had got as far as the door turned back. One of Mr. Budgett's sons, he who had identified himself with the strange visitors, called out, "Fifty pounds!—that's something; why there are about a hundred of us, and supposing we divide it amongst us, there will be half a sovereign a-piece." Another, who was also in the secret, at once rose and objected, saying, it would be foolish to throw away such a sum as fifty pounds in that way; they had better put it to some use that would do them good for a long time to come. This was argued until all seemed to agree with that suggestion. It was then proposed to found a society for study and mental cultivation, to be called the "Kingswood Young Men's Association." This was carried by vote, and Mr. Budgett appointed treasurer. A committee was formed, and, in accordance with the tact whereby the whole matter was managed, some of the wild youths, to their great delight and exultation, were placed upon it. Weekly meetings in the vestry were then arranged for Sunday evenings, after service. This secured Mr. Budgett's object of withdrawing them from their demoralising rambles on sabbath evenings, and getting them to the house where Christians meet to pray and hear the word of God.

The result of this happy tea-party was that about sixty of these young men attended regularly, and were met with on Sunday nights after service for religious instruction, and in the week for secular instruction. The original donation was laid out in a good library, and year after year, a tea-meeting was given, at which very substantial books were given as rewards.

A similar association for young women was afterwards instituted by Mr. Budgett, which was blest with similar success. These associations cost him annually about fifty pounds; but he had his reward in the improvement of many and the clear conversion of some.

To the life of this remarkable man, which we would earnestly recommend to the attention of our readers, the most appropriate motto would be these words: "In every work that he began, he did it with all his heart, and prospered."

THE SIEGE OF MANSOUL.

War! hateful, destructive war! who can speak of thee unmoved? thou desolator of humanity! thou frenzy of sin! thou jubilee of the fiercer passions! thou giant enemy of men's souls! Lives there the *man* who, though under the strongest opinion of its sad necessity, does not deplore the terrible effects of war? Especially what *Christian* can regard the destructiveness of its ravages, without profound and awful grief? *Industry* tells of the iron heel which treads down its progress! *Civilization* recounts its obstructed triumphs! *Pity* mourns over scenes of anguish it scarcely dares to contemplate! *Morality* denounces abominable outrages committed against its laws! and *Religion*, whilst it thinks of Him who came "not to destroy men's lives, but to save them," shudders at the calamities which war occasions; abjures the abuse of its own sacred name; weeps over the hecatombs of victims immolated at the shrine of mad ambition, and denounces, with utter abhorrence, the selfish tyranny and incredible unconcern for man's eternal interests involved in every act of unprovoked and aggressive conflict!

It was a painful truth, uttered by Solomon, when he said, "that which is done is that which shall be done," and predicted thus, under Divine inspiration, how much, in its general features, one age of the world would be like another. He little dreamed how innumerable the illustrations would be to confirm his doctrine! Yet what presents its truth more than *war?* "From the earliest dawnings of policy to this day," says Burke, "the invention of men has been sharpening and improving the mystery of murder—from the first rude essay of clubs and stones, to the present perfection of gunnery, cannoneering, bombarding, and mining." The fashion may vary—the general principle is the same! As little did Bunyan think, when, within his prison, he dreamed his second dream of the "Siege of Mansoul," that it might possibly be read by British soldiers in the hospitals of Constantinople, or by the watch-fires of a then unknown Sebastopol.

It is generally agreed, that the second siege of Leicester in 1645, at which Bunyan was present as a soldier in the besieging army, and where he escaped death by an occurrence almost miraculous, furnished the materials incorporated in his "Holy War." Had he written a little earlier—before the invention of cannon—the points of resemblance to existing warfare would have been less striking. As it is, the incidents of the siege now being prosecuted in the East, present a very faithful general counterpart to those depicted in the siege of Mansoul. The city shut in by surrounding walls, and only to be entered through a few gates—the planting of various hostile forces around it—the levelling of cannon against its defences—the privations endured in the course of the siege—the heart-burnings and mutinies within the city—the commissioning of the son of the prince to animate the soldiers, are points corresponding with to-day's history. But we anticipate.

The germ of the ideas which form the material of "The Holy War" may be clearly distinguished in its precursor, "the first part of the Pilgrim's Progress." The castle, whence arrows were shot at Christian as he knocked at the wicket-gate, and Doubting Castle, where Christian and Faithful were seized by giant Despair, were indications of the more matured afterthought. If "the Holy War" cannot be regarded as entirely equal to its predecessor, we must remember that such a thing would be scarcely possible when the subject of both religious epics is substantially the same. Christian is, to the reader, like a real person—a friend—a brother; and "The Pilgrim's Progress" is his biography. From the nature of its plan, "The Holy War" wants this personality. But it is extremely fascinating; its touches are often inimitable; it abounds with genius, and its uniform tendency is towards the highest style of devotional and practical piety.

Bunyan was born in days when the strongholds built by the feudal nobles, as places of security during civil war, were not yet demolished, and such an imagination as his would readily conceive the notion of likening a well-encircled and well-guarded town, such as Leicester was then, such as York now is, to the soul of man. There were some difficulties in the way of bringing out this first conception. But Macaulay is unquestionably correct when he says—"We do not believe that any man, whatever might be his genius, could long continue a figurative history, without falling into many inconsistencies;" and our object is not literary criticism.

The allegory commences by a description of the position of Mansoul—"a fair and delicate town," situated in "the gallant country of Universe," built by "Shaddai" (the Almighty), and constituted "the mirror and glory of all that he made, even the top piece, beyond anything else that he did in that country;" "goodly to behold, and mighty to have dominion over all the country round about." In it was reared up "a famous and stately palace; for strength it may be called a castle; for pleasantness, a paradise; for largeness, a place so copious as to contain all the world." The walls of this city-fortress were of such strength as to be invincible except by the treachery of its inhabitants. "For here lay the excellent wisdom of them that built Mansoul, that the walls could never be broken down nor hurt by the most mighty adverse potentates, unless the townsmen gave consent thereto."

The emblem is most apposite; and wonderful truly is that production which corresponds with the allegory! The soul! the greatest of God's works below; brought forth amidst the applauding shout of the sons of light; possessing dominion over the movements of this lower world; our only true notion of the great Creator; "intended for God himself, and not another with him." And in the midst of it, *the heart*—the combined affections and emotions, which, fixing upon worthy objects, might become sources of unspeakable and infinite delight! This soul, moreover, so formed as that, whilst not inaccessible by temptation (for if it had been, it could not be free, and could not *choose*), it was compelled by none—for nothing could force it to sin: and whilst the Divine Being permitted the evil as well as the good to exhibit themselves before it, he formed "Mansoul" indestructible, except by its own voluntary act.

"This famous town of Mansoul had five gates, at which to come out and at which to go in"—the senses, through which all impressions are conveyed to the mind; "and these were made answerable to the walls, to wit, impregnable, and such as could never be opened nor forced but by the will and leave of those within. The names of the gates are these—Eargate, Eyegate, Mouthgate, Nosegate, and Feelgate." Is there anything about man's material constitution which more astonishingly illustrates the contrivance of God than the formation and adaptation of the organs of sensation? What architect does not study, with especial care, his *entrances*, which give symmetry and utility to his whole building? What we call the human countenance is but a combination of many such entrances; and what extraordinary resources are developed in harmonizing their form, and fitting them for their peculiar service! The *eye*, which, rolling in its orbit, reflects the objects of the world without upon the mind within; the *nose*, covered within with a coating of reticular nerve-work sensitively adapted to receive and to transfer the impres-

sions of smell; the *mouth*, with its elaborate and varied apparatus of taste and speech; and the *ear*, delicately adjusted to catch every passing sound, and to transmit it uninjured to the brain. What can more appositely describe these, together with the other instruments of sensation placed in the body, than the idea of *gates*, forming avenues of entrance to an extensive fortress, opened and closed at the pleasure of the inhabitants, and decorated so as to become objects of beauty as well as of use! O man! how little dost thou estimate the priceless value of the powers with which thy God has endowed thee! How wantonly, how wickedly, dost thou turn into instruments of sin those noble faculties with which Infinite Benevolence has furnished thee for purposes of holy thought, enjoyment, and beneficence!

The allegorist proceeds to state how this town of Mansoul was largely provisioned, placed under the regulation of "the best, most wholesome, and most excellent law that was then extant in the world"—free from the presence of any "rogue, rascal, or traitorous person within its walls," and blessed with the favour and protection, so long as it remained innocent, of the king its master.

And now comes forward the great adversary of God and man—Diabolus, ("that old serpent the devil,") full of mischievous designs against the town of Mansoul! None knew better than he who aforetime had painted Apollyon in such vivid colours, what the fierceness of Satanic temptation was! With good judgment, Bunyan does not now dwell upon any horrific appearance of the arch-plotter, which, though it might terrify weak minds, would add nothing to the feeling of spiritual danger. (How many tremble at the person of Satan who have no fear of sin!) He says simply, "This giant was one of the blacks or negroes, and a most raving prince he was." Even this is allegorical. What Satan's form is, we know not; but we well know that he tempts to *black* ingratitude, *black* treachery, *black* disobedience, *black* despondency, *black* despair! and why should we, who believe in personal prompters to cruelty, to licentiousness, to ambition, to dishonesty, refuse to admit that a fallen angel may be a superior prompter to all sin in general, not because he is possessed of either omniscience or omnipotence, but because he is characterized by an incredible and ceaseless activity, which yet, blessed be God, commits continual error and oftentimes overreaches itself. The presence of so dangerous an agent may well cause us to beware "lest Satan should get an advantage over us, for we are not ignorant of his devices."

This Diabolus and his tributary chieftains resolve upon gaining, if this be possible, the stronghold of Mansoul, and they proceed with characteristic subtlety—not by assault, but by intriguing artifice. In disguise, accordingly, Diabolus presents himself before the fortress, and seconded by invisible myrmidons, plants himself before Eargate. His only personal companion was *Ill-pause* (the spirit who persuades men to parley with temptation), and the design was, to remove out of the way Mr. *Resistance* (in other words, to break down the resolution by which alone man's uprightness could be maintained).

The summons of Diabolus brings down to the gate (from the top of which in beleaguered towns all messages were received and replied to) the chiefs of Mansoul, "such as my Lord Innocent, my Lord Will-be-will, my Lord Mayor, Mr. Recorder, and Captain Resistance," for the last of whom the plot was laid. The meaning is obvious. Implicated in every course of temptation are *innocence*; *the will*, which says yes or no to all suggestions of evil; *the understanding*, to whose dominion in the original man all other powers are tributary; *the conscience*, that moral sense which condemns or approves each action; and *the resolution*, by which alone evil insinuations can be overcome. Though a modern philosopher might have formed a somewhat different classification, the meaning of "the great dreamer" is sufficiently obvious. In this crisis, Diabolus obtains a hearing; or, according to the allegory, one of his unseen attendants "shot at Captain Resistance where he stood on the gate and mortally wounded him in the head." That first loss was of ill omen. He who parleys with temptation is sure to fall. "Resist the devil, and he shall flee from you," is the infallible prescription applicable to all forms of evil. The talo proceeds. Innocence suffers the same fate as Resistance. The inhabitants waver in their allegiance; in short, "they open the gates, both Eargate and Eyegate, and let in Diabolus with all his bands, quite forgetting their good Shaddai, his law, and the judgments that he had annexed with solemn threatenings to the breach thereof." The conquest is complete—Mansoul is lost!

And now Diabolus, to render his power sure, and in accordance with all the maxims which sin has rendered current in the world, endeavours to silence the voice of reason by perverting its operations, and to render that of conscience nugatory by throwing contempt upon its utterances. To use the language of the "Holy War:" "As for my Lord Mayor, (the Reason,) though he was an understanding man, and one too that had complied with the rest of the town of Mansoul in admitting the giant into the town, yet Diabolus thought not fit to let him abide in his former lustre and glory, because he was a seeing man, wherefore he darkened him, not only

THE TOWN OF MANSOUL.

by taking from him his office and power, but by building a high and strong tower just between the sun's reflections and the windows of my lord's palace; by which means the house and the whole of his habitation was made as dark as darkness itself; and thus being alienated from the light, he became as one that was born blind." Again: "As for Mr. Recorder, (Conscience,) before the town was taken, he was a man well read in the laws of his king, and also a man of courage and faithfulness to speak truth on every occasion, and he had a tongue as bravely hung as he had an head filled with judgment. Now this man, Diabolus could by no means abide; because, though he gave his consent to his coming into the town, yet he could not, by all wiles, trials, stratagems, and devices that he could use, make him his own. True, he was much degenerated from his former king, and also much pleased with the giant's service and many of his laws. But this would not do, forasmuch as he was not wholly his; he would now and then think upon Shaddai, and have a dread of his law upon him, and then he would speak against Diabolus with a voice as great as when a lion roareth; yea, and would also, at certain times, when his fits were upon him, (for you must know that sometimes he had terrible fits,) make the whole town of Mansoul shake with his voice; and therefore the new king of Mansoul could not abide him. . . . Since, therefore, the giant could not make him wholly his own, what doth he do, but studies all that he could to debauch the old gentleman, and, by debauchery, to stupify his mind, and more harden his heart in the ways of vanity. And as he attempted, so he accomplished his design; he debauched the man, and, by little and little, so drew him into sin and wickedness, that at last he was not only debauched as at first, and so by consequence defiled, but was almost (at last, I say) past all conscience of sin. And this was the farthest Diabolus could go. Wherefore he bethinks him of another project, and that was, to persuade the men of the town that Mr. Recorder was mad, and so not to be regarded. And for this he urged his fits, and said: 'If he be himself, why doth he not do thus always? But,' quoth he, 'all mad folk have their fits, and in them raving language; so hath this old and doting gentleman.' Thus, by one means or

DIABOLUS AT EARGATE.

other, he quickly got Mansoul to slight, neglect, and despise whatever Mr. Recorder could say."

What a masterly comparison! And thus the sinner, who has learned to impose upon his understanding by false representations, and has grown indifferent to the remonstrances of his conscience, is travelling post haste to destruction!

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE UNTRIED WAY.

"Ye have not passed this way heretofore."—*Joshua* iii. 4.

The apostle Paul, speaking of the various trials and experiences of the people of Israel when journeying through the wilderness, tells us that "all these things happened unto them for ensamples, and are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come." We have, therefore, inspired New Testament authority for taking up the eventful history of that peculiar people, and looking into it for circumstances analogous to our own—circumstances under which the precepts or the warnings addressed to them may be "profitable unto us for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." Such would seem to be the case in the instance to which our text refers.

The people of Israel had at length arrived at the borders of the land of promise. They were about to cross the deep though narrow stream which swept between them and the long-sought home of their inheritance. Their forty years' experience of the trials and privations of the wilderness had terminated, and their arduous and protracted conflicts with the inhabitants of Canaan were about to begin. Thus a new page, as it were, was being turned over in the wondrous life-time of the nation; and to impress them with a sense of this peculiar novelty of their situation, we are told, (verses 2, 3, 4,) "officers went through the host, and they commanded the people, saying, When ye see the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God, and the priests and the Levites bearing it, then ye shall remove from your place and go after it. And there shall be a space between you and it, about two thousand cubits by measure. Come not near unto it that ye may know the way by which ye must go; for ye have not passed this way heretofore."

There are, doubtless, many occasions when, amidst the changes and chances of this mortal life, we may find ourselves in circumstances very similar to these—occasions upon which the tenor of our existence assumes a character and aspect altogether different from what it previously has worn; when the place of our habitation, the nature of our pursuits, our friends, and our associates, are for the future all to differ widely from those of the irrevocable past. But, without reference to these marked and memorable epochs, which usually occur but once or twice within the history of an individual, surely our position, often as we stand upon the threshold of a commencing year, has in it sufficient features of a resemblance to that of Israel at this time to make the counsel then addressed to them most suitable to us. One of those larger periods into which the Most High has in his wisdom portioned out our being, by the revolution of the heavenly bodies, has just terminated, and another has, like a giant, begun to run his race. We know of the year which has gone by that it brought with it, to ourselves and to others, joys and sorrows, casualties and vicissitudes, such as neither we nor they could by any possibility have anticipated. We must know, therefore, that the year on which we enter is, in like manner, fraught with coming events, which have cast as yet no shadows before them. Joys, perhaps, it may have for us in store; sorrows, it is more than probable, are folded up for us beneath its wings; but neither its joys nor its sorrows will be those of the years which have preceded it; there will be something distinctive, something peculiar in each of them. The health or the wealth which, it may be, are ours at its commencement, may, one or both, have vanished ere its close. The grave—unseen but near—may be, for aught that we can tell, amidst its allotments for ourselves, or for those who are dear to us as our own souls; it will be so for multitudes, and what reason has any one amongst us to assign why it should not be so for him or for her? Surely, surely there hangs enough of dark uncertainty around it, there lurks enough of unexpected casualty for each and all within it, to render solemnly and universally applicable the admonition, "Ye have not passed this way heretofore."

But there was special counsel given to the people of Israel, by reason of their having thus to travel upon an untried path. "When ye see the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God, and the priests the Levites bearing it, then ye shall remove from your place and go after it." They were to follow after the ark of the covenant, and they were to leave a space between them and it, that they might be able to observe it the more closely, to mark each turn that it took, to stop when it stopped, to advance as it advanced, that it might be their guide and their forerunner upon every footstep of that hitherto untrodden way.

Now the ark of the covenant was, we know, the peculiar symbol of Jehovah's presence, and as such, a special type of the Lord Jesus Christ. In it were laid up the tables of the law, constituting it the representative of him of whom it is written, "I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart." In it, too, was the pot of incorruptible manna, typical, it would seem, of the resurrection life of Him who is "the bread of life," and who is "alive for evermore."

Nor is this the only occasion upon which we find the ark of the covenant spoken of as the especial guide of the people of Israel. We read in Numbers x. 33, "And they departed from the mount of the Lord three days' journey; and the ark of the covenant of the Lord went before them in the three days' journey, to search out a resting-place for them." Is there not in this an example and an admonition that we should take the Lord Jesus Christ for our guide? Are we not thus taught that our security—more particularly when we are entering on a previously untravelled path—consists in following after him, in observing narrowly each turn of the way upon which he has passed before us, as it is mapped out for our instruction in the pages of God's blessed word. "When he putteth forth his own sheep, *he goeth before them*, and the sheep *follow him*, for they know his voice." * He has left us "an example, that we should follow his steps." † And there is a comprehensiveness in the life and character of our Divine Redeemer, moving as a man amidst his fellow men, which will enable those who study it, with earnest prayer for the teaching of God's Holy Spirit, to discern in every position, however peculiar or perplexing, in which they may at any time be placed, the foot-prints, as it were, which indicate the path that he has trodden, and upon which it will be for their peace and safety to "forsake all and to follow him."

These pages will meet the eyes of the young as the new year is opening out before them. It opens upon them, most probably, with much of bright and glad promise in its aspect. Their vigour will increase, their opportunities of enjoyment will multiply, its spring-time will to them be one of blossom, its summer will have sunshine such as hitherto they have not known. But can they prophesy that there will be no thorns amidst its flowers, no cloud upon its sunshine? There are many now proud of the high hopes, the golden prospects which it brings, exulting in the estimation for talent, for morality, and integrity in which they are held by their fellow men; but upon whom its last sun will go down bankrupt in hope and fortune, dishonoured in credit and in character, having fallen before temptation which they did not resist, or to which their feeble resistance proved in vain. There is many a light heart now, which, ere the year has closed, will have sunk down crushed beneath a load of bitter disappointment or of sudden sorrow. Young man, rejoicing in your youth, may it not be even so with you? "You have not passed this way heretofore." There is One, however, who has passed before you through each successive stage from youth to manhood: One who is "afflicted in all the afflictions" of his people, who "was tempted in all points like as we are," who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," and is "able to succour the tempted:" One who has promised to make "his strength perfect in our weakness," and that "as our day is, so shall our strength be." Follow him in faith. Keep close to him in prayer. Strive to be as he was in the midst of an evil world, "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." Look to him for light to guide, for strength to uphold you; seek to him for pardon through his blood, for sanctification by his Spirit, and be your tribulation in this world what it may, in him you shall have peace.

The middle-aged may haply spend some portion of the leisure from engrossing toil which the new year's earliest sabbaths will afford them in perusing what we write. The year for them, perchance, yields prospects of increasing gains, of larger opportunities for advancement and aggrandizement to themselves and their families, of added blessings vouchsafed, from the hand of a too much neglected Giver, to "the basket and the store." But will they undertake to say that with these there is no danger of increasing love of the world, of greater hardness of the heart, or of further neglect and forgetfulness of him in whom they live and move, and have their being? Will they affirm that there is no risk of riches proving deceitful, of expectations turning out fallacious? Is there no source from which calamity may come upon them, bereavement overtake them, death break in upon the charmed circle of their home joys and familiar faces, to teach them that the cisterns from which they seek to quench their thirst are "broken, and can hold no water?" Alas! you are in utter ignorance of the characters, whether dark or bright, in which the record of the coming year is traced upon the page of your destiny: "you have not passed this way heretofore." Keep, therefore, the eye and the heart towards him who, while "in the world, was not of the world"—who had his own heart and treasure, and would lead you to have yours, where no moth corrupts, nor worm destroys—who would give unto you the true riches—who invites you,

* John x 4. † 1 Peter ii. 21.

when weary and heavy laden, to come to him, that he may give you rest. He is the true ark of the covenant; "in him all the promises of God are yea and amen, to the glory of God by us." Follow him, therefore, as the children of Israel followed their ark upon the heretofore untrodden way; and that way, although long and dark and toilsome, will eventually prove itself to have been the path of the just, that "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Once more, this page will open as the new year opens before the eyes of the old—of those to whom declining health and strength *must* be, and death most probably *may* be, upon the way on which that new year summons them to enter. "They have not passed it heretofore." They have not, as yet, experienced what it is to feel that earth and all which it contains is indeed fast crumbling from beneath them, and that the untried and measureless eternity is close at hand. They have not, as yet, experienced what it is to be within the actual grasp of death—within the very hearing of the summons to the judgment. Now if ever—now far more than ever—do they require a guide; and here he is provided for them, placed within their reach. The people of Israel were about to cross the turbid waters of the Jordan, the deep, dark stream which rolled between them and the promised land. They followed, upon that untried and peculiar way, the ark of the covenant. And what was the result? No sooner did the feet of those who bore the ark before them touch the waters, than they were divided, and all—the ark, and those who bore, and those who followed it—passed over dry-shod, and stood unharmed on the further shore. Even so the promise stands on record, needing only to be tested by those who follow Christ. "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee." "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." Even so, a risen and glorified Redeemer stands revealed to the eye of faith at the other side of death's dark river, and points to its divided waters, where his way has been; bidding his followers to "fear not, for he is with them; to be not dismayed, for he is their God;" assuring them that he will "swallow up death in victory, and will wipe away tears from off all faces, for the Lord hath spoken it."

MORALITY.—Morality shreddeth sin as a garden knot; religion stubbeth it up by the roots.—*Crook.*

MERCIES.—As they are loadstones to love, so they are whetstones to obedience.—*Watson.*

MEDITATION.—Reading may bring a truth into the head; meditation brings it into the heart.—*Ib.*

ILLUSTRIOUS MOTHERS.

PART II.

MONICA AND HER CHILD.

THE first great work which the Lord of the vineyard had given Monica to do was, the training of her husband to be a fruitful vine. And while she was engaged in this work, another duty, more difficult still, was laid before her. This was the education of her eldest son, who was destined to be one of the brightest lights of the century in which he flourished. Indeed, the influence of this man has descended to our own times—for the reformation of the sixteenth century was very particularly indebted to his writings; and next to the Bible, the works of Augustine were the source from which Luther drew the rich draughts of living water which refreshed so many a weary soul. Aurelius Augustine was the name of this firstborn son. Gold and glory were the two ideas in the father's mind, as he gave these names, for the child was born in the year 354, consequently while Patricius was still sunk in heathenism, and seventeen years before his baptism. The second son received the more modest appellation of Navigius, or the boatman.

In his childhood, Augustine was not baptized. The father would not have prevented it, but the notions of that time were that it was good for a child to defer baptism. Many fancied that baptism washed away all the sins that were past, and, therefore, postponed the sacrament till later years, or till near the approach of death. Monica was not free from this notion; and it is, indeed, difficult even for great and good minds to rise above the errors of their time. The young Augustine was once dangerously ill, and he demanded baptism; the mother hastened to make the necessary preparations, but, on the child recovering, the ceremony was still deferred.

There is, perhaps, no other man of whose errings we know so much, and it is to his own pen we are indebted for that knowledge. After he had learned to hate his sin, and to overcome it by the grace of the Holy Spirit, he was not ashamed to tell the world how deeply he had fallen, and from how great a depth he had been delivered. Those who have cast stones at him, are only such as have never discovered the real state of their own souls, and have never learned to look on transgression in the light which streams from Gethsemane and Golgotha, where the Son of God wrestled, bled, and died for sins not his own.

The struggle between right and wrong began early in the mind of Augustine. In some children, indeed, there is no struggle, the heart being wholly given to vanity; but Augustine

had a mother who instilled early into his mind the truths of Christianity.

The school had little attraction for the child. What he remembered well from his childhood, however, was the history contained in the Old Testament, and the life and miracles of the Lord Jesus, as recorded in the Gospels, dropped as they were into his ear by a mother who mixed prayers and tears with the narrative. Mothers do not always know how early their words of peace and love sink deep into the heart, and form the character. In the midst of all his errings in later years, the boy never forgot the impressions received while sitting on that parent's knee.

At school, Augustine read in Virgil, and wept over the misfortunes of the imaginary heroes of the Æneid; but when the task was done, his wild and impetuous temper carried him to scenes which he afterwards bitterly loathed. Still his mother did not despair, but bent the knee and cried, "Oh, God, convert my son."

To study rhetoric, he went to Madura. Here he was far from Monica's eye, but her prayers were around him, and in the midst of all the heathenism of the place, he felt an invisible bond chaining him down, an unseen hand holding him back, and a silent monitor warning him to turn and be safe; it was the talismanic power of that unceasing maternal prayer, "Oh, God, convert my son."

He returned to his father's house in his sixteenth year, and here his mother saw the depth to which heathenism had brought him. She warned, but all in vain. Under a mother's eye, he plunged into a career of gross sensuality, but Monica's hope and faith did not fail. Like a sailor's mother, pacing the beach, expecting the return of her son, and with clasped hands singing to the raging surf, so stood the mother of Augustine, waiting till the storm of passion should calm, and her son should enter the peaceful harbour.

The substance of her prayer was, first, that he might find no peace in sin; secondly, that he might never cease to be ashamed of his sin; and, thirdly, that the voice of conscience might never be hushed. Mothers! who have waited long for the conversion of your children, have you borne as much as Monica, and prayed as often as she did, "Oh, God, convert my son?"

In the midst of all her trouble for Augustine, Monica's husband, Patricius, died. How strange are the ways of God! One would have thought that as the father had so long neglected his duty to his family, and was now become a Christian, he would have been spared to make up for all neglects. Not so was the Divine plan. The sheaf was ready, and the great Husbandman saw storms coming, and hastened to secure the ripe grain in the granary. The father had resolved to send his son to study at Carthage, and had denied himself many a gratification to gain this end, and Monica determined to carry out the plan. No self-denial was too great to enable her to collect the requisite means. She was, however, assisted by a wealthy relative, and the youth of seventeen years was accordingly sent alone to Carthage, the city next in splendour after Rome and Constantinople, but wholly given to idolatry. The fascinations of the world were now to be felt by the youth, and their emptiness exposed to him. He frequented the theatre, but that amusement soon palled upon his taste. He turned to the Scriptures, but he did not understand them; so he laid them aside, and sought next for comfort among the heretical sect of the Manichæans.

He returned to his mother with a mind filled with erroneous tenets, and unmistakeable marks of profligacy, the appropriate fruit of corrupt doctrine. The mother at first refused to see him. So sorely was Monica's heart bowed, that she who had borne for so many years the unfaithfulness of her husband, now sank under the grief inflicted by her first-born son. The citizens of Tagaste heaped honours on Augustine, but they lay heavy on him, excluded as he was from his mother's house. Monica went to the bishop of the place, to beg him to use his influence to bring her son back from the heresy into which he had fallen. The earnestness with which she begged for him, moved the bishop to tears, and he gave her the memorable reply, "A child of so many prayers and tears cannot be rejected of God." She believed his word, and returned home to pray again with renewed faith, "Oh, God, convert my son.

Honour, fame, talent, sensual gratification, all the delights of the sons of men, had meantime been tried by Augustine, and found lighter than vanity. Friendship, that pleasure of a refined mind, was next tried. He found a companion in a young man who had grown up with him, and without whom he often said he could not live. This youth, however, was torn from his side by death, and thus another of the cisterns of happiness which he had fondly hewn out for himself was broken. Still he remained ignorant of the true way of peace. How much, meantime, the mother's mind was occupied with her darling son by day, might be seen from her dreams by night. In sleep, her faith and hope took bolder flights than in waking hours; and she saw, in dreams that were to prove waking realities, Augustine already one in sentiment with herself.

On the death of his friend, Tagaste had become a wilderness to Augustine; so he went to Carthage, in the twenty-second year of his age, as

professor of rhetoric. Here he studied astrology, learned to distrust Manichæism, and discovered more and more what a waste howling wilderness a soul devoid of Christ is.

His mother followed him to Carthage, and found him preparing to go to Rome. She begged him to give over the plan. By a trick, however, he escaped her vigilance, and was gone. She stood on the shore and watched the receding ship in which he fled from the coast of Africa, and if ever she felt disposed to complain of God, it was at that hour, when her prayer that her son might be kept in Africa had not been heard. Poor Monica! we will not judge you hardly. You did not know that this was the Divine plan of answering the prayers of your whole life. What mean you, oh woman greatly beloved, to weep and to break your heart! Do you not read in your Bible, "This is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us. And if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him." Go home, then, gentle mother, and dry your tears.

THE UNEQUAL YOKE.

PART II.

THE manuscript referred to in our last chapter having been brought, Mrs. Chester gave it into her daughter's hands, who read as follows.

It was a beautiful morning in June; the sun awoke me by darting his rays full upon my face. I jumped up in my little white bed, and remembered that it was my birthday!

"I am six years old to-day; oh! how happy I am! how I love my birthday!" And then I looked out upon the beautiful scene before me, the landscape bright in the glowing sunshine, and my heart beat with joy—a child's joy, so earnest, true, and cloudless.

"Oh! how happy I shall be to-day; it is my birthday!" and I clapped my little hands in glee. Alas! alas! before the sun set upon my sixth birthday, I had tasted the first bitter drop of that cup from which, more or less, through life, all earth's children partake. I jumped into my little bed again, and taking my favourite doll in my arms, sat up and told her that I was six years old, and that I was so happy; and then I dressed her in her new clothes, to be ready to go down into the garden with me, when Susan, my nurse, should come and dress me. I talked to my dolly, and kissed her, and told her how happy I was, and how happy I was going to be, and how much I loved her, and what pleasure we would have with Flora, the Blenheim spaniel, and Neptune, the great Newfoundland dog, and that I was sure mamma would have some nice present for me; and over and over again did I, in my childish glee, tell dolly that I was six years old, and to-day was my birthday!

At last I heard the door gently open, and my nurse came in to dress me.

"I am six years old to-day, Susan; it is my birthday."

"Yes, dear, and I wish you many happy returns of it," she said, kindly. I thought she looked sad; but it was my birthday, and I was so happy that I had not time or care to notice another's grief. I was soon dressed.

"You will not forget your prayers, Miss Helen," said the maid.

"I will go and say them to mamma, please, Susan."

"Not to-day, Miss Helen; mamma is not so well this morning; she has had a bad night, and is trying to get a little sleep; so say your prayers, and come down-stairs very quietly that you may not wake her."

I knelt at my little white bed, and how well I remember that morning, that sweet June morning! I knelt, and clasped my little hands, and thanked God for his kindness to me, and prayed for a new heart, and that he would make me his own little child. I prayed for my father, and then for my own mamma, that God would make her better and happy. It was the *last time* that I knelt at that little white bed, with a cloudless brow and a light gladsome heart! I went softly down stairs, and passed out into the garden. I was soon at my frolic on the lawn; the sweet fresh air, fragrant with a thousand different flowers, fanned my cheeks. I gambolled with delight, chasing my pet dog, and carrying my doll in my arms. I visited my garden, and gathered a *bouquet* of my choicest flowers to present to my mamma. The breakfast-bell rang while I was busy with my flowers, and I hurried to the house, dreading a rebuke from my father if I delayed. I was disappointed when I did not see mamma, though many mornings I had missed her from her accustomed place. My father was reading when I entered the room; I stole quietly to his side, but did not speak to him, for he was a silent, reserved man, and seldom talked with me. I stood by his side, and looked up in his face; at last the book was laid down, and he saw that I was near him.

"Helen," he said——

I looked up in his face with a half-smile: "It is my birthday, papa; I am six years old to-day."

"So you are; I had forgotten it." But he took from his pocket a bright shilling, and gave it to me. "There, my dear, you shall go into the village this morning, and buy what you

please. I had forgotten your birthday, or I would have got a nice book for you."

I sat down in my chair; my father opened his book, and read on; my little head was full of thought, my little heart of feeling. I was but six years old, and I could not understand how it was that my father, or any one else, could forget *that it was my birthday!* "Mamma has not forgotten it, I am sure—dear, dear mamma!"

The sun was just setting, and casting his rays over one of the most lovely landscapes in that beautiful county, Kent (for it was there my father lived); I was seated at my mother's knee; and though years have passed away, and I have gazed upon many scenes, that evening with its cloudless sunset, that landscape with its many varied features, is still present before me, and that sweet, soft voice even now sounding in my ear, as it then fell in gentlest, tenderest accents.

"Helen, my darling, come to me; I wish to speak to you."

I rose from my seat, and taking one of my mother's hands in mine, I looked earnestly in her face; I saw that she had been weeping.

"Helen, you are six years old to-day. Put away all those pretty things, and listen while I speak to you, my darling child." And a rush of tears, such as I had never seen before, flowed down her cheeks; but she was soon calm, and pressing me to her heart, she fervently prayed for wisdom and strength to be given her to speak to me aright. She told me that she was very ill, and that God was going to take her away from me: that I should very soon have no mother; that I must love Jesus, and look to him who cared for little children and felt for their sorrows. She told me of my faults, my pride and waywardness, and earnestly begged me to seek the Saviour while I was a little child, and he would lead me and guide me when she was taken away. She gave me her own Bible—that Bible I had so often seen her bending over—that Bible she had taught me to read from—and kissing me, oh! how fondly, told me never to part with it. She pressed me again to her bosom, prayed with me, and commended me to the care of that Saviour whom she had loved and trusted from her earliest years. She then bade me kneel and repeat my evening prayer; but when I began to utter that petition, "Make my mamma better," the truth of what she had been saying to me of her illness and death flashed upon me, and I cried out in agony—a child's helpless painful agony. It is true, as yet I knew nothing of death, nothing of sorrow; my mother's gentle love had shielded me from this; but a fearful sense of coming desolation, such as the *motherless* only know, came upon me, and from that moment the whole current of my life was changed. I kissed her pale cheek and thin white hand as she bade me "good night;" I saw the tears trembling in her eyes; but her calmness did not forsake her even at that trying moment.

It was not many days after that I was called from the garden to my mother's room; she had never left it since that evening. My father was by her side; he drew me towards her bed, and lifting me up, placed me close beside my mother. I saw that she was deadly pale; she opened her eyes and smiled kindly upon me; she then turned with a look in which sorrow and love were mingled—a look which a mother only can give when about to leave to the care of others that most precious of earthly treasures, the little infant they had laid upon her bosom. Until that moment I was unconscious of its existence; but the remembrance of my mother's words, that death would soon separate us, prevented any feeling of joy from entering my heart. I stooped down and kissed my mother's cheek, and laid my own close upon it. I saw the large tears flowing from her eyes, and they trickled down upon me as she slowly and faintly whispered:—

"Helen, remember to follow Jesus, and to pray for the leadings of his Holy Spirit. You will love your brother; be a sister to him, and remember that I hope to meet you both in heaven." Her life was ebbing fast away, and in a few hours we were *motherless*.

Time passed on, and my little brother grew in loveliness and strength. It was my constant delight to be near him; I had no happiness but in the nursery, and all my love was centred in this darling child. To watch him, to wait upon him, was my delight; and when he began to notice me, and laugh and crow, something of my former cheerfulness returned; but oh, the dreadful blank, the crushing heart-sorrow that I felt when I turned at night from the nursery, where baby was put to sleep, to my own little desolate room. How often, long after I had been placed in my bed, unable to sleep, would I rise, and sitting at the window, look out at the beautiful starry sky, as if I would pierce into the far distant heavens in search of my lost mother. I had no young companions, and was seldom with my father, who did not care for the society of children. How often did my little trembling heart yearn for some expression of kindness, such as I had received from that dear parent of whose tender care I had thus early been deprived, but, alas! I looked and longed for it in vain.

Another birthday came; the sun again awoke me; the birds again carolled their morning lay; the air was again filled with a thousand delicious sweets; but I was no longer the merry-hearted

child. Oh! what a short year of sorrow had done! I kneeled and prayed, for, blessed be God, my sorrows had taught me the preciousness of prayer, and I rose from my knees happier than I had felt before.

"I will not tell any one it is my birthday, and no one will remember it," I thought. I was right—it passed away, and I felt that I was forgotten; and then I thought of dear mamma in heaven, and wondered whether she was looking down upon me.

A short time passed; it was a bright October day; a more than usual bustle was to be seen in the village, and the bells were ringing out a merry peal. I wondered why my black dress was taken away, and why they were dressing me in white. My brother's nurse took me by the hand, and led me to the lawn. He crowed and jumped with delight, as the merry pealing bells resounded through the clear air. At length a carriage drove rapidly up to the door, and my father and a lady alighted from it.

"That is your new mamma, Miss Helen," said the nurse, as she led me and carried my brother towards the carriage. I saw the lady; she was very beautiful (for a child can discern beauty) and very stately, but there was no kindness either in her tone or manner as she patted me on the cheek, and said, "We shall be good friends by and bye, I dare say;" and then turned from my silent form to the crowing glee of the beautiful baby, who, happy for him, had no remembrance of a fair-haired, gentle, loving mother, to make it difficult for him to call another by that sacred name.

It was not long before a great change was made in my father's house. The old familiar furniture was removed; my mother's picture, which had hung in the library, was put away into an almost unfrequented room; and, sadder still for me, my dear nurse, Susan, was sent away. I wept bitterly at this; but it was of no use. Time passed on, and another little infant came to gladden my heart. It was a sweet little girl, and now I thought, "I shall be quite happy with my little sister." I wished my father's wife to love me, and by many little acts of attention I tried to gain her love. I was mild and obedient, but she was (oh! how unlike many step-mothers I have since known, who have been mothers indeed) a stern, proud woman, and I soon found that she disliked me; and in a few weeks after the birth of my little sister she told my father that it would be better for me to be sent to London to a boarding-school, as she could not attend to my education, and that I was almost ruined for want of proper discipline. At eight years of age, therefore, I left my father's house, never again, as a child, to find a home or shelter in it.

Poetry.

BLIND NURSE.

DEAR children, we must turn this way,
To visit blind nurse, Phœbe Gray;
We need but take a few steps more
To bring us to her cottage door.
See, here's her humble wicket gate;
Quick, children, or we shall be late!
How snug and warm she looks within;
The close mob cap beneath her chin;
In the same dress she used to wear,
And seated in the old arm-chair.
Look, there her little grandchild sits,
With pussy in her lap, and knits;
And here comes too the feather'd pet,
The scarlet-breasted robinet,
To perch upon her outstretched thumb,
And feed upon the offer'd crumb!
"That's right, nurse, keep a cheerful blaze
To warm you these cold wintry days!
Sharp frost imprisons the hard ground,
And snow-flakes soon will fall around.
Ah, there's your cricket on the hearth,
My children love its song of mirth;
And I have brought them with me here,
Just as you wished me, Phœbe dear.
Feel this warm cloak they've made for you,
And bought with their own money, too!
But it is getting late to-day,
We must not any longer stay."
"O, lady dear, don't hurry so,
Read in God's word before you go,
Of Him who sight gives to the blind,
His presence in the dark to find,
And comes, my lamp within to trim,
To keep its light from growing dim;
So that I cheerfully can say,
He turns my darkness into day.
Dear children, could you happy be
If, like blind nurse, you could not see?
By nature *all* of us are blind,
And grope our way in vain to find,
Till Christ descends, with light divine,
Upon our darken'd hearts to shine.
O may he fit us, by his grace,
For that eternal dwelling-place
Where the 'Great Sun' burns ever bright,
And day will never see a night!"

ELLEN ROBERTS.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

9. Was fear, resulting from a guilty conscience, ever threatened by God as a punishment upon his people?

10. Name some occasions on which Jesus exhibited at the same time his two natures.

11. What two similar acts of Jesus marked the commencement and the close of his ministry?

12. Prove from Scripture that Jesus shares his people's sorrows.

13. Whence does the sympathy of Jesus arise?

14. Give an example of a faithful reproof taken in a becoming spirit by a servant of God.

15. Give an example of impatience under reproof.

16. On what two occasions do we read of the displeasure of Jesus being excited?

17. What should be the ornament of a Christian woman?

18. Give an example of the misquoting and misapplying of a passage of God's word.

Page for the Young.

DAILY THOUGHTS.

"Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him."—*Prov.* xxvi. 12.

WHAT is it to be wise in our own conceit? I am afraid children as well as grown persons know something of this sort of wisdom. To be wise in our own eyes is really folly, and sin too in the sight of God.

Two men, brothers, were travelling together on horseback over a dangerous and difficult road. It was winter time, and there had been a great deal of snow. They stopped at a road-side inn to rest their horses, and whilst they ate their supper they called the master of the house to tell them the best way to the next town, which they wanted to reach that night.

He directed them very plainly, but John, the elder brother, said it was a long way round, and he thought it must be much better and pleasanter to take the road across the hill rather than that which the landlord pointed out. "You can please yourself, sir," he said, "but the snow may have drifted on the road you speak of, and I can tell you that if you once miss your way there you may spend a whole night in trying to find it. There are so many paths that it is very easy to make a mistake." John was a young man, and quite a stranger in those parts, but he had read, he said, in the Guide-book that the hill road was the pleasanter and shorter, and he quite laughed at the idea of danger. He thought himself very wise, and said that there was no need to warn him. Henry, the younger brother, who was considered far from clever, and who certainly was not so bright as John, tried in vain to persuade him to take the man's advice; and when he failed, he said, "Well, John, I shall go by the high road and you may please yourself. Tell me what inn to go to in the town, and I will wait there for you." John laughed, and called Henry a coward, but Henry was used to being laughed at, and still said he should take the landlord's advice. So the brothers parted. The man, "wise in his own conceit," took the mountain path, the younger brother the safe high road. Henry had a pleasant journey, and arrived safely at the inn of which his brother had told him before dusk; but John missed his way, and found the snow so deep that he was obliged at last to give up altogether, and sitting down under a bank of snow, expected to perish before morning from cold and hunger.

It had been dark for some time, and was now past nine o'clock, when to his joy he heard voices, and saw a lantern. The landlord had come after him, being very sure that the headstrong youth would never reach his journey's end safely. John was much ashamed, and was very humble and quiet on his way back. The parting advice of the man was, not to be too wise in his own conceit for the future, nor to laugh at his brother.

A man wise in his own eyes despises God, and is very ready to think that there must be some way of salvation as good and as safe as that which he has provided in his word, but he will find, as John found, that there is one path only that is really safe. Be humble, therefore, dear children; and, above all, believe God when he says, "There is none other name given under heaven among men, whereby we can be saved, but the name of Jesus."

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them."—*Eccles.* xii. 1.

It is very strange that we should need such a warning as not to forget him who made us, our Creator who preserves our lives, who gives us food, health, and clothing. But man does forget God; he is content to eat and to drink, to sleep and to enjoy his gifts, and yet to think nothing of him from whom all blessings flow. Now we are told in this text to remember our Creator, and to remember him in youth.

Two old men sat in the shade of a chestnut tree one hot summer's noon. Their hair was white and their faces full of wrinkles; they had but little strength left, and their figures were bent and feeble. They talked, as they sat, of old times, for they had always lived in the same village, and had known one another for sixty years or more; and while they talked a fine boy of ten years old, with rich brown hair and a bright rosy colour, came springing up to them, and, out of breath with play and laughter, sat down at their feet. He was the grandson of one of the old men, and a happy joyous child he was.

"It is my birthday, grandpapa," said the boy; "I have so many presents! a top, and a ball, and some books."

His grandpapa looked sadly at the child and said, "I hope you will grow up a wise and good man, Arthur, and a happier man than I have been." "Why, grandpapa?" asked the boy. "I did not remember my Creator when I was young, my boy. I was always putting it off till another day, and when my friend here used to say that youth was the best time to think of God and to give my heart to him, I would say there was time enough yet, and I forgot God in whose hands my life was. Then came the cares of life, and I seemed to have no time. I had to work for my living, to toil all the long days, and sometimes nights, in my counting-room at my books, and I found it difficult then to think of God. At last I was very ill; God took away the health for which I had never thanked him, and the strength which I had thought was all my own; but in illness and during nights of pain and bitter suffering, I found I could not think of God, nor study my Bible which I had neglected, nor learn of Jesus whom I had rejected. God raised me up again, however, but then I had other sorrows and cares, and still seemed to have no time for religion. I have at last, I hope, given my best love to God, but how sad is the thought to me that I have nothing but a poor world-weary heart to offer. I can do nothing for God, for I have so little strength either of mind or body, but I hope he will save me and pardon me."

The boy looked grave: his grandpapa went on. "It is an easy yoke that Christ bids us take. Is it not, friend Gray?"

"It is indeed!" said the other old man with a quiet smile. "Bear this in mind, dear boy, that while serving God in youth saves us from many sorrows, it does not take away from us one real pleasure. Don't let your birthday pass away without at least a prayer that God would help you to remember him now in the days of your youth." The child lifted up his heart, and God heard his prayer.*

* From "Daily Thoughts for a Child," by Mrs. Geldart—a charming little work, just published, which is sure to be a favourite with the young.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

RETURNING FROM THE BATTLE.

THE LIFE OF A PATRIARCH.

PART III.

THE BATTLE.

Lot being now separated from Abraham, it seems that the purpose of God was fully accomplished in reference to the isolated position which the latter was appointed to sustain. He was now dwelling alone, unmixed with other families; and at this time, therefore, we have the repetition and expansion of the original promise: "Look from the place where thou art, northward and southward, and eastward and westward, for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed for ever." Here the extent of the inheritance is ascertained. "I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth." Here the number of his posterity is also declared.

A new scene next opens before us, of which but a few outlines are supplied. Much learning has been employed to fill them up; and historical theories have been founded upon them, which, we must confess, afford us little satisfaction. In traversing this dim region of the past, we shall avail ourselves only of such light as throws a somewhat steady lustre upon the objects we have to examine.

Here are three kingdoms mentioned, con-

No. 38.—Published January 18, 1865. Price One Penny.

federate with each other, and engaged in war with three other kingdoms. It is the first distinct mention that is made of war, though it appears highly probable that wars had ravaged the world before. Nimrod's invasion of Shinar (one of the countries here named) involved, no doubt, some fierce battle; and before the flood, we are told that "violence filled the earth." The selfishness, ambition, and revenge of men would early lead to sanguinary conflicts. The same spirit which led Cain to stain the virgin soil of this world with his brother's blood, would prompt others of mankind to acts of cruel aggression; and the individual contest would soon be followed by the banded fight, and hostile armies, perhaps, encamped and met and fought together on fields over which afterwards the deluge rolled its waters, washing out every vestige of the strife.

But the war mentioned here is the first of which we are certain, the precursor of the myriads of engagements recorded in history—standing at the head of the long and fearful series of bloody contests, down to the battles now waging in the East. Of the confederate kings on this occasion, Amraphel, king of Shinar, or Babylonia, is the first—a successor of Nimrod, sovereign of the plain where that great monument of human pride and folly was reared, the tower of Babel. Arioch comes next, king of Ellasar—a place not satisfactorily identified, some supposing it was situated in Arabia, others that it was in Assyria. Then follows Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, evidently the chief of the confederacy. No doubt Elam, or Elymais, was a country which formed part of what was afterwards Persia—a southern tract, east of the Euphrates. Some have endeavoured to identify this royal captain with one of the kings of Assyria; but as Elam is expressly mentioned here as his dominion, the opinion appears utterly untenable. Nor do we find any historical grounds for supposing that a Persian dynasty at this time swayed the Assyrian sceptre. It has been common with writers to speak of the war with the Canaanitish kings, as an invasion by the Assyrians, who, it is imagined, were then spreading their empire far and wide. Indeed Josephus represents it as an Assyrian attempt; and he speaks of that people, at the time, as having dominion over Asia. But the Assyrian history is so full of fables, of the most wild and incredible character, and the methods adopted to reduce them to something like the appearance of truth are so conjectural, that we cannot see our way to any conclusions on the subject at all satisfactory.

Tidal, king of nations, is the fourth king mentioned. Some suppose that his territory was what Scripture calls "Galilee of the Gentiles," on account of the mixed population of the country; but here again we have only conjecture. Thus much is certain, that there were four kings united together to make war with the cities on the banks of the Jordan—that Elam was at the head of the invading party, and that Chedorlaomer was the military leader. Whether they were independent states, or whether the rest were tributary to Elam, does not appear; perhaps the latter might be the case, and we have then in that old oriental prince, and his dominion, the rudiments of a growing empire.

The five kingdoms against which the foregoing kings made war were evidently very petty states, like those which in later times abounded in Canaan, at the time of Joshua's invasion. The vale of Siddim, which comprised the confederacy, did not exceed a small English county; whence we may conclude how insignificant each of them must have been. "The states of the Canaanites," says Dr. Kitto, "suggest a comparison to our own boroughs, consisting of a town with dependencies of fields, and perhaps villages; and the comparison perhaps holds further, for the melecks, or kings, of those tiny kingdoms do not appear to have been more than chief magistrates, or patriarchal chiefs, with very limited powers." These states had been tributary to Chedorlaomer twelve years, but had now rebelled and sought to gain independence. Hence arose the war.

The confederates, under Chedorlaomer, returned from their victorious expedition in the south, by way of the vale of Siddim, and there chastised the five kings for their revolt.

Three remarkable circumstances are recorded, which we may notice. The soil of the country was bituminous. It was either rent into chasms, or it was spread over with soft yielding bogs, into which chasms or bogs it is said that many of the conquered fell, and probably perished. This is a characteristic of the soil of Siddim, to be remembered when we reflect on the awful catastrophe which afterwards happened there. The second notable circumstance is the flight of the people to the mountains—a practice still common in the East, in cases of invasion, of which travellers give examples which have occurred under their own notice. And the third incident—the removal of the goods and provisions from these cities—illustrates their limited size, while the probability of the towns not being burnt shows that the usages of war were less barbarous than they afterwards became.

But where was Lot, who had chosen the fertile part of the valley for his dwelling-place? It would seem that, from a nomad shepherd, he had become a citizen, and had taken up his abode in the town of Sodom. Whether he shared in the

battle is not stated; but in the capture of the town, he and his family were taken captives. This was the first trouble (of which we have an account) that overtook Lot in his new place of habitation—one quite enough, we should imagine, to make him repent of his misguided choice.

Now it is that Abraham comes upon the scene in a new character. The pilgrim is a warrior. Help is requested for the rescue of his nephew, and with generosity and promptitude he arms his followers, 318 men born in his household, a circumstance which indicates how numerous his family had become; for these 318 persons were only those able to bear arms, leaving us to conclude that there must have been some hundreds of persons besides, including women and children; so that altogether by this time Abraham's must have been a very large encampment on the plains of Mamre.

With Abraham were associated in this expedition three neighbouring chiefs, Mamre, Eshcol, and Aner, with their respective clans; and these troops being marshalled, amounted perhaps to some thousand in number. They were led on in hot pursuit after the eastern kings, who were wending their way home with the captives and the spoils. They came to Dan—called at that time Laish, a town in the north of Palestine—and there they smote them, pursuing them afterwards to the neighbourhood of Damascus. From the mention in the sacred narrative of the attack being made by night, we should conclude that the enemy must have been taken by surprise, and this conclusion agrees with the story of it as given by Josephus.

There can be no doubt that the forces of Chedorlaomer far exceeded in numbers those of Abraham and his friends; and from the experience they had had in war, and from their long and victorious expedition on this occasion, they must have been better soldiers; but still we must not bring to the transaction our modern notions of warfare. We must not look on it as a regular battle between two great armies, but as an irregular kind of conflict between a rude army of oriental soldiers on the one hand, and a party of wandering tribes on the other, overtaking them by surprise, in the dead of night, and filling them with a sudden panic.

Abraham, who we may infer proved himself on this occasion a valorous soldier, returned victorious with the recovered captives and spoils. One can see him marching home in triumph, and coming towards the fair and fertile banks of Jordan, where two princes come forth to meet him. The scene of the interview was the valley of Shaveh, or the king's dale, supposed to be the valley of Jehoshaphat, on the eastern side of Jerusalem—that sacred valley where the dust of so many of Judah's kings now lie buried in their rock-graves, where multitudes of Abraham's seed are slumbering, and where many a Jew still desires his bones may rest. The king of Sodom was full of joy at the deliverance of the captives, and the victory achieved by Abraham, but he had no refreshment to offer, being some distance from home, and, moreover, being deprived of provisions by the recent attack on his city. But another king, sovereign of Salem, occupying perhaps the site of what became afterwards the city of Jerusalem, supplied the deficiency, and brought forth bread and wine.

This Melchizedek was a remarkable person. He is mentioned in the 110th psalm, and also by St. Paul in the 6th and 7th of Hebrews, in connection with the Messiah, and in such extraordinary terms as to have led to a number of conjectures respecting his person and history. Seven strange hypotheses respecting this personage are now before us. He was the Holy Spirit, say some. He was one of the "Powers" of God, emanating from him, superior to Christ, and after the model of which Christ was formed. He was the Logos, the Son of God, the same who appeared to Abraham and the patriarchs. He was an angel. He was a man formed before the creation, out of spiritual not earthly elements. He was Enoch, sent to live on earth again. He was Shem, the son of Noah. These opinions are so utterly improbable, so entirely unfounded, that one might wonder at their being adopted, were it not that history and theology abound with vain conjectures. What a waste of time and learning and skill do we see in all such hypotheses; and what an example do they afford of the inquisitiveness of the human mind, of its restless curiosity, of its panting for full and connected views of things! so that there are few points of history, few allusions, however brief, which men have not sought with more or less success, to elucidate and bring into shape and form.

Looking at the narrative before us, Melchizedek appears simply as the king of Salem, the city of peace; his own name importing probably, on account of his excellence of character, king of righteousness, or the just king. He appears to have associated the priestly with the regal office, as did other chiefs in those early days; Abraham himself being at once the prince and priest of his tribe, ruling over them, and offering sacrifice in their name. The peculiarity in the case of Melchizedek, seems to have been that he was no idolater, but of the same pure religion with Abraham himself.

Taking the 110th psalm and the 7th of Hebrews into connection with this passage, Melchizedek rises into a type of the Messiah. His

name — king of righteousness: his city — king of Salem: his combination of the offices of priest and king: his unrecorded descent, no genealogy of him being supplied, his name standing alone, the time of his birth and death not being related—point significantly to him who is the righteous Lord—who is the prince of peace —who has made the great sacrifice for sin, and sways a regal sceptre over all the earth—who is the mysterious and ineffable Son of the Eternal Father — who has a nature that is without beginning of days and end of years— —whose character, office, dominion, and titles are unique—who infinitely surpasses Aaron and his sons, and is constituted a priest, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life. Towards the typical Melchizedek, Abraham evinced veneration; to him he offered a testimony of homage in the bestowment of a tenth of his substance; while on the father of the faithful that illustrious personage bestowed his solemn benediction in terms expressive of his enlightened faith and large views of God's government and mercy: "Blessed be Abram of the most high God, possessor of heaven and earth: and blessed be the most high God, which hath delivered thine enemies into thy hand." The glimpses of piety and devotion here caught amidst the shadows of that remote antiquity, and amidst scenes of confusion and strife, are very beautiful; and while in life's rough battle with confederated powers of evil, worse than Chedorlaomer and his allies, we are taught to be as courageous as Abraham; while, too, in the moral fight we are to think of the freedom and safety of others as well as of our own, and to be ready to take up the weapons of truth and righteousness in behalf of the oppressed; we have further a cheering symbolic picture of the end of our spiritual warfare, when returning triumphant from "the slaughter" of what is evil, the Lord of righteousness, the king of the city of peace, shall come forth to meet us to give us welcome; and we shall sit down with him at his table, and drink new wine with him in his kingdom.

After the victory, and the interview with Melchizedek, we are informed that the king of Sodom said to Abraham: "Give me the persons (those who had been taken captive) and take the goods to thyself." It is to this day, we are told, a law of the desert, that if one tribe defeats another, which has plundered a third, the conquering tribe is bound to liberate the persons belonging to the latter, but is entitled to retain all the booty. If that law prevailed at the time under review, Abraham obeyed it in liberating the captives, and would not have broken it had he retained the spoil. This the king of Sodom proposed he should do. But Abraham replied, with a generous independence: "I have lift up mine hands unto the Lord, the most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth; that I will not take from a thread even to a shoe-latchet, and that I will not take anything that is thine, lest thou shouldest say, I have made Abram rich: save only that which the young men have eaten, and the portion of the men which went with me, Aner, Eshcol, and Mamre; let them take their portion."

We see here the magnanimous generosity and the divine faith of the Hebrew pilgrim and warrior. It was not for selfish ends that he had fought; not for silver and gold and apparel; not for flocks and herds; but for the sake of justice, and for the protection of those whom the God of nature had bound to him in tender ties. He had been called out by God to be a witness for him — a witness to his Almighty government and paternal care. He would, therefore, permit nothing which might throw a suspicion on his confidence in the Lord of all. He would not have it said, that the king of Sodom, who was no servant of the living God, had made him rich. Riches he would accept only in such a way as would show that he believed they came to him as gifts from heaven.

A PROMISE ILLUSTRATED.

Rivers and streams in our own country occasionally change their character, diminishing or swelling in their volume, becoming feeble or violent in their flow, according as the showers are few and far between, or the rains are heavy and abundant. The variation is, however, rarely so marked as to occasion practical inconvenience. It observes, also, no stated periods, and years may pass away without any retrenchment or redundance of note in the natural irrigation. But in the Holy Land, and tropical regions in general, a similar change, with much more decided features, is of annual occurrence, owing to the periodical alternation of dry and rainy seasons. During the hot months of summer, or from the beginning of May to the close of September, the showers are suspended, when drought and heat combine their influence to diminish the running waters. Brooks like the Kedron altogether fail; streams like the Kishon become insignificant; and the Jordan contracts its breadth and relaxes its current. On the other hand, upon the commencement of the rains in autumn the channels gradually resume their fulness, and in the vernal season, when the showers are torrent-like, and the snows are melting in the Lebanon, many a watercourse which has been dry is the bed of a furious flood, while brooks, streams

and rivers overflow their banks and inundate the adjoining lands.

In various parts of its course the Jordan is readily fordable in summer on horseback. It may be passed, also, at a few points even on foot. But in winter, the number of these fords is much less; and the river is generally impassable either way in spring, when at high-water mark. Hence a powerful and enraged enemy is compared by the prophet to the "swelling of Jordan," dislodging the wild animals from the thickets and brushwood on its banks. Fatal accidents have happened to the Greek and Latin pilgrims, who have been overcome by the current while superstitiously bathing in its waters. The Kishon also, which ordinarily wanders as an inconsiderable stream through the plain of Esdraelon, and is crossed without difficulty, assumes a flood-like aspect when swollen by temporary feeders from the neighbouring hills, which the violent spring rains originate. It compels the traveller to make long detours in order to pass from bank to bank, or await the subsidence of the waters, the usual fords being either impracticable or perilous. The host of Sisera perished in attempting to make the passage in the flood season: "The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon." Judges v. 21.

This condition of the streams is referred to in the promise: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Isa. xliii. 2. The pious among the Jews would well understand the point and force of the allusion, interpret spiritually the assurance, and take comfort from it. So may the Christian. The troubles of life are trying to his patience and fortitude. Its temptations are perilous to integrity. An encounter with them is an inevitable incident of his pilgrimage, aptly compared to the difficult and dangerous crossing of rivers when the water is high and the current violent, a common event at certain seasons in an oriental journey. But God is mindful of his own. He sees their wants and knows their fears. He gives grace to bear and to resist, according as there is a needs be for it, and will not suffer those to be injuriously affected by outward ills, however exposed to their influence, whose minds are stayed upon him. Trouble may wound, but it shall not harm; and temptation may assail, but it shall not succeed. The statement, "I will be with thee," has this blessedness of meaning.

During the dry, hot months of Palestine, all the minor vegetation, apart from the permanent watercourses, becomes entirely parched. The natural grasses and rank herbage are as hay or stubble, susceptible of being ignited upon accident or intention supplying a spark. This is sometimes done purposely in order to clear the ground. But the process is not without its danger, as the limits to which the conflagration shall extend cannot be exactly determined, and the rapidly-spreading flames may encircle a wayfarer or encompass a habitation. To this practice, and the peril incident to it, the last clause of the promise refers, with the same gracious significance as the preceding one: "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Beautifully has the hymnist versified the truth of the whole promise as exemplified in Christian experience.

"When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith his promised aid;
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head:
Fearless their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there!

To him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way:
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play;
I own his power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand!
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand;
Show forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thy arms my sure defence;
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence."

THE SIEGE OF MANSOUL.

PART II.

How intently all eyes are fixed at this moment on the scenes of the distant Crimea! What hearts are beating at the intelligence which every fresh newspaper reveals! The road from Balaklava to the camp, now deep in mire from incessant rain, and crowded with materials borne to supply the departments of the commissariat or the ammunition; the now fortified heights which overlook the valley of the Inkermann, where the marks of the recent battle are yet visible; the batteries of the French before the town, or of the English before the dockyard of Sebastopol; who is not familiar with these? Whose heart does not burn as he turns to each new communication from the spot? The wife trembles for her husband—the sister for her brother—the parent for her child—the man for his fellows!

Nor is it only scenes of suffering which have power to move men's minds. Feelings of outraged justice have had their share in directing the eyes of spectators to the spot. They have

felt sympathy with the weaker as overrun by the stronger—with the hapless inhabitants of Turkey subject to an invasion which had no right in it. Such at least are the sentiments often avowed, nor do we question their sincerity.

But how few watch the position of another fortress—a fortress which, if it be his own, is, or ought to be, incalculably dear to every man; or if it be his neighbour's, should awaken the deepest concern on behalf of his brother; since spiritual interests in their value transcend the temporal! And though this fortress be wrested from its first allegiance—though it be lost to all the purposes for which God has made it—how few care to observe its position, to mark its decadence, or to record with indignation how it has been villanously overrun by a power which has taken treacherous advantage of its weakness!

Deplorable is the condition to which the once honourable town of Mansoul is now reduced! Its lord mayor imprisoned—its recorder, if not silenced, rendered contemptible in the eyes of its inhabitants (though his occasional ravings still greatly alarm and annoy them)—and Diabolus the almost undisputed lord of the whole domain.

What can be more dangerous and lamentable than the state of that unconverted man, whose understanding is darkened, so that he no longer appreciates spiritual things at their true value, or sees their intimate relations to himself—whilst his conscience sounds only in fitful gusts, and instead of being his welcome companion and monitor, is the dreaded utterer of reproaches which anticipate the just judgments of God, and which he cannot endure to hear. There is no war so distracting as civil war, no dissension so grievous as household dissension, and no situation more desperate than that of a man at enmity with himself! The impossibility of silencing such unwelcome, though secret, remonstrances has often struck "a dart through the liver" even of the gayest, and caused many a Colonel Gardiner to exclaim, in the midst of his career of dissipation, "Oh! that I were that dog!"

Diabolus might now boast of Mansoul as a possession of his own. Let us see how he proceeds with it. He first secures my Lord Will-be-will, and constitutes him, already in his interests, governor of the strong places of the town. "So that next to Diabolus himself who but my Lord Will-be-will in all the town of Mansoul! Nor could anything now be done, but at his will and pleasure, throughout the town of Mansoul! When this Will-be-will was invested with power, he became desperate; he flatly denied that he owed any suit or service to his former prince and liege lord. This done, in the next place he took an oath, and swore fidelity to his great master Diabolus, and then, being stated and settled in his places, honours, and preferments, oh! you cannot think unless you had seen it the strange work that this workman made in the town of Mansoul!" When the will instead of being subject to the law of God is corrupted and brought under the influence of Satan, it becomes the instigator to all arts of evil, the enemy of God and of his laws, the perpetrator of all kinds of moral outrage. So Will-be-will maligns Mr. Recorder—will never endure to hear him speak—destroys every fragment of the laws of Shaddai which yet remain, excepting a few mutilated enactments in the possession of Mr. Recorder and out of his reach—complains of light, especially if it be near the dwelling of the old lord mayor—and resigns himself, in a word, absolutely to the pleasure of Diabolus his lord.

The only remedy which the unsanctified man has against the remonstrances of conscience is, the determination (the will) not to hear it speak. His resolution is, to abolish within his heart all remains of God's legislation—to keep the understanding in blindness—and thus to remove all obstacles which might check the sway of evil. Ever since Cain left "the presence of the Lord" after he had become a guilty man, through the murder of his brother Abel, the same sad story has been constantly repeated. Thought, and God appealing to thought, is the great misery of unregenerate nature. It is this which renders meditation so distasteful to the sinner—solitary confinement so intolerable to the criminal. It accords with the most natural laws, that to escape from such remonstrances, the plunges into evil should become deeper and more desperate, and that, as the allegorist expresses it, "the image of Shaddai should be defaced, and havoc be made of all remains of the laws and statutes of Shaddai within the town of Mansoul;" whilst the effect is to turn Mansoul into a brute, and make it like to the sensual sow, and at the same time to give liberty to "the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eyes, and the pride of life."

But, as it is necessary that some in the town of Mansoul shall hold places of trust and honour, Diabolus puts up, instead of my Lord Understanding the mayor, and Mr. Conscience the recorder, two substitutes who might better serve the purposes of his unrighteous dominion. Instead of the former, therefore, the Lord Lustings, and instead of the latter, Forget-good, are installed in their place; and to sum up the whole, the following are appointed as chief magistrates: "Mr. Incredulity, Mr. Haughty, Mr. Swearing, Mr. Hardheart, Mr. Pitiless, Mr. Fury, Mr. No-truth, Mr. Stand-to-lies, Mr. False-peace, Mr. Drunkenness, Mr. Cheat-

ing, Mr. Atheism." (Undone is he who chooses for the regulation of his thoughts and actions any of these magistrates of evil!) And, adds Bunyan, with inimitable truth, "Mr. Incredulity is the eldest, and Mr. Atheism the youngest of the company." He has grown older, however, since this sentence was written. Whatever other persons may hold places of trust or honour within the town of Mansoul, are in a greater or less degree related to these.

The defences of Mansoul are now strengthened, and several strongholds erected. The hold of Defiance, entrusted to Spite-God; Midnight-hold (because its object was to keep Mansoul from the true knowledge of God), commanded by Love-no-light; and Sweet-sin-hold, under the authority of Love-flesh, "which fellow," says Bunyan, "could find more sweetness in the sucking of a lust than he did in all the paradise of God."

"And now Diabolus thought himself safe." The original law of God impressed upon the mind is defaced—almost blotted out. God's image is no longer there. The mind sees not the things which are excellent. It wills only perverse things. Conscience rarely speaks within it, or if it speaks, speaks only to terrify; never to bless. Man is undone! An eloquent passage in the writings of a genius of the first order may fill up the representation, though under another metaphor.

"The stately ruins are visible to every eye that bear in their front (yet extant) this doleful inscription, *Here God once dwelt.* Enough appears of the admirable frame and structure of the soul of man, to show the Divine presence did sometime reside in it; more than enough of vicious deformity to proclaim he is now retired and gone. The lamps are extinct, the altar overturned; the light and love are now vanished, which did the one shine with so heavenly brightness, the other burn with so pious fervour. The golden candlestick is displaced, and thrown away as an useless thing, to make room for the throne of the prince of darkness. The sacred incense, which sent rolling up in clouds its rich perfumes, are exchanged for a poisonous hellish vapour, and here is, instead of a sweet savour, a stench. . . . . You come amidst all this confusion, as into the ruined palace of some great prince, in which you see here the fragments of a noble pillar, there the shattered pieces of some curious imagery, and all lying neglected and useless among heaps of dirt. He that invites you to take a view of the soul of man, gives you but such another prospect, and doth but say to you, *Behold the desolation,* all things rude and waste. So that should there be any pretence to the Divine presence, it might be said, If God be here, why is it thus? the faded glory, the darkness, the disorder, the impurity, the decayed state in all respects of this temple, too plainly show the great inhabitant is gone."*

Such is the state of every man, with trifling variations, until a process, hereafter to be described, shall have passed upon him. Such, dear reader, if unconverted, is your own condition.

There is a communication, more rapid even than the quickness of the electric telegraph, though of this later invention Bunyan knew nothing. It is that which carries intelligence of the events of earth to the court of heaven. The news of the treacherous defalcation of Mansoul was known to its master Shaddai. With the view of rescuing this important branch of his dominions from the possession of Diabolus, "Emmanuel," the son of the king, ("a sweet and comely person, and one that had always great affection for those that were in affliction,") "resolved to make at a time convenient, a war upon the giant Diabolus, even whilst he was possessed of the town of Mansoul, and that he would by strength of hand drive him out of his hold, his nest, and take it to himself to be his habitation."

But first a proclamation of the king's intent and of the designs of his son, is issued (the Scriptures) "to the no little molestation of the tyrant Diabolus," who resolves (whether by force or by fraud—by papal rescripts or by flattery of sin) to guard the town of Mansoul from all invasions of its peace. With this view, Eye-gate and Ear-gate, which were in the command of my Lord Will-be-will, were to be resolutely closed. And lest these means should be insufficient, Diabolus imposes on the inhabitants an oath of allegiance to his government; and to make all sure, empowers one Filth (a name for fleshly lusts) to encourage and authorize them to do all their pleasure.

The first steps taken by king Shaddai to recover his town of Mansoul are strikingly described. He sends forth captains (by whom Bunyan seems to have meant preachers of God's word). To each of them the king gives a banner—"First to Captain Boanerges, for he was the chief, to him, I say, were given ten thousand men. His ensign was Mr. Thunder; he bore the black colours, and his scutcheon was the three burning thunderbolts."

"The second captain was Captain Conviction; to him also were given ten thousand men. His ensign's name was Mr. Sorrow; he did bear the pale colours; and his scutcheon was the book of the law wide open, from whence issued a flame of fire."

"The third captain was Captain Judgment;

* Howe's "Living Temple," part ii. chap. 4.

to him were given ten thousand men. His ensign's name was Mr. Terror; he bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was a burning fiery furnace."

The fourth captain was Captain Execution; to him were given ten thousand men. His ensign was one Mr. Justice; he also bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was a fruitless tree, with an axe lying at the root thereof."

These officers accordingly, with a large army, place themselves before Ear-gate, whilst Captain Boanerges sends his trumpeter to summon the town in the name of his master.

THE TRUMPETER'S SUMMONS TO THE TOWN

The message is sent once, twice, and a third time, still more loudly, but in vain. At length Will-be-will, "with big and ruffling words," comes to parley and carries the message back to Mansoul.

"When the utmost time was come, Boanerges was resolved to hear their answer; wherefore he sent out his trumpeter again, to summon Mansoul to a hearing of the message that they had brought from Shaddai; so he went and sounded, and the townsmen came up, but made Ear-gate as sure as they could. Now when they were come up to the top of the wall, Captain Boanerges desired to see the lord mayor; but my Lord Incredulity was the lord mayor, for he came in the room of my Lord Lustings. So Incredulity came up and showed himself over the wall. But when the Captain Boanerges had set his eyes upon him, he cried out aloud, "This is not he; where is my Lord Understanding, the ancient lord mayor of the town of Mansoul? for to him I would deliver my message."

The four captains now issue their summonses in succession. The description of their appearance is one of the best passages in the "Holy War."

First Captain Boanerges ("whose were the black colours, and whose scutcheon was the three burning thunderbolts,") boldly summons the inhabitants of the town. Then stood forth Captain Conviction, ("his were the pale colours, and for a scutcheon he had the book of the law wide open,") and he reasons with them on their folly and guilt, should they refuse to accept the gracious offers of Emmanuel. Captain Judgment ("whose were the red colours, and for a scutcheon the burning fiery furnace,") warns them of the imminence of their coming danger, and causes even Diabolus to tremble; whilst Captain Execution pronounces on them the terrible sentence which their disloyalty had deserved.

The author in these passages intends evidently to indicate the appeals of his holy law, by which God urges men to repentance for sin, whether these varieties be exhibited by different preachers or by the changing utterances of only one.

Such summonses were, however, in vain. The law alone is powerless to touch man's ears or to open his heart. It makes him shudder—it cannot renew his nature. Mansoul refused to hear; yet a sound did beat against Ear-gate, though the force thereof could not break it open. Incredulity (the present lord mayor) and Forget-good (the present recorder) were the only persons found to reply, and both of them spoke words of defiance. My Lord Will-be-will takes special pains with the defences of Mansoul, double locks the gates, appoints one Mr. Prejudice, with fifty deaf men, captain of the ward, and prepares for the most resolute resistance.

And now commences in earnest the siege of Mansoul. Dear reader, is not thy heart this garrison? Art thou not summoned in the name of heaven's King? Hast thou as yet refused all appeals? resisted all overtures? Does prejudice blind thee? and a perverse will arm thee against the truth? Have appeal—remonstrance—warning—terror been hitherto lost upon thee? Shall they be always in vain?

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

RELIGION NOT THE FOE OF INNOCENT ENJOYMENT.

It cannot be supposed that it was by mere accident that the Saviour began his miracles at a wedding, rather than at the grave of Lazarus, or the gates of Nain. His brief sojourn on earth, after he had entered on his ministry, was only three years and a half. Now, considering what an eventful life that was to be, constituting the New Testament history, forming the basis for the opinions and feelings of all coming generations with regard to him, it was, no doubt, viewed by Infinite Wisdom as of the first importance that all his public acts should be arranged with regard to the best effect upon the great end for which he came into the world. Thus, though his daily life seems wholly unpremeditated, his great works accidental, depending only on his happening to meet this or that object of compassion, we must suppose that all was planned beforehand, and that it was the suggestion of Divine wisdom and goodness that he should begin his miracles at a scene which, more than any other, interests every one, of whatever time or nation. The Saviour takes his place by the side of a bridegroom and bride, and at their wedding, in their presence, and for their happiness, he first manifests forth his glory; and his disciples, who had thus far believed through the testimony of John the Baptist, now receive him and testify of him as the Christ, from their own knowledge. He could have produced this effect on them and others, by casting out a devil, or destroying a herd of swine, or by curing the palsy, or opening a grave. "How great is his wisdom, and how great is his beauty." He goes to a wedding; he meets the human race, whom he came to bless, first of all, at a nuptial ceremony. He mingles his sympathies with their joys, before he mourns with them in their sorrows. He thus tells them that he has not come to look on the dark side of their condition alone, but to take a just view of it; to rejoice with them that rejoice, as well as to weep with them that weep, recognising the truth that there is much in this world to make us happy, and nothing more so than the love of kindred hearts, united in those bonds which the benevolent Creator constituted in paradise. He has come to deliver us from hell, and he wishes us to know that there is a heaven. We are subject to miseries innumerable and great, our danger is fearful, our liability to eternal sorrow is alarming; but other things also are true—that God loves us with a benevolent and compassionate love, seeks our perfect happiness, and would restore us to that which our first parents lost by the fall; and not only would he make us happy hereafter; he wishes us to know that the ways of wisdom, here, are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace; that religion is not only consistent with present happiness, but eminently promotes it; that Christ and religion do not frown upon human joys, but, on the contrary, purify them, hallow them, impart a zest to them, and give with them that richest and sweetest ingredient, a sense of God's approbation and love.

So that if any are tempted to look upon religion as an enemy to innocent pleasure, and feel that to be followers of Christ is to take the veil; that to enter the Christian church is to shake hands at the door with every innocent enjoyment; that putting on the new man is to put on stiffness and austerity; that being converted is being made unfit for social life; and that religion means the surrendering of everything and gaining nothing; they may see their error corrected by this testimony of Christ our Saviour, in favour of human happiness, in his being present at a wedding, and in his beginning the work for which he came from heaven by contributing to the hilarity of a wedding feast. So far from being unfriendly to human happiness, religion alone warrants and enables us to be perfectly happy in this world. The church of Christ is spoken of in the Bible as the only portion of the human race that has claims to perfect happiness. Christians are represented, by this same figure of marriage, as raised to the height of earthly happiness, in being the bride of Christ. Is this an austere, melancholy creature, that comes floating by us on the wings of fancy, to whom are addressed such words as these: "All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces whereby they have made thee glad." "The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold." Though spiritual things, it might be said, are designated by these metaphors, which describe the church of God in its holiness and happiness, yet if such effects, pictured by such images of beauty, can be the result of religious joy, surely religion is eminently favourable to the highest bliss.

But religion, it is said, forbids us to frequent playhouses, and frowns on dances between the sexes. There is a great mistake here. Religion

is not responsible for making these things obnoxious. Must a man or woman be a Christian in order to feel disapprobation of waltzing? Do none but Christians think that such a thing is unsuitable? Do we need to be converted before we can disapprove of things which the devotees of Juggernaut's temple, and before his blood-stained car, practise; are Christians alone blessed with the light of nature, to disallow things which the light of nature surely condemns? Were we to argue against theatres, we would not, or we need not, quote one passage of the Bible; for even many individuals not in the Christian church are among the very best authorities as to the pernicious effect of play-acting; and with regard to romances—which are pernicious, not from the use of imagination in them, but from their exaggerated and false views of things, and from the bad effect, even when they are true, produced by dwelling too much upon fictitious scenes—if one, we say, were to preach against reading such compositions, and should quote the Bible, he might perhaps, first of all, cite from it a quotation which Paul makes from a heathen poet; for he quotes Euripides, or Menander, who both have it, when he says, "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

Let not the friends of promiscuous dancing, and of theatres, and of certain novels, lay their condemnation at the door of religion; they are tried and condemned, as it were, in the common pleas of moral sentiments, not first of all in the higher judicatory of religion; though if they take their appeal to that, the judgment of the lower court will certainly be confirmed against them.

While with their knowledge of their own hearts, compared with the holiness of God, and with their self-disapprobation, and with opposition from the world around them to that which they hold most dear, Christians, if in this life only they had hope in Christ, would of all men be the most miserable; yet, with the hope of future blessedness, which enters greatly into all their present joys, and assures them that their faith is not in vain, Christians are of all men the happiest, and the most to be envied. Take them in the moments of their highest earthly joy, when their best earthly affections are crowned with all that heart can wish. A Christian, from those heights of happiness which, to an unregenerate man, are the highest conceivable, can say, There is happiness, now, and hereafter, which is superior to this. "O God, thou art my God." "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." Sometimes, in the midst of the highest earthly joys, we are visited by this feeling—"After all, this does not satisfy me; my soul craves something else." It may be said of every form of earthly pleasure, "Whoso drinketh of this water shall thirst again." And is there anything else more satisfying than the highest earthly joy? Yes, and something which leaves no desire unsatisfied. And here we have the explanation of those wonderful words of Christ, which none can properly understand till they experience the truth of them: "I am the bread of life. He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." Religion alone satisfies the wants of the soul; it is an addition to every form of human happiness; there is not one human joy which is not made richer and sweeter by the consciousness that, with it, we have peace with God. Then, too, the thoughts of change, and decay, and the end of every fond enjoyment, will come unbidden into every bower of earthly happiness; and the Christian alone can triumph over such thoughts, knowing that the happiness which is above all to him, is superior to time and change and death; for "things present and things to come all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

We have not followed cunningly devised fables, and we have no private end to secure, when we say to you that, if you would be truly happy in this world, you must be a Christian. We would select some young friend, whose prospects are the fairest, and whose present happiness is all which the world can ever give, and would say to that young friend: "Your happiness is greatly deficient. One thing thou lackest. Thousands like you have 'clasped these phantoms, and have found them air.' Jesus said to the people around him, 'Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead.' So we may say to you, These joys seem to you like angel's food, but all before us, who have fed upon them, nevertheless are dead. All like you who have had the world for their chief good, 'did eat manna in the wilderness;' and what are they the better for it? They had not that bread from heaven, but Christ giveth you that true bread from heaven."

It is deeply affecting to think of those who had this world for a portion, and lived in pleasure, finding, in another world, that Christians were, even in this life, happier than they; that they received their good things, as they esteemed them, and likewise Christians evil things in their conflicts with evil, but now they are comforted, while the sinner is tormented. What a different thing religion will seem to many in another world. Here they connect it only with austerity, self-denial, weeping; all seems cold and repulsive to them. How will it seem when the beauty of the Lord our God is upon us, when every form and every face is angelic—nay, more than this—like Christ, for "we shall be like

him;" when our dwelling-place is the New Jerusalem, where the God of creation has lavished the exceeding riches of his power and skill; "where angels walk and seraphs are the warders;" where we may have music, and eloquence, and genius, and landscapes, and travels, and society, and friendships, and great congregations, and homes, and friends restored to each other; and the walls, and foundations, and gates, and pavements of our place of habitation shall be of prodigal affluence, but forgotten by us in the incomparable joys of the heart and mind? Is this the Christian's heaven? the lost sinner, the devotee of fashion, the voluptuous man, will say; have Christians gained all this by their religion? Their happiness, in full tide, is just beginning for eternity, and ours is ended. Then they will lie down in sorrow; but they were forewarned of this, and were assured that godliness has "the promise of this life and of that which is to come."

And yet the Saviour himself complained that while he tried to make men feel that religion was something cheerful, and fitted to make them perfectly happy, he was repulsed by them, as much as when he warned them of the consequences of sin. "Whereunto," he says, "shall I liken this generation?" For the burden of John's mission was repentance and reformation; and he enforced it by his own austere life; but this repulsed them, when the excitement of novelty was over, and they said, "He hath a devil; he is so peculiar, such a bigot, frowning upon every worldly pleasure, denouncing us with such vehemence, and living in such a supernatural way, that he must be possessed." The Son of man came eating and drinking, that is, like other people; he began his public ministry at a wedding, and the first thing which he did was to create the means of a festive entertainment. Did he suit the tastes and wishes of men any better? "And they said, Behold a man gluttonous, and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners. But wisdom is justified of her children." Every one who is truly wise will appreciate the wisdom of his course in trying to conciliate men by being cheerful and kind, though, alas! to no purpose. But let the disposition of Christ, as presented to us in this narrative, convince every one that the nature of religion is cheerful and intended to make men happy; that the path of the just is like the shining light; and that a happy Christian life, with heaven at the end of it, is better than a life of sin with hell for its reward. If you will begin a religious life, if you will make Christ your friend, and be a friend to him, he will surprise you with the blessings of goodness, and with his power to make you happier, infinitely happier, even in this life, than the world can ever do.

See that bright and cheerful face of the ruler of the feast, at the head of the table, after he has tasted Christ's wine. He beckons to the bridegroom, and compliments him upon his affluent, generous conduct to his guests. Thus many a friend of yours gets praise from you, and gratitude, for goodness and kindness which are Christ's doings. Oh that you could see his hand and his heart in all that makes your life happy, and be persuaded that he is the best of friends, and that to be a friend of his is the best relation and character which you can sustain.

ILLUSTRIOUS MOTHERS.

PART III.

MONICA.

AUGUSTINE arrived in Rome, and the first thing he experienced was a long and dangerous sickness. As he tossed about in feverish excitement, his mind wanted other comfort than what Manichæism could grant. When he recovered, he became acquainted with the leaders of that sect, and Monica's son required no more to convince him of the hollowness and heartlessness of the system. He was sick of Rome, he was sick of the Manichæans, and he was tired, too, of himself. "Oh God," he cried, "give me a man acquainted with thy word, to guide me to peace!" And his prayer was heard.

Symmachus, the governor of Milan, wanted a teacher of rhetoric for that city. Augustine was recommended, and, having delivered a trial discourse, he received the appointment.

In Milan, there lived at that time the venerable Ambrosius. Who could worthily describe this man? He had been unanimously chosen a bishop, and as such gave all he possessed to the poor, except what was necessary for the support of his beloved sister, Marcellina. He it was who refused to dispense the Lord's Supper in the presence of an emperor who had with cruelty shed innocent blood, and he had debarred the same exalted personage from admission to church fellowship, till he had submitted to the ecclesiastical discipline which was required from the meanest of his subjects. The daily food of this excellent man was the word of God, and the model of his whole life was the Saviour of Nazareth.

Augustine heard him preach, and was won by his eloquence. He wished to make his acquaintance; but once when he entered the bishop's room, and saw the good man so earnestly engaged in reading the Scripture that he had not observed him, he could not disturb him again and again he came, but in vain. He, however, often heard Ambrosius preach, and loved him.

Meanwhile, beyond the ocean, Monica had no rest. She woke up at night with the cry, "Oh, my son Augustine! Oh God, convert my son!" and the morning star often found her on her knees at her bedside, crying, "My son, my son!" An inward impulse said, Go, seek your son; and with Navigius, the second son, she took a ship to sail to Rome.

Fear not, thou wrestler with God, thou shalt yet have success. During the voyage, a storm came. The sailors were in despair, but Monica cried in the midst of the tempest to Him who has the wind and the waves under his control. Like Paul, she knew that she should reach the shore in safety; God had given her soul that assurance in the hour of peril. Before such faith, the wildest waves have no power, and must be still.

She is once more at the side of him whose name she had so often mentioned in prayer. She discovers, to her great joy, that he has completely broken loose from the Manichæans. With two friends, he is seeking earnestly after truth. There was, however, still something in the way which barred every door by which peace could enter. He was yet living a life of dissipation and sensuality, and till he broke loose from this, it was impossible for him even to comprehend the truths of the gospel; for nothing so effectually bars the door of the heart against serious impressions as sins of licentiousness. Monica, however, arranged that the partner of his sin and the mother of his boy should leave him and return to Africa. Augustine was now in his thirtieth year. He had learned where peace was to be found, but he was not willing to enter through the strait gate —at least not yet. He saw others forsake all to follow Christ, and he gnashed his teeth with rage at himself that he could not follow their example. In great excitement, he retired to a garden to pray and weep, and while thus engaged, he heard a voice as of a child singing in a neighbouring window, and the burden of the song was, "Take it, and read! take it, and read!" He arose, took up the New Testament, which was lying open, and read in silence. The first words on which his eye fell were, "Not in rioting and drunkenness; not in chambering and wantonness; not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." It was enough. He soon stood beside his mother, and told her his manly resolve; he told her that he had forsaken the world to follow Christ.

In a few weeks he retired unostentatiously, with his mother, to a country residence, where he was joined by a few faithful friends. Here he spent whole days and nights in the study of the Scriptures. Monica's experience tended to soften the fiery sallies of the son's imagination. What a treasure to him it was to have such a mother now! The professor of rhetoric and his friends felt that she knew more than they all, for she had been long under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and her words fell like dew on their souls. In the year 387, Augustine returned to Milan, and with many dear friends was baptized by Ambrosius. He then resolved to go to Africa with his mother. At Ostia they rested. The mother's heart was too full of joy. "What do I want more," she said, "on earth? My hope is fulfilled, my prayer is answered; you are set free from sin to serve the living God. What more do I want on earth?" Adopting, with slight modification, the aged Simeon's language, she might have said, "Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace, for my son has seen thy salvation."

Five or six days later, she was seized with a fever. Her work was done, and she was called home. "Give yourselves no trouble about my burial," she said, "my Saviour will know where to come to awake me on the resurrection morn." It was in the fifty-sixth year of her age that Augustine closed his mother's eyes. He could not weep nor sorrow as those that have no hope. When all was still, his friend Evodius took a harp, and sung the 101st Psalm: "I will sing of mercy and of judgment; to thee, O Lord, I will sing." Far from the ashes of her husband, and far from the spot where she hoped to rest, the dust of this illustrious mother was committed to the earth, in the hope of a glorious resurrection. English mothers! are you praying for your children as Monica prayed for her's?

THE UNEQUAL YOKE.

PART III.

TEN years passed away, and my education was completed. Happily for me, the ladies under whose care I had been placed were talented, judicious, and decidedly pious. They had always taken a great interest in me, and had faithfully endeavoured, not only to perfect me in all necessary accomplishments, but to form my character, and prepare me for life's duties and trials. I returned for a few weeks to my father's house, to spend the summer vacation with my brother, who had by this time grown a fine boy. My father, I may observe in passing, in spite of all his coldness and reserve to others, indulged his son.

A short time after my brother's return to school, I went to London to visit an old friend of my mother's. It was late in the evening when I arrived at Mrs. Wentworth's mansion,

I had never seen her, and though I was not naturally timid, I felt a degree of trepidation as I ascended the handsome staircase which led to the drawing-room. It was autumn, and the weather was rather chilly, but a bright fire threw an air of comfort around; everything in the room betokened wealth and elegance. Mrs. Wentworth soon entered, and drawing me close to her, imprinted the warmest kiss upon my lips that I had ever received since I was a child.

"I am glad to see you, my dear;" and smiling kindly upon me as she removed my bonnet, and let the thick clustering curls fall upon my shoulders; "you are your mother's child, the same as I knew her when she was your age. God grant that you may resemble her as much in heart and character as you do in person."

There was something inexpressibly sweet and winning in Mrs. Wentworth's manner. She was tall and graceful; her hair was white as silver, her eyes dark and lustrous, although she had already reached her seventy-second year. She was dressed with great elegance in deep mourning, for she was a widow. Many subjects were discussed during that evening. She asked me of my mother, and her death; of my brother; of my school-girl days; but cautiously avoided saying much of my father or step-mother. I retired early to rest. The room that was given to me for my use during my residence with her had every comfort in it that I could desire, and it was with a lighter and a grateful heart that I kneeled that night, and blessed God for his kindness to me. When I awoke in the morning the sun was shining cheerfully into the room. I rose and dressed myself; and after reading in my mother's Bible, I sat down and mused on the events of my past life, and my present condition, and was almost beginning to weave for myself *a future*, when I was summoned to the breakfast-table. Mrs. Wentworth was there; the seat at the head of the table was vacant, and when I entered, she said, "While you remain with me, my dear, I wish you to assist me as much as possible, for your own good as well as for my comfort; you will, therefore, preside at the table."

To be brief, my time here was spent happily and profitably. Among the number of Mrs. Wentworth's favourite friends was a young man who was studying for the ministry; he was the son of a dear friend, and in him she had always taken a deep interest. He was seated with Mrs. Wentworth one evening, reading to her, when I returned from spending a few hours with a young companion. He rose when I entered, and bowed gracefully as I advanced to meet him. I was at once struck with his appearance, as I met his kind smile. The expressive eyes, the broad fair forehead, the determined brow, and finely-formed mouth, indeed the whole face, told at once of power, firmness, and kindness. We were soon seated side by side; and after some little pleasant conversation, Mrs. Wentworth asked me to sing to her one of my favourite sacred pieces. The piece was sung, another, and then another followed; and then William Douglas read to us, interspersing his reading with conversation, that not only displayed a cultivated mind, but one deeply imbued with religious truth, and a heart devoted to the Saviour. The evening thus occupied, passed rapidly away, and we separated.

Many such evenings came, and passed; the fogs of November had succeeded the clear days of autumn, and I was still with Mrs. Wentworth, and William Douglas continued to be one of her most constant visitors, developing at each intercourse a character that was calculated to win regard. Six months thus passed away, and many more might have passed but for one sad event. The health of my friend had for some time been visibly declining, yet not sufficiently to alarm any of us. We had spent a very happy evening together — Mrs. Wentworth, William, and I. She seemed feeble when I led her to her own room; and as I was leaving her, she called me back, and again kissed me and blessed me. In the morning, when her maid went to awake her, *she was dead!* She had died in her sleep, without a struggle, for her face was sweet and placid, even as it was in life. William was soon at my side, and in that hour of deep sorrow, he poured forth all his heart, and fondly did I return that affection. A new existence seemed opening before me. I had found—

> "Something to love,
> To clasp affection's tendrils round,"

and that, too, with an affection refined and sanctified. My childhood, with its sad remembrances, my still more lonely girlhood, appeared now as nothing: all were gone for ever, like the remembrance of a sad dream.

The sad day of Mrs. Wentworth's funeral came and passed. The evening of that day I spent alone with William, when he took occasion to relate to me all his early history—the struggles he had passed through before he could advance thus far in his profession—what his prospects were for the future; and then it was that I promised, faithfully promised, to become his wife. I now returned home, and in a few days I informed my father of my engagement. I was prepared for opposition and delay, because Mr. Douglas was not yet settled in life; but I did not anticipate the withering scorn that met me at the avowal of his "low birth," his "poverty," and, above all, because he belonged to the hated and despised class of "evan-

gelicals;" for in those days such as held decided views of gospel truth were often branded with a reproach, of which in later and more favoured times we can form but very imperfect notions. I had never seen my father in a passion before; he was cold, sarcastic, and bitter; no wonder, then, that I trembled with fear as he said, "I give you one week to consider, Helen; and if you are not prepared then to promise that you will never see that man again, and break off all connection with him and his, that moment you leave my house, and for ever, to provide for yourself as you best can."

I wrote to William at once, and begged him to come and see me. His answer was like himself—so noble and straightforward: "I will meet you, Helen, in your father's presence."

We met accordingly. There was something so attractive in William's manner, that I thought, could they meet, he would move even my father; but I was mistaken. I am an old woman now, and I have passed through many scenes of fear and trial, but the remembrance of that short interview is as if it were even now passing. I see now the calm composed dignity and earnestness of my lover, contrasted with the cruel taunting bitterness of my father. I besought him and entreated him; I promised that we would patiently wait until years had passed, and success had crowned his efforts; but all was of no avail. "Choose now, promise now, or go—go with your drivelling Methodist."

Well, I promised; and that one little word, "I will," separated those two loving hearts; *otherwise* uttered, it would have bound them together! Sadly we parted; one hurried sentence, one sad embrace, and we parted, never again to meet in youth and in hope! If my home were unhappy before, it was now doubly so; my father treated me with more coldness than ever; my step-mother with positive insult; even my brother had caught something of their spirit, and would often taunt me with my love for the "Methodist parson." This I felt most keenly, for I loved my brother; he was wayward and thoughtless, but he had a kind heart; and once, after some careless jest, I bared mine to him, and told him what I had suffered; he then promised to love me and care for me, and that we would live for each other.

Time passed on; my brother, who had studied as a surgeon, had now commenced practice in London. I went to visit him, and arrange his home. We were very happy together, and I had great influence over him. He was fond of company, gay, and thoughtless, but my persuasions and influence kept him from neglecting the sabbath. It is true he did not love it as a holy day of rest, and would rather wander from place to place to listen to some favourite and eloquent preacher than attend any settled ministry. One evening we went together to hear a young man of great promise, of whom he had heard. We entered the place of worship, and found it crowded to excess; but after some little difficulty we obtained a seat. A few moments passed, and then I would have given worlds to have been away; for in the minister who ascended to that pulpit, I recognised one whom I had hoped never to meet again on this side the grave; but it was too late.

He rose: the voice at first fell upon my ear like the sound of distant music; the words I could not hear; but soon on they came, first in mild persuasion, then with burning eloquence, as he pleaded with sinners and told of a Saviour's love. One hour of deep and thrilling interest, and all was over. I had seen him, and heard him in his power and success, and all was over. He was lost to me, and I to him for ever.

"That man will be the first preacher of the day," said my brother, as we passed from the chapel. "What power, what eloquence, what dignity! He has just refused one of the best city churches, I hear; he likes the country better. What are you thinking of, Helen? has the young preacher impressed your heart?"

At that moment he passed; it was commencing to rain heavily, and my brother politely offered the stranger his own umbrella; he turned, was about to take it, when our eyes met—*one look*—and he was gone.

"Why, Helen, you have——"

"Hush, Charles, hush! that was William Douglas," was all I could say.

THE ARMY SURGEON AND THE INCORRIGIBLE SUNDAY-SCHOLAR.

In one of our happy English Sunday schools there was one boy who seemed perfectly deaf to all instruction. He had a good memory, and could learn his lessons so fast that he had ample time to plague his school-fellows and grieve his teacher's heart. He was reproved, blamed, punished, and at last expelled! His parents hoped change might be beneficial, and sent him to another Sunday school, but with the same results: hymns and chapters were speedily transferred to his memory, yet they did not affect his conduct, and again he was sent away in despair. A clever and successful manager of *incorrigibles* compassionately took him by the hand, and gave him a *third* opportunity of gaining a good character, but all in vain; and with much reluctance—for the sake of others—dismission again was unavoidable. Thus left to himself, as he passed through youth he plunged into all sorts of low and degrading vice, and ere he

reached manhood enlisted for a soldier. His friends sorrowed, but had not the means of releasing him, and he was ordered, with his regiment, for service in a distant country. They were soon called into action, and the stoutest were appalled by the scene of blood around. The new recruit did not want for courage, and stood his ground so manfully that he did not fall till pierced by many bullets—so many that it is marvellous none were mortal; for when he came under the surgeon's hands a consultation was held, and it was deemed almost impossible to extract the balls without sacrificing his life. He was, therefore, left awhile, till several could be at liberty to assist. The first surgeon who came to prepare the soldier for the operation stood aghast at the nature of his wounds, then bending down to his ear, said gently, "My poor lad, you have a fearful ordeal to undergo; have you ever been to a Sunday school?"

"Yes, sir, when I was a boy," answered the astonished soldier.

"Well, then," continued the surgeon, "I dare say you learned some hymns and texts of Scripture; try and recollect them; they will help you to bear your suffering, and I hope prepare you for the change which may be its consequence."

The young man's thoughts were presently transported to the various school-rooms in which he had heard, with heedless ears, many an earnest appeal to his conscience, many a holy sabbath lesson which he had neglected, or made game of, to his teacher's great discouragement. *Now*, however, *all* returned to him so vividly that he scarcely regarded the torture of extracting the musket balls, and as day after day the friendly surgeon added a word of admonition or of counsel, the seed sown in his childhood began to yield its fruits. A Bible was easily procured, and the tedium of convalescence was pleasantly beguiled by studying its holy truths, till the incorrigible Sunday scholar became a meek disciple of the holy Jesus, rejoicing in the pardon of his sins, and anxious as far as possible to repair his youthful follies by a life of industry and holiness. As he was too much shattered for further service, he was discharged and sent home, and when I last heard of him, he had been for several years maintaining his family in comfort as a cab-driver in one of our large cities, and had been long distinguished in his neighbourhood by his consistent moral conduct, sincere piety, and his refusal of all Sunday cab work!

Some of heaven's best family pictures in this world are humble saints under affliction, for they are most like the original, who was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.—Gurdon.

Poetry.

THE BEAUTY OF DEATH.

I.

Wrap not the dying bed in gloom,
As though alone the sinner's doom
Were being spoken there;
Nor think thee, that the death-bed sigh
Is one, which heavenly watchers nigh,
Hear, and avert a saddened eye,
And mournful glances wear.

II.

Tho swan, as ancient legends say,
In death pours forth his sweeteat lay,
The finest note the last;
As though to every breeze he'd tell,
That music had a power to swell,
E'en on the bosom of the knell,
Of life's tide ebbing fast.

III.

The dolphin, 'mid expiring throes,
More exquisite in beauty grows,
As fades the strength of life;
And tintings bright of sapphire blue,
And rainbow lights of every hue,
More exquisite each moment shew,
As fainter grows the strife.

IV.

The sun has garments far more bright,
With all the harmonies of light,
As he descends to rest;
And then he seems to bid us gaze,
Undazzled, on his parting rays,
And softer far than morning's blaze,
We love that time the best.

V.

Thus, too, when autumn's gentle breeze
Steals through the glade of forest trees,
With softly rustling tread;
She whispers them that they must wear
Their brightest dyes and vestments rare.
Most lovely they appear, and fair,
Yielding themselves to death.

VI.

'Tis thus the Christian bows his head,
And conqu'ring on his dying bed,
Pours forth his sweetest lays;
Thus have we seen the Christian die,
With hope assured, and glist'ring eye,
Flashing the immortality
Of countless holy days.

VII.

And as the spirit's loos'ning hold
Shrinks from the uncongenial cold
Of the poor body's clay;
Beauties most exquisitely bright,
Rays of the true celestial light,
Fall on the tranc'd and new-born sight,
Opening on endless day.

VIII.

The spirit now, with choicest grace,
Arrays herself for that high place,
She owns in yonder sphere:
And round her draws her nuptial dress,
Of heaven's own perfect holiness,
The shadow of that loveliness,
She lets ye gaze on here.

P.

Page for the Young.

PRIDE AND ITS REWARD.

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." *Prov.* xvi. 18.

My dear young friends—These are the words of the inspired Solomon; and the verse is one of the many warnings God has mercifully given to us, that we may know when and how we are displeasing him—when we are offending against his holy laws, by indulgence in those passions which are the fruit of the sinful heart, unrenewed by that Spirit who is himself of perfect holiness, and can look upon no iniquity. When we read a warning from the word of God, if we think of it at all, Satan is ever ready to whisper to us, as to Eve of old, that the threatening will not really be fulfilled against us, that God will not really punish us as he says, or that something or other will happen to prevent it, even if we do continue in evil. But let those who have lived in transgression, without seeking pardon through Christ, say whether God is not just as well as merciful. It may be that he will sometimes, in his wisdom, leave the punishment of sin to a future world; yet happy are they who are visited here, if the chastisement, sanctified by his Holy Spirit, lead the wandering child into the narrow way, that is, to works of faith and obedience. The following narrative, among many other untold instances, will show you how "Pride goes before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

Some years ago there lived in one of the most picturesque parts of England a family who, but for one member, would have been as happy as any for miles around. They were not rich, but yet their means were ample for every comfort in life.

The description of their residence, though strictly correct, is like many others of which you may have read. Their comfortable-looking square brick house was built in the middle of a very pleasant garden. The front was prettily laid out with beds of lovely flowers; fine rose-trees spread their branches to the windows of the second story, which in summer time filled the air with fragrance, and, as if inviting notice from the few passers-by, seldom failed to win a word of admiration. Many a warbling songster built its nest in the thick shrubberies, where was fixed a neat arbour, adorned with the sweetest woodbine. Beyond was a lawn, that often resounded with the joyous laugh of the children when their tasks for the day were over.

All were happy in this charming dwelling but one. This was the eldest girl of the young family, about fifteen years of age. Pride was the source of all her sullenness, and her haughty spirit would at times spread a gloom over the entire domestic circle. The servants were particularly the objects of her scorn. What occasion was there to regard their comforts or feelings, she would remark, when they were paid for what they did? There were, too, inferiors in position, over whom, if she could not extend her authority, yet to whom she could never be induced to practise the gracious influence which even amiable persons invariably (insensibly indeed to themselves) exercise to all; while she herself all the time pined for the empty show of her richer neighbours. The folly of this conduct her indulgent but judicious parents in vain endeavoured to impress upon her, How often has a toss of the head been the answer to a gentle whisper from her mother, "Louisa, 'pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.'" How often was a sneer returned to the words, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be meted to you again." But though unheeded then, how little did Louisa dream of the destiny that awaited her.

A few summer months are gone. The churchyard is now the home of the once indulgent head and devoted father. Adversity and want visit the bereft family—grim visitants, once so little expected. The quiet home of now houseless ones is the scene of the bustling enjoyment of the fashionable and gay. In the nursery of a strange house we next find Louisa. See how her once proud spirit sighs, but gently, under the reproaches and taunts of the fac-simile of her former self. Twenty times a-day insult is heaped upon insult, yet she answers not. Does she not answer? Yes, she answers, but unheard by human ears, "'Tis my desert; 'with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.' 'Pride goeth before a fall.'" For two long years she suffered; but at length, in God's own good time—when pride is humbled—when scorn and anger are subdued—when the once rebellious spirit calmly and trustfully submits—when another's faults are viewed with pity and love—when every faculty is devoted to zeal in God's work—when the heart pants for the fulness of a Saviour's peace—then, and not till then, does the all-wise God see fit to assign to her another calling. From a nursery governess she is chosen to the useful sphere of a governess in an important school, in which occupation she is still engaged; nor does she forget to impress upon her young charge the maxims which she has so fully experienced.

My dear young friends, do you believe what is here related? The once proud Louisa still lives—a monument of that grace and mercy which the Almighty Judge sees fit to exercise in the correction of his erring children; and she looks back with heartfelt thankfulness on the days of her suffering as the means by which she has been brought to know the Saviour of all.

Are you giving way to feelings of pride, envy, malice, hatred, revenge, and such like passions? If so, may the history of Louisa remind and assure you that, sooner or later, "with what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again."

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

19. On what two occasions do we read of a miracle wrought on the sun?

20. What similes are used in Scripture to denote the Christian's growth in grace?

21. What intimation was given to Peter of the manner of his death?

22. Which is the greatest Christian virtue?

23. Where is affliction spoken of as a cause of joy to the believer in Christ?

24. What Jewish types specially prefigured *the manner* of Christ's death?

25. How was God's providence seen in fulfilling these?

26. By what different names was the sea of Galilee spoken of in Scripture?

27. What remarkable events are recorded as having taken place there?

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE COVENANT BY SACRIFICE.

LIFE OF A PATRIARCH.

PART IV.

THE COVENANT.

ABRAHAM, upon returning victorious from battle with the king of Elam and his allies, again settled down in Mamre, which was near to Salem, the territory of Melchizedec. With joy would he encamp once more upon the plains, under the shadow of the terebinth or turpentine trees, which flourished there—all the more happy for being in the neighbourhood of a prince who was also a priest of the Most High God. Probably some little time afterwards he became depressed, for he was "a man of like passions with ourselves;" and sitting and musing by his tent door, he might think of the Elamite bands which he had scattered, and fear lest they might collect reinforcements, and come sweeping down upon the peaceful tents and grazing flocks of Mamre, to wreak revenge. If so, how appropriate and welcome the words which came to him in vision from the Lord of heaven and earth: "Fear not; I am thy *shield*."

Nor was Abraham free from anxiety and sorrow on account of his want of offspring, and the difficulties that seemed to attend the fulfil-

No. 39.—PUBLISHED JANUARY 25, 1855

PRICE ONE PENNY.

ment of the promise, "Unto thy seed will I give this land." "Lord God," he exclaims, "what wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless, and the steward of my house is this Eliezer of Damascus? Behold to me thou hast given no seed, and one born in my house is my heir." It appears to have been night, or at least eventide, when the complaint was uttered, for the patriarch was in consequence brought out from his tent, and directed to look at the firmament, sparkling with stars as it overarched Hebron and the adjacent hills. "Look now towards heaven," said the oracle, "and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them." It is stated, in illustration of the immense multitude of the heavenly bodies, that the Academy of Berlin once parcelled out a zone of fifteen degrees among twenty-four observers, who were each to be confined, in minute examination, to an hour of right ascension, and that he to whom the eighteenth hour was confided alonereckoned seventy-fivethousand of these celestial luminaries. "If this number," remarks Sharon Turner, "was ascertained to be in one part only of the twenty-four, the amount in the other twenty-three portions of the zone, and in the rest of the heavens, will reach a magnitude that makes the divine promise to Abraham, not a mere emphatic simile, but an exact comparison." "Look now towards heaven, and tell the stars, if thou art able to number them. So shall thy seed be." And when Abraham looked into the depths of ethereal space, and passed his eye along the countless orbs then twinkling in every direction, would he not feel that in such a manifestation of Omnipotence, there was supplied an argument to support his faith in the promise of posterity, for he who covered the heavens with orbs of light could raise up sons and daughters to Abraham? "And Abraham believed in the Lord." The faith that had trembled regained its wonted tone; that which had been like a drooping bough, now became like one of the beautiful terebinths near the spot whereon he stood, full of tenacious life and of luxuriant growth. It now triumphed over sense, for contrary to *that* was it that an old childless man should raise up such a progeny; but his faith was only in harmony with reason, for consonant to *this* was it that the Omnipotent and faithful Jehovah should fulfil his word.

This faith, so signal, we are distinctly told, "was counted to him for righteousness." A great theological truth meets us here, one clearly expounded by the apostle Paul in his epistles to the Romans and the Galatians, in which exposition he cites this passage. That truth is, that man is justified by faith, and not by works; and it forms the grand keystone of evangelical religion. The passage in Genesis just quoted cannot mean that Abraham's belief was tantamount to obedience to the law, for then he would have been accepted on the ground of works, since faith so considered would have been as much a work of meritorious obedience as any other. To have his belief counted for righteousness, must signify that he was accepted only *as if he had been righteous*, that is, he was gratuitously justified; and, accordingly, Paul puts righteousness by *works* in opposition to righteousness by *faith*. The story in the Old Testament, taken in connection with the comment in the New, shows that Abraham was not living under an economy of strict law, but under an economy of free grace—the same economy in principle, but not in fulness of revelation, with that under which we are placed. The basis of that economy was then a secret. It is now made manifest; and there is revealed in the gospel, appealing to the faith of every child of Adam, the Son of God—the seed of Abraham—the incarnate Word—the atoning Lamb.

Abraham showed his faith; God encouraged it. He reminded him of his first call to leave Ur of the Chaldees, of the divine care experienced in his journeyings, and of his inheritance of the land as the express purpose for which he had been brought into it. And when he further asks, "Lord God, whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it?" he is ordered to make certain arrangements preparatory to especial ratification of the divine covenant.

The following description of the ancient method of covenanting will throw light on this singular incident. "In those days, when men would make a most solemn covenant with each other, they proceeded thus; they took one of every kind of beast, or bird, used in sacrifice, being a heifer, a she-goat, a ram, a turtle-dove, and a young pigeon. The beasts they divided, and laid the pieces opposite each other, at such a distance that a man could pass between them; but the birds being small, and of the same kind, were not divided, but placed entire opposite each other. Then the party making the agreement or covenant passed between the pieces, declaring the terms by which he bound himself to abide."

In agreement with this custom, in condescension to his servant, and for the strengthening of his faith, God directs Abraham to take a heifer of three years old, a she-goat of three years old, a ram of three years old, and a turtle-dove and a young pigeon. He did so, and divided them in the midst, and laid each piece one against another, but the birds divided he not; and there he watched them, driving off "the fowls" that "came down upon the carcases. On the going down of the sun, it was announced to Abraham in a vision, that he should have posterity—that they should remain in servitude four hundred years—that afterwards they should

be released—that he should die in peace—that in the fourth generation his descendants should return to the land of promise—and that such return would be consequent on the filling up of the iniquity of the Amorites. It should here be observed, that it was four hundred years from the birth of Isaac to the exodus from Egypt: during that period Abraham's posterity dwelt in Canaan as strangers, or in Egypt as slaves. The prediction then received an accurate accomplishment: but it will be remembered that in Exodus xii. 40, and in Galatians iii. 17, four hundred and thirty years are given as the period of sojourning. Now it should be noticed that the four hundred years mentioned in Genesis relate to Abraham's posterity only; "*thy seed* shall be a stranger:" the period then could not commence till the birth of Isaac. But the four hundred and thirty years mentioned in Exodus xii. 40, relates to himself as well as to his posterity, if we adopt the reading of the passage in the Samaritan pentateuch and the Septuagint. "Now the sojourning of the children of Israel, and of their fathers, which they sojourned in the land of Canaan, and in the land of Egypt, was four hundred and thirty years." The sojourning, then, here mentioned begins at an earlier date than the birth of Isaac; it begins with the call of Abraham, which happened about thirty years before Isaac was born. From Isaac's birth to the exodus, that is, the sojourning of the *seed*, was four hundred years; from Abraham's call to the exodus, that is, the sojourning of the *fathers*, was four hundred and thirty years. How brightly does the divine prescience here burst forth. Dim was the future to Abraham, as it is to us. The fate of a man's descendants and country for four centuries to come was then, as now, a mystery baffling conjecture. But there is an *eye* to which the future has ever been even as the past or present, no less clear and luminous; and the prediction to Abraham, with its fulfilment, is only a representative instance of the all-embracing government and knowledge of the Most High—a fact after the lapse of ages as interesting as at the time of its occurrence.

And now imagine the eventide arrived. The patriarch is watching the mangled victims. He waits in faith, expecting some special manifestation of the divine presence. The sun is sinking. His last beams have disappeared; darkness overspreads the plains of Mamre and enwraps the mountains of Hebron. And a luminous phenomenon, like a smoking furnace, or a burning lamp, rises before him and glides along the open space between the divided beasts. Thus God ratifies his covenant even as a man doth with his friend. And at the same time he said, "Unto thy seed have I given this land, from the river of Egypt (probably the Pelusian branch of the Nile) unto the great river, the river Euphrates; the Kenites and the Kenizzites, and the Kadmonites, and the Hittites, and the Perizzites, and the Rephaims, and the Amorites, and the Canaanites, and the Girgashites, and the Jebusites."

Faith gave to Abraham *substance* to things hoped for—embodied them as realities before his mind—gave them a ground and foundation, on which they stood as on a rock. He looked down distant ages, and saw his family established in the land, amidst smiling fields, fruitful vineyards, cities of habitation, and the arts and comforts of civilized and settled life—another Egypt, only blessed by true religion, and thereby rendered a surpassing rival of the growing empire on the broad Nile banks. But mark! there was no promise that he himself should ever see the land so possessed by an immensely multiplied and prosperous posterity. He was to go to his fathers in peace, to be buried in a good old age. Not till four hundred years had passed away should his seed come into possession of their inheritance. He, then, was to live and die a pilgrim and a stranger. Did not his faith in spiritual things take fire at this negation of all hope respecting his own possession of the temporal things? Did he not look beyond the visible Canaan to an invisible heaven? Surely now took place what Paul describes: "He looked for a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." He and the heirs with him of the same promise desired "a better country, that is, an heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city."

As an oriental emir, as a nomad chief, going from place to place, from valley to valley, from pasture to pasture, as provisions failed, or as seasons changed, Abraham resembled other oriental emirs, other nomad chiefs; but in a higher sense he was a pilgrim, having faith in the invisible—having faith in God's revelation of the future in relation to his posterity and his own soul. And so still with Christians; they resemble other men in outward guise and temporal circumstances: all are alike pilgrims in the negative sense that here "we have no abiding city." But God's people are pilgrims in the positive sense of desiring and travelling towards "a better country." The window only partially unclosed to the Hebrews is thrown wide open to us, and we can expatiate upon the prospect of the "life and immortality brought to light by the gospel." Do we often look out of the beautiful window upon the sunny scenes of the eternal hills, and the goodly city there? do we strive to catch the breezes which come thence to invigorate man's drooping faith? or, turning

our backs on the glories of the future, are we absorbed by the present, in selfish toils or delusive pleasures?

THE UNEQUAL YOKE.

PART IV.

WEEKS passed away, and I was still with my brother; he had many companions who, like himself, were fond of pleasure and gaiety. As the time drew near for my return to my father's house I grew more unhappy, and was almost resolved to try and remain with my brother, when an unexpected event took place. Among the number of my brother's friends was a young man who had recently entered a merchant's office, and occupied a responsible situation. He was the son of a very respectable gentleman, and had been early left an orphan, under the care of an uncle who possessed some property. He was clever, witty, accomplished, but *worldly*. From our first introduction he was pleased with me, and paid me great attentions. Our evenings were frequently spent together. He was enthusiastically fond of music, and so was I. I had naturally a fine voice, and great pains had been taken to cultivate it. It was not long before George Summers asked me to be his wife. Alas! alas! I had become careless; I had too much neglected secret prayer, and allowed the sorrows I had known rather to steel my heart than to subdue it. I felt alone; my spirit had been wounded, and though I could not but feel sure that I was treading in a dangerous path, after some little hesitation and fear I consented. I told him frankly of my former attachment, and that I could not consent to accompany him to any places of amusement; he loved and admired me, and faithfully promised that he would regard my wishes in all things. My conscience all the time was uneasy, but I silenced it with the thought that I might perhaps "*save my husband*"—that I was, moreover, almost alone in the world, and needed a home; and so we were married.

My husband took me for a few days to visit his uncle, who lived in a beautiful village in the west of England; he was much pleased with me, and was very kind; and when I left him he presented me with a hundred pounds as a marriage gift. I was much interested in the kind old man; but my heart sunk when he told me that I must watch my husband, and keep him from bad companions, as he had been very foolish and extravagant, and had wasted already a "pretty little fortune."

"You have taken upon yourself a great charge, my dear girl, to reform an extravagant, wilful young man; may God grant you success!"

I felt depressed at this disclosure; but youth is hopeful, and I trusted that his love for me would keep him right. Alas! I was leaning upon a broken reed.

We returned to London, where my husband had taken a pretty cottage for me as far removed from the bustle of city life as his business would permit. For a few months all went on well; he returned home as early as possible, and we walked out together, enjoying the beautiful summer weather. His evenings were always spent in my society; sometimes he would bring with him some of his young companions, but as yet I had no cause for fear. Winter came, and then the theatres were open, I ventured to remonstrate with him upon frequenting them, but in vain.

"I do not ask *you* to go, Helen; but you must not try to control me; no, no, that is *too much*."

I soon discovered that my husband began to be weary of his quiet home, and to long for society and gaiety; his temper now became irritable, and he was forgetful of me. I tried by all my powers of pleasing to interest him and make him happy, but it was useless, and it was now often long after midnight before he reached home.

I had been married a little more than a year when I was summoned to my father's dying bed. He had been in delicate health for some months, so that I was not surprised when his last illness came upon him. I was absent from home a few days only, as I was anxious about my husband, and did not like him to be left alone. I parted with my step-mother in more kindness than I had ever done before: my sister, too, was very friendly with me. Soon after my father's death they left England to reside in the south of France, and all intercourse between us ceased for many years.

When I returned home, my husband, from respect to my recent bereavement, was more with me. I was not strong, and he was anxious that I should spend some little time in the country, and it was during the few months we were lodging there that I became a mother. The birth of this infant for some time wrought a wonderful change in my husband's habits; he was again what he had been in our first days of married life, kind and attentive to me, and was accustomed to return home at once from business. I was now very happy, and I hoped that days of happiness were yet in store for me. Winter returned, and we left our summer home for our own residence; but we had not long been there, before the same companions who had caused me so much uneasiness were again frequent visitors with us, alluring my husband to scenes of folly and dissipation. Mr. Chalmers was the one whom I most feared and disliked

He was an attorney's clerk, a wild reckless man, and very depraved. I shunned his society, and treated him with marked coldness. But my husband was infatuated, and the influence of this man was daily becoming more powerful. I had received at the time of my father's death two thousand pounds, my share of my dear mother's property. I was very anxious that this money should be settled upon my little boy, and my husband promised it should be done, and entrusted the management of it to Mr. Chalmers.

We were seated together one evening when Mr. Chalmers called, to offer my husband tickets for the theatre. "There is a fine play to be performed this evening; will you not accompany your husband, Mrs. Summers?"

My husband looked at me to see what reply I would give. I thanked him, but declined going.

"I am sorry that you will not go with your husband, Mrs. Summers; it would keep him from much evil if you were oftener with him. I am sure the loss of your society must grieve him."

"Do go, Helen, for once; come, please me, and I will promise to go to church with you for a month to come, and will not stay out so late again as I have done very often," said my husband, in the kindest tone.

I was sorely tempted to yield, but my conscience checked me. I never had so much difficulty in refusing him, especially as his friend was there, watching us; but sorrow and anxiety had drawn me closer to God, and I was enabled to remain firm.

"I cannot go, George," I replied; "I would refuse you nothing but what my conscience tells me would be wrong; believe me, I am sorry to refuse you anything, but I cannot, I dare not go."

"Then I will go without you; but do not be surprised if I seek happiness elsewhere, and other companions, when you refuse to make my home a happy one."

They went away together—the tempter and the tempted—I knew full well to certain ruin. It was three days before my husband returned to me. But it was not for my husband *alone* that my fears were excited. My brother, led away by the influence of my husband and his companions, became reckless and dissipated. He neglected his patients, was constantly in scenes of amusement and folly, and, in three years after my marriage, gave up his practice, and joined a vessel which sailed for India. How bitterly now did I regret the step that I had taken. I had sinned against God, and brought ruin upon my brother. We parted in deep sorrow, and with many bitter tears.

Another year passed away, during which time my husband had become more reckless and dissipated. He had quarrelled with his employer too, and was now without a situation. I ventured to remonstrate, but all in vain; he would not return to business, although the situation was left vacant for six weeks, from respect to his uncle. My boy meanwhile had grown in intelligence and beauty, but I often looked at him in fear. Such children are rarely seen, and when seen, what is it that makes us look, and think, and fear? Beautiful he was, but it was not alone his rare beauty that made my heart tremble when others praised it. His golden curls, his vermeil cheek, the dazzling whiteness of his skin, his deep blue eyes, at times so strangely bright, his sylph-like form, with so little of earth, and so much of what we associate with heaven in it—all formed an attractive picture for a mother's eye. He played with other children, and gambolled at his father's knee; but there was a strange foreboding at my heart. "If it be thy will, spare him." Oh! how often in the stillness of night, from the depth of a crushed and wounded spirit, did I utter this prayer, as I listened to his soft breathings, so placid, so calm, and hoped that there was no cause for dread.

THE SCENE OF ELIJAH'S SACRIFICE ON MOUNT CARMEL.

AMID the interesting localities of the Holy Land Mount Carmel stands out in illustrious prominence, as the scene of a striking interposition of Jehovah on behalf of a prophet, zealous for the honour of God and grieved with the idolatries of his fellow-countrymen. Here it was that the Jewish nation was called upon to decide whether Jehovah or Baal should be their Lord, and here the answering fire from heaven witnessed God's approbation of Elijah's appeal, and discomfited those who had ungratefully abandoned themselves to a degrading and senseless idolatry. Often as the spot has been visited by Christian writers, it has seldom been explored with more success than by the Dutch traveller Vandevelde,* whose interesting volumes form a treasury of Scriptural illustration. In the subjoined passage from his valuable work, which we have pleasure in again bringing under the notice of our readers, it will be observed that he has very ingeniously cleared up some of the details connected with the scene of Eljiah's miracle, and thereby silenced the cavils of modern sceptics.

* Narrative of a Journey through Syria and Palestine, by Lieut. Vandevelde. London: Blackwood and Sons.

"Esfiëh, 2nd March.

"This has been an important day. I have now no further doubts with respect to the place of Elijah's offering. It was thus we happened to find our way to it.

"From this (Dâliëh) we descended into a valley, passed over a plain, and after that again ascended another valley, all belonging to the finest parts of Carmel. At every step the ancient glory of Carmel now became more and more evident to me. It was at the most inviting season too, for it was spring. The verdure is now fresh and vivid; the vertical sun of summer has not yet scorched it. The hawthorn, the jasmine, and many another tree and shrub, whose sweetly odorous and elegant bunches of blossom are unknown to me by name, are now in flower. Now it is that the fir tree exhales its resinous particles most powerfully; the oak, the myrtle, and the laurel, have tempered their dark winter green with glittering leaflets of a lighter hue. And what a variety of sorts of flowers are trodden upon by the traveller on his way! There is not one that I have seen in Galilee, or on the plains along the coast, that I do not find here again on Carmel, from the crocuses on the rocky grounds to the fennel plants and narcissuses of the Leontes, from the intense red, white, and purple anemones of the plains to the ferns that hide themselves in the dark sepulchral caves. Yes; Carmel, indeed, is still Carmel; the fruitful, the graceful, the fragrant, the lovely mountain that he was in the days of old. But his glory, his attire, is hidden, is "withered," according to God's word, so that the traveller along the common highways beholds it not. No, it is not the radiance of the rising or setting sun that constitutes the incomparable glory of Carmel; it is the inner character of his hills, their great fertility, that have made him so remarkable that his name towers above all the other mountains of Palestine.

"The Lord fulfils, in a remarkable manner, every word that he hath spoken. Look now at the glory of Carmel, thus manifested to me in this natural garden; and yet, it is true, this glory is dried up and has withered away. All lies waste—all is a wilderness! The utmost fertility is here lost for man, useless to man! The vineyards of Carmel, where are they now? Behold the long rows of stones on the ground, the remains of the walls on which there rested in former days the rich heavy clusters; they will tell you that here, where now with difficulty you force your way through the thick entangled copse, lay in days of old those incomparable vineyards to which Carmel is indebted for its name. Oh! that the bride of Christ, the community of his faithful, likened as she is to the top of Carmel, may never be a wilderness like this mountain.

"From Dâliëh, we soon reached Esfiëh, surrounded by extensive olive grounds, and situated on one of the highest points of the mountain. The Shech of Esfiëh received us with great kindness and hospitality. He would not allow us to think of putting up for the night anywhere but in his house; for, said he, after passing el-Mohhraka you will find no suitable night-quarters along the course you propose to follow until you get to Jenîn, and that is too far for you to be able to reach to-day. We accordingly were thankful to accept of his proffered hospitality, and after having procured a couple of his villagers, two clever Druses, as guides, we rode on to el-Mohhraka. Its distance from Esfiëh is fully an hour and a-half, over a constantly undulating table land, covered with the same dense wilderness of natural timber trees and copse that we had met with in the parts of Carmel lying more to the west. The "burnt place" could not have been visited for many years, not even by the natives; for on our coming close to the top of the rock on which our guides pointed out the spot we were in quest of, they had to cut an opening for us through the copse before we could reach it. Is it not strange that this, the most important part of all Carmel, should be so neglected by travellers? People are fain to spend a few days at the comfortable quarters of the Carmelite monastery, to recover a little from the fatigues of the travelling they have undergone, but never think of visiting the place where the ever-memorable sacrifice was offered. Yet this does not altogether arise from want of acquaintance with the position of the place; for I find it said in the descriptions of more than one traveller, that on the south-eastern corner of Carmel, the spot is pointed out where Elijah's offering was consumed by fire from heaven. The English officer of engineers, Mr. Symonds, selected Mohhraka itself for one of his points for taking observations; but the little that has been published of the labours of that gentleman leaves us in ignorance with respect to his researches there, in connection with the Bible history. For ourselves, we were led by the perusal of the 18th chapter of 1st Kings to conclude, that that place of sacrifice could be nowhere but on the south-eastern corner of Carmel. The suggestion (of Father Charles) that el-Mansûrah was the point appeared to us doubtful, though not absolutely to be rejected. The name el-Mohhraka seems to have been taken from the miracle of the burning of the sacrifice, and the traditions of the Arabs are generally more to be trusted than those of the Christian inhabitants of the country, who for the most part repeat whatever has been put into their heads by the Latins and Greeks, themselves strangers in the midst of them. The two places, however, are at

no great distance from each other, and so we determined on paying a visit to both.

"Here, then, are the details of what we observed on 'the burnt place.'

"First, we found a rocky level space, of no great circumference, and covered with old gnarled trees, with a dense entangled undergrowth of bushes. In the midst of this there were the ruins of an oblong quadrangular building, of which the front wall and door, and both side walls, are still partially standing. The large hewn stones suggest an older date than that of the Crusades. This ruin was probably one of the many churches and chapels which that very devout empress, Helena, erected on the holy places of Palestine; and as the altar of Elijah may have been standing somewhere on this rocky level, it is natural to suppose that it must have stood just where the oratory was built, that is within these still remaining walls.

"Having seated ourselves beneath the shade of a huge oak, we once more opened our Bibles at chap. 18 of 1st Kings, and examined what was required in the place of sacrifice, in order to its agreement with the account given in the Bible. According to verses 18th and 19th, it must have been ample enough in size to contain a very numerous multitude. El-Mohhraka must at that time have been quite fitted for this, although now covered with a rough dense jungle. Indeed, one can scarcely imagine a spot better adapted for the thousands of Israel to have stood drawn up on than the gentle slopes. The rock shoots up in an almost perpendicular wall of more than two hundred feet in height on the side of the vale of Esdraelon. On this side, therefore, there was no room for the gazing multitude; but, on the other hand, this wall made it visible over the whole plain, and from all the surrounding heights, so that even those left behind, and who had not ascended Carmel, would still have been able to witness, at no great distance, the fire from heaven that descended upon the altar. According to verse 30th, there must have been an altar there before, for Elijah repaired "the altar of the Lord that was broken down." It is well known that such altars were uniformly built on very conspicuous eminences. Now there is not a more conspicuous spot on all Carmel than the abrupt rocky height of Mohhraka, shooting up so suddenly on the east. Verses 31st and 32nd point to a rocky soil, in which stones were to be found to serve for the construction of the altar, and yet where the stones must have been so loose or so covered with a thick bed of earth, that "a trench" could have been made round the altar, whilst not of so loose a composition of sand and earth as that the water poured into it would have been absorbed. The place we were examining met these requisitions in every respect; it showed a rocky surface, with a sufficiency of large fragments of rock lying all round, and, besides, well fitted for the rapid digging of a trench. But now comes the grand difficulty of both believers and unbelievers, who have not seen this place. Whence could Elijah have procured so much water as to have it to pour over the offering and the altar in barrelfuls, so that he filled the trench also with water, at a time when, after three years of drought, all the rivers and brooks were dried up, and the king in person and the governor of his house divided the land between them to pass through it, to see if peradventure any fountains of water might be found, and grass to save the horses and mules alive? (ver. 1—6) To get rid of this difficulty some pious travellers, with imaginations stronger than their judgments, have said: 'O, as for that water, the thing speaks for itself; it must evidently have been got from the sea.' But less religious persons, who were sharp enough to perceive that the place where Elijah made the offering could not have been at the sea-side, have rightly remarked, that it must have been impossible, from every other point of Carmel lying more inland, on account of the great distance from the sea, to go thither and return on an afternoon, much more to do this three several times, as is expressly stated in the 34th verse. Such persons, therefore, have rejected altogether this absurd explanation, without however themselves arriving at any better solution of the difficulty; and this has led unbelievers in their prejudiced haste to assert that the Bible narrative is a mere fiction, that being the view which best suited their purpose. Dr. Kalley and I felt our mouths shut in the presence of this difficulty. We saw no spring, yet here we were certain the place *must* have been; for it is the only point of all Carmel where Elijah could have been so close to the brook Kishon, then dried up, as to take down thither the priests of Baal and slay them, return again to the mountain and pray for rain, all in the short space of the same afternoon, after the Lord had shown by his fire from heaven that He, and He alone, was God (see verses 40—44). El-Mohhraka is 1635 feet above the sea, and perhaps 1000 feet above the Kishon. This height can be gone up and down in the short time allowed by the Scripture. But the farther one goes towards the middle of the mountain, the higher he ascends above the Kishon, because Mount Carmel rises higher there, and the plain through which the river flows runs lower down. Add to this that the Kishon takes a course more and more diverging from the mountain, and the ravine by which people descend to the river's bed is exceedingly difficult to pass through, so that three full hours are thought necessary for traversing the distance

from Esfiëh to the stream. Nowhere does the Kishon run so close to Mount Carmel as just beneath el-Mohhraka. Pious expositors, who would transfer the scene to the seaward side of the mountain, seem quite to have left out of sight the required condition, that it must be near the brook Kishon.

"Well, then, we went down to the Kishon through a steep ravine, and behold, right below the steep rocky wall of the height on which we stood—250 feet, it might be, beneath the altar plateau—a vaulted and very abundant fountain, built in the form of a tank, with a few steps leading down into it, just as one finds elsewhere in the old wells or springs of the Jewish times. Possibly the neighbourhood of this spring may have been the inducement that led to that altar which Elijah repaired having been built to the Lord in former times. Possibly, too, the water of this spring may have been consecrated to the Lord, so as not to be generally accessible to the people, even in times of fearful drought. In such springs the water remains always cool, under the shade of a vaulted roof, and with no hot atmosphere to evaporate it. While all other fountains were dried up, I can well understand that there might have been found here that superabundance of water which Elijah poured so profusely over the altar. Yes, the more I consider the matter, the more am I convinced, that from *such* a fountain alone could Elijah have procured so much water *at that time*. And as for the distance between this spring and the supposed site of the altar, it was every way possible for men to go thrice thither and back again to obtain the necessary supply.

"Further, the place of Elijah's offering—the same probably where he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees, in offering thanks to the Lord for the divine power he had hitherto displayed, to beseech him for the further fulfilment of his promise, that of rain for the parched ground—the place of Elijah's offering, I say, behoves to have been so screened by a rising ground on the west or north-west side, as to intercept a view of the sea; for he said to his servant, 'Go up now and look toward the sea.' Moreover, the distance to that height might not have been great; for the passage runs, 'Go again seven times' (verses 42—44). Now such is the position of el-Mohhraka, that these circumstances might all quite well have been united there. On its west and north-west side the view of the sea is quite intercepted by an adjacent height. That height may be ascended, however, in a few minutes, and a full view of the sea obtained from the top.

"Finally, Ahab's royal chariot stood below at the foot of Carmel, near the place where the priests of Baal were slain. From thence it was possible for the king to reach Jezreel that same evening. But only from thence, for every half hour more west must have taken him farther from the capital of his kingdom, and too far for him to accomplish the distance before being overtaken by the rain. How plain does this make the meaning of the words, 'Prepare' and 'Get thee down.' The king was still standing near Elijah. Not quite close, but so near that the servant could take the message to him, while the wind was rising and the clouds gathering. Perhaps he was near the fountain quenching his thirst. Any how, he had to *go down* from the hill and make all speed to Jezreel, so as not to be overtaken by the fast rising storm of rain. After three years' drought all herbage must have disappeared from the plain of Jezreel, and the loose clay composing its soil must have been changed into a deep layer of dust. Had time been allowed for the rain to convert that dust into a bed of mud, the chariot-wheels might have stuck fast in it.

"Thus have we the Bible narrative clearly set before us. It requires little stretch of imagination to figure to ourselves the thousands of the tribes of Israel that had come up thither from the hills of Galilee, from yonder plains and hills of Zebulon and Issachar, and on the right there from the hills of Ephraim, to choose whether they would serve Jehovah or Baal. And methought I saw the departing Ahab in the distance, between Carmel and the royal Jezreel, although that seat of royalty is now represented only by the wretched village of Zerain."

In the preceding narrative we have another illustration of the remarkable manner in which the Lord furnishes, from age to age, new and unanswerable attestations to the truth of the Bible.

PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

It was a custom in former times for men to make their sepulchres in their gardens, that in the midst of the pleasures of life they might be reminded of death, and admonished to seek for the better and more enduring pleasures of the life to come. This was a custom scarcely in harmony with modern taste; but it was said by one to whom God had given wisdom, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting;" and so it is better to be reminded, even at inappropriate seasons, of that enemy, Death, who follows us and treads upon our very heels, than to be overtaken by him unawares, and smitten by him when we least expect his blow.

Therefore, Christian reader, shrink not from these "thoughts on death," as if they were needlessly distressing and might be lightly set aside. Death is an enemy that every one must *see*, whether he will *hear* of him or not: it is prudent, then, to make ourselves acquainted with his aspect, to understand his power, and to learn what remedy we have against him. David would not go forth to meet the Philistine in armour which he had not proved, or with weapons which he knew not how to handle; nay, nothing less would satisfy him than the armour of God's protection, and the weapon of God's guiding, to be obtained by prayer and faith. Let us arm ourselves with the same instruments, and let us learn to use them now, and keep ourselves in practice as watchful and well-ordered soldiers, that whether our adversary come to us by day or night, slowly "with pining sickness," or rushing suddenly "as a lion to break all our bones," we may be prepared and ready to meet him.

No man can plead ignorance of the universal decree of God concerning the necessity of man's mortality. "It is appointed unto all men once to die." Every man may say as the wise woman of Tekoah, "We must needs die, and are as water spilled upon the ground." There is no age, estate, condition, or rank of men that has not been overthrown by that invincible champion death, who, riding up and down the world on his pale horse for more than five thousand years, has stricken down thousands daily, and with impartial stroke laid all men low before him. Some in their infancy have proved what it is to die, before they had time to learn what it is to live; others have fallen in the strength and pride of youth. Young men may die, and old men must die; to be born and to die is common, as Epictetus told the emperor, both to prince and beggar. The proudest infidels, and the most ignorant heathen, have been brought by experience to the same conclusion as the inspired David, "What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death?"

There are no medicines or cordials in nature's surgery that can fortify the heart against this king of terrors. The velvet slipper cannot protect the foot from gout, nor can the gold ring ward off a whitlow from the finger. The richest diadem cannot cure the headache, nor the purple robe prevent a fever. Beauty, strength, riches, honour, friends, no one of these, nor all of them together, can repeal that sentence, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Every little sickness, every infirmity or accident, is as a skirmish with the adversary death, before that last battle in which the weak mortal shall be vanquished and led captive to his long home: and when once the lines of mortality are drawn upon the face of the fairest creature, there is no help for it, but those who loved and desired it most before, must now concur in the sentence, "Bury my dead out of my sight."

This inevitable necessity, though confessed and acknowledged by all, is practically so forgotten, that most men live as if they should never die, and die as if they should never live again: and when the time of their dissolution comes, their souls are rather taken away from their bodies in despite of their own will, than yielded to God in hope and glad obedience.

Indeed, to a wicked man, death is the beginning of sorrows: it is a trap-door to let him down to the everlasting dungeon of hell; but the children of God, though they cannot escape the stroke, yet they are free from the sting of death: they can play upon the hole of this asp without danger, and welcome the approach of this giant with a smile; they are free from all real danger, through the power of him who is the Captain of the Lord's host, who hath "abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel;" for them the sting of death is plucked out, and the suffering of it sanctified by Christ; and this last enemy is made their friend, being but a dark and gloomy messenger to lead them to the glorious mansion prepared for them in heaven. "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with

him;" so death is made to be at peace with the believer; he is compelled to do him a greater kindness, in bringing him to God, than an earthly friend could have accomplished.

Now, as it is God's decree, in tender mercy to his children, that their conflict and misery should be temporary, but their triumph and happiness eternal, it should be their first care, so to pass the present time of their sojourning on which their future state depends, that they may live happily where they shall live eternally; and since they cannot escape death, so to provide for it that it may have no advantage over them when it approaches. Miserable is the condition of that man who, when the terrors of death make war upon him, shall have cause to say, "The Lord is departed from me." Single-handed he cannot cope with this enemy; ten thousand of his fellow-creatures cannot help him; and unless God be on his side, he must perish body and soul for ever. But to him that is wise to consider his latter end, death is by no means dreadful: death may kill him, but it cannot hurt him; it may free him from temporal misery, but it cannot hinder him from everlasting joy; it may carry down his body to the grave, but it cannot fail to lead his soul up to heaven into the glorious presence of his God. Death is the last enemy that we have in this world, and the last that a *believer* shall encounter anywhere. It separates the body from the soul, but at the same time separates the soul from sin; and therefore death puts an end to every misery that can afflict the Christian, because it puts an end to sin, from which all misery proceeds. Death is the child of sin; and by a happy parricide, it slays its own parent and itself together, when it slays the child of God.

And as it is the last enemy of our bodies, so it is the most powerful and the most incomprehensible. It has no respect to ordinary circumstances or events of life: it comes to us at any time, in any place, in any shape or form, with any weapon; and when it comes, it conquers. The most innocent gifts of nature become fatal weapons against us in the hand of death. A hair in his milk killed Fabius, a fly in his throat Adrian, a smell of lime in his nostrils Jovian, the stone of a grape Anacreon, and a drop of water, frozen, one mentioned by the poet Martial. So frail and helpless are we creatures of the dust, who are "crushed before the moth!"

Who that considers this will not make it his first care to be always ready for his end? Death is at all times awful; but most awful when it strikes suddenly; when it lays low and mingles with the earth those who a moment before stood upright upon it in the pride of health and strength; when it drives forth the tenant, without a moment's warning, from his earthly tabernacle, and takes him from the midst of worldly cares and occupations to the judgment seat of God. The work half finished, the word half spoken, the thought but half conceived; this thought, this word, this work, with every other circumstance of the life so ended, shall be naked and open in the sight of Him who is the Judge of quick and dead. Those who are in Christ Jesus need not fear this scrutiny; their sins, unwillingly committed, heartily repented of, shall never hurt them. But all others, the enemy that slays them once shall hold them in his power for ever. The *second death* will but begin when the first is ended; this will be the consummation of all misery and woe; a continual longing for that which never shall be given them, and a constant groaning under that burden which shall never be removed. Let us then prepare for death by joining ourselves in a perpetual covenant to him who has overcome death, and forced him into his service to open the gates of everlasting life to all his people; let us ensure an interest in the atonement of Jesus Christ our Saviour; let us put upon us the whole armour of God, that we may be enabled to "withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

The following account of an instance of sudden death, under very singular circumstances, is added by way of comfort and encouragement to those who endeavour to live in this state of preparation, and as a solemn warning to every reader. It is extracted from an old sermon which has survived its preacher and its hearers more than two hundred years. Who that preacher was, and who the subject of his simple, touching narrative, is now known only in heaven. Be it ours to rescue the history itself from oblivion, that, though dead, they yet may speak.

"You have brought hither a dead body of a very good neighbour of ours, whom I ever found a kind and loving friend: you have brought it here to be laid up in the grave, in hope of a blessed and joyful resurrection. I need not speak much of his life: when it pleased God to call me first to this place, twenty-six years since, I found him then in the chief office of the church, and divers times since he hath been in it; and I have seldom known any more painful and more industrious and more honest in those places than he was. We have all known him, a man humble in his conversation, just of his word, true in his promises, merciful in his dealing, charitable to the poor, ready to every good work. His life was such a life as the apostle would have ours to be; a life sober, just, and pious, in this present evil world: pious in regard of God, just in the regard of men, sober in regard of himself. I can say no less of him, and I will say no more.

"I know you desire to hear of his death: and it hath much afflicted me to hear what unjust aspersions have been put upon the manner of it. There was a sudden stroke, indeed, of God's hand; and it was in my house: and seeing that it so pleased God, I am glad that it was in my presence and sight, that I might give the better testimony of it. The suddenness of the stroke made him liable to some misconstruction, and hath given men occasion to pass a very uncharitable and unchristian verdict of him.

"I beseech you let me give you a true naked relation how it was. I never knew any men of so peaceable a disposition, but there might be sometimes some difference between them; there was between Abraham and Lot, between Paul and Barnabas, and there was between another honest neighbour and him—both men of a peaceable disposition. They did not choose to go to law; they desired the matter might be put to arbitrators; they chose four honest gentlemen to take up the matter between them; they made me an unworthy umpire, in case they did not agree.

"On Thursday last they met, and each of them pleaded his cause: and let me say this, that if this brother of ours had been judged to do any wrong in that cause, if he had uttered one word of falsehood, if he had used one word of imprecation, wishing any curse to himself; then it had been, peradventure, a just thing with God to have taken him at his word. If he had sworn one oath; if he had uttered but one uncharitable word against his neighbour; if he had showed but any malice or spleen against him; if he had been but transported with passion, as a man may easily be in his own cause—we are but men—then, peradventure, some men might have thought it had been the stroke of Divine justice upon him. But let me tell you, I have the witness of honest gentlemen that were the arbitrators, and will testify—

"First, that his cause was good, and that there was not one word spoken, but was confirmed by honest witnesses.

"Next, that he used no kind of imprecation in the world; no, not as I remember, so much as a protestation: there was not one oath sworn either by him or by others that were present.

"There was not one uncharitable word spoken by him; there was not any malice, or rancour, or hatred, either on the one side or the other; he was no way transported with passion. He did plead his cause; but with that meekness of spirit, with that quietness, with that sweet temper, and that Christian moderation, as more could not be required in any saint of God. I could not perceive that he was moved at anything, he was not stirred, he was not earnest in his cause. Till it pleased God to touch him, and he had some sense and feeling of it: rising from his stool, he stood rubbing of his cheek or his neck with his handkerchief. He fell upon the neck of a gentleman that sat close to him, who, perceiving that he was not well, asked him how he did? he was scarce able to give us an answer: I perceived that he was smitten with the dead palsy.

"Though it pleased God suddenly to take his speech from him, yet I beseech you know this withal, he was pleased not to take his life presently away, nor his understanding from him. From Thursday, about four of the clock, that he was first stricken, he lived till Saturday night or Sunday morning, I know not whether. On Friday night I was with him, and I perceived by the lifting up of his hand that he knew me. I put him in mind of some gracious promises that God hath made to us in Christ. I asked him whether he believed those promises, and whether he found any comfort in those promises, and then he lifted up his hand. I asked him, and desired him, if he found any assurance of God's favour in Christ to make the same sign; he lifted up his hand again. I asked him if I should pray with him: he desired it; and at the period of every petition, his hand went up to God; and one thing I observed more, that in one petition of mine, in that prayer for him, that it would please God to deliver him from the malice of Satan, that would be most busy when we are weakest, he held up his hand higher than before, and continued holding it longer.

"And blessed be our good God, that we can hold and keep intelligence with him, not only by speech, but with our very hands! That lifting up of the hand, and those groans of his spirit, I make no doubt but they prevailed through Christ at the hands of God. And so as he lived, I make no question but he died, a holy servant of God; and be assured his soul is now in heaven; and we are come to lay up his body in the earth, in the hope of a blessed and joyful resurrection."

TWO PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF THOMAS HOGG.

In the height of the London season, one splendid summer day, about the year 1816, a fair lady in the fashionable world was holding her Sunday morning's *levée*, after the hour of public worship. The weather was brilliant, and the *beau monde* was all alive and astir, driving in the parks or promenading in the walks; numerous groups of pleasure-seekers meeting and conversing on the themes that usually form the topics amid such scenes. Among their number was a party who wished to pay their respects to the

lady we have mentioned; they knew that she was receiving her morning-callers, and on their way to the gardens, they stayed at her door, and were invited to ascend the stairs to her drawing-room. On entering the saloon, they were surprised and amused to see among the assembled guests, one who was evidently an unwonted visitant, whose dress and bearing excited attention and inquiry. The person who awakened this curiosity was a poor man, clad in a slop of unbleached linen, very handsomely worked round the neck and at the wrists. He was a short, thick, elderly, ruddy-looking man, rather in the decline of life. His face was indicative of talent and shrewdness, and his eye was bright and intelligent.

The mistress of the house introduced this individual to her guests as a poet, who had come to read her some of his verses, and she believed, she said, that the subject of his poem was "Hops." The poor author eagerly corrected her mistake, which had been occasioned by the peculiarity of his accent. The theme of his muse was "Hope," and he expressed himself willing to read some of his lines to the company among whom he found himself; indeed, he had come for that purpose, being introduced to Mrs. Opie (for she was the lady of the house) by her eccentric friend, Lady Cork. It soon appeared that the latter lady had somewhere picked up this poor man in a half-starved condition, and, interested by something she discovered in his manner and appearance, she had resolved to "patronize" him. The handsome garment he wore was her gift, and she was then busily recommending him to the notice of her friends in the gay circle amid which she moved, hoping to interest them for her *protégé*.

These particulars Mrs. Opie communicated to her guests while Thomas Hogg was gone to fetch his poem, which he had brought with him, hoping to be allowed to read it, and which he had left below stairs. On his return, he commenced reading aloud from a MS. book; but it was soon evident that he could not do justice to his own production, for it was with difficulty he read. The benevolent feelings of his hostess induced her to come to his assistance, and she kindly offered to read his poem — an offer he gratefully accepted. She commenced the task, and was (she afterwards said) agreeably surprised to find how good some of the lines were. Among them were a few which may perhaps interest my readers, as a specimen of the rest; and they serve to indicate the feelings of this poor man's heart, and his acquaintance with the true source of happiness, the hope of the gospel:—

"There is a Rock where thou may'st safely pitch
Thy hiding-place; where sorrow cannot reach.
There, when around is trouble, thou may'st find
Security of soul and peace of mind.
Go to thy Father, in submission's way;
Blessed are they who make his name their stay.
Hope is the throne on which mortality may sit,
And quiet rest amid this changing state.
Spring up, oh well! with living waters flow,
And sweeten all the desert here below!
But what is Hope?—'tis foresight of redress,
Prospect of ease, when troubles downward press;
A distant view of what is wrong amended,
Pleasure to be attained, or grievance ended.
From whence comes Hope? and where, or how, begun!
It comes from God, as light comes from the sun.
Thou, oh my soul, when troubles strike thee dumb,
Hold fast thy hope; thy kingdom is to come.
My fellow-toilers, who still onward press,
Our hope is in 'the Lord, our righteousness.'"

It will be readily supposed that such verses as these, even though read by the lips of a lady and uttered in the tones of a sweet, melodious voice, were not of a nature to charm the ears of the gay company who had met for a few moments' lively gossip and amusement. One by one, the guests dropped off; and ere the poem was ended, many of those who were present at its commencement had slipped noiselessly away. Their places, however, were supplied by new arrivals, whose curiosity was excited by the novelty of the scene, and who gazed in bewildered surprise on it.

At length the task was ended, and the author received his MS. back from the hands of his kind hostess. "We got through the whole," she said, "and the poor man seemed much pleased." It is probable that his rhymes, thus favoured, sounded more flowing and sonorous on his ear than he had ever before heard them, and he tasted for a moment the sweet satisfaction of an author who rejoices in his own production. So happy, indeed, was he, that he refused to leave the party; he said he would remain there; and in reply to a message from Lady Cork, requiring his immediate return, he sent a prompt and decided negative. A second messenger was despatched, with directions to bring the truant back to her ladyship, who began to fear that she was inflicting a serious annoyance upon her friend. But this message excited the wrath of the indignant poet, who cried, "She says I *must* come. I won't! tell the fellow to be gone! I know my way back." This was rather too much for the politeness of the other guests, and Mrs. Opie laughingly said, "The poet of 'Hope' almost drove me to despair —the despair of getting rid of him." She had, at length, recourse to a *ruse* to effect her purpose, and said it was probable that Lady Cork wanted him for the purpose of introducing him and his poem to others of her friends. This gentle reasoning prevailed, and, though with reluctance, he took his leave, never again to trouble or amuse those amid whose company

he had, for a moment, so unexpectedly enacted a part.

"I saw him no more," said Mrs. Opie; "and I think two days afterwards, the poor man, sick to death of London and of being made a show of, took french-leave, one morning early, and disappeared, taking with him Lady Cork's gifts —a blanket and a blouse."

At the time when this incident occurred Mrs. Opie was a woman of the world, seeking her happiness in the things of the present life, and ignorant of the true source of abiding joy and peace. Some few years longer she pursued the same career; but a time came when her course was arrested, when she was made to hear the heavenly voice, and to obey its injunctions. Then she looked back to these days of vanity with regret, and with thankfulness too, that she had been led to choose "the narrow path," and to walk therein with delight.

Writing to a friend in the year 1826, she said, referring to this great change in her feelings, "I am more cheerful to-day—more what I used to be; in cheerfulness I mean, for never, never may I in other respects resemble my former self! that thoughtless trifler along the path of life *here*, so long forgetful of the only path that is worthy to be trodden, and which leads to life *hereafter*—the road to Zion, that city of the living God."

When Mrs. Opie heard, long after, of the happy death of the poor man who had thus for a moment crossed her path, she expressed her sincere pleasure at the tidings: "It was, indeed," she said, "with much satisfaction I read an account of the poor wanderer's having found pious friends in his last moments, and that he died the death of a Christian."

It might be about two years after the time of the occurrences just related, when one sabbath day, in the month of January, a poor tattered creature, of squalid appearance, found his way into the nave of a certain village church during morning service. The clergyman who was officiating observed this stranger with interest, and thought he saw about him an air of devout seriousness, which prepossessed him in his favour, despite of all the disadvantages of his exterior. On the following Sunday the same person reappeared, and took his place, as before, near the stove. He looked decrepit with age, and his head rested on his bosom, which was partially exposed. He wore a kind of frock or slop, under which was seen a soldier's coat, patched in various places. His whole appearance indicated the lowest degree of poverty, but, as before, his manner was devout and attentive.

The clergyman, after service was concluded, made inquiry who the man was, and found that he was a person recently come there, working at a blacksmith's shop in the village. His informant added: "He is a remarkable man, and carries about with him a Bible, which he constantly reads!" Not long after, the good pastor took occasion to call at the blacksmith's shop, and there he saw the object of his solicitude, standing by the side of the forge, putting some links of iron wire together, to form a scissors chain. After a few words addressed to him, the clergyman proceeded to obtain some particulars of his history from the master of the shop, who said that one dreadfully severe day this destitute object had come to him, almost exhausted with cold and fatigue. He begged permission to be allowed to erect his little apparatus in a shed adjoining the shop, and the benevolent master of the premises granted him leave, and stationed him near the forge, that he might pursue his work close beside the fire. In the evening he asked a shelter in the stable, and there he passed the night on a bed of fresh straw. One of the master's children was sent to carry him some warm cider, but he was reluctant to accept it, lest he should be depriving some one else of it. The next morning, being asked how he was, he said, "I am very happy." During the night the cold was so great that the thermometer had fallen as low as 6° or 7° Fahrenheit. He rose from his straw-bed, and dressed himself, for it appeared that he always took off his clothes at night, and wrapped himself in a blanket, which he said had been given him by a lady of quality. Our readers will perceive readily that this poor creature was no other than Thomas Hogg, wrapped in Lady Cork's blanket. Having made his poor toilette, he soon placed himself at his post beside the forge, and pursued his daily toil. In this way his days and nights were passed; he industriously worked at his employment in making chains and scissors, by which, however, he was unable to earn more than sixpence or sevenpence a day, even when he succeeded in selling his wares. His food was, of necessity, scant and poor; but if he were occasionally offered more refreshment, he would decline it, saying, "I am grateful for the kindness, but it would be *intemperate*."

These particulars, gathered from the master blacksmith, greatly interested the kind clergyman, and he determined to visit again the poor stranger, and to converse with him. He was surprised to find that his manners, though blunt, were far from churlish or uncivil; and his remarks were pertinent, and occasionally indicated originality of character. There was a good deal of archness, too, about him, as well as natural liveliness. When questioned as to his occupation, and what he was able to earn by it, he showed considerable reluctance to give

any particular details. At first it was supposed that this arose from an unwillingness to tell the amount of his gains, but it afterwards became evident that he wished to conceal his poverty; this desire arising from his habitual Christian content. On being asked why he chose such a vagrant life, he answered, that he was led to do it by necessity; "and besides," he added, "my way of life has at least this advantage, that if I leave my friends behind me, I leave also my enemies!" An inquiry into his age drew from him the answer, "I am often asked that question, as though I were a very old man; why I am a mere boy, only sixty-five years of age, sir; and with a light heel and a cheerful heart, I hope to hold out a considerable time longer."

He seemed, indeed, always happy. His contented, joyous spirit excited the surprise of all who saw it; and it was soon apparent that the source of his cheerfulness was religion. Nothing ever seemed to damp his confidence in God.

His new friend, the clergyman, occasionally visited him at the forge, and was increasingly pleased with what he saw and heard of the old man. Some of his sayings he preserved; and one of them seems to me worthy of being still remembered. They had been speaking together on the divisions existing between good men, heirs together of the same hopes, and members of the one church of the living God. "I lamented," said the good divine, "that there should be any separation between men whose hopes and interests are one." He immediately replied, in his usual sprightly manner, "No matter, there are two sides to the river." He saw that, although severed for a time by the waters of discord, the true servants of Christ would eventually meet in the same home of the redeemed.

The time was approaching when Thomas Hogg's earthly career must close. Little as he seemed aware of it, his days were numbered; and his wanderings were ended when he established himself in that village where we have found him. One morning he was seen returning from a neighbouring town, where he had been to purchase some materials for carrying on his work. He was proceeding slowly, with half a hundred-weight of wire upon his back, and three half-pence in his pocket, the sole remains of his scanty fund. He had been exposed during the preceding night to severe cold, passing the hours before a coal-pit fire in an intervening village. It was evident he was weak and exhausted, and he walked lame. His long fustian trousers concealed nearly the whole of his foot; but about the instep, which was visible, there seemed a considerable degree of inflammation. On being asked about it, he made slighting mention of the hurt, saying, "It is nothing, only a little tender."

Next day he was found by the clergyman at his accustomed post, working at his chains; but he was sitting—an unusual posture with him. This caused an inquiry into the state of his foot, and a request to be allowed to look at it. When it was uncovered, a melancholy spectacle was presented to view. The whole leg was swollen prodigiously; it was black and universally discoloured, besides being in places excoriated; and the limb was but partially protected from the inclemency of the weather, as he had been compelled to rip open his trowsers. It was evident that medical assistance was requisite; and he thankfully accepted the offer to send a doctor to him. Arrangements were made to provide him with necessary comforts during the night; and on the following day his benevolent visitor hastened to inquire for him. He found poor Thomas in a deplorable condition; he was, at times, delirious, and his whole frame was, in a degree, convulsed; but he dozed during the greater part of the day. "Nothing could exceed the misery of the picture," said his friend. "I did everything I could to minister to his relief; and went gently up to his side, and inquired how he found himself. 'Happy, happy!' was the reply. At that moment the medical man entered; and having examined his patient's case, he at once informed us there was but little hope of life. The proper remedies were applied, and at the request of those around, the poor sufferer consented to take all they prescribed; 'But,' he said, 'one night more, and I shall be beyond this world!'" On the following day he became much worse; and it was thought best to leave him perfectly quiet and undisturbed. The last visit was paid him that morning, by the excellent pastor who related this narrative. Sitting beside him, he asked whether his mind was at ease in prospect of the approach of death. He instantly opened his eyes, and replied—

> "Fed by His hand, supported by His care,
> I scarce can *doubt*; why then should I despair?"

He added, "To them that believe, Christ is precious." His Bible lay near him, and his spectacles were on the pillow: his friend proposed to read from its pages. "By and bye," he answered, "I am pretty well acquainted with its contents." His exhaustion prevented further conversation, and his visitor shortly took leave of him, after commending him to the protection of his God and Saviour. As he responded to the farewell, Thomas said, "You have done your duty by me: I can say it without flattery!" The next day was Sunday; and early in the morning the sound of the passing knell told that the spirit of Thomas Hogg had departed from this life. He had fallen asleep in Jesus, at the

second hour of the sabbath morn, and his last word was, "Happy!"

Subsequent inquiries failed in eliciting much respecting his early history. It seemed he had been brought up in a religious family, and in his youth had serious impressions of eternal things on his mind, which never subsequently were wholly effaced. At an early period he left his home, and travelled about the country with hardware. Afterwards he took to the employment in which he was occupied at the time of his death; twenty-nine years had passed, he said, since he saw the place of his birth; he had been a wanderer up and down in the country; a hedge or a stable being his nightly shelter, and, as it seemed, he solaced himself with song. He delighted in singing Addison's beautiful version of the 23rd psalm; and he added to it a verse of his own composition. He called it "the traveller's song." It was peculiarly appropriate to his own case, exposed, solitary, and wandering as he was, with none to look to for protection or support, but the Helper of the friendless. After his death there were found two volumes of poems, which seemed to be duplicates; they contained the verses of which mention has already been made; and on the cover of the book he had written the following passages of Scripture—"To you, oh men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of men." Prov. viii. 4. "Hear, for I will speak of excellent things." Prov. viii. 6. "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." Psalm cxix. 54. "And they sang a new song." Rev. v. 9.

On the blank leaf of his Bible was his name, "Thomas Hogg, born in Jedburgh, 1753," and these lines:

"Yes! dust and ashes is my proper name;
Ready to perish—is my title clear?
From two poor rebels, I, their offspring, came.
My first, my native element, is fear;
Yet let thy grace on this dark void descend,
All shall be safe—the Three in One my Friend!"

In the churchyard of the village where he died, the mortal remains of poor Thomas were laid to rest; his funeral was attended by a long train of mourners, who sincerely lamented him; for though he had not lived long among them, his character had been such as to procure him a degree of affection and esteem from all who knew him; his cheerfulness, simplicity, and humility were truly exemplary, and attracted the kindly regard of the humble villagers among whom he had come to die. He composed for himself an epitaph; but it could not be found among the numerous scraps of writing which he left—and, indeed, it was unneeded. The practical language of his closing scene was, "to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Poetry.

I'M BUT A STRANGER.

I'm but a stranger here,
The earth is not my rest;
My own eternal home
Is with the blest.
It is my Father's house,
There I shall see his face;
My Saviour there for me
Prepares a place.
The way that leads to bliss
Is through the vale of tears,
But he shall be my guide,
And still my fears.
Jesus has shed his blood,
And on the cross has died,
That, through his grace, we might
Be sanctified.
He is the living way
By which to God we come—
To our eternal rest—
Our heavenly home.
In the dark hour of death
He'll be our shield and strength,
Till, through his righteousness,
We rest at length.

E. S. B.

From Dr. Raffles' Collection.

DIVINE REPROOF.

"And immediately, while he yet spake, the cock crew; and the Lord turned and looked upon Peter," etc.—*Luke* xxii. 60.

It was *thy* voice that Peter heard,
Dear Saviour, in this warning word;
Thy look, in Herod's judgment hall,
Gave virtue to its thrilling call;
Else had its larum been in vain,
And Peter had denied again.
But now his conscience woke to wound,
He wept for Him he had disowned.
Our watch-bird, Conscience, thus, in vain,
Repeats its stern, reproving strain;
For careless souls, with all at stake,
Still slumber on and will not wake.
Thy voice, dear Saviour, must recall
Our hearts, when they, like Peter, fall;
Oh speak now at the present hour,
Speak—and thy word shall be with pow'r.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

28. What prophecies can you find stating *the time* when Messiah should appear?

29. Which is the earliest form of idolatry mentioned in Scripture?

30. Give proofs from Scripture of the unity of the Godhead.

31. How can you prove from the Old Testament that there are more persons in the Godhead than one?

32. What is spoken of in Scripture as God's chosen instrument for the spread of the gospel in these days?

33. Give a Scriptural illustration showing the need of *perseverance* in prayer.

34. What special privileges had the Jewish nation?

35. What was the ancient name for the prophets?

36. Give examples of ejaculatory prayer.

37. Where do you find an instance of devoted friendship?

Religious Intelligence.

THIS year of 1855 opens upon us in circumstances of a very painful and humiliating character, calculated to produce much serious thoughtfulness, and to awaken the people of God to earnest prayer. All eyes are turned to the seat of war; many hearts are trembling with anxiety for friends who are in the midst of its dangers; while an unusual number of families are already plunged into mourning for those who have fallen.

"A Christian Appeal" has just been issued by the Society of Friends to their fellow-countrymen on the present war, containing sentiments in many of which all true Christians must fully concur. We all, in the words of the appeal, believe that trust in God, combined with humbling views of our national sins, and a temperate estimate of our position, even when convinced that we have clearly the right on our side, will be found at all times, and especially in the present peculiar and critical circumstances of the country, the best preparation for obtaining peace. Most earnestly we join with our Friends, when they "pray the Almighty Father of the Universe to breathe the spirit of reconciliation into the hearts of his contending children, British, French, Turkish, and Russian, and guide them to the promotion of their mutual well-being, in conforming themselves to his universal law of love."

While the people of this country have shown much sympathy with their countrymen in the Crimea, and have endeavoured to add to their material comforts, attention has also been paid to their intellectual and spiritual wants. There has been a liberal gift of the sacred Scriptures by the Bible Society, and of religious books by the Religious Tract Society, to whom it is peculiarly gratifying to know that "The Sunday at Home" circulates among the soldiers, who hand it from one to another until its pages become scarcely legible. More Scripture Readers have just set sail to the scenes of death and suffering, but we have still to ask, "What are these among so many?"

It is a hopeful and gratifying fact that Constantinople has witnessed some delightful gatherings for prayer at the time when the allied forces were on the eve of a deadly conflict. These prayer meetings were attended by pious men of various countries, pouring out their hearts for a blessing on our army and navy, and humbling themselves at the footstool of the throne of grace on account of the lamentable spectacle of nation lifting up sword against nation.

Constantinople has also just become the residence of an American missionary, the Reverend Mr. Dwight, who has obtained a suitable dwelling in the midst of a very large Armenian population, and whose congregation, notwithstanding the unfavourable influence of the war, is steadily increasing. The missionaries labouring in the city of the sultan are gaining access to the minds and hearts of the population, both Armenian and Mohammedan. The reports given by the various missionaries in Western Asia and the East of Europe are also most encouraging. They state that a Christian church has just been formed in Thyatira, and that in Kessab and the neighbouring villages the work has gone forward with power.

The Pope of Rome, with his cardinals and bishops, has afforded the Protestant world a fresh ground of objection to his infallible church, by the dogma which has now been published of the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary. According to this dogma, she needed not to speak of Christ as her "Saviour," as she was born without sin; while the decree which gives such joy to the pope and those who have assisted in its manufacture, makes heretics of many members of the Romish church, dead and living. The greatest joy, however, has been manifested by the various dignitaries of the church by this decision. The queen of Spain has presented the pope with a magnificent jewelled crown, worth 20,000*l.* sterling, as an expression of her gratitude to him for decreeing the dogma of the immaculate conception.

Lord Brougham recently expressed in the House of Lords his hope that the war would not, among its other evils, occasion obstruction in either France or England to any of the great plans of benevolence carried on therein. There is too much reason, indeed, to fear that a considerable check has already been given to many a philanthropic enterprise, and the incomes of our religious institutions must suffer severely unless the increased zeal and liberality of God's people countervail deficiencies that might otherwise arise.

We have, however, the pleasure of noticing the untiring energy of friends of the slave, who were convened in London at a two days' meeting at the close of November, the conference being attended by delegates from all parts of the United Kingdom. It was there stated that there are at this time in the United States of America, in the Brazils, and the Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch colonies—countries professing the Christian religion—upwards of 8,000,000 slaves; and that there is also an extensive traffic still carried on in the persons of native Africans and their descendants. Important information was given as to the results of emancipation in the British West India colonies, which appear to be truly gratifying, and of a nature to justify every reasonable expectation. It was encouraging also to learn that the government of Holland is adopting measures to abolish slavery in its colonies, and had decreed that the slaves, to the number of about 3600, in its East India possessions, shall be free from the 1st of January, 1860. It was further shown that there is an Anti-Slavery Society actively engaged in endeavouring to bring about the abolition of slavery throughout the Brazils. May such efforts be crowned with increasing success, and may the spiritual emancipation of the soul from the chains of Satan accompany the work of unfettering the outward man.

The practical science of our age has just furnished a remarkable instance of the manner in which the powerful elements of nature can be brought to fight against the sinner when he is warring against God and his fellowmen. Mr. Gardiner, the governor of Bristol gaol, has lately applied the art of photography to the apprehension and recognition of criminal offenders. There is indeed small chance of escape for the criminal when the sun draws his portrait and the lightning overtakes his flight. Those who dig deep to hide counsel from the Lord will, perhaps, as they contemplate these facts, see that "there is no darkness nor shadow of death where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves." If his material agents be thus powerful, how penetrating must be the glance of Him from whom the darkness hideth not, and to whom the night is as the day?

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS

THE LIFE OF A PATRIARCH.

PART V.

THE FAMILY.

As the fulfilment of the promise that Abraham should be a father was still delayed, Sarah, to revive her flagging hope, proposed that her servant Hagar—an Egyptian damsel, whom, probably, she had brought with her from the land of Pharaoh, after her strange adventure with that monarch—should become a sort of second wife to the patriarch. Properly to understand the nature of this transaction, we must refer to an eastern custom out of which it arose, and of which traces still remain. It was common for a man to take the slave or attendant of the chief bride, or some other provided by her, whose children became his heirs, equally as much as if they had been the offspring of the wife herself. In a legal point of view they were considered hers, while the servile condition of the actual mother remained the same.

The more general practice of polygamy, of which this was one of the modifications, was of very early date, as we find an instance of it in the history of Lamech (Gen. iv. 19)—the only instance, by the way, recorded in the brief antediluvian annals. Whether common or not

No. 40.—Published February 1, 1865. Price One Penny

before the flood, it became so afterwards. In connection with this subject, we should not fail to remember the lower views of domestic purity and virtue, and the inferior tone of moral sentiment, prevailing in the patriarchal times, compared with the state of feeling in regard to such questions happily prevalent in the present age of Christian civilization.

Polygamy is a great evil, and its mischiefs are painfully illustrated in the lives of the patriarchs. How different the scenes in the tent of Abraham from what may be witnessed in Christian homes! We are furnished, by a comparison of these facts, with a striking comment on the wisdom of the original institute of marriage, that a man shall cleave unto his wife, and they *two* shall be one flesh. Abraham having taken Hagar into a new relationship, she, in prospect of becoming the parent of an heir, presumed on her position, and treated her mistress with insolence and contempt—a consequence which Sarah had brought on herself, by her own scheme for forestalling the purpose of Providence. Most important is the lesson which the transaction teaches us of the wisdom of patiently abiding in an upright course, and of not trying to accomplish any purpose, however laudable that purpose may seem to be, by short cuts, that involve a deviation from the paths of integrity.

The indignant wife appealed for redress to the husband, who also himself now was made to reap the results of his own censurable compliance. Still, however, true to the wife of his love, the woman to whom throughout he was so purely and honourably attached, he would not take part with Hagar against her, but placed the bondmaid entirely in the hands of her mistress. But peace was at an end in the tent of the patriarch. The quarrel waxed more fierce, and the Egyptian slave at length fled from the Hebrew wife.

It would detain us too long from the subject of these papers—the life of Abraham—to dwell upon the picturesque scene in the wilderness of Shur, where the lonely wanderer is seen by a fountain of water, and the angel of the Lord appears and speaks to her; but we may for a moment advert to the prediction she received respecting Ishmael, whom she bore as the first-born unto her lord, as he was a son so tenderly loved by his father, and the histories of the two at this period are so closely entwined. "I will multiply thy seed exceedingly, that it shall not be numbered for multitude." Thou "shalt bear a son," and shall call his name Ishmael;" "and he will be a wild man," or a "wild-ass man;" "his hand shalt be against every man, and every man's hand against him, and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren."

So spake the oracle to the mother of Abraham's first child. And how is the first clause of the prophecy illustrated, and seen to be accurately fulfilled, when we think of the numerous Ishmaelites of Arabia in very ancient times—of their power and conquests under Mahomet and the caliphs—and of the many hordes of them still wandering about the eastern deserts. And further, when we picture the wild ass—the noble animal in the open wilderness—sweeping over the sand like a bird over the ocean, snuffing up the air regardless of the driver's cry, seeking his pasture on the mountain range, and searching after "every green thing," what a fitting type is he of Ishmael and his race; scorning the habitations of the city, preferring the lonely glen to the crowded street, and his own rude tent to the palace of princes; toiling over rocks to the streams of fresh water, and feeding upon the wild fruit of the beautiful oasis. Untrammelled liberty, unsettled habits, rapidity of movement, energy of action, and a fierce independence; these have from the beginning been the characteristics of the whole Arab race. When Mahomet rose; when he led forth the Arab to conquest; when he established a wide-spreading empire of civilization, cultivated the arts, nourished literature, and made the Arabic tongue the vehicle of learning; when all this happened, one would have supposed that the entire Arab stock would have put off their old wild habits—would have changed the aspect of the wilderness, or sought a home elsewhere. But it has happened far otherwise; and while there seemed a thousand chances to one against the continuation of the old wild Arab habits, still the accomplishment of the prophecy to Hagar runs on. Contrary to all probabilities, the Ishmaelite of the nineteenth century is like the Ishmaelite of the first, as if to chide the unbelief of men in these latter days—as if to silence "the scoffer walking after his own lusts."

Hagar returned; and Ishmael was born. Abraham was now eighty-six years old. Nothing more is said of him till he attains the age of ninety-nine. In the interval, he seems to have been living prosperously at Mamre, dwelling in tents, pursuing pastoral occupations, and doubtless perpetuating, by sacrifice and in other forms, that worship of the true God which he had long before commenced. Ishmael was thirteen years old when Abraham was ninety-nine, and it is probable that the patriarch and his wife were looking upon this boy as the heir and pillar of their house—as the promised seed of whom Jehovah had spoken. In this they were mistaken. Hence the Lord appeared to them again—to revive their hope of a descendant from Sarah herself—to renew the covenant previously made with them, and to append to it an appropriate

and permanent sign. The first clause of the renewed covenant assured the patriarch that he should be the father of many nations; in token of which his name was now changed from Abram to Abraham (a change which, to preserve uniformity, we have anticipated in these papers); and it is added: "I will make thee exceedingly fruitful, and I will make nations of thee, and kings shall come out of thee. And I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee in their generations, for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee, and unto thy seed after thee. And I will give unto thee, and to thy seed after thee, the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan, for an everlasting possession; and I will be their God." By this closing declaration was undoubtedly meant that all which that glorious name imports, the divine author of the covenant would prove himself to be to Abraham and his seed; agreeably to which the apostle Paul, in his Epistle to the Galatians, speaks of this covenant as being the covenant of grace—the same in principle as that of which the gospel affords us the full revelation.

Circumcision was the sign affixed to this covenant. It was to be administered to all the males in the family and household. No distinction was to be made between the slave and the freeborn. The reception of the rite was not optional, for the person who refused to submit was sentenced to be cut off from the congregation of the covenanted people. Circumcision had both a political and spiritual signification. It marked out the descendants of the great patriarch in their national character, keeping them thereby distinct from many other nations; and, moreover, it formed a permanent evidence of the historical fact of a special covenant having been made by God with Abraham. Its perpetuation, age after age, was confirmatory of the accounts possessed by the Jews of the remarkable circumstances of its origin—of the divine appearance—the promise of Isaac—and the declaration that Jehovah would be Abraham's God.

The spiritual signification of the rite was most important. It is pointed out by Moses, where he says: "And the Lord thy God will circumcise thy heart, and the heart of thy seed, to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, that thou mayest live;" (Deut. xxx. 6;) and again by Paul: "For he is not a Jew which is one outwardly, neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh; but he is a Jew which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter, whose praise is not of men, but of God." And under another spiritual aspect is circumcision represented by the same apostle, not only as referring to a change in character, but to a change in the relationship of the soul to God—to justification as well as renewal. "Faith was reckoned to Abraham for righteousness. How was it reckoned? in circumcision, or in uncircumcision? Not in circumcision, but in uncircumcision; and he received the sign of circumcision—a seal of the righteousness of the faith which he had being yet uncircumcised."

It is, then, no vain fancy, no unauthorized allegorical interpretation, with which we can be charged, when we contemplate the Hebrew rite as having a significance in relation to two great pillars of Christian truth—the doctrine of spiritual renewal and of justification by faith. Though the rite has since extensively prevailed, and has been practised by other races besides the Hebrew, there is no proof of its existence before the time of Abraham, and we are convinced that when it was appointed by God for the purposes we have indicated, it was no borrowed institution, but one purely original; for if already prevalent, how could it be used as a sign of national distinction—as the mark of a naturalized Hebrew?

It was a family institution; it was specially intended for a people who were to be at the same time one nation, one race, and one church. The germ of that wonderful social development was folded up in the household of Abraham. It was to strike off and flower in the branch of Isaac, and its sacred perpetuation—its perpetuation among the Jews, not in the superstitious form in which it prevailed among the Ishmaelites and others, but in connection with the remembrance of God as *a covenanted God*—such a perpetuation of it lay at the ground of Israel's nationality, and formed the basis of all the pure and peaceful homes that clustered round Mount Zion.

Abraham's circumcision marked out the family of the patriarch as a sacred institute. The father, the husband, the master, were alike stamped as sacred relationships. They were recognised and blessed as "things of God." And so the patriarch felt them to be. Amidst the rude habits of nomad life—under the shadow of those tents spread out on the plains of Mamre—Abraham, under the teaching of a divine religion, cultivated the same hallowed domestic sentiments which are the strength and joy, the defence and glory, of our English Christian homes. "I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment, that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him." We have seen what he was as a master and husband—how kind to his servants, how attached to Sarah; and here, in the words

of the Searcher of hearts, we have a warrant to connect with his social affections that fidelity to God which alone could preserve their purity and strength. As a father he was the same. He loved Ishmael. His heart was bound up in his boy. And when again the promise came that Sarah should bear a son, and the faith of the aged man was staggered, and he fell upon his face and laughed, incredulous of the wonder (another instance showing the fluctuations in the patriarch's belief and confidence—so like the changes in ourselves), the image of the wild vigorous lad, already grown into an object of paternal love, came into view; and did not his spiritual interests engage solicitude, when, with a gush of fatherly feeling, Abraham offered the prayer, "Oh, that Ishmael might live before thee!"

THE LEADINGS OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

"I will bring the blind by a way they knew not."—*Isaiah* xlii. 16.

About five-and-thirty years ago, a gentleman of fortune, who had been brought up without any religious advantages, one Sunday morning took his walk in the fields near Chelsea, and as he walked, he thought thus within himself:—"What a happy fellow I am! I have an ample fortune, an affectionate wife, and everything about me to make me comfortable; and what makes it the more pleasing is, that I am not indebted to any one for it; I have made it myself; it is all my own. I am independent of every one; it is all my own, and I may do what I like with it. Many persons are under obligations here and there; but I am under obligations to no one for what I have, and I am quite free in the disposal of it."

While thus ruminating, a summer shower happening to fall, made it necessary to seek shelter, and the only opening which presented itself was a church (belonging to the Establishment), but he determined not to go further than the porch, never having been in a place of worship since he was married. A gentleman, however, sitting near the door, on seeing him within the porch, came out of his pew and invited him into it; and it was so politely done that he could not resist, especially as the rain appeared likely to continue. The moment after he was seated, his attention was attracted to the clergyman, the Rev. John Owen, who was just pronouncing his text—"Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price." "What!" thought he, "this is strange doctrine; but it does not apply to me; I am my own, and all I have is mine." As Mr. Owen proceeded, he brought new and strange things to his ears, and the gentleman retired with his mind deeply impressed. On reaching home, he informed his wife what had occurred, and inquired for a Bible, that he might see whether there was not something to qualify the text, having borne in mind the reference to it; but there was not a Bible in the house, for neither himself, nor his wife, nor any one of the servants, possessed one.

The impression made upon his mind was such as to induce him to return to the church in the evening, and then that impression was deepened.

The next morning he went out early, walked about till a bookseller's shop was opened, and purchased a Bible; and, returning, told his wife it really was so; there were the words, and the obligation was distinct and unqualified. The next sabbath she accompanied him to the church, and the result was, under the Divine blessing, that after a short time they both avowed themselves to be under obligations to the Redeemer, being bought with his blood; they united themselves with that congregation, and became exceedingly useful in promoting the cause of Christ.

To the preceding, we may add another very similar instance of the wonder-working power of God.

Mrs. Elliot, who spent her latter years in the Retreat founded by the late Mr. Robinson for ministers' widows, was the daughter of a tradesman in the city of London, who regularly attended his parish church, and had a strong prejudice against Dissenters and Methodists, among whom he included those who attended an evangelical ministry in the church of England—a prejudice which his daughter also imbibed. In consequence of her falling into ill health, a lodging was taken for her at Hackney. The good man and his wife with whom she lodged were very kind to her, and very soon invited her into their room to their family worship, but she steadily refused, saying she belonged to the church of England, which they did not. She occasionally, however, overheard the landlord in prayer, the partition being slight, and could not help thinking he was a worthy man, though mistaken in forming such precise notions as she conceived him to entertain.

One evening, when taking her walk, a shower came on suddenly, and she ran for shelter to the porch of a chapel, but determined not to go beyond it. In hastening, however, being very weak, she over-exerted herself, and was ready to sink, and would have done so, but that the pew-opener, who was near the door, ran and supported her, and placed her on a seat within the chapel. She felt unwilling to remain after the shower had ceased, but the kindness of the pew-opener made her reluctant to rise and leave the place, which would be observed by the people sitting near; and, indeed, by the time the

shower had well ended, she had become interested in the sermon of the Rev. George Collison, which appeared, so far as she could judge, to have just commenced when she entered. The effect of that sermon, under God's blessing, was her conversion. Her parents were at first greatly disappointed at finding what had occurred; but ascertaining that she was not the worse for her new views on religion, indeed rather the better, they were induced to accompany her to hear the minister who had been useful to her, and they also became decidedly pious. Her health being restored, she took an active part in the school for Jewish female children, supported by the London Missionary Society, and shortly afterwards married a missionary, with whom she proceeded to India, where she became a widow. After her return, being in straitened circumstances, she was received into the Retreat, where she died a few years ago.

THE SIEGE OF MANSOUL.

PART III.

We have seen the town of Mansoul shutting itself in against the attacks of the four captains of king Shaddai. The experience gained by Bunyan at the siege of Leicester, joined to his wonderful powers of original genius, enabled him to pourtray the imaginary scene with the utmost pictorial effect.

The great movement is directed against Eargate, defended on the part of Mansoul by two Diabolonian guns, called Heady and Highmind (the proud and insolent speeches made by sinners against the messengers of truth), which thundered at the host of the king, but without much success. Incredulity, Forget-good, and Will-be-will, however, sustain the defence with great fortitude. The royal army had availed itself of the aid of three recruits, Mr. Tradition, Mr Human-wisdom, and Mr. Man's-invention; but in one of the sorties made from the town, these men were taken, and being carried before Diabolus, were pressed into his service, and put under command of Mr. Anything.

It is not to be denied that Tradition and his associates have their value on the side of truth. He is foolish who despises the lessons of religious history and the researches of human philosophy, in aid, so far as they may go, of religious conviction. But such swords have two edges; and if the church has ever been corrupted and debased, it has been when these things have been perverted from their true uses, and become, by being unduly heeded, and being placed under the charge of some unscrupulous Mr. Anything, traitors to the cause they have professed to serve.

The gospel war goes on. Incredulity's house is damaged; many aldermen, Swearing, Fury, Drunkenness, etc., etc., are slain; the two guns of Eargate are dismounted; Mansoul is disturbed by continual alarms; the old recorder begins "to talk aloud, and his words were now to the town of Mansoul as if they were great claps of thunder." The severities of famine also now tell upon the besieged, and the combination of difficulties and disasters so afflicts the town that the renewed summons of the royal captains seems likely to be obeyed, but that Incredulity and Will-be-will are still obstinate. Diabolus meantime is in a state of fury. On learning the repeated summonses, Mr. Understanding and Mr. Conscience begin anew to arouse themselves. Mansoul falls into a state of internal commotion, and a riot ensues. Incredulity quarrels with Understanding. Will-be-will and Prejudice so exert their powers that "nothing could be heard distinctly." The Diabolonians cried up old Incredulity, Forget-good, the new alderman, and their great one Diabolus; and the other party as fast cried up Shaddai, the captains, his laws, their mercifulness, and applauded their conditions and ways. "Conscience is twice knocked down by Mr. Benumbing," "and it made me laugh," says the allegorist, "to see how old Mr. Prejudice was kicked and tumbled about in the dirt; for though awhile since he was made a captain of the Diabolonians to the hurt and damage of the town, yet now they had got him under their feet; and I'll assure you he had, by some of the Lord Understanding's party, his crown cracked to boot. Mr. Anything also became a brisk man in the broil, but both sides were against him, because he was true to none; yet he had, for his malapertness, one of his legs broken, and he that did it wished it had been his neck."

Well does this description answer to the state of the half-awakened soul, when the messages of God's word begin powerfully to ply against it, and the spiritual conflict is indeed begun. The unbelief which has resisted and hardened itself so long against truth begins to give way; the grosser sins of life become forsaken (for how can gospel truth co-exist with presumptuous sin?); pride and loftiness become humbled; the whole man is disturbed and no longer at peace within, as it had formerly been; conscience awakes and speaks words of terror, though sometimes benumbed; inclination turns towards God, though as yet kept down by unbelief; the understanding, prompted by the conscience, sets up remonstrances for good; prejudice is damaged though not yet destroyed; and the disposition to look upon all good with indifference receives severe blows: altogether the state of the man is that described by the apostle:

"For I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing, for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. . . . . Now if I do that I would not it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." Often, as in this case, conscience and the understanding are for a little time silenced; but it is only that they may afterwards break out with greater impetuosity.

Hopeful as some of the indications of the siege are, the captains feel, however, that without further aid they cannot subdue the town of Mansoul. They send, therefore, a petition to the court, praying for more aid. The king's son, therefore, resolved to go down himself to undertake the siege; and this to the great terror of the present ruler of Mansoul, though the inhabitants themselves were ignorant of this new movement.

The law has done its office; it has aroused and remonstrated, but the heart is still unchanged. It is after all only "the schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, that we may be justified by faith." Never, till He comes (as Bunyan well knew) can any effectual progress be made in the gaining of the heart over to the side of heaven. Till then, the man is only disordered, but not pacified. In his other allegory, the "Pilgrim's Progress," the author has admirably illustrated this point by a scene in the house of the Interpreter, where sweeping only makes the dusty room intolerable, till water be brought and sprinkled upon it.

In this expedition to Mansoul, Emmanuel is attended by five captains, Credence, Good-hope, Charity, Innocent, and Patience. He takes with him, moreover, "fifty-four battering-rams and twelve slings, to whirl stones withal. Every one of them was made of pure gold;" and here Bunyan's note is, "the Holy Bible, containing sixty-six books."

The beginning of the new campaign is characterized by a memorable incident. When the good prince Emmanuel had thus beleaguered Mansoul, in the first place he hangs out the white flag, which he caused to be set up among the golden slings that were planted upon Mount Gracious. "So the white flag, with the three golden doves on it, was hung out for two days together, to give them time and space to consider."

And, indeed, this setting up the white flag—the flag of truce—upon Mount Gracious, is the characteristic point in all the overtures made by Christ to the soul of man. Benignity is power; and the benignity of Christ in the gospel renders that gospel the power of God. It is Jehovah's special mode of saving mankind. A familiar incident in the history of the Moravian mission in Greenland may illustrate this. When the first missionaries set foot upon those inhospitable shores, they laboured long without success. Though they had declared to the Greenlanders the general facts of religion, had spoken to them of the duties which man owes to God,

THE WHITE FLAG ON MOUNT GRACIOUS.

and had endeavoured to impress on their minds the thought of the retributions of eternity, they had spent several years without observing any fruit of their labours. But at last they began to speak to some of their disciples of the Saviour Jesus Christ, and one day read to them for the first time the narrative of his death. Attention and interest were suddenly excited by the new story, and one of the learners, named Kajarnak, came to the table where the missionary Beck was standing, and said to him with great earnestness, "What is that you tell us? Repeat that once more, for I, too, wish to be saved." He heard, believed, repented, became a living witness of the faith of Christ, and died rejoicing in the truth he had received; and there is nothing like that wonderful, that omnipotent truth! Tell the sinner of duties, and his instinctive feeling is that they are beyond his power, and at variance with the inclinations of his corrupted nature. Tell him of judgment to come, and he who has no means of escaping it will endeavour to forget so terrible a truth, or per-

haps will begin with moral hardihood to dare it. But when Christ comes as a friend, and when, displaying his own sacrifice, he lays his own heart by the side of the sinner's heart, and offers himself as a victim in the place of the deluded and guilty man, the lost one begins to breathe in a new air; hope comes, and with hope arises energy; and he longs, and prays, and believes, and strives that he may not be found wanting in the acceptance of so great a salvation. Well, therefore, does Bunyan represent the hanging out the white flag on Mount Gracious as a leading point in his story.

But should mercy be refused, there remains nothing but woe—and woe so much the more severe as that mercy has been gentle and forbearing. So that along with the white flag, "they set the red flag upon that mount called Justice;" and "he again commanded that his servants should hang out the black flag of defiance against them, whose scutcheon was the three burning thunderbolts."

It is not often, however, that a siege terminates with the first demands to surrender. Of this we have painful proofs in the intelligence brought to us every day from the Crimea. Well defended walls require much patience, skill, and endurance before they will yield even to the best-directed assault. And whatever might be the scene which Bunyan had in his eye when the Holy War was written, had he lived in our day he might have painted the picture perhaps even more vividly than he did. Oh, the sorrows, wounds, privations, and sufferings which belong to the lot of a besieging army! And not less, we may be assured, though they are not yet spread out in their detail before us, are those of an army besieged, even in so powerful a fortress as that of Sebastopol. What brave hearts have perished! what noble monuments of human skill have been defaced and destroyed! what hours and weeks of agony have been passed even by those who to their foes seem to be immoveable! Yet these are faintly, most faintly, descriptive of the injuries man is continually receiving, in character, peace, and usefulness, from his war against God. Yet still he maintains the conflict; he will not yield!

Notwithstanding the gracious speeches which Emmanuel makes to Mansoul, "Mansoul would not have the hearing of them. They shut up Eargate; they barricaded it up, they kept it locked and bolted, they set a guard thereat, and commanded that no Mansoulian should go out to him, nor that any from the camp should be admitted into the town." Accordingly, after some propositions made by Diabolus, through Mr. Loth-to-stoop, in which the arch-deceiver himself attempts to bargain that if the prince be let in *he* should also possess some authority in the fortress—all of which were indignantly rejected—an assault upon Eargate is resolved on; and thus Bunyan describes it, in language which requires no commentary.

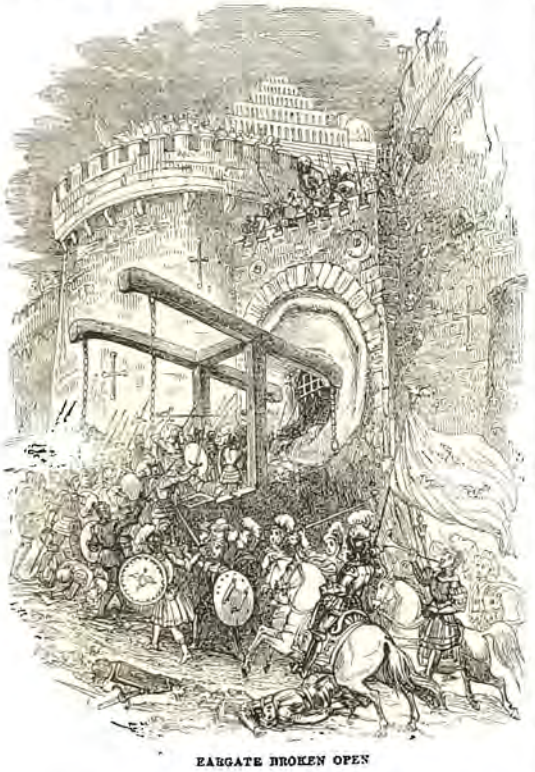
"Then said the prince, I must try the power of my sword, for I will not (for all the rebellions and repulses that Mansoul hath made against me) raise my siege and depart, but will assuredly take my Mansoul and deliver it from the enemy." And with that he gave out a commandment that Captain Boanerges, Captain Conviction, Captain Judgment, and Captain Execution should march forthwith up to Eargate with trumpets sounding, colours flying, and with shouting for the battle. Also he would that Captain Credence should join himself with them. Emmanuel moreover gave orders that Captain Good Hope and Captain Charity should draw themselves up before Eyegate. . . . "Now Diabolus himself did manage the townsmen in the war, and that at every gate; wherefore their resistance was the more forcible, hellish, and offensive to Emmanuel." . . . "And first for Captain Boanerges, he made three most fierce assaults one after another upon Eargate, to the shaking of the posts thereof. Captain Conviction he also made up as fast with Boanerges as possibly he could, and both discerning that the gate began to yield, they commanded that the rams should still be played against it." . . . "Nor did Captain Goodhope nor Captain Charity come behind in this most desperate fight, for they so well did behave themselves at Eyegate that they had almost broken it quite open." . . . "In this engagement several of the officers of Diabolus were slain and some of the townsmen wounded." Among these was Captain Boasting, Captain Secure, and one Mr. Feeling. "But," says the author, "I never saw Will-be-will so daunted in all my life. He was not able to do as he was wont, and some say he also received a wound in the leg, and that some of the men in the prince's army had certainly seen him limp as he afterwards walked on the wall." Love-no-good, a Diabolonian, was mortally wounded, as was also Ill-pause, whilst old Prejudice and Mr. Anything fled.

The prince once more displays the white flag on Mount Gracious, which brings from Diabolus an offer of reformation if Emmanuel will raise the siege; but this is absolutely rejected as a traitorous and deceitful proposition.

In truth, whilst the heart of man is closed against the entrance and reign of the King of kings, what well-grounded hope of reformation can there be? Only the entire possession of the heart by God and Christ and the Spirit can produce works of obedience and re-mould the character of the sinner. The siege must, therefore, still go on.

"Emmanuel, knowing that the next battle would issue in his being made master of the place, gave out a royal commandment to all his officers, high captains, and men of war, to be sure to show themselves men of war against Diabolus and all Diabolonians, but favourable, merciful, and meek to the old inhabitants of Mansoul. Bend, therefore, said the noble prince, the hottest front of the battle against Diabolus and his men."

So after three or four charges of great violence, Eargate is broken down, and the army of the prince rush in triumphantly. The prince's victorious standard is displayed, and Diabolus retreats to his stronghold.



EARGATE BROKEN OPEN

"Now from Ear-gate the street was strait even to the house of him who was the recorder before Diabolus took the town." Orders were therefore given to clear the street and to advance to the house of the late recorder, Mr. Conscience. But the first attack "makes the old gentleman shake and his house tremble and totter. A second attack makes him open his gates to let in the forces of the prince. Their reserved behaviour, when admission has been obtained, greatly alarms the inmate of the house, who apprehends the most dreadful danger to himself and the town of Mansoul. In other parts of the city Will-be-will is severely pressed, Prejudice, the keeper of Eargate, struck down, Backward-to-all-but-naught and Treacherous slain, and Blindfold and Ill-pause destroyed. Alarmed by these events, Conscience and Understanding petition the Prince for mercy, but receive no answer. In all his array of victory and triumph, the prince enters into the city, binds Diabolus in chains, and MANSOUL IS WON."

DIABOLUS BOUND IN CHAINS.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

WHAT disquiet and discomfort Wisdom's children have, is owing, not to Wisdom's ways—those are pleasant—but to their deviation from those ways, or their slothfulness and trifling in those ways; these indeed are unpleasant, and sooner or later will be found so.

If good people are sometimes drooping and in sorrow, it is not because they are good, but because they are not so good as they should be.

There is nothing got by departing from God, and nothing lost by being faithful to him.

The remembrance of sinful pleasures will give us thrilling terrors, but the remembrance of religious pleasures will give us living comforts in dying moments.

Are the ways of religion pleasant? Let us be pleasant in them, both to ourselves and to those about us.

They that value themselves upon God's smiles, ought not to vex themselves at the world's frowns.

Gems from Matthew Henry.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

HAPPINESS THE RESULT OF AN EARLY DEDICATION OF THE HEART TO GOD.

"O satisfy us early with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."—*Psalm* xc. 14.

SHOULD all our youthful readers express sincerely their secret wishes and inclinations, it can scarcely be doubted that many of them would say something like this: "I should wish to live a long life, to be allowed to spend it in worldly pleasures and pursuits, and then, just before its termination, to be converted, and prepared for death." Such, indeed, it is evident must be the wishes of every person, who, while he is convinced that religion is necessary, does not love it; for while he does not love religion, while he regards a religious life as a life of unhappiness, he will, of course, wish to defer the commencement of such a life as long as he can, consistently with his own safety. My youthful readers, am I wrong in supposing that such are your wishes? Am I wrong in supposing that if it were submitted to your choice, whether your conversion should take place now or at the close of life, many, if not most of you, would choose the latter? If such would be your choice, your feelings evidently differ widely from those by which the pious writer of our text was actuated. He exclaims, "O satisfy us early with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."

By the mercy of God is evidently here intended his pardoning mercy. But God's pardoning mercy is embraced, as the psalmist well knew, by none but the penitent, and these have really commenced a religious life. David knew that none can obtain such manifestations of this mercy as will satisfy them, except those who pursue a religious course with zeal and diligence. When he said, O satisfy us early with thy mercy, he did, therefore, in effect, say, incline us early to enter on a religious course of life, and to pursue it with such zeal and diligence as shall afford us satisfactory evidence that we are indeed the children of God, partakers of his mercy, and heirs of his salvation. The psalmist then, it appears, thought it highly desirable that men should seek and obtain God's mercy; or, in other words, commence a religious course in early life—as early as possible. The reason which he assigns for the opinion is particularly worthy of remark. O satisfy us early with thy mercy; why? that we may be happy hereafter? No; but that we may live happily here, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. In support of these views, we propose to remark,

I. That a man may live happily, that he may rejoice and be glad all his days, it is necessary that he should be early freed from all fears of death.

That a man who is subject to such fears, who regards with dread an event which is constantly approaching, to which he is every moment exposed, and from which it is impossible to escape, cannot be happy, it is needless to prove. But every man who has not sought and obtained God's pardoning mercy is, in a greater or less degree, subject to such fears. Nor is this any proof of weakness. It is perfectly reasonable that he should entertain such fears, that he should regard death as an evil greatly to be dreaded; for, to such a man, it must be the greatest of all evils, since it will separate him for ever from everything which he values or loves. And the more prosperous he is, the more his honours, friends, and possessions increase, the more reason he has to fear an event which will strip him of them all. Indeed, could we look into the hearts of men, we should probably find that nothing so much embitters life to them as apprehensions of death. And how is a sinner, who has no interest in God's mercy, to free himself from such apprehensions? Will it be said, he may refuse to think of death? I answer, he cannot always banish this subject from his thoughts in a world like this, where so many things occur which are suited to remind him of it. Scarcely a day passes in which he does not meet with something which forces upon him a conviction that he is mortal—that he is constantly approaching the grave, and liable every moment to fall into it. But from this cause of unhappiness the man who early obtains satisfactory evidence that he is a subject of God's pardoning mercy is entirely free. The Saviour on whom he relies came on purpose to deliver those who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage. This deliverance he grants to all who have obtained mercy of the Lord, and enables them triumphantly to exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth me the victory, through Jesus Christ my redeemer." And oh, what a cause of unhappiness, what an oppressive load is removed from a man's mind when he can adopt this lan-

guage, when he ceases to regard death as an evil to be dreaded!

II. That a man may rejoice and be glad all his days, it is necessary that he should be freed in early life from a guilty conscience and from apprehensions of God's displeasure. That a man whose conscience troubles him cannot be happy, no one who has a conscience needs be informed. And that apprehensions of God's displeasure, and of its terrible consequences, must render men unhappy, is equally obvious. The man who cannot be happy when alone, whose own thoughts are unpleasant companions, who cannot look into his own breast without uneasiness, nor up to heaven without terror, nor toward the eternal world without apprehension, must surely be very far from deserving to be regarded as a happy man. If he ever enjoys anything like happiness, it can be then only when he forgets that he is an immortal being, and that there is a God to whom he is accountable. But these things no unpardoned sinner can always forget. The recollection of them will return at intervals to disturb his peace; and if he has received much religious instruction, it will return often. The understanding and conscience of such a man cannot but be at war with the temper which he indulges and with the course which he pursues. And even when they are not actually reproaching him, and when no distinct apprehensions of an offended God, of judgment and eternity, press upon his mind, he often feels that indescribable uneasiness, restlessness, and dissatisfaction which are the almost inseparable attendants of all who are not at peace with God. Thus we read that the wicked are like the troubled sea, which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt; that they travail with pain all their days; that a dreadful sound is in their ears; that they believe not that they shall return out of darkness. But from these causes of unhappiness the man who is early satisfied with God's pardoning mercy is free. He knows the blessedness of the man whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sin is covered. He enjoys peace of conscience and peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. He knows that Christ regards with an approving eye the course which he pursues; that God is his friend, heaven his destined home, and everlasting glory and felicity his reward. Hence he can be happy in solitude; nay, in solitude his happiest hours are spent. He is not obliged to rush into company for the sake of escaping from his own thoughts; he is not obliged to walk with his face bent downward to the earth, lest he should catch a glimpse of that glorious sun which shines in heaven, and its brightness should pain his eye. No, he can look up to that sun, not only without pain, but with delight, for he rejoices with joy unspeakable while contemplating its unsullied and unfading glories. Nor is he obliged carefully to confine his thoughts within the narrow circle around him, lest they should wander into the eternal world and bring back cause of alarm. On the contrary, he sends them forward with pleasure to visit that world; he fixes on it the eye of delighted contemplation, and anticipates the hour when he shall be permitted to enter it, for he regards it as the place where the objects of his supreme affections reside, and where his happiness is to be rendered perfect and complete. In a word, all those invisible and eternal realities, every thought of which gives pain to the guilty, unpardoned sinner, are to him sources of happiness. And at the same time he derives more pleasure from temporal blessings than they ever afford the sinner, because he tastes the goodness of God in them, and because his enjoyment of them is less embittered by fears that they will be taken away. Surely, then, the man who wishes to enjoy life, to rejoice and be glad all his days, should seek to be satisfied early with God's mercy.

III. To render a man happy during the whole progress of life, it is necessary that he should be early freed from care and anxiety, and especially from apprehensions of losing what he most loves. A feeling of safety, of security, is indispensably necessary to our happiness. But it is impossible that an unpardoned sinner should feel perfectly safe, or that he should be free from care, anxiety, and apprehension. He has no almighty friend, no father in heaven, on whom he can cast the burden of his cares. He cannot conceal from himself the fact that he is every moment liable to lose all the objects which he values and loves, and he knows that at death, if not before, he must be separated from them all. In fine, his treasure is laid up on earth, his habitation is built upon the ice, his friends are, like himself, all frail dying creatures, and he has nothing which he can with propriety call his own—nothing on which he can lay his hand and say, this object at least is safe. How, then, can he be free from anxiety and apprehension, and how, while subject to these, can he be happy? But from this cause of unhappiness the man who early obtains satisfactory evidence that he is interested in God's pardoning mercy is free. His treasure, his portion, his chief good, is laid up, not on earth, but in heaven, and he knows that it is safe, that it cannot be lost. Nor has he any reason to be anxious respecting his temporal concerns or his lot in life, for he knows that his portion is allotted, and all his concerns managed by unerring wisdom and goodness; that all things shall work together for his good, and that it is his privilege and his duty to be careful for nothing, but to cast all his cares on that heavenly Father who careth for him. Hence

he can say, "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid? Although the fig-tree should not blossom nor fruit be on the vine, the labour of the olive should fail and the fields should yield no meat, the flocks should be cut off from the fold, and there be no herd in the stall, yet I will joy in the Lord, I will rejoice in the God of my salvation. Nay, though the earth should be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waves thereof should roar and be troubled, and the mountains shake with the swelling thereof, yet the Lord of hosts is with me, the God of Jacob is my refuge."

IV. That a man may rejoice and be glad all his days, he must early learn in whatsoever state he is, therewith to be content. A discontented man is, of course, an unhappy man. But it is impossible that an unconverted sinner should be otherwise than discontented. To exhort him to be contented is the most idle thing imaginable. As well might we exhort a thirsty man not to feel thirst, while nothing is given him to satisfy it. The reason is obvious. While the soul is empty, it cannot but feel uneasy, dissatisfied, discontented. But so long as it is without God, the only fountain of living waters, the only being who can fill the soul, it must be empty. It will crave something, and pine after something, which it cannot find. The situation of a man without God, as it respects happiness, is like that of a man without the sun, as it respects light. The latter may surround himself with lamps, and thus provide a supply of artificial light; but his lamps will often burn dimly, and will sometimes be extinguished; and even while they burn most brightly, their pale, sickly light will afford but a poor substitute for the pure, reviving, all-disclosing radiance of the sun—a substitute with which the eye could not long be satisfied. Just so a man, who is without God in the world, may surround himself with friends and earthly possessions, and make the comfort which they afford a substitute for the consolation of God and the enjoyment of his presence. But it is, at best, a miserable substitute, a substitute with which the soul cannot be contented. But far different is the situation of one who is satisfied early with God's mercy. What the sinner seeks in vain, he has found. The light which sheds its radiance on his path is furnished, not by lamps, but by the sun, a sun which never sets. The water which quenches his spirit flows, not from broken cisterns, but from the inexhaustible fountain of living waters. Of this water our Saviour says, he that drinketh of it shall never thirst, but it shall be in him a well of water springing up to everlasting life. Such a man has then the sources of contentment in his own bosom. He carries them with him wherever he goes; and when we recollect that, in addition to this, he has been favoured by the mercy of God with a submissive temper, we need not be surprised to hear that he soon learns, in whatsoever state he is, therewith to be content.

[To be continued.]

THE UNEQUAL YOKE.

PART V.

My husband for some weeks had caused me more anxiety than ever. He was not so often absent from home, but he was moody and abstracted, and it was quite evident that something more than usual troubled him. I longed to ask him, and many times resolved to do so, but had been so frequently repulsed that I could not venture.

It was summer, beautiful summer, and I yearned for the country. My little Charles was looking pale and thin, and I thought the country air would invigorate him, and perhaps benefit my husband. I told him my wish. Poor fellow! with all his faults, he loved his wife and child; yes, he loved us, and I shall never forget his startled look as he said—

"Charles is not ill, Helen, is he?"

"No, not ill, but he is not strong; and a little country air I think would revive him."

"Then, Helen, take him yourself at once, but I cannot go, at least not yet; I cannot now tell you *why;* but you will know soon enough," he said, rising to leave the room. I rose also, and laid my hand upon his arm to stop him.

"Hear me, George, I implore you; you are unhappy; there is something wrong; I could not, dared not share your pleasures, but let me share your cares and sorrows."

Perhaps it was the tone of my voice, as well as my words, which brought him back, for back he came, and throwing himself upon the couch, he wept long and bitterly. He told me that we were ruined; all his property was gone, as well as all that I had inherited from my mother, and the legacy I had received from Mrs. Wentworth; all were gone to one whom he had called his friend. Besides this he had become security for five hundred pounds also, and Mr. Chalmers had absconded, and left him to pay the money. "Here I am," he concluded, "Helen, a ruined man, my wife and boy beggars, and, worse than all, my character blasted."

I did not weep, nor did I faint; but I poured forth all my heart to him, and breathed words of comfort and hope into his heart. I begged him at once to go to his uncle, and tell him all, see if he would assist him, and then endeavour, by active exertion and return to proper duties.

in dependence upon God, to regain the position he had lost.

He took my advice, and the second day after this sad avowal he left home on his eventful journey. The evening he left me I could not sleep; it was a close, dark evening, the thunder was muttering in the distance, and the whole appearance of the heavens gave indication of a stormy night. I sat long at my window, gazing out upon the solemn scene; my heart was full of grief, but happily I knew *where* to go for consolation, and many and fervent were the prayers I uttered for support and wisdom to be given me at this crisis of my history. I retired to bed, but could not have been long asleep when I was startled by a small burning hand laid upon my own. I started up, and lo! by my bedside stood my little Charles.

"Mamma dear, may I come into your bed? I am very hot, and cannot sleep, and I have seen strange sights in my dreams."

I took him in my arms, gazed upon his sweet face, alas! now flushed with the fever that was burning in his veins; and then that feeling of dread, which makes the heart almost stand still, came upon me, and I arose. A dangerous fever was upon him. All that human skill could do was done, but in vain; it was a sad sight to see him in his distress. What words can describe the sorrow of a fond mother watching alone by the dying bed of an only child! And yet I was not altogether desolate, for He who wept at the grave of Lazarus—whose compassion was moved when the only son of the widow was borne upon his bier—who restored to life the "little daughter"—and heard the cry of the Syrophœnician—He was there; not, it is true, in his *miraculous power* to rescue my child from the grasp of death, but by his Spirit so to mould my will to his, that I might be enabled to resign him without a murmur. A week had nearly passed away, my husband had not returned, and it was quite evident that the child could not survive many hours. Evening was closing in, and I was seated with my little Charles, bathing his brow, when I heard my husband's voice.

"Helen, what is the matter with Charles?" he said in a hurried voice; and his pale face grew white with terror, as he drew near me. I took his hand calmly, and replied, "He is very ill, George."

"Not dying, not dying? tell me he is not dying. I can bear anything but this—my darling boy!" And he rushed towards him. "Charley, Charley! don't you know me? don't you know your own papa?"

The words, so wildly uttered, brought back again to consciousness the dying boy.

"Papa," he feebly uttered, and tried to give him his little hand, but it was almost powerless.

"Pray to God, Helen; he will hear you, and save our child. *I* have done it all; he is bringing down his anger upon me for all my folly and wickedness. Pray to him, Helen; he will hear *you*. Oh! he will surely spare our child."

"George, dearest, I have prayed, but only as a Christian can pray, in submission to his righteous will. He knows best what is good for us."

"If he will spare my child, I will be a Christian too; I will serve him too; but I cannot, no, I cannot spare my child." And he threw himself wildly on his knees. His father's tears and sobs again roused the dying boy, and he began to weep bitterly. I took him in my arms, and tried to soothe him. Again he sunk into unconsciousness; his eye, so beautiful in life, was glazing in death. His father saw the change; yes, the image of death was passing upon the lovely child. Oh, unmistakable sight! once seen, never forgotten! His limbs were already chilled; one short struggle—one long shuddering sigh—and the spirit was gone! oh! surely not *alone* in its passage from earth to heaven, or where is the realization of the promises, "I will circumcise the heart of your children to love the Lord your God;" "When thou passest through the waters *I* will be with thee?" And is it *only* to the *matured* Christian, that promises like these are given? Blessed be God, it is to us and to our children.

Happy, happy those, whose eye, lighted up by faith, can pierce the veil that separates the two worlds, and whilst gazing upon the lifeless clay, so dear, so precious, though soon to be so worthless, can see them before the throne, and hear their glad songs of deliverance and grateful praise! Passed to them is time with all its fleetness; passed is earth ere its trials have touched or its sins defiled them; and upon an eternity of bliss have they entered! Who would recall them? Dear, how dear none but a parent knows, are those precious treasures, nor how bitter is the sorrow that such losses inflict. It was some minutes before I could speak; I had felt his last breath, and with an almost convulsive motion had pressed him to my bosom, as I felt that his spirit was departing. And as the fearful truth that I held in my arms no longer my *living* child flashed upon me, the pent-up tears broke forth, and I wept as only mothers can weep when such trials come upon them. But even as I wept, that sweet sustaining influence that is sent to enable us to bear our trials, and which sanctifies them, entered my heart. Rising, I gently laid him down, and said—

"It is all over, George. Oh! let us strive to live that we may have the sure hope of meeting him in heaven."

My husband had returned with a sad and heavy heart. His uncle had refused to assist him, and had left him to the consequences of his own folly and wickedness. I could not wonder at this, for how often had he been called to put forth a helping hand.

The last day that was allowed for us to pay the money had now passed, and the day after my darling's death a person came to take an inventory of our furniture. My husband being completely prostrated by grief, and unable for any effort, I was obliged to accompany the man.

"We have unexpectedly lost our little child; he is lying in this room," I said; and I took him into my darkened chamber.

"Is it your only one, ma'am?" said the man, in a kind tone.

"Yes," I replied.

"I lost two little children a year ago," said the man; and I thought that he brushed away a tear with his rough hand.

"It is a pity, ma'am, that no one will help you; have you no friends that will take these things for you? It is a pity that they should be sold." For, accustomed as he must have been to scenes of distress, our sad condition seemed to move his compassion. I told him we had no friends to help us, and that everything must be sold.

"May be you would like to keep these few things of the baby's; if you will tell me where you are going to stop, I will try and get them for you."

There are in this our world, among the roughest and rudest of its people, hearts that beat with kindness, and such was in the breast of that man who now stood before me. I have, since that sad hour, had words of kindness poured into my ear, but never did any sound so sweet as those that then fell from the lips of that untutored man.

"I do not know yet where I can go," I said; "this trial has been so unexpected, I have not had time to make any arrangements; but I wish that I had some place for my husband, for he is very ill."

"If you would not think me bold, ma'am, I have a sister, a good Christian-living woman, Mrs. Williams by name; she is a widow with one daughter, and has two nice clean rooms that might do for you until you can look about a bit; I will send her to you, if you like to speak the word."

I consented, and that night I left for ever my home, and was watching through its sad hours by the side of my husband. The shock had been too great for his enfeebled frame; his mind, unsustained by the power of religion, had given way, and there he lay tossing in wild delirium. To the care of strangers I was compelled to resign the loved remains of my precious child. I kissed his pale brow, parted from it one luxuriant curl, and gazed for the last time until we should

> "Meet where angels dwell,
> Where love no more deplores the past,
> Nor breathes the withering word, Farewell!"

CANONIZING A SAINT.

The Rev. Hobart Seymour, so well known by his "Pilgrimage to Rome," and "Mornings with the Jesuits"—works that have done good service to the cause of Protestant truth—has again come before the public as an author. The last volume from his pen, under the title of "Evenings with the Romanists,"* details the substance of Mr. Seymour's conversations, on various occasions, and at various places, with members of the Romish church. How crushingly the errors of the Romish system are dealt with, and yet with what wisdom and tact, our readers will be able to judge, from the subjoined dip which we have given into one of the chapters devoted to the exposition of the erroneous and unscriptural doctrine of the invocation of saints.

The conversation in question took place in Ireland, in presence of a number of Protestants and Roman Catholics, Mr. Seymour's chief opponent being an individual well up apparently in the controversy, and a leading agent of the Irish priesthood of the district. After some judicious expositions of the scriptural doctrine of prayer, Mr. Seymour remarked that the Roman Catholic church offered supplication to the creature as well as to the Creator. He suggested, accordingly, that it would be an appropriate opening of the question before the meeting, if his opponent were to repeat a portion of the Romish litany to the saints. We shall relate what followed in Mr. Seymour's own words:—

"The suggestion was acceptable to all, and he began, and most of the Roman Catholics present repeated it aloud with him.

"St. Lawrence, pray for us.
"St. Vincent, pray for us.
"St. Fabian and St. Sebastian, pray for us.
"St. John and St. Paul, pray for us.
"St. Cosmos and St. Damian, pray for us.
"St. Gervase and St. Protase, pray for us.
"All ye Holy Martyrs, pray for us.
"St. Sylvester, pray for us.
"St. Gregory, pray for us.
"St. Ambrose, pray for us.
"St. Augustine, pray for us.
"St. Jerome, pray for us.
"St. Nicholas, pray for us.
"All ye Holy Bishops and Confessors, pray for us.

* London: Seeleys, Fleet Street, 1854.

"All ye Holy Doctors, pray for us.
"St. Anthony, pray for us.
"St. Benedict, pray for us.
"St. Bernard, pray for us.
"St. Dominic, pray for us.
"St. Francis, pray for us.
"All ye Holy Priests and Levites pray for us.
"All ye Holy Monks and Hermits, pray for us.
"St. Mary Magdalen, pray for us.
"St. Agatha, pray for us.
"St. Lucy, pray for us.
"St. Cecilia, pray for us.
"St. Catherine, pray for us.
"St. Anastasia, pray for us.
"All ye Holy Virgins and Widows, pray for us.
"All ye Saints of God, make intercession for us.

"The repeating of this litany had a striking effect on the original Protestants present, who had never before heard it. They were for the most part earnest and religious men, who could not associate prayer in their minds with any one but God. They felt very fully that there was 'one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.' 1 Tim. ii. 5. They knew well the words, 'If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.' 1 John ii. 2. And they believed him 'able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.' Heb. vii. 25. They were, therefore, not a little startled at a series of mediators and intercessors, whose very names they had never heard. They showed this in their manner."

Mr. Seymour next proceeded to ask his opponent the very natural question, upon what authority he knew that the saints whom he had named were actually in heaven, or were—supposing the Romish doctrine of purgatory to be correct—out of that place of purifying torment.

"The question," observes Mr. Seymour, "seemed greatly to interest, and indeed to amuse our whole party, except our friend who was called to answer it. He was perfectly perplexed, but after some time, he said that the saints never went to purgatory—that they had merit enough, and sometimes more than enough, for their own salvation, and to atone for all their sins, and that therefore it was their privilege, like the martyrs, to go at once to heaven when they die.

"Still, I answered, my question remains, namely, how is it known that these persons whose names are in the litany, are really saints? What authority do you give me for the fact? You tell me that these persons are saints. I ask—how do you know that? To answer this inquiry by saying, 'They lived holy lives on earth, and, therefore, are now holy saints in heaven,' is not sufficient; for we are liable to be deceived. We can only look to 'the outward appearance; the Lord looketh to the heart.' We know that 'the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?' We know that it is God only can 'search the heart and try the reins.' And, therefore, we feel that it is he alone can know who are his saints. 'The Lord knoweth them that are his.' There is so much deception, so much false profession, so much hypocrisy in the world, that though we may hope and wish, we yet can never assuredly know who are the saints of God. It may be found, hereafter, that some shall have a throne in heaven whom we had believed to be in hell, and that some shall mourn in hell whom we had believed to be in heaven. We ask, then, how has it been ascertained that Gervase and Protase—that Francis and Dominic—that all these monks and hermits—are really saints in heaven? How has it been ascertained that Agatha and Lucy—that Cecilia and Catherine—that all these virgins and widows (the married women are all left out) are really saints in heaven? We have strong and well-grounded suspicions that many of these may never have entered heaven. We have strong and well-grounded suspicions that St. Francis, who was one of the most awfully-blaspheming monks that ever trod the chambers of a monastery, may never have entered heaven. We have strong and well-grounded suspicions that St. Dominic, who founded that hateful institution which has been 'drunk with the blood of the saints and martyrs of Jesus'—the inquisition, may possibly be in a worse region than heaven. We may well be allowed to doubt whether Archbishop Lawrence, who shook Ireland with rebellion—or whether Thomas á Becket, who disturbed England by faction—or whether Garnet, who hatched the gunpowder treason—we may well be allowed to doubt whether these men really are saints! And when we read the roll of the canonized saints of Rome—when we read there the names of men like these—men whom all history and their own writings prove to have been blasphemers, or persecutors, or rebels, or traitors—we think we have some cause to suspect that if we invoke, and confess, and pray to these men, we may, possibly, be invoking and confessing and praying to damned souls in hell, instead of sainted spirits in heaven."

The Romish advocate was driven into a difficulty by this line of argument, and contented himself by asserting that the pope never

canonized any saint without having good grounds for doing so; "that every possible means were taken to prevent any mistake—that every inquiry was made—that everything was done slowly and surely, and year by year—that time and opportunity were fully given for every inquiry, every doubt, and every objection—that the act of canonization was never completed without long delay, in which it was proved that there was no error in the writings of the person to be canonized—that, either in his life or after his death miracles were known to be wrought by him—that all this was tried and tested in the most searching manner—that so severe was the test that an official was appointed, commonly called the 'devil's attorney,' whose special business it was to oppose every canonization, and to object to all the proofs of orthodoxy, and of sanctity, and of miracles—and that, finally, it was not till all was satisfactorily proved, that the saint was canonized by the pope."

This statement, however, was met by the following curious explanation of the legal process of canonization at Rome, which, we are persuaded will be perused by our readers with great interest.

"The fees—the legalized fees—of the process of canonization exceed some thousands of pounds! These fees are to be paid to certain officials in whose hands the affair mainly rests; and it is not likely—it is not in human nature—that they would throw any very serious impediments, beyond make-belief ones, in the way of their own receipt of these fees, which usually run to double the legal amount—an enormous sum in so poor a place as Rome; and especially as sometimes the expenses of the process itself, which are enormous, all come into the possession of the officials and retainers of the Roman courts. [The work "Le Capelle Pontificie," &c. is the rubric, so to speak, for all the great ceremonies in which the pope takes a part. It is said to have been written by the late pope Gregory XVI. It was published in 1841, under the name of his chamberlain and favourite Moroni. In this work it is stated, that the canonization of St. Bernardine of Sienna cost 25,000 ducats of gold—that that of St. Bonaventure cost 27,000 ducats of gold—that that of St. Francis de Paola cost 70,000 scudi—and that of St. Francis of Sales 31,900 scudi, averaging from 10,000*l.* to 12,000*l.* each! a prodigious sum in those days. It also states that the law has legalized such fees as, to the prelate of the court, 150 scudi; to the writers' office, 175 scudi; to the office of the seal, 87 scudi; to the register, 176 scudi; to the office of dispatch, 60 scudi; to the bank of the Holy Spirit, 849 scudi, etc. etc. The scudi is worth about four shillings; and it may well be believed that the officials who receive the fees on completing the canonization, will not throw unnecessary impediments in the way. The prospect of the canonization of a new saint is a perfect 'God-send' among them; it is a little fortune to some of them.] It was customary with some kings and princes who knew this, as Charles III of Spain, to propose a saint to be canonized almost every year; not that he cared about the saint, but that he might have a handsome excuse for paying a large sum of money—a gentlemanly bribe—every year to the officials of the Papal court in order to maintain his influence in that quarter. He knew they would not quarrel with one who brought them so much wealth. This was common enough in past times. And besides this, a large number of saints have been canonized through the rivalry of the monastic orders, as the Dominicans, and Franciscans, and Jesuits. If the member of one order was canonized, then, in a spirit of rivalry, the other orders would propose the canonization of one of their number. And all this was encouraged by the officials of the court, for, whether the saint to be canonized was Dominican, or Franciscan, or Jesuit, the officials were always ready to receive the fees; and, as might be expected from poor human nature, they would not be likely to oppose the completion of a canonization which brought them so much wealth. The money was good money from whatever order it came. This was a point so well understood, that then, as now, all persons felt that the first thing to be done was to collect the adequate funds, as when they are prepared, there is no further difficulty of a serious nature to canonization. But the truth is, that of late years very few canonizations take place; not more, I believe, than four or five for the last fifty years; and the reason is, that since the French revolution and the wars of Napoleon, the immense estates of the monastic orders were confiscated; and the consequence is, that they have not so much money to spare in canonizing new saints. At present they are obliged to send all over the world to collect subscriptions before they can proceed. It is from beginning to end an affair of money, and not of sanctity."

These facts do indeed speak for themselves; and well does Mr. Seymour add: "A system like this can give no confidence in the canonization of these saints; and therefore my question still remains—How do you know that those persons to whom you pray, and whose names are repeated in the litany, are *really saints in heaven?*"

Till this question be answered, let us be satisfied with offering our petitions in the name of Jesus Christ, the one Mediator between God and man, and the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Page for the Young.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. 2 Kings xviii. 4. "Hezekiah brake in pieces the brazen serpent which Moses had made: for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it."

2. 2 Cor. vii. 11. "For behold this selfsame thing, that ye sorrowed after a godly sort, what carefulness it wrought in you; yea, what clearing of yourselves; yea, what indignation; yea, what fear; yea, what vehement desire; yea, what zeal; yea, what revenge."

3. 2 Cor. vii. 10. "The sorrow of the world worketh death."

4. In Peter. Luke xxii. 62. "Peter went out and wept bitterly."

5. Matt. xxvii. 3—5. "Then Judas . . . . repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders. . . . . And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself."

6. Miriam. Num. xii. 10. "Behold, Miriam became leprous, white as snow." Gehazi. 2 Kings v. 27. "The leprosy, therefore, of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever. And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow." Uzziah. 2 Chron. xxvi. 21. "And Azariah the chief priest, and all the priests, looked upon him, and, behold, he was leprous in his forehead, and they thrust him out from thence; yea, himself hasted also to go out, because the *Lord had smitten* him."

7. Jesus. Matt. xi. 29. "Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart."

8. Genesis xlii. 21. "They said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother. . . . Therefore is this distress come upon us." And again, v. 28, "My money is restored," etc., "and their heart failed them, and they were afraid, saying one to another, What is this that God hath done unto us?"

9. Leviticus xxvi. 17, 36. "Ye shall flee when none pursueth you. I will send a faintness into their hearts in the lands of their enemies; and the sound of a shaken leaf shall chase them; and they shall flee, as fleeing from a sword; and they shall fall when none pursueth."

10. When *asleep* in the storm—yet *stilling* it. Matt. viii. 24, 26. "But he was asleep. Then he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm." Again, at the grave of Lazarus. John xi. 35, 43. "Jesus *wept*. . . . . He cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth." And when *dying* on the cross, yet conferring everlasting life on the penitent thief. Luke xxiii. 33, 43. "There they *crucified* him. . . . . And Jesus said to him, Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

11. Cleansing the temple of those who bought and sold therein. 1st. John ii. 13—17. "The Jews' passover was at hand, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem, and found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep, and doves, and the changers of money," etc. 2nd. Matt. xxi. 12. "Jesus went into the temple of God and cast out all them that bought and sold in the temple," etc.

12. Isaiah lxiii. 9. "In all their affliction he was afflicted." Zechariah ii. 8. "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye." 1 Cor. xii. 26, 27. "Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it. . . . . Now ye are the body of Christ." Acts ix. 4. "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou *me*?"

13. Hebrews iv. 15. "He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

14. 2 Sam. xii. 7, 13. "Nathan said unto David, Thou art the man. . . . . And David said unto Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord." 2 Kings xx. 19. "Then said Hezekiah to Isaiah, Good is the word of the Lord which thou hast spoken."

15. 2 Chron. xxv. 15, 16. "The anger of the Lord was kindled against Amaziah, and he sent unto him a prophet, which said unto him, Why hast thou sought after the gods of the people, which could not deliver their own people out of thine hand? And it came to pass, as he talked with him, that the king said unto him, Art thou made of the king's counsel? forbear; why shouldest thou be smitten?" 1 Kings xiii. 4. "When king Jeroboam heard the saying of the man of God, he put forth his hand from the altar, saying, Lay hold on him."

16. Mark iii. 5. "When he had looked round about on them *with anger*, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, he saith unto the man, Stretch forth thine hand." Mark x. 14. "When Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children," etc.

17. 1 Pet. iii. 3, 4. "The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

18. Matt. iv. 6. "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down; for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up," etc. Compare this with Ps. xci. 11, 12. Satan omitted "to keep thee in all thy ways." God's protection is promised to his servants when called into danger in the way of duty; but had Jesus yielded to Satan, he would have been guilty of presumption, and could not have laid claim to the promise.

19. Joshua x. 12, 13. "And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed," etc. 2 Kings xx. 8—11. "Isaiah cried unto the Lord; and he brought the shadow ten degrees backward."

20. 1. The progress from infancy to manhood, Eph. iv. 13—15. "Till we all come, in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man. . . . . That we henceforth be no more children. . . . . But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things which is the head, even Christ." 1 Peter ii. 2. "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow," etc. 1 John ii. 12, 13. "I write unto you *little children*. . . . . I write unto you *fathers*," etc.—2. The growth of a plant or tree. Psalm i. 2. "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of waters, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season," etc. Psalm xcii. 12—14. "The righteous shall flourish as a palm-tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age." Hosea xiv. 5—7. "I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon," etc.—3. The gradual raising of the building. Col. ii. 7. "Rooted and *built up* in" Christ.

21. John xxi. 18, 19. "When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself: . . . when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not. This spake he signifying by what death he should glorify God."

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

LOT, AT THE GATE OF SODOM, RECEIVING THE DIVINE MESSENGERS.

THE LIFE OF A PATRIARCH.

PART VI.

THE INTERCESSION.

ABRAHAM was still residing in the neighbourhood of Hebron, that sacred spot in the land of promise, where, after the lapse of centuries, his illustrious descendant, king David, spent seven years, and composed many of those Psalms which have supplied such aids to devotion. The country around, though rocky and uneven, was rich in pasture lands, and over the slopes of the gentle undulations, and into the bosom of the deeper valleys, the flocks and herds of the rich patriarch were daily driven. There stood the nomadic encampment upon a plain, shaded by oaks and terebinths, the growth of ages. Numerous were the tents, but one stood in advance of the rest. This was reserved for the chief and his family; and sitting there by the door one day, as the noontide sun poured down its sultry rays, Abraham beheld three strangers approaching him. With a courtesy characteristic of the East, he ran to meet them, and with that earnest spirit of hospitality which has been ever cherished by the wandering tribes of Palestine and Arabia, he gave them welcome and offered refreshment. Bowing himself to the earth, he

No. 41.—PUBLISHED FEBRUARY 8, 1855. PRICE ONE PENNY.

begged them to rest under the cool shade of the neighbouring trees, while he sent for water to wash their feet, and fetched "a morsel of bread to comfort their hearts." Then hastening into the tent, he bade Sarah make ready some cakes of fine meal; and running to the herd, "he fetched a calf, tender and good, and gave it to a young man, who hasted to dress it. And he took butter and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them; and he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat."

Here we have another glimpse of the simple manners of early times—of the humble offices performed by those who ranked the chiefest of their tribes—of the articles of food upon which they subsisted—of the speed with which one of those ancient oriental entertainments could be furnished—and of the literal application to them of the adage of "living from hand to mouth," since no provisions could be preserved fit for use beyond a few hours.

The strangers asked the patriarch, "Where is Sarah thy wife?" putting the question perhaps after a manner which led him to think that they were no common personages whom he was serving as host. Certainly words were soon uttered by one of the three which showed that he was infinitely above all Abraham's equals. The old promise was repeated. That which Abraham had heard from a mysterious oracle, now came from lips which breathed tones human and familiar. He had a fresh assurance of offspring by Sarah: and while the voice which spoke to him was the voice of a man, what was said could only come from the Lord of nature and providence: "I will certainly return unto thee according to the time of life, and lo! Sarah thy wife shall have a son." Such a prediction was adapted to inspire awe. It proclaimed the Divine presence. The spot whereon he stood was holy ground. Sarah listening inside the tent, however, instead of doing honour to the wonderful visitant, and honouring his authoritative words by the homage of her faith, received them with mingled unbelief and levity, and "laughed"—laughed at the idea of having a son in her old age. "Wherefore did Sarah laugh?" asked he whom the narrative now expressly reveals as divine, and calls THE LORD—adding to the interrogatory, that question which so often strikes us in hours of doubt and perplexity, when the divine promises look too grand for accomplishment, "Is any thing too hard for the Lord?" The promise was repeated; Sarah becoming afraid, now inconsiderately denied that she had laughed. The gentle but firm rejoinder must have deepened her shame, "Nay, but thou didst laugh."

What had the Lord and the two strangers come for? Where were they going? They had only visited Abraham on the way. The purpose of their visit to him was benevolent and gracious. There were others on whom they were about to execute severe but righteous judgment. Yonder, going down towards Egypt, lay the cities on the plain of Jordan, and in Sodom, the chief of those cities, dwelt Lot. The good man's residence there had not diminished its wickedness. The men of Sodom still "were sinners before the Lord exceedingly." Such was their iniquity that it rose to heaven. Its cry was great. It was very grievous. The Lord was come down, to see, to judge, and to punish. But, to speak after the manner of men, Abraham was the friend of God. He would communicate to him his purposes. He would talk with him as a man talketh with his friend. The Lord confided in his servant. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant." "Shall I hide from Abraham the thing which I do, seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him? For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment, that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him."

Accordingly, the Almighty told the father of the faithful what he was going to do with regard to Sodom. We could hardly have wondered if Abraham had at once replied, "Let such sinners, sinners so exceeding great, perish without mercy;" for there is often that feeling of indignation kindled in our hearts at the enormities of human crime, which creates a desire for vengeance to descend and rid the earth of such a burden of evil and wretchedness. Did he think of Lot dwelling in the first of the doomed cities, and did compassion towards them take its rise from their association with one so dear to him? He had fought for his nephew with man; was it on his account chiefly that he now pleaded with God? Nothing is said of Lot in the wonderful intercession which follows; yet it is possible that the comprehensive entreaties recorded, might begin with thoughts and desires, which glanced towards that beloved relative, now dwelling in the midst of the people over whom the thunderstorm of heaven's displeasure was gathering in awful blackness.

Abraham commences his memorable intercession by inquiring whether, if fifty righteous persons were found in the city, it would not be spared for their sake? "That be far from thee," he exclaims, "to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" It is

impossible to contemplate the divine attributes, without forming some idea of what it is that is right for such a Being to do. We must necessarily form our conceptions of what is justice and goodness in the Supreme Being, upon the principles which he has declared to us as the essence of these qualities in his creatures. So that our judgment of his proceedings will be in analogy to those we form of the actions of men. But in doing this, there is need of great caution and reverential humility, for the plain reason, that his proceedings have reference to an immense scale: they are to be right in reference to an infinitely extended and multiplied relation of things, in the midst of which our intellect can compass but an inexpressibly diminutive point. The divine justice is a formidable attribute to be appealed to on behalf of men; yet Abraham appealed to it, and was not rebuked. The Lord conceded the request of his servant, and granted that if fifty righteous persons were found in Sodom, it should be spared for their sakes.

With profound humility, Abraham continued his intercession. Abasing himself before the Lord, confessing that he was but dust and ashes, feeling as we should feel in the presence of infinite purity and power, he adventures to ask if there should lack five of the fifty, would the city be destroyed for lack of five? The answer was that if there should be forty-five, he would not destroy the place. Abraham continued: "Peradventure there should be forty found there." Condescension and mercy were not to be outstripped by faith and prayer, and "he said, I will not do it for forty's sake." Deprecating the divine anger, Abraham pleads if there should be thirty there: and again the hearer of prayer honours the plea and grants the request. Wonderfully encouraged and strengthened, the pleader asks, "If there be twenty?" Then said the Almighty, "I will not destroy it for twenty's sake." Emboldened beyond expectation, the holy man ventures to the utmost limit, and said, "Oh, let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once; peradventure ten shall be found there; and he said I will not destroy it for ten's sake. And the Lord went his way as soon as he had left communing with Abraham, and Abraham returned unto his place."

Thus ended the most wonderful interview on record between God and man. There is much in it that is mysterious, but it shows the infinite goodness and condescension of the Most High; how he listens to the supplications of the earnestly devout; how he permits and encourages them to pray for others as for themselves; and it also presents an example and encouragement to every one of us, by the firm trust and confidence which Abraham had in the perfect righteousness of the Almighty, and by the fervour, humility, and perseverance of his supplications to that adorable and unchanging One. We here see a human soul casting itself on the Creator, and the success of its childlike trustfulness is a beautiful star, shining over the pathway of Christian prayer. A thousand dark doubts rise in conflict against many a reflecting mind, when giving itself to this exalted spiritual exercise. Metaphysical reasonings will have little power to dispel them. The best help for overcoming them is in the study of the fact before us, as well as the other wonderful instances preserved in inspired history of the actual power of prayer.

By the time that Abraham had closed his intercession it was afternoon. The scene now changes.

We are conducted to the gate of Sodom. The country all around is beautiful as Eden—fruitful as Egypt. Vineyards, gardens, fields and pastures are green and gay, while the Jordan as a band of silver, the golden streaks of setting sunlight, and the long shadows of trees and hills, further variegate the scene. Lot is sitting by the gate of the city. Two persons arrive—two of the three that Abraham had seen and talked with. What ONE was doing we have just seen. Lot shows hospitality to the strangers. A terrible incident ensues, illustrative of the wickedness of Sodom and its ripeness for ruin. The wretched and abandoned crowd about Lot's door are smitten with blindness—a drop of the cup about to be poured out. The revelation of an awful secret is made; but for a few moments longer the judgment lingers, to allow of the deliverance of righteous Lot. He arises in the night, goes through the silent streets, calls on his sons-in-law, points out their danger, and bids them escape; "but he was as one that mocked." The stars are now disappearing. The dawn becomes clear and vivid. It is high time to be gone. He and his daughters accordingly flee. Brimstone and fire are rained out of heaven upon the land. The cities are overthrown with all their inhabitants. Lot and his daughters enter Zoar at sunrise, but his wife, for looking back, is turned into a pillar of salt. The whole history is indicative of God's moral government of mankind—the divine care of the righteous—and the fearful ruin which impends over the earth to be inflicted at the end of time.

The sequel to this catastrophe is thus recorded: "And Abraham gat up early in the morning to the place where he stood before the Lord, and he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and lo! the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

SACRED PHILOSOPHY.

THE CLOUDS.

Owing to their useful ministry, and striking and changing appearance, the clouds have been viewed with interest since the first human eye was opened to behold them, and will be till the last is closed. How diversified their outline and aspect! They ever vary from each other, and are ever varying in themselves, constantly altering their shape and complexion. We see them sombre, lustrous, and gradually combining the dark with the light; now exhibiting the form of delicate net-work, or extended in silvery sheets, or piled in mountainous masses; now seeming to slumber on the bosom of heaven, anon marching in stately magnificence, again hurrying in wild confusion, or as the summer sun declines towards the west appearing built on the opposite horizon as if destined to be ever-during, "based on the pillars of eternity." Yet amid variety, the general resemblance is obvious; and a special similarity of contour and physiognomy may be observed, which admits of the diverse being classified. This is in harmony with the Divine plan in the whole visible creation, for in all its departments, particular differences and general correspondences are finely joined together. Mountains and valleys, seas and streams, plants and animals, the leaves of the forest, the grass of the field, and the countenances of men, display the varied blended with the uniform, a combination which strikingly illustrates the marvellous resources of Infinite Intelligence and Power.

There are flexuous and fibrous clouds—smooth, feathery, or in shreds—wisps of vapour flying to the wind, or stretched out in their filaments like cobwebs between larger masses, as if spun to connect them, though really separate, and far more elevated. There are small, irregularly shaped, though commonly rounded patches, arranged in extensive beds, the components being more or less distinct and of a fleecy texture,

> "The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest;
> These to the raptur'd mind aloud proclaim,
> Their mighty Shepherd's everlasting name."

There are hemispherical forms rising gradually from a generally horizontal base, often exhibiting a brilliant silver and golden or copper colour when in opposition to the sun. Then there are fall-clouds, or the low-lying bands of vapour, which rest upon the plains like a winding-sheet, hide the foundations of the hills, and give to them an insulated appearance. Childhood gazes upon these aërial objects with wonder and curiosity; manhood with admiration or anxiety, as beauty is displayed, or an angry tempest is indicated; and old age watches them with unabated interest, yet oftentimes thoughtfully, reflecting upon the romantic schemes of life projected in bygone days, and the earthly pleasures indulged, as illusory as the shows of the atmosphere. The golden warm-coloured cloud is really a dull cold mist; the pictured domes and castles in the air are unsubstantial fogs; and the common visions of youth, with all mere temporal enjoyments, however flattering their aspect, are utterly disappointing to experience.

In the decline of summer days, when accumulated in vast protuberances in the western sky, the clouds are among the grandest of all natural objects. Hence they are introduced by the sacred writers as fit illustrations of the Divine majesty. He "maketh the clouds his chariot." "The clouds are the dust of his feet." "Behold he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him." "And I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of man."

It is common for clouds to overspread the hemisphere, and hide all its beauty from our view. Not a patch of the bright blue sky is discernible aloft; not a gleam of sunshine breaks through the intercepting vapours; while moon and stars by night are equally obscured. Paul and his companions in the Mediterranean storm were tossed upon its billows through several sunless days and starless nights. But though concealed, sun, moon, and stars keep their places immutably behind the veil, and re-appear in untarnished glory as the curtains of the atmosphere are folded up. So of the dispensations of the Almighty in dealing with us as with children. He appoints the discipline of adverse events, which seem to hide from us the light of his countenance, for the special object of the appointment may not be manifest. "Clouds and darkness are round about him." But he is the same equitable and gracious Being, whether determining the experience of joy or sadness, of sunshine or of shade. "Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne;" and if, as an exercise of sovereignty and test of submission, "he holdeth back the face of his throne, and spreadeth his cloud upon it," or does not allow us now to perceive the perfection of his government, it will be revealed in all its unerring wisdom, truth, and graciousness, at an appointed time.

Clouds dense and dark are frequently the heralds of alarming and dangerous elements, thunder and lightning, hail and tempest. They hence occur appropriately in representations of general troubles and national calamities. "The day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand: a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness." Joel ii. 1, 2. "That day is a day of wrath, a day of trouble and

distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against the high towers." Zeph. i. 15, 16.

Evanescent goodness is illustrated by an allusion to the "morning cloud which goeth away." Hos. vi. 4. This is the fall-cloud, or that stratum of light vapour which forms after sunset in valleys and plains, continues through the night, and disappears with the returning temperature of sunrise. The densest clouds are also liable to be dissipated, coming into contact with a current of warmer air. This is a common spectacle in eastern climes, which arrests attention from the rapidity and completeness with which it transpires. It significantly represents the prompt and complete forgiveness of a penitent people by the Divine mercy: "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions." Isa. xliv. 22.

Special circumstances in the country of inspired men called attention to the clouds. We are daily familiar with them. But for days, weeks, and months together in Palestine, during the summer, the sky is perfectly bright or nearly so. Only a few fleecy vapours, which yield no moisture, and afford no shade, make their appearance. Hence the seasonal return of clouds is looked for with anxiety, and hailed with delight. They terminate drought, and screen from the solar glare. The prophet therefore speaks of the reduction of the "heat in a dry place, even the heat with the shadow of a cloud," as an object of value. Isa. xxv. 5. But to the pious among the ancient Jews, the welcome return of the clouds hardly failed to revive the recollection of that miraculous cloudy pillar which guided their fathers in the wilderness, and sheltered them from the sun's directer ray. The Psalmist recalls the memory of these blessings: "In the daytime also he led them with a cloud." Psa. lxxviii. 14. "He spread a cloud for a covering." Psa. cv. 39. The age of visible symbols is now past; but the substantial good they typified remains, for by a covenant ordered in all things and sure, adequate protection and infallible guidance are secured to the church of Christ.

"Father! thou still dost lead
The children of thy grace,
The chosen and believing seed,
Throughout this wilderness;
Our chart thy written word,
Thy Spirit is our guide,
And Christ, the glory of the Lord,
Doth in our hearts reside."

LET the soul which God has breathed into us, breathe after him, and let it be *for* him since it is *from* him.—HENRY.

THE SIEGE OF MANSOUL.

PART IV.

AMONG the many solicitudes engendered by the present position of the British army before the walls of the Crimean fortress, two questions are very prominent. Will our armies be able to take the city? Will they be able to establish themselves in it when taken? The second question is at least as important as the former. It is worse than useless that a sudden assault shall have gained a fortress, unless there shall be power and means to hold it against forces which, from being the besieged, may become the besiegers.

We have seen how, in the siege of Mansoul, the king's son effected an entry within the city, taking captive and binding in chains the great leader of the desperate rebellion, and how the noted Captains Boanerges and Conviction took possession of Mr. Conscience's house, where they long remained, striking terror by their bold and resolute bearing into the inhabitants of Mansoul. But the Prince, who had conquered the fortress, did not yet make it the place of his residence. And so far was he from yet exhibiting any favour to the inhabitants, that "he sent special orders to Captain Boanerges to summon Mansoul, the whole of the townsmen, into the castle-yard, and then and there before their faces, to take my Lord Understanding, Mr. Conscience, and that notable one, my Lord Will-be-will, and put them all three in ward, and set a strong guard upon them there until his pleasure concerning them should be fully known." Mansoul is, therefore, still in the utmost consternation, fearing the just punishment of its numerous treacheries.

It is an eventful crisis in the history of fallen man when, having defeated the powers of sin which have enthralled it, the Lord of Life subjugates the disobedient heart to his sway. There is a moment when the influences of good become preponderant over those of evil—when the unclean spirit is dispossessed, and the soul, long an enemy to the Divine government, is brought again into subjection. This is conversion. But it is often the mistake of the young convert to imagine that the real change must also of necessity and suddenly be the complete one. Instead of this being the case, however, the period of God's conquest is usually one of great agitation and alarm. Though, in the main, the man has turned to God, he has not yet experienced "joy and peace in believing." The remembrance of past sins has not yet ceased to agitate him, and the sense of pardon is not yet fully brought home to the soul. Conscience does not cease to speak, and to set in array before him the terrors of God's vengeance; and by how much the man is more alive to the dreadful evil of sin, by so

much is he the more apprehensive that Divine mercy will not be propitious to the fears of which he is the subject. Awful indeed is that moment of agony! Appropriately does the dreamer describe it when he says that, "for some considerable time they (the Mansoulians) neither knew what rest or ease, or peace or hope meant." The understanding, conscience, and will are now no longer instruments of evil; but they are over-ruled, and are not yet free agents. All is hurry, anxiety, alarm, convulsion! And this is especially the case where the natural character is strong and decisive, and where, as in the history of Bunyan, the man's former course has been boldly marked by rebellion against the authority of God.

In this emergency, the men of Mansoul draw up a petition for mercy to the Prince, which they send to him by the hands of Mr. Would-live. But no answer is returned. Mere desires after restoration are not strong enough for so imminent a crisis.

Discouraged by the Prince's silence, they attempt to make Captain Conviction bear it, who declines it as out of his proper province, yet encourages them to persevere, and to venture to send another by one of their own town. The intercession of good men, however eminent, will not avail for the sinner's salvation. The cry for mercy must be personal.

In the town of Mansoul there resided one Mr. Desires-awake, though he inhabited a mean cottage, and had not been for a long time esteemed or employed. Little has earnest prayer to do in the heart alienated from God, his laws, and his authority! "When Mr. Desires-awake saw the Prince, he fell flat with his face to the ground, and cried out—'O that Mansoul might live before thee!' and with that he presented the petition." The royal manner, though more gracious, is not yet satisfactory. "The which when the Prince had read, he turned away and wept; but refraining himself, he turned again to the man, who all this while lay crying at his feet, as at first, and said to him, 'Go thy way to thy place, and I will consider of thy requests.'"

How much renewed earnestness is demanded before the sinner who has so long rejected God's overtures is admitted to a comfortable sense of his favour. Yet the remedy is not in the abandonment of the suit, but in its increased importunity. Give not up the work in despair. When was ever a great blessing gained which was not worth pains, labour, intensity? And thy soul, thy precious soul! To have it restored to God, and to the communion of the blessed—to the light and favour of heaven! Think of the greatness of the boon; think of the promise which encourages thee to hope! Cry again, and yet again! Thou hast not spoken as if thou wert in earnest. Thou hast not yet articulated the cry of the perishing. How thou wouldst plead before some remorseless creditor; how thou wouldst intreat for aid in some dire conflagration! But thou hast not cried like *that!* The Master waits for an intenser appeal—an appeal adequate to the magnitude of the danger on the one hand, and to the greatness of his power on the other. Cry again—louder—louder still! Thou shalt yet be heard and pitied.

DESIRES-AWAKE AND WET-EYES.

With a master's hand Bunyan describes the return of the messenger: "You may think that they of Mansoul that had sent him, what with guilt, and what with fear lest their petition should be rejected, could not but look with many a long look, and that too with strange workings of heart, to see what would become of their petition. At last they saw their messenger coming back. So, when he was come, they asked him how he fared, what Emmanuel said, and what was become of their petition. But he told them that he would be silent till he came to the prison to my Lord Mayor, my Lord Will-be-will, and Mr. Recorder. So he went forwards towards the prison-house, where the men of Mansoul lay bound. But oh, what a multitude flocked after, to hear what the messenger said!

"So, when he was come, and had shown him-

self at the grate of the prison, my lord mayor himself looked as white as a clout; the recorder also did quake." "My lord mayor said, that the answer did not look with a rugged face; but Will-be-will said that it betokened evil; and the recorder, that it was a messenger of death. Now they that were left, and that stood behind, and so could not so well hear what the prisoners said, some of them catched hold of one piece of a sentence, and some on a bit of another; some took hold of what the messenger said, and some of the prisoners' judgment thereon; so none had the right understanding of things. But you cannot imagine what work these people made, and what a confusion there was in Mansoul now." In this apprehension, Conscience is busy. "So far as I could gather by the best information that I could get, all this hubbub came through the words that the recorder said, when he told them that, in his judgment, the Prince's answer was a messenger of death. It was this that fired the town, and that began the fright in Mansoul; for Mansoul in former times did use to count that Mr. Recorder was a seer, and that his sentence was equal to the best of orators; and thus was Mansoul a terror to itself." Thus transgression long persisted in, brings about its own punishment; and never till sin appears exceeding sinful, can man receive the tidings of pardon and consolation through the gospel.

Every reader of English history is familiar with the scene which took place at the rendering of Calais in 1347. The inhabitants had resisted the arms of Edward III with the greatest obstinacy, till reduced by the last extremity of famine. At length, worn out by repeated sufferings, the town offered to surrender, and begged terms of peace. These requests were, however, rigorously refused, until some of the most distinguished citizens, in the guise of malefactors, bareheaded and barefooted, with ropes around their necks, presented themselves before the conqueror. In the excess of his rage at the trouble they had occasioned him, the king, with great injustice, ordered them for execution. But at the solicitation of his queen Philippa, he was induced to reverse his sentence and to dismiss them in safety. Bunyan has here availed himself with great address of this historical incident, and it forms a capital point in his story.

Having resolved upon a third petition, the main question is, who should be the intercessor? Some suggest Mr. Good-deed, "a man that bare only the name, but had nothing of the nature of the thing." Such names still exist, though the sinful heart of man has nothing to answer to them. Shall he be the messenger? No, says Conscience—and most real is his objection—"we stand in need of *mercy*, and such a messenger would seem to frustrate our petition in the act of presenting it. Perhaps the Prince will say, 'If Good-deed be yet alive in Mansoul, then let Good-deed save you from your distresses. And if he say so, we are lost.'" So the former messenger is again commissioned—how could they do better?—only he takes in company with him Mr. Wet-eyes, "a man of broken spirit, yet one that could speak well to a petition." Aye, let prayer take up the matter again; only let prayer be accompanied by penitential grief—a main requisite to success in such a mission.

It is with the utmost solicitude that this third petition is presented. Was it that something in the form of the last address had rendered the Mansoulians unacceptable to the Prince? They represented that the people were so conscious of their former transgressions, that they could not rest day or night. After their case had been pathetically made known, the king's son grievously complains of their ungrateful and protracted disobedience, and commands that Captains Boanerges and Conviction shall bring the prisoners out to him on the morrow, and that Captains Judgment and Execution shall take charge of the castle till farther orders. He then turns his back upon them, and leaves them to report their reception to those who sent them. On their return to the city, the question of the Mansoulians is, What news from the Prince? What hath Emmanuel said? The answer when received strikes them with consternation. "With one voice they set up a cry that reached up to the heavens. This done, each of them prepared himself to die (and the recorder said unto them, 'This was the thing that I feared'), for they concluded that to-morrow by that the sun went down, they should be tumbled out of the world." Mansoul spends that night in mourning; its self-condemnation, repentance for sin, and altered disposition, are affectingly represented.

"Captain Boanerges went with a guard before them, and Captain Conviction came behind, and the prisoners went bound in chains in the midst;" and as they went clothed in mourning, with ropes round their necks, and smiting on their breasts, they cried aloud, "Oh! unhappy men—oh! wretched Mansoul!" On appearing before the Prince, they were in utter confusion and dismay. "He said, 'Are you the men that suffered yourselves to be corrupted and defiled by that abominable one, Diabolus?' And they said, 'We did more than suffer it, Lord; for we chose it of our mind.' The Prince asked further, saying, 'Could you have been content that your slavery should have continued under his tyranny as long as you had lived?' Then said the prisoners, 'Yes, Lord, yes; for his ways were pleasing to our flesh, and we were grown aliens to a better state.' 'And did you,' said he, 'when

I came against the town of Mansoul, heartily wish that I might not have the victory over you?' 'Yes, Lord—yes,' said they. Then said the Prince, 'And what punishment is it, think you, that you deserve at my hands, for these and other your high and mighty sins?' And they said, 'Both death and the deep, Lord, for we have deserved no less.' He asked again, if they had aught to say for themselves, why the sentence, which they confessed they had deserved, should not be passed upon them? And they said, 'We can say nothing, Lord; thou art just, for we have sinned.' Then said the Prince, 'And for what are these ropes on your heads?' The prisoners answered, 'The ropes are to lead us withal to the place of execution, if mercy be not pleasing in thy sight.' So he further asked, if all the men in the town of Mansoul were in this confession as they? And they answered, 'All the natives, Lord; but for the Diabolonians, they came into our town when the tyrant got possession of us; we can say nothing for them.'"

THE PRINCE SHOWING FAVOUR.

To men thus humbled and contrite, no words were applicable but those of gracious condescension and mercy. It is the glory of God to forgive. Well did Bunyan remember his own pardon; and is it wonderful that the remembrance of it should have prompted a strain so eloquent and tender as that in which he speaks of the clemency of the royal Prince? Oh! happy day in which the sinner, humbled before the feet of his Saviour, and placing his life and being in his hands, receives the full assurance of his perfect forgiveness and boundless love! The Prince says to the trembling prisoners: "The sins, trespasses, and iniquities that you and the whole town of Mansoul have from time to time committed against my Father and me, I have power and commandment from my Father to forgive to the town of Mansoul, and do forgive them accordingly." In corroboration of this, he conveys to them a written pardon (the promises of Scripture), which he commands the understanding, the will, and the conscience to proclaim. He clothes them in splendid garments instead of the rags of their unrighteousness, breaks their fetters in pieces, and instructs Captain Credence to enter into the city, whilst Captains Judgment and Execution are ordered to withdraw from Mansoul. "For," Bunyan explains in his note, "when faith and pardon meet together, judgment and execution depart from the heart."

The description which represents the feelings of the poor inhabitants of Mansoul during this crisis, and the joy with which they received the blessed message which the Prince conveyed to them, is glowingly given in Bunyan's allegory. "Who can think what a turn, what a change, what an alteration this hint of things made in the countenance of the town of Mansoul. No man of Mansoul could sleep that night for joy. In every house there was joy and music, singing and making merry; telling and hearing of Emmanuel's happiness was all that Mansoul had to do, and this was the burden of all their song: 'Oh! more of this at the rising of the sun! More of this to-morrow.' Who thought yesterday, one would say, that this day would have been such a day to us, and who thought, that saw our prisoners go down in irons, that they should have returned in chains of gold." In language like this, the story describes the joy produced by the message which the recorder delivers—"PARDON, PARDON, PARDON for Mansoul."

The soul having received by faith the news of salvation, is justified and tranquillised. There remains only that Christ, by his Spirit, shall take up his residence within, that it may be sanctified.

WHEN a prince strikes off a malefactor's chains, though he deliver him from the punishment of his crime, he frees him not from the duty of a subject. His pardon adds a greater obligation than his protection did when he was loyal.—CHARNOCK.

A LIMB out of joint can do nothing without pain. Dejection takes off the wheels of the soul; joy is as oil to the soul; it makes duties come off cheerfully from ourselves, pleasingly to others, acceptably to God.—WILCOX.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

HAPPINESS THE RESULT OF AN EARLY DEDICATION OF THE HEART TO GOD.

PART II.

THAT a man may rejoice and be glad all his days, it is absolutely necessary that he should early obtain the mastery of his appetites and passions, and be secured against the evils into which they would lead him. What these evils are, it is scarcely necessary to say, since they prevail but too extensively among us. Look around, and you will see on every side young men, whom appetites and passions are plunging into intemperance, sensuality, and every species of vicious excess, and thus ruining them not only for the future, but for the present world. You see them forming habits, whose chains it will be exceedingly difficult for them to break, and which, unless broken, will drag them away to destruction. And no young man can have any security that he shall not be left to form such habits, unless he obtains that security which is afforded by God's sanctifying grace and pardoning mercy, unless he early commits himself to that great and good Shepherd who has engaged to preserve all his sheep. Until this is done, he is at the mercy of every gust of temptation, every sudden sally of appetite and passion. It is in vain that, in his sober moments, he resolves not to yield to temptation. How little such resolutions, how little any human restraints avail to secure him, melancholy observation but too clearly shows. How many promising young men have we seen who, while they remained under the parental roof, were moral, correct, and apparently fortified against temptation; but when they were removed from it, fell an easy prey to temptation, and sunk into the arms of vicious indulgence! And how many have we seen who, after passing safely through the dangerous period of youth, became the wretched victims of intemperance in manhood. Presume not then, young man, upon thine own strength. Where so many others have fallen, thou mayest fall. Against such a fall thou canst have no security, until thou obtainest the protection of God. Let him hold thee up, and then, and then only, wilt thou be safe. This safety is enjoyed by all who are satisfied early with his mercy. They are taught and assisted by his grace to crucify their affections and lusts, and to keep under appetite and passion and bring them into subjection. They have a powerful Saviour, a prevalent Intercessor to pray for them, that their faith may not fail; they are within the protection of his encircling arm, and have often reason to say to him, When my foot slipped, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up. In a word, though they may possibly be left occasionally to fall into some particular sins for their humiliation and chastisement, they are infallibly secured against the formation of any vicious habits, for the power and truth of God are pledged that no sin shall have dominion over them. On their perseverance in a virtuous course, their friends may, therefore, safely rely; and it may be confidently expected that, in domestic and social life, they will be happy, and rejoice and be glad all their days.

Here we might conclude our remarks; but there is one more view, and to Christians a very interesting view, of the subject which it is necessary to take. It is necessary to inquire how far the happiness of the Christian, after his conversion, may be affected by the period when his conversion took place. In other words, will a man, who is satisfied early with God's mercy, probably enjoy more uninterrupted religious happiness after his conversion, than a man who does not obtain mercy until a later period of life? It can scarcely, I conceive, be doubted that he will. A man who does not become religious until the season of youth is passed away must, of course, spend all the early part of life in sin. And what will be the consequence? He will commit many sins, the recollection of which must be painful to him as long as he lives; he will lose much time and many precious opportunities of improvement, and of doing good, which he will afterwards regret; he will afford his sinful propensities an opportunity to become strong; and it will, of course, be more difficult to subdue them, and his future conflicts will be more severe. His imagination will be polluted, and the consequences will trouble him as long as he lives.

He will probably, in some degree, at least, have been a tempter of others, and the recollection of this will be bitter as wormwood and gall. He can never have the satisfaction of reflecting that he gave God his first and earliest and best affections; that when the world was all fresh and gay and smiling around him, he cheerfully forsook all to follow Christ. On the contrary, it must pain him to reflect that he

did not forsake the world till he had proved its emptiness; that he did not follow Christ until experience taught him that there was nothing else worth following. We may add, that the man who is not converted until a late period will more than probably indulge in vices, or form habits, which will cause him much unhappiness through life. Nay more, it will not be at all strange, should he injure his health and undermine his constitution, and have nothing left to offer to God but a diseased body and an enfeebled mind. We find Job exclaiming, "Thou writest bitter things against me, and makest me to possess the sins of my youth," that is, to feel their bitter consequences. David also prays, that God would not remember against him the sins of his youth—an intimation that he either suffered, or feared, some evil on account of them. But all the evils which have now been enumerated are avoided by the man who commences a religious life in early youth. He is guilty of no vicious indulgences, he forms no bad habits, his affections are less entangled and his imagination less polluted, and his future life will not be embittered by the recollection that he has tempted others to sin, that he has irrecoverably lost his best opportunities for improvement, or that he has injured his health or his reputation by the practice of vice. As he enters the narrow path early, he will probably make great progress in holiness, lay up much treasure in heaven, and be rich in good works. And he, and he alone, can say in his old age, "O Lord, thou hast been my hope from my youth; now, when I am old and gray-headed, forsake me not." Is it not, then, most evident, that he who enters on a religious course in early life will enjoy more happiness than one who commences such a course at a later period? And is it not equally evident that, if a man would be glad and rejoice all his days, he should become religious in early youth? An application of the subject to several different classes will conclude this address.

1. Let me apply it to those among the young who are deferring the commencement of a religious life because they suppose a late conversion to be more favourable to happiness. From the remarks which have been made, you may learn, my young friends, that you are labouring under a great mistake; that by delaying to seek and obtain mercy of the Lord, you are not only losing much present happiness, but exposing yourselves to many evils, and taking the most effectual way to render your whole future lives less happy. If you wish to rejoice and be glad all your days, you must, believe me you must, commence a religious life without delay. If a man intended to cultivate a field, would it not be unwise to defer the commencement of his labours until the proper seed-time had passed away? If a man intended to become a scholar, would it not be unwise to spend his childhood and youth in idleness? Equally unwise is it for you to defer the commencement of a religious life till the season of youth is passed. It would be thus unwise, even could you be sure of being converted at any future period. But you cannot be sure of this. On the contrary, experience and observation combine with the Scriptures to teach us, that those who do not become religious in early life will very probably never become religious at all. Oh, then, if you mean ever to hear God's voice, hear it to-day, and do not by delay harden your hearts.

2. Are there any that read this who were converted and satisfied with God's mercy in early life? If so, they may learn from this subject what cause they have for gratitude and joy. They who obtain mercy at any period of life have unspeakable cause for thankfulness. But none have so much reason for thankfulness as they who obtain it early. They can scarcely conceive how many evils and dangers and sufferings they have escaped by an early conversion. Let them, then, show their gratitude by improving diligently the long space which is afforded them to become rich in good works and make more than ordinary advances in religion. And let them consider how disgraceful it will be, after spending a long life in the school of Christ, they should at last be found babes in knowledge and happiness.

3. From this subject, those Christians who did not seek and obtain mercy in early life may learn, that they will have no reason to wonder or complain if they should continue to feel, as long as they live, some of the evil consequences of their early neglect of religion, and of their youthful follies and sins. There are some evils of this kind which religion does not remove, and which it cannot be expected she should remove. Should a young man, while engaged in some vicious pursuit, lose a limb or an eye, and afterwards become religious, could it be expected that religion would restore the limb or the eye which he had lost? or would it be reasonable for him to complain on this account? And if a man wastes his childhood and youth in sin, and afterwards becomes a Christian, can he justly complain, though he should still suffer for his folly; though his sinful propensities and habits should give him more than ordinary trouble; or though he should make less progress and enjoy less happiness than he otherwise would? Certainly not. Let him ascribe all his sufferings to their true cause, let him trace them up to his early sins, and let him submissively say, "The Lord exacts of me less

than my iniquities deserve. I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him."

THE UNEQUAL YOKE.

PART VI.

MANY weeks passed away before my husband's reason was restored to him; he was still confined to bed, and I had much cause to fear that his strength would never again return. I had obtained some little employment in needlework through the kindness of Mrs. Williams, with whom I lodged. I had also written to his uncle, telling him all our circumstances. At the commencement of my husband's illness, he sent me ten pounds, requesting that this might be the last application. This had supported us through his illness, but now all was gone; and every little article of value of my own I had parted with, excepting my mother's Bible, and my own and my mother's marriage rings—those pledges of virtuous love so much prized even by the poorest.

"I am going, George," I said to him one day, "to see if Mrs. Bolton will pay me for the work I have done for her; she owes me something considerable; I will not be long absent."

I had a long walk before I reached the lady's mansion. I was ushered into the drawing-room, where I found the lady reclining upon a superb couch. Everything in the room betokened wealth and luxury. Two little children were playing about her with a pretty Italian greyhound, and in the nurse's arms was a lovely infant. What a contrast was here to the desolate home I had just left! The lady looked at the work, and said, "That will do, my good woman; what is your charge for such work as this? There are six baby's frocks and these caps, besides the little dresses you brought me last week."

"Would you think a sovereign too much, madam?" I said. Now thirty shillings was the sum Mrs. Williams had told me was a fair remuneration.

"A sovereign!" she replied; "what imposition! I never heard of such a price; half that sum you must surely mean; your charge is exorbitant. I will make inquiry, and if you will call next week I will pay you."

"I am quite willing to take ten shillings, madam, if you will pay me now; I am in deep distress; my husband is very ill, and all my money is gone," I replied.

"Dear me," said the lady, "these scenes are very unpleasant; if I had known you were so very *poor* I would not have employed you; I took my work from a very respectable young woman to give it to you, and I did not expect to be troubled in this way, and to be so much annoyed for such a trifle of payment; besides I have not examined the work you have brought, and I am too much engaged just now. There are five shillings for you on account, just because you are in trouble, for I make it a rule never to pay for work until I am sure that it is properly done." And with an air of offended dignity she dismissed me.

I passed from the splendour of this mansion with a crushed and wounded spirit. Large tears fell from my eyes in quick succession as I wended my way through the crowded streets; but my faith failed not; my belief in the care and love of my Heavenly Father was unwavering. It is true, as my hand convulsively grasped the coin that had been so harshly given, so inadequate for my present wants, the *first* feeling of utter poverty entered my heart, and the oft-repeated question, "What shall I do?" burst from my lips; but the Christian's hope, the Christian's stay was in my soul—*faith* in the fulfilment of God's promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Blessed hope! From such a dwelling as that of the thoughtless lady I had just visited, how many helpless, hopeless ones have been driven to want, to ruin, and despair! How many hearts have been broken, and homes made desolate by such acts as these!

"This is all the money I have received, Mrs. Williams," I said, when I arrived at home; "I am very sorry; I hoped to have been able to have given you some little of the money we owe you for our lodging, but Mrs. Bolton will settle with me altogether next week."

"I am sorry for you, dear lady," she replied; "but keep the money for your own use; keep up a good heart, and remember *that 'man's extremity is God's opportunity.'*"

I saw evident signs of distress in this worthy woman's countenance, though she had spoken words of comfort to me, and when I went into my husband's room he related to me a stormy interview that the poor woman had had with her landlord while I was absent.

"We must not remain here, Helen," he said, "if we cannot pay our rent. I cannot bring ruin upon one who has been so kind to us both."

I sat down sadly by his side, and we talked but little to each other, for there are times when the heart is too much overwhelmed with sorrow to find relief in words. I watched him until he fell asleep, and then, gently rising, I noiselessly left the room, for a sudden thought had flashed upon me.

It was a cold, cheerless night; a thick increasing fog was spreading over the streets, when I stepped forth to make a last effort to obtain something, though it were but a trifle. I scarcely knew whether I was doing right. I

knew, however, that absolute want was in my home, and more for the sake of others than for myself, I ventured forth. I passed along the thronged streets, and turned into a retired square, where were many houses of respectability. Everything was silent, as I walked slowly and sadly along without any fixed purpose where to stop. I saw at a little distance from me a well-lighted room, and I walked quickly on. As I drew near the window, a lady passed; she stood still; my heart throbbed violently; shortly the lady passed again, and all was silent as before. The fog grew thicker and thicker, until it seized my breath; I stood long before my lips could utter a sound; then, drawing my shawl closely around me, I commenced a low soft strain. It was the song I had sung when I was a child, and now in the cold lone streets I was again singing it for a morsel of bread. I ever had a rich clear voice, and rich and clear I knew it sounded in the cold night air. The human voice, has it not a thrilling power, as it rises and falls in the soft flowing cadence of a plaintive song? My eyes were cast upon the ground as I sang, and thinking that I was unheeded, I was preparing to pass on, when the door of the house before which I had been standing was opened, and I was summoned into the presence of a young lady.

"Are you obliged to sing in the streets on such a night as this, my good girl?" she said, kindly.

"Yes, madam," I replied.

"But you cannot be a *common* ballad-singer."

There was something in the tone of that lovely lady's voice that inspired me with confidence, and I looked up.

"I am very poor, dear lady," I said, "or I could not have done what I have done to-night. I am not *quite* what I seem to be."

"But how *could* you venture, *and alone?* have you *no other* means of earning your bread?"

"I have worked, lady, and have returned unpaid for my labour; you are a wife; so am I; once I had a home and plenty in it; now my husband and I am in deep distress."

She drew from me much of my history, gave me immediate relief, and promised to befriend me. Yes, blessed be God, relief had come; I returned to my home comparatively light-hearted. Nor did a mere temporary act of kindness content my benefactors; all that skill could do was done for my husband, though it proved unavailing, for, alas! in a few months I was a widow; but not before I had the consolation of hoping that he had sought and found the Saviour.

After my husband's death, my new friend Mrs. Wilmot offered me the situation of governess to her children; I gratefully consented to take the charge, and years passed away in that happy home. Her husband was a gentleman of wealth, and both were decidedly pious. My life was a happy and useful one; I was always treated in her family as a *friend*, and admitted upon all occasions into the same society that they enjoyed. Thus years passed on; during which I twice received intelligence of my brother. The first news was to the effect that he was succeeding in business; he had become steady, and was hoping in a few years to return to his native country. The next letter, however, informed me that "he was dead and buried." No other tidings ever reached me of that dear brother whom I first saw when he was lying a helpless infant upon the bosom of my dying mother. *How* had I fulfilled her request: "Love your brother, be a sister to him, and remember that I hope to meet you both in heaven?"

[To be concluded in our next.]

GEORGE WHITFIELD'S PULPIT.

To a mind stored with the memories of that great religious revival of which London and various parts of this country, as well as the western world, were the scenes a hundred years since, and endowed with that small portion of imaginativeness required for the purpose of repeopling a scene with the characters by whom it was once occupied, it would be refreshing to pay a visit to that large, square, substantial building at the end of the Tabernacle Row, Finsbury, and to stand before the equally substantial pulpit with which it is furnished. Pulpits in some countries, particularly in Holland and Belgium, are remarkable for their beauty and the elaborate carvings with which they are adorned; some of them telling, as well as the hand of the skilful engraver can tell, of the histories contained in the word of God. We have ourselves seen some portions of the sacred Scripture depicted in this manner with great ingenuity. He, however, who wishes to see the pulpit of the Apollos of the last century, must be prepared to obtain his gratification, not through the sense of sight, or to delight his taste by contemplating the beautiful in art. He will look on as plain a structure as could well have been formed, placed on solid pillars, and noticeable only for its capacity—which gave the preacher ample room for his energetic and varied movements—and for its strength, which afforded him perfect relief from the fears that disturbed him when, in one of his field rostrums, which was so imperfectly supported that during the whole of the sermon he preached under the constant dread of falling.

It was a hundred years the 10th of last June since George Whitfield first entered that pulpit,

when he preached to an overflowing congregation from the passage in 1 Kings viii. 11: "The priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord." This is really the second Tabernacle which has occupied this memorable spot, and was erected around the former structure in order that the congregation might be accommodated with a place of meeting during its erection. The original Tabernacle, we may observe, was a temporary wooden edifice. Dr. Gillies, Mr. Whitfield's biographer, tells us that "inconvenience being felt in preaching morning and evening in Moorfields on account of the weather, a large temporary shed was erected to shelter the auditory from cold and rain, which was called a Tabernacle, as it was intended to be used only for a few months." It was put up in 1741, and continued to be employed for twelve years.

It is a consolation, when we reflect on the interruptions that have sometimes taken place in the cordial friendships of good men, to observe how God in his providence has overruled these painful events for the diffusion of his gospel, by sending them into new and wider fields of labour. Thus the breach between Whitfield and Wesley led to the erection of the Tabernacle, and to the dispersion of the seeds of evangelical truth in the different regions which these two great men and their coadjutors traversed, after a separation apparently rendered imperative by the force of conscience.

In the narrative of Whitfield's labours in London, especially in Moorfields, the Tabernacle holds a conspicuous place, forming as it did the head-quarters to which he conducted the recruits he had collected, where he trained them for the service of their new Master, and confirmed them in their most holy faith.

The use to which the original Tabernacle was appropriated soon after its erection, is stated by Whitfield himself in the narrative he gives of his marvellous conflict with the rabble assembled in Moorfields on the Whit-Monday of 1742. At that holiday season Moorfields used to be covered with booths of all kinds, erected for mountebanks, players, puppet-shows, and the like. On this scene, "with a heart bleeding with compassion for so many thousands led captive by the devil at his will," he ventured into the midst of the masses, who were, he says, "not waiting for him, but for Satan's instruments to amuse them." He mounted his field-pulpit, and preached Christ to them from Christ's own words: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so shall the Son of Man be lifted up." The people gazed and listened and wept, and many appeared stung with conviction for their past sins. Thus encouraged, he went out again at noon, and then, he says, "all Satan's agents were in full motion, drummers, trumpeters, merry-andrews, masters of puppet-shows, exhibitors of wild beasts"—these wild beasts being tame in comparison with the people by whom they were surrounded. Well did the preacher judge that he should then be called, as it were, to "fight with beasts at Ephesus." He adds: "I was honoured with having a few stones, dirt, rotten eggs, and pieces of dead cats, thrown at me whilst engaged in calling them from their favourite but lying vanities." Encouraged, however, by the attention of many among these twenty thousand, who for a while seemed turned into lambs, he gave notice that he would preach again at six o'clock, when he saw assembled even greater numbers than before, and still more deeply engaged in their unhappy diversions. Some thousands, however, were waiting to hear the gospel. "This," says Mr. Whitfield, "Satan could not brook. One of his choicest servants was exhibiting, trumpeting on a large stage; but as soon as the people saw me in my black robes and my pulpit, I think all to a man left him and ran to me. For a while I was enabled to lift up my voice like a trumpet, and many heard the joyful sound. God's people kept praying, and the enemy's agents made a kind of roaring at some distance from our camp. At length they approached nearer, and the merry-andrew (attended by others who complained that they had taken many pounds less that day on account of my preaching) got up upon a man's shoulders, and advancing near the pulpit attempted to slash me with a long heavy whip several times; but he always with the violence of his motion tumbled down." Then came the recruiting serjeant with his drum and fifes, for whom, as the king's officer, the preacher desired the people to make way, which they did, and thereby defeated the attempt to create a disturbance. Next advanced another mob, with a large pole for their standard, approaching with looks full of resentment, who, when they had nearly reached the congregation, quarrelled among themselves and departed, leaving many of their company behind. "I think," says the preacher, "I continued praying, preaching, and singing about three hours."

Then he says: "We retired to the Tabernacle, with my pocket full of notes from persons brought under concern, and read them amidst the praises and spiritual acclamations of thousands, who joined with the holy angels in rejoicing that so many sinners were snatched, in such an unexpected, unlikely place and manner, out of the very jaws of the devil." This great evangelist adds that the number of these notes exceeded a thousand, and that, on this occasion

originated the religious society of the Tabernacle, in which three hundred and fifty awakened souls were received the first day. This was truly a modern Pentecostal occasion.

It was the oft-expressed wish of Augustine, that he had seen Jerusalem in its glory, Christ on the cross, and Paul in the pulpit. Those who lived in London a century ago must, in some sense, be said to have realised this wish. They saw the church in a state of glorious revival; they saw Christ set forth crucified before them in a preached gospel; and when they saw Whitfield in the pulpit, they listened to a sacred eloquence which was greater, we may suppose, than any which had been heard since the preaching of Paul. He was, indeed, "a burning and a shining light," and the multitudes of the people "were willing for a season to rejoice in that light." Referring to the morning services in the Tabernacle, the venerable John Newton says: "I bless God that I lived in this time; many were the winter mornings I have got up at four to attend his Tabernacle discourses at five; and I have seen Moorfields as full of lanterns at these times as I suppose the Haymarket is full of flambeaux on an opera night." He adds, referring to the sacred eloquence that attracted these numbers: "As a preacher, if any man were to ask me who was the second I had ever heard, I should be at some loss; but in regard to the first, Mr. Whitfield exceeded so far every other man of my time, that I should be at none. He was the original of popular preachers, and all our popular ministers are only his copies."

It is refreshing to the spirit to contemplate the sacred eloquence which used to stream forth from this most remarkable pulpit. There is one specimen in particular, which, although well known, is sufficiently important to admit of repetition. "The attendant angel," said the enraptured preacher, "is just about to leave the threshold of this sanctuary and ascend to heaven; and shall he ascend and not leave with him the news of one sinner among all this multitude reclaimed from the error of his ways?" Then stamping with his foot, he lifted his hands and his eyes to heaven, and cried aloud: "Stop, Gabriel! Stop ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God!" This anecdote is recorded by David Hume, the historian, who pronounced Whitfield the most ingenious preacher he ever heard, but who, alas! after hearing and eulogizing this faithful ambassador of Christ, remained an infidel still. We see by this example how possible it is to praise the eloquence of the most zealous preachers and yet never receive into the heart the glorious gospel which they proclaim.

THE MAN IN THE MASK.

Old Harry C——, as he was called, had been a most notorious profligate—a drunkard, a fighter, and a most awful swearer. Indeed his equal, in every species of vice, could rarely be met with. He once told me that he had often taken one of his dogs, that he trained to fight, out with him for no other purpose than to set him on to some neighbour's dog, hoping it would lead to a fight between himself and the dog's owner. "Oh!" said he, "I have been a downright bad man. Once I took 13*l.* for brooms, (he was a broom-maker) and I and my wife never left off drinking till it was all spent. We used to go to the public house as soon as it was open, and stay till they turned us out at night."

Circumstances, however, led to his becoming a teetotaller. After a while he made a profession of religion, and at length became a member of a Christian church. He was looked upon as a monument of divine grace. No one seemed to doubt his sincerity.

Being anxious to make himself useful, he was invited to teach in a ragged school. He entered on the work with earnestness and apparent sincerity, exciting the wonder and admiration of all who knew his former character. About this time he opened his house for prayer. The meetings were well attended, and seemed to afford him the greatest pleasure. One day I said to him, "How do you get on with your meetings now?" "Oh!" said he, "we find them a blessed time. We had a room full last night, and there were so and so there"—alluding to some persons who were very bad characters.

Now will it be believed that this fair exterior covered a heart that was far from God? Such was the case, nevertheless. I fancied from what he said to me one day that all was not well. He spoke as though he had been disappointed in some temporal benefits that he had hoped to receive from his religious connexions. Soon after this he was convicted of theft, and there was good reason to believe that that was not his only sin. What his feelings could have been whilst he was joining with the praying souls at his house I know not; for after these meetings he would put his horse into the cart and go forth to steal. God, however, revealed his true character in due time.

Reader, what a fearful thing is hypocrisy! But alas! how many are guilty of using religion as a mask only. For the sake of their standing in society, they may not act just as this poor deceiver did; but they may be worse at heart. If there be one sin that God abhors more than another, it is the sin of hypocrisy. Do not attempt, then, to appear what you are not. "For

nothing is secret, that shall not be made manifest; neither anything hid, that shall not be known and come abroad." Luke viii. 17. Suppose you succeed in deceiving your fellow man all through life, yet what will it avail you? God will surely unmask you, and before men and angels show you in your true colours. "Be sure your sin will find you out." Num. xxxii. 23.

BRITAIN AND THE PROPHECIES.

A LATIN poet, who lived at the commencement of the Christian era, speaks of the barbarous Britons as almost divided from the whole world; and yet, although far more distant from the land of Judea than from Rome, the law which hath come out from Jerusalem hath taken by its influence the name of barbarous from Britain; and in our distant "Isle of the Gentiles" are the prophecies fulfilled, that the kingdom of the Messiah, or knowledge of the gospel, would extend to the uttermost parts of the earth; and, in the present day, we can look from one distant isle of the Gentiles to the other—from the northern to the southern ocean, or from one extremity of the globe to another—and behold the extinction of idolatry, and the abolition of every barbarous and cruel rite, by the humanizing influence of the gospel.—*Keith's Evidence of Prophecy, 35th edition, page 43.*

PROVIDENCE.

WHAT are the ways of Providence but the doings of a friend, whose kindness is ever active and awake; and always most so when we are most in want of it. We may often be at a loss to see the wisdom or the goodness of God in our trials, but, when we take our station at the cross, and contemplate the unutterable tenderness and love and the depths of wisdom which are there displayed, we rest satisfied that he who thus loved us can never injure us, and can never cease to care for us.—*Dr. Russell's Letters.*

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

38. GIVE examples of ungodly men desiring the prayers of the righteous.

39. What instance can you find showing the value a heathen king attached to the prayers of God's people?

40. What awful example have we in Scripture of the punishment of disobedience in a servant of God?

41. Give a text showing God's desire that the wicked sinner should repent and live.

42. What is the reward promised to those who turn many to righteousness?

43. Prove that the Holy Spirit is a distinct person from Father and Son.

44. Where is his Godhead asserted?

45. Where is he spoken of as eternal?

Poetry.

THE WOUND HEALED.

You should have spoken gently, dear,
If sister Ann you meant to hear;
A softer look, a kinder tone,
Her gentle ear would soon have won;
But as it was, she turned away,
Nor heard the half you had to say.
You should reprove her with a smile,
And look forgiving all the while.
See, foolish little thing, she cries;
Go, kiss her cheek and wipe her eyes,
And tell her that another day
You'll chide her in a loving way.
Ah! that's a good obedient boy,
Bring to mamma the broken toy;
And tell poor little sister Ann,
She'll join the fragments if she can.
See, now, my promise is not vain;
Your plaything is quite whole again!
I wish I had the clever art
Of making whole a broken heart.
Come, little Annie, here to me,
And jump up, darling, on my knee;
And little Harry, you come too;
I'll tell you both a tale that's true,
Of one who left his throne on high,
And laid aside his majesty,
And came down as a little child,
With soul and manners meek and mild;
Who was afflicted and opprest,
Reviled by cruel taunt and jest;
And yet no word resenting wrong
In him could ever find a tongue:
O may he lay his hands on you,
And make you kind and loving too;
And by his grace, your spirits move,
To gentle thoughts and acts of love!
O strive, by his sweet lessons taught,
To be like him, in speech and thought;
And fitter for a world above,
Where "love is heav'n, and heav'n is love."

ELLEN ROBERTS.

GOD EVERYWHERE.

I NEED but stoop to pluck a flow'r,
In spring-time fair or summer hour,
To trace within its simple bell
His hand, who has "done all things well."

I need but watch the bird take wing,
Or hear it tune its throat to sing,
(Weaving its neat and curious nest)
To hear the praise of God exprest.

I need but see the silk-worm spin,
With threads so delicate and thin,
Its tiny case of silk and gold,
A heav'nly artist to behold.

I only need, in sunny hours,
Observe the bee among the flow'rs,
And follow it from spray to spray,
To see how God directs its way.

I need but think how I am made,
The wonders in my form display'd,
To know who fram'd its work within,
And wrapt them in a case of skin.

I only have to use my eyes,
God's name to read in earth and skies;
His signatures are stamp'd around,
And every spot is holy ground.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

Page for the Young.

THE FATHER'S PROMISE.

A FATHER of a family was going for a long journey. He was going to France, and Spain, and Portugal, and would not return for many months. He had long been in ill health, and now that winter was coming on, the doctors told him that he must go and pass the cold months in a warmer country than England, else he would surely die. Very sad was the parting in prospect, and no one could speak of it with a dry eye, for he was a loving father, and had trained his little ones in the love and fear of their Father in heaven.

October was over, and on a windy night on the 1st of November, the children gathered round the hearth, where so soon the honoured place would be vacant, to listen to the parting words of the dear parent; the mother, pale and sad, looking on with a heart aching with grief, and yet full of trust in his God and in her God. But the father strove to cheer the little band. He spoke hopefully and tenderly to them, and bade them remember how good it was of God to give him the means for so long a journey. He reminded them of poor Bill Parsons, in their own village, who was dying of consumption, and who had no money to take him even to the hospital at Brompton, where the doctor had said he might have been benefited. He would write to them, too, he said, sometimes to one child, and sometimes to another, to mamma every time, of course; and how much there would be to tell if he came back well in May! Young hearts are more given to hope than to fear, and soon the cloud passed away.

"And what shall I bring you from Lisbon, children?" he asked. "Come, make your requests known. I know you are reasonable children—you four elder ones at least; as for little Kate and baby, I must choose for them."

"Bring me a rocking-horse," said Kate.

Papa smiled, and said, "Too large, Katey; think of something else, or trust to me."

Kate was very willing to trust, and nurse coming in, she lay her tired head on papa's shoulder, and heard his last good night.

"But you must each write down your wishes on a piece of paper, my dears, and give it to me at supper. Now go; mamma and I have still much to talk about. Come back in an hour."

Edward and Horace, Edith and Emily now sat in grave consultation as to what their requests should be. The three elder had the utmost faith in their father's promise. They knew that he meant what he said; they were sure that he would give them what they asked for if it were good for them to have; if not, they said, like wise trusting children, he would give them something better, but still they would *ask*.

Edward was nearly fourteen, and very earnest were his boyish longings for a watch; so he put that down, with the very humble postscript to his request, "Pray do not give me a watch, papa, if you think it will cost too much money, or that I am not old enough. It is the thing in the world I most wish for, and I know you will give it to me if you think it right I should have it; if not, choose anything else, and I shall be just as pleased."

Horace, with less preamble, but faith quite as strong, begged his papa to buy him a bird of some sort, or a dog, but he should like a bird better than anything, and some flower seeds for his garden of rare plants; he would contrive to rear them somehow. "But I forgot, papa," he added, "whether I may have more than one thing; yet you said, 'Ask for what you wish,' so I don't think I am wrong."

Edith, the twin sister of Horace, now wrote her petition at the end of her brother's slip of paper. She must see his petition, she said, of course; the others might keep theirs secret. Of course, indeed, she might; they were thoroughly one, those lovely twin children. "I should like a whole set of a Portuguese girl's dress, papa; a common Portuguese girl I mean. 'Costume,' Horace tells me I should say. And if I might have a little gold chain to wear when I am old enough, I should like it better than any I could get here. But I am only twelve, and perhaps I love dress too much; so if you don't think it good, don't give it to me, though I *do* wish it *very* much."

"Now, Emily, where is your slip?" asked the children.

"I don't intend to ask for anything," said Emily; "I think it is mean; papa can choose me anything he likes. I wonder you have not more spirit than to fix on a present—to ask for one indeed!"

"But papa said 'Ask,' and it looks as if we did not believe him if we do *not* ask."

"Oh, nonsense! I want nothing, and that is the truth."

"No, you *want* nothing, I dare say, Emily; but can you say you do not *wish* for anything?"

"I don't like to ask, at any rate, for what I really do wish for, and I shall not, so I tell you plainly; for I should not like to be refused, and I don't believe papa would give it to me."

"But he said, '*Ask*,' Emmy; would he have said so if he did not mean to give? Is that like our papa?"

But Emily coloured and would not answer.

The bell rang for supper, and the children went into the dining-room. The last meal is a sorrowful affair before a parting, the last prayer yet more so; and the children's hearts were full again as they thought of the vacant chair on the morrow. But strong was the faith of the good man as, with calm voice and manner, he besought his Heavenly Father to protect and to restore, and pleaded his own promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive;" nevertheless he added, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt."

The little slips of paper, which, by the bye, were not to be looked at till the morrow, were placed in the pocket-book, and the father looked inquiringly for the fourth. Edward answered the look by saying, "Papa, Emmy does not *like* to ask for something she much wants." There was something touching in the father's look, as he said, "Cannot you trust in my love?" The child hid her face. She had not that firm confidence in her parent's affection that her brothers and sister had. She had been brought up hitherto by an aunt, and the parents, in receiving their child to her home again, felt that the little heart was estranged.

The next day there was a blank, a sad stillness in the house—the father was gone.

To be continued.]

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE OFFERING UP OF AN ONLY SON.

THE LIFE OF A PATRIARCH.

PART VII.

THE SACRIFICE.

After the destruction of the cities of the plain, Abraham removed from Mamre to Gerar, where an incident occurred similar to that which took place in Egypt. The patriarch again called Sarah his sister, and thereby involved himself in difficulties with Abimelech, as he had done before with Pharaoh. Mercifully rescued from the consequences of his folly, and most generously treated by the monarch, who had unwittingly been led by him to the border of a great crime, but before whose eyes was the fear of God, Abraham now received the accomplishment of that wonderful promise which had so much tried his faith and hope. Isaac was born, and great was the aged mother's joy. But Hagar's jealousy and Ishmael's mocking introduced confusion and strife into the good man's tent; and then followed the affecting episode of the bondmaid's departure with her son into the wilderness of Paran, their sufferings there, and the merciful interposition of the angel of the Lord. All that, however, we must leave, and at once direct our thoughts to the most astonishing portion of Abraham's history.

No. 42.—Published February 15, 1856. Price One Penny.

"God did tempt Abraham;" that is, he tried his faith. The words furnish the principle on which we are to explain the narrative which succeeds. The Lord distinctly called his servant by name, and then directed him to offer up his son. The patriarch was well convinced that the communication he received on this occasion was from heaven. It was not the first instance in which the Most High had spoken. Abraham was familiar with the tones of the Divine Oracle. He had heard them in Ur of the Chaldees, bidding him to go forth to a strange land. He had heard them under the oaks of Mamre, assuring him that his posterity should possess the country in which he dwelt. He had heard them amidst the grove of Beersheba, promising the birth of his beloved Isaac. It was, therefore, no strange voice. Abraham was no rash enthusiast, the sport of his own fancy, the plaything of idle imaginations, conjuring the whisperings of the wind among the trees into the voice of Jehovah, or mistaking his own wild dreams for God's appearances; but, as is evident from the rest of his history, he was a calm, thoughtful, prudent man, who on this occasion felt that he was addressed by the Divine Being, and had reasons for his conviction the most satisfactory.

When God at this time spake to the patriarch, it is very likely that he anticipated some renewed words of promise and encouragement. With an eye fixed on the opening glory, and with a heart beating with hope and joy, he said to God who called, "Here am I." But instead of repeating the promises which had before gladdened the patriarch's heart, instead of making Beersheba resound with those tones of enrapturing prediction which had been uttered at Mamre, the Almighty delivered the charge, "Take now thy son ——" Which son? "Thine only son, whom thou lovest, even Isaac." The direction was specific and minute, as if emphatically to state, as if deeply to impress on his mind, that he was to take the son of his old age, the son of Sarah, the son of his love, the son of his joy, the son whose birth had covered his aged countenance with smiles, and made him laugh—his Isaac! "And get thee into the land of Moriah."

Two divisions of the land of Canaan claim the honour of possessing Moriah in its borders. The Samaritans professed that it was in their country, and identified it with a part of Gerizim. In their books they read Moreh—Moreh being near Shechem. The Jews contend that Moriah was the spot—*that* on which the temple was afterwards built, and with this the tenth verse of the third chapter of the second book of Chronicles agrees. The distance of Moreh from Beersheba would seem here to harmonize with the fact of the three days' journey to the place; but other circumstances favour an opposite view of the matter. Moriah was most likely the place, and the long time spent in getting to it may be thus explained. Abraham was under divine directions in the journey, and was guided by a circuitous route to the spot, of which he was not at first particularly informed —an arrangement which, by lengthening out the period of his suspense, the more effectually served to try his faith. "Offer him there for a burnt-offering, upon one of the mountains that I will tell thee of."

It seems highly probable that at this time the custom of offering human sacrifices existed, and might be known and practised in Palestine. It is related that it was an ancient usage of the kings of Egypt, especially of the shepherd dynasty, to sacrifice men to Typhon at the tomb of Osiris. In 2 Kings iii. 27, we read that the king of Moab, when pressed in battle, "took his eldest son, that should have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt-offering upon the walls." The idea of human sacrifice was most likely not a perfectly new thing to Abraham. He might be familiar with the custom as practised by the heathen nations around him, though it certainly was not at all countenanced in the patriarchal religion, and was most expressly forbidden by the law of Moses. Yet, inasmuch as it was a rite performed in his day, and by people whom he knew, perhaps it would not strike him with the horror with which it very naturally inspires us. But, as we shall see, the case before us, so far from at all favouring the barbarous practice of those days, did virtually condemn it.

The trial was intended to test Abraham's faith. It is very common to illustrate the trial by referring to the pain occasioned by the death of a son—an only son. "Look," it is said to a Christian parent, "look at that beloved youth, who has entwined himself round your heart, over whose infancy you have watched, whose first lispings you have heard with thrilling delight, whom you took by the hand to the house of God, whose opening mind, budding genius, and early piety you have watched and cherished, indulging in fond hopes of future prosperity, usefulness, and honour, and to whom you look as the staff of your declining years; suppose you should lose him this night—suppose that before another week be gone he should be swallowed up in the tomb—would it not inflict an ever-bleeding wound?" An old man robbed of his son and heir is of all beings the most to be commiserated. "He resembles," to use Mr. Burke's language, "an oak stripped of its honours, and torn up by the roots; he stands alone with none to meet his enemies in the

gate. He lives in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded him have gone before him. They who should have been his posterity have become his ancestors." Abraham's trial has been illustrated in this kind of way. But we question whether the *losing* of a son affords an illustration of the case before us. We often speculate a good deal upon what Abraham *thought* and *felt*. Now in the narration there is not one word about either; but simply a statement of what he *did*. The apostle Paul is the only competent person to throw light upon the patriarch's *thoughts* and *emotions*. He says: "By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac, and he that had received the promises offered up his only son, *accounting that God was able to raise him even from the dead.*"

From this it would appear that Abraham's faith was so strong, that he did not expect, after all, that he would lose his son. He was going to Moriah with the intention of offering him there, at God's bidding; but with the expectation that God would raise him up again. He looked to the ability of the Almighty, and to his willingness (for the former alone could not on this occasion have been a sufficient ground of faith), to restore his son, even after that object of his love had been immolated on the altar. He felt that there were certain promises touching Isaac that must be fulfilled. With him the covenant was bound up. To him, as to a column, the long chain of the promises was attached. Isaac then could not perish. The patriarch, therefore, did not anticipate that he should lose him, but that God would in some miraculous manner interpose on his behalf, and therein was the greatness of his faith.

Probably at eventide the command was addressed. The next morning finds him fulfilling it. We see him by the dawning light rising up, and making arrangements for the journey; he calls his son to accompany him, he saddles his ass, and takes two servants; the wood is cut for sacrifice, and the little party leave the encampment, and brush away the dew from the long grass, as the sun rises and covers the earth as if with diamonds. The sending away of Hagar and Ishmael was a trial, but what was that to this journey which Abraham is now about to take with Isaac? Besides, on turning to Gen. xxi. 12, we find that God had given Abraham a reason for that former trial, saying that Ishmael was not the child of promise, and therefore might be parted with; Isaac was a substitute for Ishmael; but who was to be a substitute for Isaac? We see the calm resignation of Abraham's mind depicted in his countenance, as we watch him leaving his home. We see his fortitude and faith at this trying moment, and it shames us for the slow and dilatory homage which we are wont to pay, when we pay any homage at all, to the Divine will.

In reading history it is very difficult for us to realize the circumstances in which the parties described were placed. We look at the case in the light which subsequent events have thrown upon it. We do not on that account see and feel as the parties in question saw and felt. The remark applies in the present instance. We know how this trial issued. We know that, after all, Abraham was *not* required to offer his son. We know the happy sequel to the story. We, therefore, commonly carry the thought of this throughout the narration. We foresee from the beginning how it will end. But to form a conception of Abraham's position, we must by an effort exclude from our minds the knowledge of the latter part of the history. We must fancy at the commencement, we know no more of the issue than he did. Let us try to do this. We are going a journey to a mountain which God has told us of. He bids us there sacrifice our son; we fully expect we shall have to do it; but we believe that God will raise him from the dead. How, we cannot tell. In what manner the thing will be accomplished, it is impossible for us to say. It is all a mystery. The whole is dark before us, save the glimpse we have of a burning altar, a slaughtered body, and the power of God able to restore its life. We have not an idea beyond that. We walk by faith, not by sight; God's word is our only guide; God's character our only comfort.

Thus, then, Abraham travels forward. Let us follow him on the map. His course is along the side of a range of mountains running up from the Arabian desert, passing not far from Beersheba, then turning round by Hebron, and going as far as Bethlehem, where the chain terminates, and before it rises the mountain line of Moriah. The first day is gone, and he and the rest pause for the night. Next morning they are on their way again. Abraham has gone the road before. Perhaps he crossed these mountains, and looked at Hebron, and Mamre, where he had pitched his tent, and talked with God, and received the promises. On and on he goes for another whole day, full of suspense, we should think, and the second night he rests. There he stands in the early morn of the third day, and now he sees the place in the distance. It is not far from Salem, where his old friend Melchizedec lived. It is associated with scenes of victory. Thither he returned with joy from the slaughter of the kings. The music of triumph had rung among those hills, when he and his three hundred men came home, covered with spoils and with glory. He passes by that place now in very different circumstances.

As they are getting near Moriah, it is time to

ask, how is Abraham to accomplish his purpose? There are four of the party—himself, his son, and the two servants. Abraham alone knew the purpose of the journey. Should the servants know it, will they not strive to save the youth? They, therefore, had better be left. "In hard duties and severe trials we should consider that we have enough to struggle with in our minds without having any interruptions from other quarters. Great trials are best entered upon with little company. Such was the precaution taken by our Lord himself." The patriarch and his son, therefore, ascend the mountain by themselves; the former remarking, as he leaves the servants, "Abide ye here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you." Thus intimating, it appears to us, the return of *both*, and showing how fully he believed that God would raise him up from the dead.

You see the patriarch, now above 125 years old, and his son, about 25, going up the hill together; the latter carries a bundle of wood, and a vessel containing some burning embers, with which the sacrifice is to be ignited.

A mountain is a hallowed spot; it is a place for worship and communion with God.

> Where is thy favoured haunt, eternal voice,
> The region of thy choice;—
> Where, undisturbed by sin and earth, the soul
> Owns thine entire control?
> 'Tis on the mountain's summit, dark and high,
> When storms are hurrying by;
> 'Tis mid the strong foundations of the earth,
> Where torrents have their birth.
> No sounds of worldly toil ascending there,
> Mar the full burst of prayer.
> Lone nature feels that she may freely breathe;
> And round us, and beneath,
> Are heard her sacred tones—the fitful sweep
> Of winds across the steep,
> Through withered trees, romantic note and clear,
> Meet for an angel's ear.

Upon what follows we dare not make a comment. It is too hallowed to be touched. "And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father: and he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering? And Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering: so they went both of them together."

They now come to the spot. The ground is cleared, a rude altar is raised, in which task, perhaps, Isaac assisted (for his faith was like his father's), the wood was placed in order, and Isaac bound. Now all is ready. The patriarch stretches forth his hand.

It is enough. "And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham! And he said, Here am I. And he said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me. And Abraham lifted up his eyes and looked, and behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns; and Abraham went and took the ram and offered him up for a burnt-offering in the stead of his son." We cannot attempt to analyse the emotions of holy joy that must have swollen in Abraham's soul. Enough it is to say, that self-denial for God ever brings a rich reward.

On this hallowed spot the destroying angel afterwards paused in answer to David's prayer; and hard by the Son of God was offered on the cross for the world's redemption. It was probably to some revelation made to Abraham *now*, that our Lord referred when he said, "Abraham rejoiced to see my day; he saw it and was glad." Perhaps by a supernatural light thrown on the mysterious transaction which had just taken place, Abraham might be enabled to see in it the type and symbol of that blessed sacrifice which God provided for the world's salvation.

Moriah, the mount of promise, now surrounded by straggling villages and little huts, afterwards became the site of Jerusalem, or the seat of the temple of that holy and beautiful city. There, where now only a thicket marked the scene of sacrifice, rose an edifice to the glory of God, and which was at the same time the glory of the land. There stood the altar to which the people in joyful myriads brought their offerings. There were the courts, where multitudes, countless as the stars, thick as the sea-shore sands, assembled on their holy feast days, to worship the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. There lay the pavement trodden by Immanuel's feet. There the apostles unfolded their message, and thence went forth the glad tidings of salvation for all people through all ages.

AN INCIDENT IN PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

In some of the early numbers of this publication we set before our readers the history of the Pitcairn Islanders. It may possibly be thought by some that the accounts of this interesting little community which from time to time have appeared in print, proceed from the pens of persons whose minds are so completely prepossessed in favour of them as to be unable to perceive any faults in their character and conduct. But we may safely affirm that the testimony of all those who have had an opportunity of observing their manners and customs—the testimony even of persons who do not profess any especial attachment to religion—is in entire accordance with all that has been related

of them. If you ask the rough sailor, no bad judge by the way, he will answer you, as one answered the writer in reply to some question he asked him about them, "Sir, they are religious, very religious. They are more religious than we are." If you question a person of some education and refinement, his reply will be to the same effect.

It was the lot of the writer recently to meet a seaman who had just visited Pitcairn, who mentioned to him the subjoined incident, which, although trifling in itself, must be deemed confirmatory of the observations now made.

"I had been," says my informant, "sailing among the islands of the South Pacific, for the purposes of trade, and at last arrived at Pitcairn. Having, of course, heard something of the people, I determined to land, which, as there is no harbour for ships of any size, I was obliged to do in a boat. As we approached the spot which seemed most convenient for landing, I observed a man standing on a rock which jutted out a little way into the sea, apparently watching our motions. When we drew somewhat nearer shore, he threw himself into the water and swam to us. I believe it was Thursday October Christian himself. On coming up to us, he cried out, 'Good morning, brothers.' I took him into the boat, the steering of which he immediately assumed. Somewhat disconcerted at his conduct, I asked if there was any danger? His answer was, 'No, if it be God's will.' Not thinking this reply quite satisfactory, I repeated my question, and again a third time asked it with considerable anxiety. But no other answer could I draw from him but this, 'No! please God.' Finding that he would give me no further information, I abstained from pressing my question, and kept myself in readiness for any accident that might occur. In a short time, however, we arrived safely at the shore.

"I went with our guide immediately to the village, where I was received by the inhabitants with great hospitality. At night a bed was made for me in a large building which I believe is usually allotted to strangers who visit the island. It was in the side of the wall, and so situated that I could see everything that took place in the room. Very early in the morning I was greatly surprised, and I confess somewhat alarmed, at seeing a man enter the room as noiselessly as he possibly could. Shortly after another came in, and then another and another, until they amounted to a considerable number. The idea at first entered my mind that they intended to make an attack upon me; but this immediately passed away, and I laid quite still, watching their proceedings with some interest. As they entered, they ranged themselves in order along the walls of the building, but not a word passed between them. In a short time another man came in, and placed himself in front of the whole line, just as an officer does when exercising his troops. This last person immediately commenced haranguing his audience, first in Tahitian, and afterwards in English, bidding them conduct themselves as Christians, live in the fear of God, and in love towards their neighbours. The whole party then knelt down, and prayer was offered, at the conclusion of which they separated, leaving the building as quietly as they had entered it at first."

Such is the account the writer received from his friend only a few weeks ago. He has endeavoured to repeat it in the very terms in which he heard it. But let us ask, does it not bear out the accounts we already possess of these simple-minded islanders? Mark how the first of them met with on this occasion referred every little thing to God: it was only if God pleased that no harm should come to the boat. Are we, in this land, wont to refer all events, however trivial, to the will of the Almighty? And yet we are told by our Lord that not even a sparrow can fall to the ground without our heavenly Father's permission, and that even the very hairs of our head are all numbered. Again, are we in the habit of worshipping God daily in our families? How many neglect this solemn duty? In this respect a great change for the better, we acknowledge, has taken place in the community, and we bless God for it. But must we not still complain of great deficiency in the performance of this obligation? Surely these simple people of Pitcairn's Island set an example to many families in the land, and happy shall we be if the narration of this incident should lead any one who has hitherto neglected it, to commence and to persevere in the worship of God in his household. Morning and evening prayer should, like a fringe, prevent the threads of the web of life's daily duties from unravelling.

THE SIEGE OF MANSOUL.

PART V.

He who is disposed to turn all transactions to spiritual account can find many materials of solemn interest in the transactions at this moment taking place before the citadel of Sebastopol. We are listening with intense eagerness to every sound wafted to our ears from that distant region. Amidst our lamentations at the resurrection of the demon of war, who, we had fondly hoped, was deceased, no more to trouble the European world, we alternately tremble with fear and are eager with hope. Any day

may bring to us news which will disappoint our favourable anticipations. Any day may excite our minds by the intelligence that the great citadel is won.

This state of awful suspense is but analogous to that of the trepidation with which many true Christians are witnessing the advance of the gospel in the hearts of those they tenderly love. Think of a pious mother as she watches the progress of some beloved son. She has perhaps bathed his early education in tears and prayers — has solemnly and repeatedly dedicated her child to God—has indulged in his early years all the enthusiasm of hope over developing excellences and promising traits of character. But she has learned to know what the sickness of heart is which attends the reverse of her desires. The character has deteriorated—the young man has declined. He is not what he once was. The tones of his voice, the aspect of his features, the glance of his eye, mark a sorrowful change. The evil spirit has entered into him; and God and heaven are forgotten. The mother cannot speak it, but her bursting heart bears witness to the fear that her child is lost for ever!

Yet the unspeakable mercy of God has not yet abandoned the heart which seems to have forsaken his favour. In his arrangements some instrument is commanded to "go and speak to that young man." The hope of observers is again revived. With what intense eagerness they watch the progress of the new contest. What alternations of hope and fear, what vibrations between joy and agony, mark every step of the campaign. How every look is watched—almost every sigh is listened for! And oh! who can describe the joy if the earthly parent should be permitted at length to say, "This my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

Mansoul now opens all her gates to receive the triumphant Prince. "Dread sovereign," said they, "thy presence, thy looks, thy smiles, thy words are the life and strength and sinews of the town of Mansoul." What joy can equal that of the renewed soul when it has received the Saviour! In many respects the transports exceed any on this side of heaven. Bunyan well represents this under the similitude of a most elaborate banquet given by the Prince to the inhabitants.

And now it is the object of Emmanuel to remodel Mansoul entirely, and to put it into a condition both safe for itself and well-pleasing to him. For the first process, when the soul has received the Saviour, is to have formed within it those habits of virtue and holiness which may render it a fit residence for God. This however, can only be effected by the continued operation of God's Holy Spirit. The Prince mounts, therefore, the slings (texts of Scripture), whereby assaults may be repelled; and he puts the command of these, which were to issue from Mouthgate, under Captain Credence. In truth, the word of God uttered by faith is the great instrument for repelling all temptation. The Will is again placed in charge of the gates, with strict orders to search out all Diabolonians; the Understanding is replaced in his functions, with instructions that he is to be stationed as near Eyegate as possible, because, as Bunyan has elsewhere told us, "my lord mayor was a seeing man;" and he is moreover ordered to read in "the revelation of mysteries" all the days of his life, since only by the book of God can this great faculty of the soul become perfectly enlightened; and since Conscience is destined for another employ, Knowledge is made recorder instead of him. The image of Diabolus is removed, that of Shaddai once again set up, and the name of the Prince himself written on the front of the town. Reader, dost thou know the honour and emphasis which are involved in that highest earthly word—A CHRISTIAN?

And now occurs the apprehension of three great Diabolonians — Incredulity, Forget-good, and Lustings. "Besides these, there were some of them that Diabolus made burgesses and aldermen in Mansoul, that were committed to ward by the hand of the now valiant and now right noble and brave Lord Will-be-will— Alderman Atheism, Alderman Hard-heart, and Alderman False-peace. The burgesses were Mr. No-truth, Mr. Pitiless, Mr. Haughty, and the like. These were committed to close custody, and the jailor's name was Mr. Trueman."

The strongholds set up by Diabolus prove hard to remove. Nevertheless the command is that the work be done, and done entirely. God commands all sin away from the heart. Yet though man must needs labour at its eradication, it is a work of time and of difficulty. May he help us all, dear reader, in that most arduous work!

Bunyan well knew what judicial processes in courts of English law were, for he had figured and suffered in them. It was apposite to his own recollections, therefore, to represent some of the principal enemies of Mansoul brought up for their trial. The lord mayor and the recorder, Understanding and Knowledge, occupy the bench, whilst the following are the suggestive names of the jury—Belief, True-heart, Upright, Hate-bad, Love-God, See-truth, Heavenly-mind, Moderate, Thankful, Good-work, Zeal-for-God, Humble. These names were probably suggested by similar appellations, adopted by many in the times of the Commonwealth. The wit-

nesses again were Know-all, Tell-true, Hate-lies, with my Lord Will-be-will; and Do-right is the town-clerk. When such are officers in the town of Mansoul, it is a proof that that fortress has become changed indeed.

Before the judges and this jury is brought Atheism (son of Never-be-good), who is first indicted as "a very pestilent fellow," believing that there is no God (though he could profess one if need were). He had avowed this opinion in Black-mouth-lane, in Blasphemer's-row, and in Rascal-lane-ends, and had declared that it was as good to commit debauchery as to hear a sermon. Lustings is also summoned for answering too well to his name, as a swearer, unclean person, liar, and fornicator, though he pleaded to be a man of high birth, and says that "he was never a churl." Incredulity is accused of defying the king's forces, and loving the service of Diabolus; Forget-good of being averse to all holy laws, though he pleads infirmity of mind as an excuse for his faults; Hard-heart is accused of never knowing what remorse or sorrow was; False-peace, son of Flatter and Sooth-up, is charged with keeping Mansoul in a state of unfounded security, notwithstanding its real and imminent danger, though he denies on his trial (very characteristically) his real name; Pitiless, who declares that his true name is Cheer-up, is charged with not permitting Mansoul to feel the sentiments which might have led it to repentance; and Haughty is complained of for carrying it stoutly before Shaddai, and teaching the Mansoulians to do so also. The following passage, which records the conversation of the jury when shut up to meditate on their verdict, is worthy of the author of a similar scene in the "Pilgrim's Progress:"—

"And thus Mr. Belief (for he was the foreman) began:—'Gentlemen,' quoth he, 'for the men, the prisoners at the bar, for my part I believe they all deserve death.' 'Very right,' said Mr. True-heart; 'I am wholly of your opinion.' 'And so am I,' said Mr. Upright. 'Oh what a mercy it is,' said Mr. Hate-bad, 'that such villains as these are apprehended!' 'Ay! ay!' said Mr. Love-good, 'this is one of the joyfullest days that ever I saw in my life.' 'Then,' said Mr. See-truth, 'I know that if I've judged them to death, our verdict shall stand before Shaddai himself.' 'Nor do I at all question it,' said Mr. Heavenly-mind; he said moreover, 'When all such beasts as these are cast out of Mansoul, what a goodly town will it be then!' Then said Mr. Moderate, 'It is not in my manner to pass my judgment with rashness; but for these, their crimes are so notorious, and the witness so palpable, that that man must be wilfully blind who says the prisoners ought not to die.' 'Blessed be God,' said Mr. Thankful, 'the traitors are safe in custody!' 'And I join with you in this on my bare knees,' said Mr. Humble. 'I am also glad,' said Mr. Good-work. Then said the warm man, and true-hearted Mr. Zeal-for-God, 'Cut them off; they have been the plague, and sought the destruction of Mansoul.'"

The prisoners are found guilty, and sentenced to be executed without mercy. Happy is the spiritual fortress freed from all similar influence!

But alas! in Mansoul, as in the heart of man itself, to sentence is not always to execute. "One of the prisoners, Incredulity by name, in the interval between the sentence and the execution, broke the prison, and made his escape, and got him quite out of the town of Mansoul, and lay lurking in such pits and holes as he might until he should again have opportunity to do the town of Mansoul a mischief for this their handling of him as they did." Sad event! for this Incredulity "was the very worst of all the gang." In vain the search for him is made. He has joined hands with Diabolus, and we shall hear of him soon again.

Reader! hast thou ever tried, in the strength of God and as a part of the obligations laid upon thee by God's converting grace, to crucify thy old sins? If thou hast, thou wilt assent to Bunyan's description of a similar scene in Mansoul.

"Now, the day was come, in the which the prisoners in Mansoul were to be executed. . . . So the town of Mansoul slew them according to the word of their Prince; but when the prisoners were brought to the cross to die" (for it is the cross of Christ at which all worldly lusts are crucified) "you can hardly believe what troublesome work Mansoul had of it to put the Diabolonians to death; for the men knowing that they must die, and all of them having implacable enmity in their heart to Mansoul, what did they do but take courage at the cross, and there resist the men of the town of Mansoul? Wherefore the men of Mansoul were forced to cry out for help to the captains and men-of-war. Now the great Shaddai had a secretary in the town," (the Holy Spirit) "and he was a great lover of the men of Mansoul, and he was at the place of execution also; so he, hearing the men of Mansoul cry out against the strugglings and unruliness of the prisoners, rose up from his place, and came and put his hand upon the hands of the men of Mansoul." There is no strength in man even to mortify his old sins at the cross of Christ until the Spirit gives him energy and power for the work. "So they crucified the Diabolonians that had been a plague, a grief, and an offence to the town of Mansoul."

In reward of this exploit, and as an act of gracious favour to the town, Emmanuel places Mr. Experience (who had waited upon Captain Credence) to be high in office over them. This general bears white colours, and has for his scutcheon a dead lion and bear. The device evidently refers to the youthful exploit of David, and the allegorical incident represents how the memory of past trials and conquests becomes the most important aid to the Christian in the progress of his religious course.

MR. EXPERIENCE APPOINTED CAPTAIN.

The position of Mansoul, heretofore so rebellious, becomes, day by day, more safe and cheering. The Prince lovingly grants to the inhabitants a royal charter (the covenant of grace), including entire forgiveness; heaven's holy law as their future guide; likeness to God; the hallowed uses of this world; free access to the Divine throne; power to destroy all enemies, and privileges peculiar to themselves. This charter is engraven in letters of gold, is read to them by the late recorder (Conscience), and is to be before their eyes continually. To sum up their advantages, the Prince undertakes, to send from the court the Lord Chief Secretary of his Father's house (the Comforter), to be their great teacher, and to infuse life and vigour into their souls; whilst Mr. Conscience is appointed his subordinate, and is charged to represent his messages with fidelity, and not to interpose any teaching of his own; for the true office of Conscience is to interpret divine laws and not to make them.

The Prince besides urges the most respectful deference towards their captains; for Christian graces are delicately sensitive, and "if they should become weak, the town of Mansoul cannot be strong." Emmanuel tells them also that there are yet Diabolonians (remnants of old sins) lurking in the town of Mansoul, with whom they are to wage implacable war. He concludes by arraying them in white and glistening robes, which he charges them to wear daily, to preserve with care from all pollution, and in case of their becoming defiled, to apply instantly to himself for the remedy. Such is the work of SANCTIFICATION in the soul.

THE PRINCE GIVING WHITE GARMENTS.

It were happy if we could be as loth to commit sin as to acknowledge it.—BISHOP HALL.

NOTHING that is broken bears any value except the heart, which becomes more valuable the more it is broken.—PERSIAN APHORISM.

THE Rev. John Wesley being asked by a nobleman, "What is humility?" replied, "My lord, humility, I think, consists in a man's thinking the truth about himself."

THE sceptic doubts nothing but truth; the infidel believes everything but scripture, and every one but God. —MRS. SHERWOOD.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE CHARACTER OF ITS FOUNDER AN EVIDENCE OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

The evidences of Christianity are usually regarded as twofold—the external, or those which, arising from independent and often distant sources, pour upon it a flood of light and surround it with an atmosphere of divinity; and the internal, or those which, emanating from and belonging to itself, invest it with a panoply of truth which has been found proof against every assault that has been or can be made upon it. As an instance of external evidence, we might adduce Josephus, a Jew, and therefore an enemy to Christianity; yet writing as though he were an instrument especially raised up by God to verify and to authenticate the Christian revelation. As an instance of internal evidence, we might turn to Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ"—to the beautiful and elaborate network, as it were, of undesigned coincidence which, out of their own texture, he has woven around the writings of the great apostle of the Gentiles, and which the poisoned arrows of the sceptic vainly strive to penetrate. Of these two classes of evidence, the external is usually found to be the most valuable in the conversion or the overthrow of the infidel, owing to the independence of the sources from which it emanates; while the internal is found to be the most efficacious for the guidance and enlightenment of the sincere inquirer, and the building up and strengthening of the true believer, inasmuch as such evidences come out one after another to the eye of the student, even as the stars come out to him who gazes on the sky of evening; proclaiming that the hand which penned the page, no less than that which formed the heavens, is Divine.

There appears, moreover, to be, besides these two, a mixed or compound class of evidences, partaking of the nature, and possessed of the advantages of both; and as an instance of this we would adduce the character of the Lord Jesus Christ as portrayed in the history of the four Gospels. This evidence is not wholly internal, for if we were to lay aside the sacred record altogether, we should still have the independent testimony of Jew, and Mahomedan, and infidel of every class, that there lived such a man as Jesus of Nazareth, and that he was one of the most remarkable characters that the world ever witnessed—one, in short, whose conduct and whose mission can only be satisfactorily accounted for as they are in the pages of inspiration. Neither is it wholly or chiefly external; for it is as you read the holy volume that that character grows upon you in its purity, brightens to you in its loveliness, and expands before you in its majesty, until you cry out with him of old who stood beneath the cross, while the heavens grew black above and the earth was reeling beneath him, "Truly this is the Son of God!"—until you feel assured as you are of your own existence, that the authors of the book were inspired—that the book itself is Divine—that this one portraiture alone, independent of miracle or prophecy, or of any other evidence whatsoever, is sufficient to convince you that the words are God's words—the Book his book—and that He of whom it testifies is, and can be, no other than "the Great Mystery of Godliness, God manifest in the flesh!"

There are three points of view in which we may consider the character of the Lord Jesus Christ as an evidence of the truth of Christianity, bearing in mind that the truth of Christianity stands or falls with the truth of the New Testament scriptures. These are, first, its origin; secondly, its nature; thirdly, its results.

First, its origin. We have the character of Christ in four separate narratives, by four different authors, and it is therefore either a fiction invented by these four men, desirous (for what purpose it matters not) to furnish the world, as many others have from time to time desired and endeavoured to do, with their notion of a perfect, model man; or else it is a fact—it is the biography of one with whom these men were actually well acquainted, whom they heard as he spoke, and saw as he performed what they have recorded and described. Is it then a fiction, invented by the authors of the Gospels, and palmed by them upon the world as true?

In the first place, we affirm that the position in life and the qualifications of its authors render such a notion utterly untenable. One of them was a tax-gatherer, or publican—of all other classes at that time the most reprobate—the most contemned. Another was a poor Galilean fisherman; the others men of no repute or station whatsoever in the learning or the literature of their age; and yet, unless the record be true, the character be real, these were the men to accomplish what philosopher and poet and historian, what all the accumulated learning of Greece and Rome at the acme of their cultivation, had attempted and laboured at in vain.

They had deeply felt, these philosophers of the olden time, the need of some pattern of human excellence, by the study and imitation of which man might be raised out of the mire of sensuality and licentiousness in which he was wallowing, and sorely had they striven to supply this need. But all their efforts were in vain; their heroes were either demi-gods, exalted altogether above the level of humanity, and yet carrying with them humanity's worst vices to the false height to which they had been raised; or else they were brutes, debased beneath its lowest level—combinations of monstrosities, at which men knew not whether to laugh or to weep. And here we have the Galilean fisherman accomplishing the task for which a Plato and a Socrates were unequal! We have, on the one hand, a throng of the world's first artists, when its art was at its height, coming forward to paint upon the canvass the model of a perfect man; and the result is a daub, a caricature, or rather a series of such. We have, on the other hand, (upon the supposition that the character of Christ were fictitious) men who know nothing whatsoever of colours, whose fingers never before held the pallet or the pencil, coming forward with a like intent; and lo! the canvass breathes and burns beneath their touch; the model is produced, perfect, without a flaw, such as the world never before or never since has witnessed! How are we to account for this, otherwise than by believing that the character, instead of being fictitious, was real—that these men painted from the life—that they described just what they had seen and heard? Or is it too much to affirm that of all the incredible notions which have entered into the mind of man, the most so is the notion that the character of Christ is the invention of the authors of the Gospels?

Again, there is a peculiarity—a marked, an awful peculiarity—in the character of Christ, which altogether forbids the notion of its being fictitious. The authors of the Gospels wanted, let us for a moment suppose, to furnish forth to the world a model of a perfect man; if so, while in one sense they succeeded to an extent to which none others have done before or since, in another sense they as signally failed; for while they made him truly man—human, as were none of the fabled heroes of antiquity in frame and feeling and expression—they made him also *more than man;* they made him a raiser of the dead, a healer of the sick, a controller of the elements, a discerner of the thoughts; they ascribed to him powers such as mere man, however perfect, never was, never could have been, possessed of; and thus, instead of supplying the world with that which it was looking for, they gave it that which, with all its beauty, all its perfection, it would not receive; they spoiled their man-model, so to speak, by making it more than man! They who had, be it supposed, the skill and the wisdom—whence obtained is another question—to furnish such a portraiture of thoroughly *human* perfection as never had been previously conceived, had not the wisdom or the good taste which would have hindered them from marring, and rendering inefficacious by this mixture of the superhuman element, alike the symmetry and the utility of the wonderful work which they had wrought. Surely this is altogether unaccountable; and here, as in the former instance, we are left no alternative but to believe that the evangelists just pourtrayed such a character, such a being, as their "eyes had seen, and their hands had handled," and that he was, as they describe him, "the Word of Life."

But now, putting aside as utterly untenable the notion that the character of the Lord Jesus Christ was fictitious—believing it to be a real character, and therefore so far establishing the truth of that Christianity of which it forms an essential part—we ask again the question, How did it originate? Whence did it proceed? Was it a development of human nature into excellence? Was it the one flowering of humanity once in six thousand, even as the aloe flowers but once in one hundred years? No; for human nature was never less capacitated for such a development; the tree had never less of strength or of vitality for the putting forth of such a flower, than at the very time when Jesus of Nazareth appeared. He was, be it remembered, "a root out of a dry tree"—a rod out of "the stem of Jesse"—a branch from the "root of David;" and never was the Jewish nation in particular, never were mankind at large, at a lower ebb, in a more exhausted state, both moral, social, and religious, than when He came, the son of the carpenter—the cradled in the manger—the houseless, friendless one, who had not where to lay his head. Solomon, indeed, may be regarded as the flower of the Hebrew nation, and as the mightiest development of humanity, for he sprung up in Israel's palmy days, to show what a giant in wisdom and wealth and honour man might possibly become; but a worm, nevertheless, was at his root, and a blight upon his bloom; he but mournfully teaches how nigh to, yet how far from, perfection is humanity at its very best.

But Jesus of Nazareth cannot be regarded as such. He was emphatically the rod out of the *dry* tree; and just as if we see amidst all the withered branches of a dead and prostrate giant of the forest, one branch, and one only, bearing leaves, and looking green and lovely, we know, prior to any examination whatsoever, that that one branch has its root somewhere outside the dead and fallen tree, has a source of life and strength beyond and independent of it, which its

other branches do not possess—even so we know at once of Him whom we see "*in* the world, but not *of* the world," the sinless amidst the sinful, that his is a source beyond, a spring outside, a life above that nature which he assumed, and that people with whom he seems to be identified; and this at once accounts for, and is itself explained by, the otherwise anomalous and superhuman element in the character of the Redeemer—by the fact that he is "God manifest in the flesh."

Mere fallen man could not even have conceived in his mind the pattern of a perfect man, as is evident from the failures to which we have already alluded; much less could he have produced a perfect man in the way of natural generation; therefore the character of Jesus of Nazareth, the one in whom even his enemies could not detect a flaw, would be an unaccountable prodigy, but for the solution given that he was "conceived of the Holy Ghost in the womb of the virgin," that he is "perfect God and perfect man." Thus that very divinity of the incarnate Son of God which is a stumbling-block to many, causing them to reject or to endeavour to explain away the sacred record, is in reality that which alone gives it consistency, and invests it with harmony and truth. Christian reader! be very jealous for the essential divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ! Surely you may say to an opponent in this matter, If you take away from me the divinity of my Redeemer, you may also take away his humanity—you may take him, and the book which testifies of him, altogether away. I value not it, I value not him, if he be not God! If he be not God, he has not atoned for my sin, for my sin needs an infinite atonement. If he be not God, he cannot save, for he cannot put life into my dead soul; God alone is the creator, the life-giver; he cannot preserve, he cannot sustain my soul, supposing it new-created and quickened, for God alone is omnipotent, and nothing short of omnipotence can preserve or sustain it. But he *is* God, one with the Father; and he *is* man, one with me and such as me—bringing God down to me, and lifting me up to God, and forming a never-ceasing, never-failing channel of communication and bond of fellowship between us. He *is* therefore the very Saviour whom I need; and the fact that the God-man, as revealed there upon that bright page, meets all the need that yearns here in this dark heart, is the best evidence of his truth, and of the truth of the record which reveals him.

[To be continued.]

THE UNEQUAL YOKE.

CONCLUSION.

I WAS now forty years of age, when one day a party of gentlemen was invited to dinner. I was seated as usual in the drawing-room, awaiting their arrival, several gentlemen being already assembled, when the footman announced, together with the name of an intimate friend of the family, the "Rev. Mr. Douglas." I started slightly at the name; the gentleman came forward, and introducing Mr. Douglas to Mr. Wilmot, apologized for bringing him, as he had unexpectedly arrived from the country to visit him. After suitable introductions, he passed to a seat nearly opposite to me. I quickly regained my composure, and ventured to look at him. Changed he was; the hair, once so luxuriant, was nearly gone, and what remained was changing to white. There was the same expanded brow and lustrous eyes, together with a sad and grieved expression about the mouth, excepting when he smiled. Although the same in many respects, yet was he greatly changed.

Many conflicting emotions passed through my mind, and many sad remembrances rushed back upon my heart, as I sat there, at present unknown to him; and I scarcely could tell whether I wished that he would recognise me. A few hours passed, and we were again in the drawing-room, where much pleasant conversation was going on; at length I found myself near to Mr. Douglas. He held in his hand a beautiful fossil shell, which many had been admiring; he politely offered it to me for my inspection, and taking a seat near to me, described its peculiarities. I listened attentively to his description, but my hand trembled violently as I returned it to him; the tears rushed to my eyes as I felt him near me, and those well remembered tones brought back the days of my early affection, when we were all in all to each other. I returned the little shell, and as I thanked him, memory in him revived also, our eyes met, and we were no longer strangers. The recognition I saw was as painful to himself as to me, and in a few minutes I left the room.

About a month after this interview, a letter was handed to me. I recognised at once the writing: it was from Mr. Douglas. It was some little time before I could summon courage to break the seal; at last I did, and read the following lines:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"The meeting with you was as unexpected as it was at first painful to me. Many years have passed since we met. You have been a wife and are now a widow. From a mutual friend I have heard your history; mine I can tell in a few words. I loved you, and I have never loved another; my life has been spent very quietly. When I lost you, I retired to the country, shut myself up with my books, and devoted myself to hard study; through the liberality of our late friend Mrs. Wentworth,

my mother was left independent, and at her decease the property reverted to myself; if, then, you will consent to be my wife, although we may not now realize the dreams of our youth, we may yet pass some quiet and happy years together. May God bless you, and direct you in your decision.

"I am ever yours most faithfully,
WILLIAM DOUGLAS."

Reader! whoever you may be, have you never paused, and gazed long and earnestly upon a few written words? Has *a name* no power to recall, with lightning rapidity, scenes long since passed away? In a moment, I was in that well remembered room where first we met; the scenes of every hour passed in quick succession before me—our love, our happiness, our agonizing farewell! On memory rushed; my husband's form rose up, our first days of wedded life, the wretched days that followed; and then a little child with bright and golden hair, and bounding step; and then a little grave—days that had followed, years that had flown! Could *these* be cancelled, blotted out from my remembrance? No; we cannot realize the dreams of our youth; once parted, parted let us be for ever. My health too was broken, my affections fixed on things above, and it was not for me, I deemed, again to centre them upon earth. So we never met again. Years have still been gliding by; and many, whose names have appeared in these pages, no longer have a place on earth. Reader, whoever you may be, is there here no lesson for you? Will you go with me while I review the history of my past life, and while again in remembrance walking in the way through which the Lord has led me, I endeavour to draw from my experience some of those lessons which it is so well calculated to teach.

I loved, and was beloved; did I sin in this? Had we not both given ourselves to Christ, and thus were prepared to walk together in the same path? It was in the *strength* of our attachment that both sinned. Did not our subsequent conduct prove this? "When I lost you, I shut myself up with my books." Those few words tell the tale of a wasted life. Disappointed in the object of his affection and first love, he neglected his right duty, and lived a life of comparative uselessness; while I allowed my heart to become steeled, and my spirit bitter. "All these things are against me," was my sad complaint; instead of examining my heart, and seeking to discover *why* the Lord was smiting me. I sinned, too, against my father's parental authority; and respect to it, is incumbent upon us all. It is true my home, from my mother's death, had been an unhappy one, and that my father slighted and neglected me; yet still he was my father, and I had no right to form so solemn an engagement without consulting his will. He would not have yielded to my wishes, perhaps, but I should have acted rightly, should have avoided his anger, and ought then to have remained content to leave all to God, and trust that in his own good time he would appear for us. But my spirit was wounded, and I allowed anger to burn where only love should dwell, and in an unhappy hour I wilfully sinned against God.

"Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers" is a solemn command. It is as binding upon us as "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." See in this history the consequences of disobedience to this ordinance of God. It is true that my husband was not removed from me until I had some good hope that he was "safe in Christ;" but there is no such *promise* given. Christian maiden! be warned. To the parent I would say, while obedience to your authority is your first due, and is commanded of God, yet, while shielding your children from poverty and degradation, you ought not to barter their happiness for pride or gold. She who is about to take upon herself a mother's name, I would adjure not to desecrate that sacred title. Be tender and pitiful to the motherless child; its sorrow, its loss is sufficiently great, without bitterness and coldness to make its life more desolate. To the youth I would ask, has my sad story no lesson for you? This history, tells it not of wasted powers, and early death? "Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not. Blessed is the man that heareth me. For whoso findeth me, findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord. But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul; all they that hate me love death."

To the selfish, has it no command for you? "Withhold not good from those to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thy hand to do it. Say not unto thy neighbour, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee." "Rob not the poor, because he is poor, neither oppress the afflicted in the gate. For the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the soul of those that spoiled them."

To the liberal, hath it no promise? "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again." To the Christian it affords encouragement still to hope, still to trust in the promises of God, who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

Thus ended Mrs. Summers' manuscript. When it was concluded, Mrs. Mannering looked up into

her daughter's face. "There, dear Mary, I trust these counsels will remain with us both. Be assured, from one who has observed life as she has passed along it, that true piety is the best quality in the husband and the richest dower in a wife. That marriage is alone the truly and the permanently happy one, which is, to use a scriptural title, 'a marriage in the Lord.'"

CLAUDE BROUSSON.

The life of Claude Brousson forms one of the most striking episodes in the annals of the seventeenth century; the lessons it conveys are fraught with the liveliest interest, illustrating as they do both the spirit of persecution which presided over the councils of Louis XIV, and the unconquerable firmness of those Protestant martyrs whom the Lord strengthened to witness on behalf of his truth.

At the time when measures of violence had already been carried into effect against the Huguenots; when Louvois was organizing the "booted mission," and Pélisson purchasing fictitious conversions or recantations at so much a head; there lived at Toulouse, in the south of France, a barrister named Claude Brousson. Born in 1647, he had reached his maturity, and by his character, his piety, and his talents, had acquired amongst the evangelical churches of the southern provinces an influence which soon became for the government a subject of serious alarm. As thoroughly versed in divine as in human law, blending the learning of a scholar with the piety of an apostle, he was no less conspicuous for the inflexible firmness of his principles than for the unruffled serenity of his judgment. He was capable of the noblest resolution and the most ardent enthusiasm. As a barrister, he often pleaded the cause of the churches in Languedoc and Guyenne before venal courts bent upon their destruction, and the outbursts of his eloquence not unfrequently disturbed for a while the conscience of some modern Felix. The last time he was allowed to discharge his duties in a court of law, he appeared on behalf of the church of Montauban. "Led on," says an historian, "by a foreboding that this would be his last chance of raising his voice in favour of his brethren before the magistrates, he mixed up with the defence of the Montauban congregation that of fourteen others which had likewise been prosecuted; and, pleading their cause as a lawyer and as a theologian, he wound up his address with an eloquent and solemn apology, which neither the bishops nor the archbishop of Toulouse were able to stifle by their interruptions."

So extraordinary an act of courage could not remain unnoticed; the officers of Louis XIV very wisely observed that it was quite useless to forbid Protestant pulpit preaching, if rank heretics might hold forth during the public sittings of a tribunal; M. Brousson was evidently a dangerous character, a marked man, and efforts were made in the first instance to bring him into the bosom of the Roman Catholic church. "Stedfast in the faith," he withstood this trial; neither cajolings nor menaces could prevail, and the position he assumed at Toulouse, as president of the committee of the prosecuted churches, carried along with it such weight, that after some time it was absolutely dangerous for him to remain in France. He sought refuge at Lausanne. Here he might have lived in comfort and honour with his wife and son, practising as a barrister, or acting as a sort of agent on behalf of the persecuted Huguenots. In this latter capacity he had been warmly received at the court of William, prince of Orange, and a subsequent journey had introduced him to the notice of the king of Prussia, who likewise treated him with every mark of respect and affection.

But the desolation of his brethren in France haunted Brousson day and night; he fancied he heard their cries for help; destitute of spiritual guides, tortured by the dragoons, and reduced to the bitterest extremities, the forsaken flocks were ready to perish far from all the means of grace. This was too much; Brousson determined to undertake the dangerous duties of an evangelical minister in the wilderness; he cheerfully departed alone from Lausanne, and having reached the scene of his stormy apostolate, he received there ordination at the hands of two devoted men. "I have several times protested," says he in a letter to Bâville, "and do it once more before God, whom I take for my witness, that neither directly nor indirectly the command or the advice of any foreign power has influenced my determination to return to France; but that I have done so, only at the call of my conscience and of the Spirit of God. This call had such a powerful effect upon me, and worked so forcibly even upon my bodily constitution, that, after having put off for two or three months the following up of this inward vocation, I fell into an illness which appeared to every one to be fatal, and of which the physician did not know the cause. But as I saw clearly that God would certainly leave me to die, if I any longer resisted the movement of his Spirit which called upon me to go and console his people, I started in the midst of my weakness, without consulting flesh and blood, and God restored my health during the journey."

From this time forth, Claude Brousson's life offers one uninterrupted series of trials and suf-

ferings which faith alone in Christ could enable him to overcome. Let us try and represent to ourselves a man already of declining years, of a delicate constitution, accustomed to a sedentary life among his books and at his fireside; let us fancy him entering upon a career where fatigue, cold, heat, hunger, anxiety, helplessness, solitude, and at last the rack or the scaffold, marked the various stages of the journey. On one occasion he was tracked by the soldiers to a house where he had taken refuge; a long search was made for him, but in vain; he then left his hiding-place, and was walking to and fro in a room on the ground-floor, when all at once he saw the town guard returning; their suspicions had been confirmed, and they came to institute a more careful search. Brousson had just time to crouch behind the door, the slit of which allowed him to watch the movements of the dragoons. Whilst they were examining every corner in the house, the serjeant, who had remained before the outer door, asked some children whom he met playing in the hall, whether they knew where the minister was. The children did not answer; one of them, however, pointed with his finger towards the door of the room. Brousson deemed himself lost; but, through a singular interposition of Providence, the municipal officer did not understand the sign, and went off with his men. Once more our "evangelist in the wilderness" was allowed to escape.

In addition to such arduous labours, "beside those things that were without," there was "that which came upon Brousson daily, the care of all the churches." He preached regularly three times a week, sometimes every day, and even several times in one day; then there were baptisms, marriages, and funerals; besides copies of prayers, liturgical formularies, rules of piety to be made out for the different congregations, so that after his departure they might be able to continue their religious services, without a pastor. The following extracts from his interesting correspondence will show both the extent of his labours and the power of that faith which enabled him "to spend and be spent" in the Lord's service.

"My heart was not happy whilst I was inactive; it is in the midst of work that God gives me the liveliest sense of his grace and his love. The work is so hard that it seems altogether insupportable, especially for a constitution like mine; but God shows his strength in my weakness, so that, by his grace, I enjoy robust and vigorous health."—May 10, 1696.

"I had to attend thirty-five assemblies for communion in one place after the other; two of them of about four hundred communicants."—Jan. 5, 1696.

"I deliver three or four sermons a week. Every service lasts three or four hours, besides three prayers every day, and, thank God, I feel better than I did at the place I have left. I feel infinitely more happy than if I were established in the first church in Holland."—Oct. 30, 1695.

"The consolations which God allows me to enjoy are infinitely higher than I could express to you; if you were yourselves witness of what is going on, you would feel very great consolation."—Sept. 30, 1695.

Thus was Brousson enabled to be "joyful in all his tribulations," and, by "giving himself wholly" to the edification of the church of God, his "profiting appeared unto all."

Long had the instruments of Louis XIV's tyranny endeavoured to seize upon the intrepid preacher, and by putting him to death, to strike, as they believed, a final blow at "the churches in the wilderness." A price of seven hundred louis-d'or was set on his head, and dragoons were on the alert in every direction. At last, in Oct. 1698, he was arrested at Tau, brought to Montpellier, and, after a short trial, condemned to death. His sentence was that he should first suffer the ordinary and extraordinary tortures of the rack, then be broken alive on the wheel, and, finally, ignominiously gibbeted. The atrocity of such a verdict must have seemed great indeed; for the infamous Lamoignon de Bâville, who acted in those parts as the king's lieutenant, had the glory of exercising towards the victim a sort of clemency which was still horrible enough. Orders were given to the effect that the prisoner should be strangled on the gallows before being put on the wheel; that he should only be presented at the rack; that the hangman should leave him his clothes, and not be allowed to touch him before he arrived at the scaffold; and that he should be protected from the insults of the mob.

On the 4th of November, Claude Brousson was led to the place of execution; he tried to address the people assembled there; but the rolling of eighteen drums covered his voice. A few days afterwards, the hangman was heard to say: "I have sent into eternity more than two hundred convicts; yet none ever made me tremble like M. Brousson. When he was presented at the rack, the commissioner and the judges were paler and trembled more than he, who lifted up his eyes to heaven, praying to God. I would have run away could I have done so, in order not to put to death so excellent a man. If I dared speak, I might tell many more things of him. He certainly died like a saint."

The catalogue of those noble champions "who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," contains many

a bright name; Claude Brousson was one of them. Whilst we read of his "faith and labour of love," let us carefully examine ourselves and see whether, being placed amidst similar circumstances, we would, as he did, "persevere unto the end."

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

22. See 1 Cor. xiii. 13. "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of those is charity."

23. Rom. v. 3. "We glory in tribulations also." Jas. i. 2. "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." 1 Pet. iv. 12, 13. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you; . . . . but rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings." 2 Cor. xii. 9, 10. "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities," etc.

24. *The brazen serpent lifted up.* Compare Numbers xxi. 8, with John iii. 14. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up."—2. *The paschal lamb,* which was to be roasted whole, and concerning which the special command was given, "Neither shall ye break a bone thereof." Compare Exodus xii. 46, with John xix. 33, 36.

25. 1. See John xviii. 31, 32. "The Jews said unto him, *It is not lawful for us* to put any man to death; that the saying of Jesus might be fulfilled, which he spake signifying what death he should die."—2. John xix. 33. "When they came to Jesus, and saw that *he was dead already,* they brake not his legs."

26. Sea of Chinneroth, Joshua xii. 3. Lake of Gennesaret, Luke v. 1. Sea of Galilee, Matthew iv. 18. Sea Tiberias, John vi. 1.

27. Jesus sat in a ship there to teach the people, Luke v. 3. Miraculous draughts of fishes were obtained there, Luke v. 6; John xxi. 6. Jesus walked on the water and stilled the tempest, Matt. viii. 23—27; Matt. xiv. 25—32. The tribute money was obtained there, Matt. xvii. 27.

28. Genesis xlix. 10. "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come." Daniel ix. 24—27. "Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression. . . . . Know therefore and understand, that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto Messiah the Prince shall be seven weeks, and threescore and two weeks. . . . . And after threescore and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off, but not for himself."

29. Job xxxi. 26, 27. "If I beheld the sun when it shined or the moon walking in brightness; and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed," etc.

30. Deut. vi. 4. "The Lord our God is *one* Lord." Isaiah xlv. 6. "I am the Lord, and there is none else—there is no God beside me." Mark xii. 29, 32. "Jesus answered him, The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord." . . . . 32. "And the scribe said unto him, Well, Master, thou hast said the truth; for there is one God," etc.

31. Genesis i. 26. "And God said, Let *us* make man in *our* image, after *our* likeness." Genesis xi. 7. "Go to, let *us* go down, and there confound their language." Isaiah vi. 3. "And one cried unto another, and said, *Holy! Holy! Holy!* is the Lord of Hosts."

32. Mark xv. 16. "Go ye into all the world and *preach the Gospel* to every creature." 1 Cor. i. 17, 18, 21. "Christ sent me not to baptize, but *to preach* the Gospel." . . . . . 18. "For the *preaching of the Cross* is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God." 21. "It pleased God by the foolishness of *preaching* to save them that believe."

33. The case of the Syro-Phœnician woman, as recorded in Matthew xv. 22—28.

34. Romans iii. 1, 2. "What advantage then hath the Jew? or what profit is there of circumcision? Much every way; chiefly because that unto them were committed the oracles of God." Romans ix. 4, 5. "Who are Israelites, to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises; whose are the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen."

35. 1 Sam. ix. 9. "For he that is now called a prophet was beforetime called *a seer.*"

36. Genesis xliii. 14. "God Almighty give you mercy before the man." xliii. 29. "God be gracious unto thee, my son." 2 Sam. xv. 31. "O Lord, I pray thee, turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness." Neh. ii. 4, 5. "The king said unto me, For what dost thou make request? So I prayed to the God of heaven, and I said unto the king, Send me unto Judah." See also Neh. v. 19; xiii. 31. John xii. 27. "Father, save me from this hour! but for this cause came I unto this hour. Father, glorify thy name." Matt. xxvii. 46. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Luke xxiii. 34. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

37. In the case of David and Jonathan. 1 Sam. xviii. 1. "The soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of David," etc. See also 1 Sam. xx. 17; 2 Sam. i. 26.

THE DEAD IN CHRIST.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—*Rev.* xiv. 13

THE holy dead!
How calm in sleep's soft arms they lie;
All closely watched by Him on high,
Each pillowed head.

Glad they undrest,
Outwearied ones; and felt at last
Their day of mortal toil was past,
And they might rest.

Not theirs the sleep
With restless tossings to and fro;
No waking theirs from dreams of woe,
Again to weep.

Their tears are shed,
For Peace hath closed each eyelid there,
And sings with her soft voice and clear,
"Blest are the dead."

And meek-eyed Love
Doth o'er each still reposing head
Her white and sheltering pinions spread,
Like brooding dove.

Their grief is o'er;
In that calm dwelling comes no care;
And dread, and trembling, and despair,
Are theirs no more.

No sound may break
The hush around the chambered dead,
Till the archangel's mighty tread
The ground shall shake.

Oh, sweet to rise!
To find all gone the darksome night;
And morning pouring clear glad light,
Flooding the skies.

Rest, happy dead!
Sleep all your weariness away;
Ye shall be call'd at break of day
From your cold bed.

MARY LEWIS.

Page for the Young.

THE FATHER'S PROMISE.

PART II.

THE first weeks of separation passed slowly enough; little was thought of but the absent one, and the greatest jubilee was the postman's visit. The children, deep as was their love, soon became reconciled to their privation; the mother wept and sorrowed in secret.

But week by week brought good tidings. The cough, and the hectic, and the weakness grew less, then less still. The physician at Lisbon gave hope; and with thankfulness, though with trembling, the faithful wife opened the door of her soul to admit the visitant that had been long banished from it.

The long-expected May came at last. It was at the close of a bright evening that the mother and her four elder children stood on the Folkestone pier to await the arrival of the French steamer, which was to bring the father home. Dear young reader! did you ever thus await the arrival of a beloved one? Did you ever strain your eye for the distant wreath of steam, and watch the vessel ploughing the waters, with all the impatience of love that it came no quicker? I cannot tell you, if you have not, how those hearts beat on that May evening. At last the boat entered the port. The father's hat was waved, and the shout of welcome which the little band had threatened to give died away in the depth of quieter and holier feelings. Thanks and praises were on the wife's lips, and almost silently they pursued their way to the lodging which the family had been occupying in anticipation of this glad event.

In the joy of a father's presence the gifts were forgotten until the next morning at breakfast, when the slips of paper—how carefully had the traveller hoarded these, how often had he kissed them when wandering in a far-off land—were produced, and the presents, which papa and mamma had unpacked hours ago, were placed in the hands of the petitioners. He had exceeded their desires, and joy knew no bounds.

Emily alone received no gift. Mamma's eyes were full of tears. She had pleaded hard for one; but no—thanks to Him who in the training of our households, has given the firmness of a man, loving even in severity, to temper the ofttimes too yielding tenderness of the mother—the father did not retract. "My dear wife," he said, "it may be a *life's* lesson to our child. How will she trust her heavenly Father's word, if she does not rely on the promise of her earthly one? Be content; this is not *hardness*, but *love*."

Emily's eyes overflowed, her cheek was flushed, and at length she burst into passionate weeping.

"Papa! papa! you have brought me nothing then?"

"Nothing, dear child."

"*Nothing!* papa, and so much to the others?"

"But, Emily, you did not ask."

"I know, papa; but I thought you would never have forgotten me. Oh! I know you don't love me as you do the rest." And she sobbed aloud.

Her father gently led his weeping child into an adjoining room, and seating her beside him, said: "Emily, no gift that your brothers and sister have received has cost me so much as the act of withholding one from you; but, dear child, it is a proof of love."

Still Emily sobbed passionately, and refused to look up. "To bring me nothing! if it had only been a bonbon, even such a little thing; but to forget me quite!"

"I did not forget you, my dear. In the busy streets of Paris, on my way home, I have more than once been tempted to enter the gay shop and buy some article I fancied you would like; but you did not ask for anything, and your not asking so proved your want of trust in me, that I determined to give you this lesson."

There was a silence; the angry sobs ceased, and the weeping was gentle and subdued.

"I am so sorry that I did not, papa; but what I wished for was so much that I did not *like* to ask."

"Did you doubt my willingness?'

"I didn't like the thought of being refused."

"You were too proud, that is to say, to bear my judgment."

"Yes, and I didn't like to ask at all; I thought you would give me what you pleased without that."

"What, when I *said*, 'Ask?'"

"Yes."

"And so it will be in higher matters, Emily. This is the very spirit which prevents man from asking the greatest of all gifts of his heavenly Father—unbelief and pride. You did not believe that I could or would grant your request, and you were so proud you would not make the trial. I wonder if you have ever asked God, with the full confidence that He will grant your petition, to give you salvation, to grant you the Holy Spirit, and a hope, through his grace, of heaven."

"No, papa."

"Yet God says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' You would wish to be saved, surely. Once when you were ill, how frightened you were: how much you felt your unfitness for heaven. Do you remember?"

"Oh yes, papa."

"And do you think that if I, being evil (or sinful), am willing to give good gifts to my children, that our kind and gracious God, who spared not his Son, will deny any good thing from them that ask it? This, my dearest Emily, is the grand point of the lesson I wish you to learn. May you never forget it. God *will* be enquired of. It is his will that we should ask for those blessings which we need. For this end you were taught to pray, and unless you pray, the great gift of eternal life will never be yours."

The child was humbled, and kneeling down before her father, she said, "Ask God to teach me to pray, papa." The father gladly consented. The prayer was a fervent one, and was echoed in Emily's soul. It was a family lesson; and besides Emily, more than one child began from that day to ask of God in faith, believing that they should receive.

May every child who reads this be fully persuaded of the good-will of God his Saviour towards him; that he only waiteth to be gracious; that he is willing and ready to save freely, and to save at once; and that his own words are, "He that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth;" but the *asker* and the *seeker* only. From those who will not ask and will not seek, the greatest of his gifts will be withheld, even as Emily's father withheld his present from her. Ask, then, dear children, and it *shall* be given you.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE BURIAL OF SARAH.

THE LIFE OF A PATRIARCH.

PART VIII.

THE CAVE OF MACHPELAH.

In tracing the history of Abraham, we have had several proofs of his love for Sarah, and of the great beauty of that remarkable woman. A still nobler distinction pertained to her; for, with all her failings, she is exhibited in the New Testament as one of the holy women who trusted in God, and adorned themselves with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Her faith is particularly mentioned by the apostle Paul, when enumerating the heroes and heroines of the ancient church: not that their characters as a whole are held up to our admiration, but only that faith which along with its fruits, though imperfect, was most precious. No model of excellence is complete and entirely adapted for imitation except one; and it should not be forgotten that Christian faith — faith in the full revelation of the Son of God—may be reasonably expected to yield richer and more abundant fruit than Jewish faith, which was faith in a revelation that was only partial and preparatory.

There is a tradition which reports that Sarah died while Abraham was absent at the sacrifice

No. 43.—Published February 22, 1865 Price One Penny

of Isaac, and that her death was occasioned by hearing that the sacrifice had been actually performed; but the tradition, unauthorized in itself, falls to the ground when compared with the inspired narrative, with which it is totally inconsistent; for it is plain that Abraham was living in Mamre at the time of Sarah's death, and not at Beersheba, where he dwelt at the time when God commanded him to offer up his son.

Abraham lived at Beersheba several years; but Mamre seems to have been a favourite spot, and thither he returned. Many a beautiful association was connected with the place. The oak under which the sacred visitor had rested, how solemn it must have been in the patriarch's eyes! Would not he look on the soil which spread over its roots as being, in a sense, holy ground? Would he not regard it much as holy men in the present day regard the places where they have enjoyed spiritual communion with God, and seen by faith a great opening into heaven? But this endeared spot was now beclouded by the calamity of Sarah's death. The old and loved companion of the patriarch's life was taken from his side. The woman whose beauty attracted so much attention, the wife whom her husband had long and fondly cherished, the saint (for such she was, though not a perfect one) lay in her own tent, a corpse; and Abraham came to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her. Her tent, according to the custom of those days, seems after the birth of Isaac to have been separate from her husband's. "His mother Sarah's tent" is particularly mentioned in connection with Isaac's return to Mamre with Rebekah; and that now forsaken abode was selected as the residence of the newly-married pair.

The grief of the orientals, we are told, "was, and is to this day, very violent. As soon as a person dies, the females in the family commence a loud and mournful cry. They continue it as loud as they can without taking breath, and the first shriek of wailing dies away in the loud sob. After a short time, they repeat the same cry, and continue it for eight days. Each day it becomes less frequent and audible. Until the corpse is carried from the house, the women who are related to the deceased sit on the ground in a circle in a separate apartment. Eulogists were sometimes employed to chant in solemn strains the praises of the dead."

This account of mourning for the dead applies particularly to a later period than that when Sarah died, but in all probability some such custom prevailed even then; and we can fancy the women of the tribe gathering within the tent of Abraham's wife, and sitting on the ground, pouring forth their mournful lamentations, when the aged husband and chief comes to partake in the painful solemnities, "to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her."

It was an ancient custom among the Bedouin tribes, not to bury their dead just where they happened to die, but to have a burial-place within their respective territories. Abraham wished to have such a place, and he applied to the sons of Heth, or the Hittites, for that purpose. It appears from their reply that they had a burial-place of their own, probably rather a large enclosure outside the town.

The sepulchres of the common class were, no doubt, mere excavations in the earth, such as are commonly made in the present day in the East. But persons of higher rank had subterranean recesses, crypts, or caverns. In the hill country about Hebron, natural caves would be found, easily convertible into sepulchres. Where such were not at hand, excavations were artificially made in the rocks. Numerous sepulchres of the latter kind still remain in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. The most beautiful are the royal ones on the north side of Jerusalem, close by the road-side which leads to Damascus. "We came to the famous grots," says Maundrell, "called the sepulchre of the kings, (though it is doubtful whether any king be buried there). The place, however, discovers so great an expense that it may be well thought to be the work of kings. The approach is on the east side, through an entrance cut out of the natural rock, which admits you into an open court of about forty paces square, cut down into the rock, with which it is encompassed instead of walls. On the south side is a portico, nine paces long, hewn out of the rock. This has a kind of architrave adorned with sculptured fruit and flowers. At the end you descend to the passage into the sepulchres, properly so called. You arrive at a room about seven or eight yards square, the whole firm, indeed a chamber hollowed out of marble. Six other rooms, all similar, are connected with this." In every one of them, except the first, were stone coffins, once having adorned lids, but now broken and spoiled. We may add that though coffins were sometimes used, they were more commonly dispensed with by the Hebrews, the corpse being simply bound up in cloths and then laid in the tomb.

Now there was in the neighbourhood of Hebron a burial-ground, with, perhaps, sepulchral caves of a natural kind, where the dead of the city were buried. The mournful procession had often been seen winding along the path which led from the town gates to that last resting-place. Pointing to the well known spot, some of the leading citizens said to Abraham: "Hear us, my lord: thou art a mighty prince among us: in the choice of our sepul-

chres bury thy dead; none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulchre, but that thou mayest bury thy dead."

This was not what Abraham wanted; he preferred a place that should be his own, where he and his family might rest together till the morning of the resurrection. The natural desire of mankind to sleep in death with those they love, to carry the union of home and friendship with them to the grave, was cherished then. How many touches of true human feeling do we find in the history of the patriarchs! How many chords of sympathetic emotion are struck as we read about them, and think of what they did and said! It is as if we had overleaped the distance of time and space between them and us, and were embracing them as our fathers and brethren.

Abraham naturally expresses a wish to have a tomb of his own, and proceeds to unfold his views, and to make a proposition. "If it be your mind that I should bury my dead out of my sight, hear me, and intreat for me to Ephron, the son of Zohar, that he may give me the cave of Machpelah, which he hath, which is in the end of his field; for as much money as it is worth he shall give it me for a possession of a burying-place amongst you. And Ephron dwelt among the children of Heth: and Ephron the Hittite answered Abraham in the audience of the children of Heth, even of all that went in at the gate of his city, saying, Nay, my lord, hear me: the field give I thee, and the cave that is therein I give it thee; in the presence of the sons of my people give I it thee: bury thy dead."

We have been accustomed to look on this proposition of Ephron as very liberal; but the late Dr. Kitto, who travelled much in the East, regards it with suspicion, and points out here a singular trait in oriental character. He observes: "What Ephron says looks very fair, but the readiness of the man, the tone of the whole speech, with the parade of *give, give, give!* so much reminds us of certain passages in our own oriental experience, that Ephron and his speech find no favour in our eyes. We are convinced that with all this apparent generosity, the man had a keen eye to his own interests, and saw clearly that it might be a more profitable thing to lay such a man as Abraham under obligation than to sell him the ground outright." Be this as it may, however, Abraham, with a characteristic but holy independence, declined the offer, and insisted on paying the full value of the land. So the sum was delivered over, and the property conveyed at once, according to the simple mode of legal transfer in those early days. Machpelah had a cave in it, and there were trees in the field, rendering it a very suitable burial-place. The cave, in all probability, was a natural one, and there the mourning patriarch buried the remains of his departed wife. Imagination pictures the patriarch slowly retiring from the scene, to seek support under his sorrows in communion with that gracious God who reserves his most precious consolations for the hour of his people's need; his soul, with a swift glance, revolving all the happy years which he had spent with that partner of his affections whom he had now committed to the tomb. Ah, husbands and wives! ye who read these pages, in the midst, it may be, of a joyous and loving domestic circle, remember that the hour of separation is on the wing, and seek, if ye have not already done so, the grace of that Saviour who alone can insure a happy reunion in the eternal world.

The account of Sarah's burial is the earliest one we have of a burial-place and a funeral; and we see here that natural care respecting the dead which is peculiar to man. The attention paid to graves and monuments is very characteristic of our species. It is an instinct which seems to declare that there is something precious and divine in our nature which death cannot destroy. Into strange excesses among the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans did this feeling run, as appears in their extravagant sepulchres and rites; yet even its excesses are significant of something more than man's folly. "Man," says Sir Thomas Browne, "is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature."

This was the last trial of Abraham's faith, and it must have been a great trial. For God had promised to give this land of Canaan to him and his seed for an everlasting possession. It was to be their joyful inheritance, their prosperous and happy home; and yet the very first plot of ground which becomes actually his is a burial-place for the wife of his love. Instead of a garden of delight, he gets a cypress-covered grave. It was an inauspicious instalment. Weak faith would have staggered at it. But Abraham's was strong, and after this he continued as he did before to believe in God's promise. The old man, like a simple-hearted loving child, clung to his father's word; and Abraham died as he had lived, in faith. He received not the promise, that is, not its fulfilment. But he saw it in the distance and *saluted* it, hailed and welcomed it as a man does a friend whom he sees approaching. And so God often tries his people's faith to the very last. It is not taken out of the furnace till they are taken out of the world. And then the trial of their faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, is found unto glory and honour.

It is a wonderful comfort to be able thus to look at disappointments, and crosses, and sorrows, and deaths in this world—to see them as fires in a divine laboratory, in which the blessed refiner is purifying the hearts of the faithful.

Next we have the record of Abraham's own departure at the age of 175, "a good old age;" "and his sons Isaac and Ishmael buried him in the cave of Machpelah, in the field of Ephron the son of Zohar the Hittite, which is before Mamre; the field which Abraham purchased of the sons of Heth: there was Abraham buried, and Sarah his wife." Here afterwards Isaac was buried, and Jacob, the latter enumerating, with an affectionate distinctness and emphasis, the names of the sacred tenements of that sepulchre, just as he was descending into it himself.

The earthly gathering-place of departed saints is to survivors connected with the thought of another gathering-place—not earthly—"gathered to their fathers." That beautiful Hebrew expression leads us to think of the glorious assembly and church of the first-born whose names are written in heaven. When life's journey ends, the holy soul goes to mingle with ancestral souls of like holiness who have gone home to God before. It was a glorious company in Abraham's time; it is more illustrious and numerous now by far, and we see the shining host more distinctly than the patriarch could. Life and incorruption have been brought to light—exhibited with noon-day clearness—by the gospel. Jesus Christ, the seed of Abraham, emphatically the son of promise, shows us the way of life. It starts from his cross. Through faith in his sacrifice we must begin our heavenward journey; of the whole multitude gathered above, it is true that "they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Sentimentalism and poetry may cover and bedeck the corruption of the grave; but only Christian faith—faith in Christ—can open it, and show us through it, into the glorious palace chamber of heaven, with myriads of redeemed spirits there worshipping before the throne of the Fountain of life.

Be followers, then, of Abraham's faith—taking in God's whole revelation, as he did—trusting to the promised deliverer, as he did—walking according to the will of your heavenly Father, as he did—holding fast the confidence of your hope firm unto the end, as he did—and then, standing within the gate of your Machpelah, and looking down into the grave that covers the ashes of your fathers, with which your own will be mingled soon, hope will blend with awe, and love and joy triumph over terror.

"Thou silent waiting-hall where Adam meeteth his children:

How full of dread, how full of hope, loometh inevitable death—

Of dread, for all have sinned—of hope, for one has saved.

The dread is drowned in joy, the hope is filled with immortality.

Pass along, pilgrim of life, go to thy grave unfearing;

The terrors are but shadows now that haunt the vale of death."

MY WATERING-PLACE ACQUAINTANCE.

During a few months' residence at a fashionable watering-place, whither I had gone at the pressing invitation of an old friend, I frequently encountered in my walks a lady whose appearance painfully interested me. She was far advanced in life, and while her countenance bore traces of extreme beauty, it bore also unmistakeable marks of restless unhappiness. I had myself known much sorrow; my husband, to whom I was tenderly attached, had been taken from me in a moment; I had wept at the early graves of some of my children, others of them had left their country to procure a livelihood in foreign lands, and those who remained were settled in homes of their own; so that I was left alone in the decline of life, and reduced from a state of respectability and comparative affluence to dependence upon my family for support. But I had been early taught that heaven is the only abiding portion; my repeated afflictions, too, have made me feel more experimentally that the Lord is my husband, that he is better to me than ten sons; and I am walking softly but cheerfully to the grave, endeavouring to be of use to my fellow-creatures as God has given me opportunity.

I feared that the lady of whom I spoke was cheered by no such precious hope in the trials which she might have to encounter; and an introduction by a mutual friend enabled me to discover that my fears were well-founded. Still she boasted of her prosperity. Her mother, a clever, managing woman, had educated her with great care, and she had gained, what she had been taught to look upon as her chief aim in life, a splendid marriage, and her carriage and fine attire had been the envy of all her young acquaintances.

"Then you were quite happy at that time," I said.

"Yes, for a time," was her reply, "but the novelty wore off, and although all the neighbourhood courted me, yet they could not forgive my being richer than themselves, and strove by every means in their power to mortify and annoy me. My husband, too, was very difficult to please; he often blamed me for extravagance, and when I complained of the chil-

dren and servants, he invariably took part with them against me."

"And did you not seek comfort," I exclaimed, "from these, the common evils of life, in religion."

"Oh, you mistake me much," she replied, with an offended air, "if you suppose that I am not religious. I have always attended the ministry of an excellent clergyman, I made a point of my children and servants being regularly at church, and I subscribed liberally to every benevolent institution. It is true, the Rev. Mr. G—— hinted that I allowed my young people to mix too much in society; but how could they have made such connexions as they have done if they had been shut up at home? and I am not so bigoted as to believe that there is more sin in frequenting large assemblies than small ones; but perhaps you are as narrow-minded as Mr. G——."

"The sin, my dear madam, I consider, does not consist in the mixing with our fellow-creatures, but in the motives that take us into company. Do we go from a desire to display our finery, our wit, or our consequence? or when there, do we hurt the feelings of others by our pride or satirical remarks? then assuredly we break God's commandment, which says, 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.'"

"But are not," she cried, "the graces of the mind and of the body God's gifts, and should we be ashamed of displaying them?"

"They are truly God's gifts," I replied, "and are bestowed upon his creatures that they may show forth his glory, not their own; and if we mix in society from a desire to improve our own character, contrasting what is good in our neighbour with what is bad in ourselves, and so to love them more, and ourselves less; then, although we must still sin whatever we do, yet we do not sin more in company than alone. But we are wandering from the point; now that you have got your family well settled, and that you are blessed with tolerable health and a good income, you are surely happy?"

"How can I be happy," she exclaimed, "when I am banished to this place at the time my daughter is giving a series of splendid entertainments at the coming of age of her son? I ought to be there; she has always been my favourite child, and I have sacrificed the interests of the others in many instances to her; yet she is more unkind to me than the rest, and I believe has now persuaded Dr. M—— to send me here, that I might be out of the way."

"Hush," I said, "it is of your own daughter that you speak thus."

But the warning was unheeded, the excitement had brought on a spasm to which she was subject, and, after seeing her a little better, I left her in charge of her maid.

When I next saw her, the languor of sickness was added to the discontent generally expressed in her countenance.

"How unfortunate I am," was her salutation; "I thought at least that I might enjoy the few amusements of this place, yet even the picnic to-day I am denied, as I cannot bear the motion of a carriage: but why are you not there?"

"I preferred spending an hour with you," I replied: "shall I read to you?"

"You are very kind, but really there are no books here at all interesting."

"But I have provided myself with one," I said; and taking a book from my pocket, I began reading of the last days on earth of a suffering saint lately deceased. I saw with pain that, although politeness obliged her to listen, her mind was elsewhere; and laying aside my book, therefore, I remarked that the subject did not please her.

"You have certainly chosen a most melancholy one," she replied; "I never liked reading about death-beds."

"But do you not think," said I, "that as we are both far advanced in our earthly pilgrimage, it would be as well to direct our attention now and then to a situation that must, at no very distant day, be our own?"

"Perhaps it may be so," she replied; "but it depresses my mind and makes me so melancholy when I read or think of death."

"But you see the lady whose experience is recorded in these pages was not melancholy or depressed in spirits."

She pondered a little before she replied, "But then she had nothing worth living for."

"And do you feel your lot to be so happy," I said, "that you would prefer a continuance of it to one where we are told that there are to be no trials nor disappointments? Think a little."

"Alas! no," she said, "for although I have been more fortunate than most people, yet I have never known true happiness; but have been always expecting something future, or lamenting something past."

"That is because you have never known the peace of God which passeth all understanding. It is he who made our hearts who alone can satisfy our desires for happiness. He makes us feel that our lot is of his providing, and that it is the one best suited to train us for being happy with him both here and hereafter. The blessings he bestows we enjoy with double relish as his gifts; and the sorrows we experience are less sorrows when we know that he who loves us inflicts them. Be assured, my

dear Mrs. T——, that 'godliness hath the promise of this life as well as of that which is to come;' and that without the true knowledge of God we can have no happiness either in the present or the future."

"I begin to feel that you are right," she said, much affected, "and I fear that all my life I have been walking in a vain show: oh that I had my time to come over again!"

"We can at least redeem the time to come," I replied, and endeavoured to direct her mind to the only source of all happiness in the Scriptures of truth. I left her that day with better hopes that her mind was opening to higher and nobler aims, and that her spirit was rising superior to the things of time which perish in the using. But next morning I received a note from her, written in great spirits; her daughter had been disappointed of some guests, and requested her mother to hasten to her, and she was just leaving for town to procure there the dresses necessary for the festivities. Still I hoped that when this bubble burst, our conversation would recur to her memory, and that she might by reading and reflection endeavour to obtain a truer estimate of the purposes of God in our creation than she had ever yet entertained. But a few days ago I was much shocked by reading the following announcement in a provincial newspaper:—"During a splendid banquet at the seat of Sir T— G—, the company were fearfully alarmed by the sudden indisposition of Mrs. T——, the mother of the hostess, who was seized at table with a paralytic attack, which ended in death after a few days unconsciousness."

A VISIT TO MARTIN LUTHER'S ELM.

It was early in the summer of the last year that we found ourselves in the neighbourhood of Worms, a city richer, perhaps, than most others in memories of the olden time. Here were laid many of the scenes described in the Nibelungenliad, that Teutonic Iliad whose heroic personages, with their mystic might and their wondrous deeds, engage the interest of our literati even in the present day. The Romans planted themselves here and gave the city an imperial name. Men of ruder race followed in their track—Frankish kings, who made the Roman palaces to ring with their boisterous festivities. It was here that Charlemagne, the emperor of the West, celebrated his nuptials with Fastrada, the queen whom he so fondly loved in life, and in death so deeply lamented. In the immediate neighbourhood of this city it was that he used to hold those rude legislative assemblies called, from the month in which they were held, *Mai Lager* (Champs de Mai). The country around Worms was at this time celebrated in the songs of the Minnesänger as the *Wonnegau* (the land of joy).

Later in the world's history, Worms became one of the wealthiest and most powerful of the imperial free cities; and within its walls were held, from time to time, some of the most important diets of the German empire, by whose decisions the fate of Europe was materially influenced. And so it was from age to age that some great drama of world-wide fame was enacted within the walls by which the city of Worms is still enclosed. All within those ruined walls speak of decay and poverty. The might of Rome, the glory of Charlemagne, the captivating lays of the Minnesänger, all are unheeded or forgotten there; but amid these shadows of the past, there lives on the memory one great man as vividly and as freshly as if he were a hero of the nineteenth rather than of the sixteenth century. Yes; Martin Luther was a hero in the highest and noblest sense of the word, for he "counted not his life dear" in the service of God; and while he feared him, "feared nought else beside."

It was in the city of Worms that he adventured his life so bravely in defence of the gospel; and as we tread its deserted streets and gaze upon its ancient cathedral, one image alone presents itself vividly to the mind of the Christian—Martin Luther in the presence of Charles v—the monk of Wittemberg boldly yet humbly confessing his faith in the all-sufficient atonement and perfect righteousness of Christ, before princes and ecclesiastics who were trusting to penances and indulgences for the peace of their consciences and the safety of their souls.

Reverently and thankfully did our eyes rest upon the site of the ancient council-house, within whose walls Luther answered the charges of his enemies. We felt that the battle fought there was ours as well as his, and that the cry of victory issuing from thence would echo throughout the church of Christ until the moment comes when "time shall be no more."

There was one spot still more closely associated with the great reformer, which we longed to visit—a spot in which life in its lower form, vegetable life, had been strangely identified with the fate of Luther. "Martin Luther's Elm" it was that we wished to see. The reformer's spirit has passed away from this lower world; the noble tree, however, still lives on, a witness and a remembrancer of the past.

This celebrated tree stands near the village of Pfiffigheim, at the distance of about two miles from Worms. Our way thither lay through a flat open country, whose sameness was only relieved by the fruit-trees, which were planted with formal regularity on either side of the

broad level road. After advancing for some time in a perfectly straight course, we began to look impatiently onward for some break or turn of the road. All of a sudden this monotonous line was broken by the appearance of a single elm, which rose up proudly in all the venerable magnificence of age, far outtopping every other object near it. This was Luther's tree; the

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF LUTHER'S ELM.

one beneath whose spreading boughs the reformer rested on that memorable day (April 16th, 1521) when he was about to enter Worms, whither he had been summoned by Charles v to appear in presence of the imperial diet to deny the heresies laid to his charge. Luther had been already warned of the perils that awaited him there. "Ah!" said some one to him on his journey, "you will be burnt alive, and your body reduced to ashes, as was done to John Huss."

"Though they should kindle a fire whose flame should reach from Worms to Wittemberg and rise up into the vault of heaven, I would go there in the name of the Lord, and stand before them," replied the undaunted monk. "I would enter the jaws of behemoth, and confess the Lord Jesus Christ."

And now he was in sight of the imperial city. He had reached an open spot close to the village of Pfiffigheim, where four ways met. He was travelling in an open wagon, preceded by the herald of the emperor, with the imperial eagle borne aloft before him. A party of young nobles attached to the reformed faith have galloped out of Worms to welcome and to cheer him. On seeing them approach, Luther commands his charioteer to stop. The wagon pauses beneath an umbrageous elm, which stands at the point where the four roads meet. Luther's friends throng around him, and one of them places in his hand a letter; it comes from one high in power, and is not the less important from its brevity:—

"Dear Friend—I am with the elector. I know his mind. Enter not Worms.

"SPALATINUS."

Luther, however, is not to be persuaded by friend or daunted by foe. "Go, tell your master," says he, "that though there should be as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on its roofs, I would enter it." And then Luther rises up in his wagon, and bursting out into that noble psalm which he had versified only a few days ago, he sings aloud,

"Ein fester Burg ist unser Gott;"

or, as it may be rendered into English:—

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll keep us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden.
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord of Saboath's Son,
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
We know they can't o'erpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? his doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, houses, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small:
These things shall vanish all.
God's city still abideth.

While the reformer thus chants forth this hymn of triumph, the hearts of others are kindled by his fervour, and nobles and knights mingling their voices with those of peasants

LUTHER ON HIS WAY TO THE DIET AT WORMS.

who gather round the wagon, join in the chorus of the last verse:—

> God's word for all their craft and force,
> One moment will not linger,
> But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
> 'Tis written by His finger.

A few moments more, and the wagon moves slowly on amid the prayers and blessings of the thronging multitude. The noble elm is left alone in its wonted stillness and solitude; but it has been consecrated by the speech and presence of God's heroic servant, and henceforth it will be no common tree. Generations yet unborn will gaze upon it with reverence as "Martin Luther's Elm."

Nearly three centuries and a half have passed since that memorable day, and yet the scene was as present to our imagination as if it had been the event of yesterday; so mighty is the power of truth to perpetuate itself in the hearts of individuals and nations. Still does the venerable elm rise up a living witness to the reformer's faith and courage; and although no longer a wide-spreading tree, as the lower part of its trunk has been closely pruned, yet its crown is full of fresh and vigorous life, and the stately old tree may be regarded as no unfitting type of the heroic man with whose history it is identified—a giant amid its fellows. The base is encircled by stone benches, serviceable alike as a resting-place to the wayfaring man and also as a protection to the tree, which (by an edict engraven on metal and inserted in the trunk) is committed to the care of the Pfiffigheimers and of all other Germans who may approach it. Nor does it seem as if they were unmindful of the trust, for when the driver of our droshki began lashing the branches with his whip to obtain some leaves for us, a poor woman who was passing by, joined her entreaties to ours that he would desist from doing so, crying out, "*Schade, schade!*" (Shame, shame!)

Slowly and reluctantly did we turn our back upon "Luther's Elm;" as we gazed upon the dark red towers of Worms cathedral, and found ourselves once more within its moated wall, and beheld the tall roofs of the houses, now, as in the sixteenth century, covered with tiles, and looked upon the very spot where the reformer had once so fearlessly borne witness to the truth in defiance of men and "devils," it seemed as if the tide of ages had rolled back, and that the voice of Martin Luther still uttered in our ears that inspired song so rich in comfort to every troubled heart, "God is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble."

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE CHARACTER OF ITS FOUNDER AN EVIDENCE OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

PART II.

THE character of Christ supplies further and most important evidence of the truth of the history which pourtrays it, and consequently of the religion which is founded thereupon. The well-known and oft-quoted testimony of Rousseau is most striking upon this subject. Instituting a contrast between the death of Socrates and that of Jesus of Nazareth, he writes: "The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophising with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for; that of Jesus, expiring in the midst of agonizing pangs, abused, insulted, and accused by a whole nation, the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates, in receiving the cup of poison, blessed the weeping executioner who administered it; but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating tortures, prayed for his merciless foes. Yes; if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a god. Shall we suppose the evangelic history a mere fiction? indeed it bears not the marks of fiction. On the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt, is not so well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such a supposition, in fact, only shifts the difficulty without removing it. It is more inconceivable that a number of persons should agree to write such a history than that only one should be the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction and strangers to the morality contained in the gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable, that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero."

The chief evidential feature in the nature of the character of the Redeemer would seem to be its perfect harmony, its entire keeping, even in the most minute details, with the twofold nature, the Godhead and the manhood, which are ascribed to him throughout. We see him, for instance, as man, sitting wearied and athirst beneath the burning sun of a Syrian noontide, on the well; the next moment we hear him as God—the Omniscient—recounting to the astonished woman of Samaria the particulars of her own private history, and telling her that he, the faint and thirsty one, had water to give for the asking, of which "whosoever drinketh shall never thirst again." We see him at one moment as man—outworn, feeble man—asleep in the boat amidst the howling storm; the next we behold him as God, standing up, rebuking winds and waves, which crouch beneath him at his bidding, and "immediately there is a calm!" Again, we see him as a man, shedding the salt human tears of melting sympathy, above the new-made grave of Lazarus; and now we hear him as "the Resurrection and the Life," crying out with loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" and lo! the buried and the bound in grave-clothes issues from the tomb! It is ever the same throughout. Look at him in the manger-cradle, wailing in the helplessness of human infancy, and girt with the insignia of human poverty in its lowest conceivable degree; and yet around him kneel and worship Eastern magi, with their costly offerings of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. Look at him in the midnight garden; as man, he cries out of the depth of an unfathomable agony, "Oh, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" as God, he arises, looks his captors in the face, and straightway they fall prostrate on the ground. Look at him once more upon the bitter cross; hear him as man exclaim, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" as man commit his heart-broken mother to his heart's best friend; then hear him, as God, pronounce pardon to the penitent malefactor, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;" while nature, stricken to her centre, testifies to his divinity as, hung between a darkened heaven and a reeling earth, he utters forth his dying groan! Had men, uninspired men, no matter how deeply learned, how thoroughly educated for the task (much less had uninspired publicans and fishermen), been set down to the portraiture of such a being, such a character as this, would they, it may fearlessly be asked, have been able in such manner to accomplish it? Is it not indeed infatuation for a moment to harbour such a supposition?

Again, the high-toned and perfect symmetry of the Saviour's character in itself, and its proportionate difference from aught of man's imagining, is worthy of especial notice. He is the man of sorrows; he bears about with him a burdened heart; he carries along with him a doomed existence; there hangs around him too the shadow and the mystery of a deeper grief than his fellow man may fathom or explore; and yet he is no misanthropist, no anchorite. He is seen at the wedding feast and at the social board, and no gloom is cast upon them from his presence; he takes the little children caressingly into his

arms, and there is nothing repelling to them in his aspect. Yea, he, the man of sorrows, is the great dispeller of sorrow; go where he will, it flees before his steps, it vanishes beneath his smile, it is transmuted by his touch; he makes "the lame to leap as a roe," and causes "the widow's heart to sing aloud for joy." Mark again the patient endurance of "the contradiction of sinners against himself," and of what perhaps was still harder to endure, the obstinate, the protracted ignorance and unbelief of his own immediate followers—"neither did his brethren believe in him."* "Have I been so long time with you, and hast thou not known me, Philip?"† Yes, it is those casual gleams of tenderness and forbearance—those wellings up from time to time of the deep under-current of truly human, and yet more than human, feelings and sympathies—that cause us to feel, more than the stupendousness of miracle or the awfulness of prophecy, that we are in the presence of one who "spake as never man spake." Mark yet further the *originality*, so to speak, of the character of the Redeemer. A Messiah was expected by the Jews—but what sort of Messiah? One who should come in power and splendour to rear up a fallen throne, to restore an ancient dynasty, to make Judah first amongst the nations, and Jerusalem "a praise in the earth." Here we have that Messiah coming and affirming himself to be a king; and yet he bears no sceptre save a reed, no crown save one of thorns; he asserts in one breath that he is a king, and yet that his kingdom is not of this world: derision only sets his title, and yet it is a true one, over his dishonoured head.

Mark, finally, the *perfect identity* of his character throughout the four gospels. We have four separate biographies of the Lord Jesus Christ, written by four different individuals at different times. Now if we take any two or three biographies of any of our eminent men and compare them with one another, we cannot fail to observe how each takes some particular phase of his subject's character, and accordingly sets him before us in a totally different aspect from the others. Not so, however, with the four evangelists. The Jesus Christ of Matthew and Mark is line for line and feature for feature the Jesus Christ of Luke and John. Surely, taking all these particulars, and viewing them together, we can conceive of no more utter failure than the attempt to account for the Bible being what it is, and for Christ's character as pourtrayed in it being what it is, otherwise than that "holy men of old spake (and wrote) as they were moved by the Holy Ghost!"

A farther, and no less striking and conclusive, evidence of the truth of Christianity arises from the character of our blessed Lord considered with respect to its results. We look around us through the world, and while man's natural disposition proves itself to be everywhere the same, we see, nevertheless, every phase and variety of character and conduct, from the highest civilization to the lowest brutality. By civilization we are, be it remembered, to understand, not merely art and science providing man with rapidity of motion and facility of intercourse, with the comforts and conveniences and elegances of life, but, what the word more properly signifies, the practical recognition of the rights of man by his fellows, the actual performance in their fulness and perfection of the social and relative and reciprocal duties upon which the harmony and well-being of society depend. Viewing it in this light, it is a matter of fact capable of being proved to demonstration that wherever we see this exist, we see the result of the character of Christ; we see a reflection from an inner, or at the least a refraction from an outer, circle of the rays of light which emanate from him. Why is it that of the nations of the earth the most civilized, the most free from vice, are undeniably the Protestant; the next, but far less so, are the Roman Catholic; while the infidel and heathen are destitute of all civilization in the proper acceptation of the term? It is—no otherwise can it be accounted for—that the character of Christ, the image of God—God humanized in order that man may behold and imitate and resemble him—is the realization of all that poet and philosopher dreamed of and sought after, but never found—is the central sun in the universe of character; that the nearer man is to him, and the less there is between man and him, the more clearly is he beheld, the more brightly is he reflected; that those who are farther from him, and have more between them and him, behold him and reflect him but more dimly; while those who are far off in the outer darkness, see him not and reflect him not at all.

If we want a practical evidence of the truth of Christianity which almost more than any other will silence the gainsayer, let it be the practical Christian; let it be the man who has studied in the glass of God's word, until he has had daguerreotyped in lines of light by the Spirit of God upon the mirror of his heart, the character of him who is "the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person;" let it be the man who, like Moses of old, comes down from the mount of high and holy communion with a covenant God in Jesus Christ, his face shining more than he himself is aware of with the reflected glory which that intercourse has left upon him and round him,

* John vii. 5. † John xiv. 9.

and then goes forth, and in the various details of his daily converse with his fellow men, constrains them to see and to take notice of him that he has been with, and has learned of Christ Jesus. "Ye shall be *witnesses* unto me" was the parting admonition of our Lord to his disciples. Reader! Are you one of such?

ONE WHO WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD.

At Venice John Howard found he had to spend two months in the lazaretto. He was first put into a loathsome room, "without table, chair, or bed," and swarming with vermin. He hired a person to cleanse it, and the operation occupied two days, yet it remained offensive; headache, caused by the tainted air and infected walls, perpetually tormented him. From his first apartment he was, after some time, removed to another as bad as the former. Here, in the division of the apartment where he was to sleep, he was "almost surrounded with water," and found a dry spot on which to fix his bed only by kindling a large fire on the flags. Six days he remained in the new quarter. Once more he was removed, and this time there appeared at least a possibility of improvement. His new apartment was indeed unfurnished, filthy, and "as offensive as the sick wards of the worst hospitals." But the water and the vermin seem to have disappeared. The rooms, however, were full of contagion, for they had not been cleaned from time immemorial, and though Howard had them washed again and again with warm water, he found his appetite failing, and that a slow fever was beginning to fasten upon him. But he was on no theatrical mission, and would die at his post only when all remedy absolutely failed him: his stout English heart had never yet fainted. With the aid of the English consul, he obtained brushes and lime; his attendant—for a consideration—assisted him in manufacturing whitewash; despite the prejudices of the observers, he rose up three hours before his guard, and commenced, along with his former assistant, to whitewash his apartment. He resolved to lock up his guard if he interfered; we are almost sorry the man did not, for most certainly Howard would have kept to his determination. He did not, however, and the only result was, that all who passed by looked with astonishment at the whitened and wholesome walls, where so many had been contented to pine and repine, with no attempt at cure.

The days in the Venice lazaretto rolled slowly on, wearisome, dismal, unvarying; Howard watched everything, knew everything, and felt the weariness he longed to relieve. His faith failed not; with calm and easy feelings, he looked forward to the term of his confinement. But suddenly there camea change; darker clouds than had ever yet cast their shadow over him took their course towards that dreary lazaretto. On the 11th of October, 1786, he received letters from England, with two pieces of information. The one was, that his son was following evil courses, and dashing wildly on in a path, whose end, dimly indicated to the father, must be one of the deepest darkness; the other, that a movement was proceeding in England, under high and promising auspices, for the erection of a monument to himself. Not hearing, at first, the worst concerning his son, he wrote home with deep sorrow, yet in hope. The proposal for a monument next required his attention. An English gentleman had formerly had an interview with Howard at Rome of an hour's length, and the result was an admiration on the part of the former which knew no bounds. On his return to England he had proposed, through the columns of the "Gentleman's Magazine," that a public monument should be erected to one whom he styled, "the most truly glorious of human beings." The widespread and profound admiration for Howard which, ere this time, had sunk into the British mind, had thus found vent; at once the proposal had taken effect, and the movement was headed by certain noblemen. With astonishment it was heard that Howard wrote, absolutely refusing the honour, and alleging that its idea gave him exquisite pain. At first this was thought a graceful mode of acceptance, or at least a struggle of excessive modesty, easily to be overborne; but the fact was soon put beyond dispute. Even after long arguing and urging by intimate and honoured friends, he decidedly and unalterably refused his consent. From the lazaretto of Venice, he wrote to his friend Mr. Smith of Bedford, rehearsing the directions he had given ere quitting Cardington respecting his obsequies; his words were as follows, we copy them with no alteration, and with no comment:—

"(*a*) As to my burial, not to exceed ten pounds.

"(*b*) My tomb to be a plain slip of marble, placed under that of my dear Henrietta's in Cardington church, with this inscription:—

"'John Howard, died ——, aged —.
My hope is in Christ.'"

Some time after, in grateful and courteous terms, he signified to his well-wishers in England, that his resolution was fixed, and that he would accept no public mark of approbation whatever.

Let this fact be fully and calmly considered; and let it then be said whether what we have alleged regarding Howard's grand motive in his work, is other than the bare and faintly-expressed truth. For himself he would have no glory. *He* accept honour from men, who was the

weakest of instruments, and whose highest honour it was that he was worthy to be made an instrument at all in the hand of God! *He* stoop to be crowned by men, whom the Almighty had honoured with his high command, and permitted to give strength and comfort for him! *He* listen to the applause of the nations, whom his inmost heart knew to be weak and unworthy, and whose most inspiring yet indestructible hope it was, that he might be numbered even among the least in the kingdom of heaven! The people seemed in loud acclaim to say, "Thou hast brought us water out of the rock:" Howard, with eager face, and outstretched hand, and heart pained to the quick, cried out, "I have done nothing, I deserve nothing; God has done all."

Released from the lazaretto, and after spending a week in Venice, Howard proceeded by sea to Trieste, and thence to Vienna. During this time, the fever he had averted for a time continued to creep over him, the whole air of the lazaretto having been infected; it greatly impaired his strength, and the accounts, deepening in sadness, which reached him respecting his son, made his affliction almost too heavy to be borne. "I am reduced by fatigue of body and mind; I have great reason to bless God my resolution does not forsake me in so many solitary hours." It did not forsake him, it remained firm as a rock in vexed surge, it could ever raise its head into the pure light of God's smile; but human faith has not often been so sorely tried. In the letter written from Vienna, from which the above words are taken, he referred in approving terms to the conduct towards his son of several domestics whom he had left at Cardington, expressed his persuasion that it arose out of regard to his mother, and concluded the paragraph in these words:—"Who I rejoice is *dead*." He often thought of Harriet, and we may conceive that now, in his extreme sorrow, the old days would flit past him robed in the still and melancholy light of memory; that tender and to him beautiful wife seemed to return, to lean over him in his loneliness and sickness of heart; but he thought of his son, and the tear which started to his own eye was transferred by imagination to that of his Harriet, where perchance he had never seen one before; then love arose and triumphed over anguish, and he blessed God that his best beloved was lying still. Has art ever surpassed the pathos of these words?

Early in 1787, Howard was again in England, proceeding to make arrangements respecting his son. The latter was a hopeless maniac. He appears to have been of that common class of young men, whom strong passions, weak judgments, and good-natured, silly facility, render a prey to those who combine artfulness with vice. A servant in whom Howard placed absolute confidence betrayed his trust infamously, allured his charge into evil, and excited in his breast contempt for his father. That father, ever most anxious to provide him the best and safest superintendence and tuition, had sent him to prosecute his education at Edinburgh, where he resided with Dr. Black. There it was that prolonged habits of vice fatally impaired his constitution, and after a period he became deranged. In this condition, watched over with all the care and kindness which his father's efforts could secure, he lingered for a considerable number of years, and died. It was a most touching case; for he seems not to have been without that gleam of nobleness which so often accompanies and adorns a character intellectually by no means strong. In Edinburgh once, when some one spoke disrespectfully of his father, and basely hinted that his philanthropic expenses might impair the fortunes of his son, young Howard indignantly resented the insinuation, and asked how he could ever do so much good with the money as his father.

Howard now remained in England for about two years, seeing his son provided for as well as was possible, and preparing the result of his late travels for the press. His religion still continued to deepen and to grow more fervent; the feeling of the littleness of his efforts and powers to increase. The few private memoranda that remain of the period breathe an earnest and habitual devotion; there is an occasional flash of clear intellectual insight and moral ardour; but, most of all, they are characterised by humility. "Examples of tremendous wrath will be held up, and what if I should be among these examples." "Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee, oh my God? I have no claim on thy bounty but what springs from the benignity of thy nature. God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Jesus Christ." "A few of God's people that met in an upper room appear, in my eye, greater than all the Roman empire. God kept them." "Where there is most holiness, there is most humility. Never does our understanding shine more than when it is employed in religion. In certain circumstances retirement is criminal; with a holy fire I would proceed." "Ease, affluence, and honours, are temptations which the world holds out; but remember, 'the fashion of this world passeth away;' on the other hand, fatigue, poverty, sufferings, and dangers, with an approving conscience. Oh God! my heart is fixed, trusting in thee! My God! Oh glorious words! there is a treasure! in comparison with which all things in this world are dross."

England was now for Howard all hung as it were in weeds of mourning. The hope to

which he had clung, that his son might cheer him in his old age, had vanished utterly, or at least the term when such might be possible could not be fixed. There were probably in this world few sadder hearts at that time than John Howard's. But he had not yet discovered the secret of the plague; there was still work for mercy to do: it was now perhaps the greatest happiness of which he was capable to go upon that work. And he went; the weary heart to soothe and heal the weary-hearted; one of the saddest men in England, to meet the plague.

On the 27th of September, 1789, he was at Moscow. He seemed now to feel that his end was not far, and we find him engaged in solemn transactions with his God. He brought out that old dedication of himself to his Maker, which we saw him subscribe in the days when his life had first been darkened, and when the terrors of the Almighty, which had rolled like low cloudy masses over his soul, were just being suffused with celestial radiance in the full beaming out of the Sun of Righteousness. Again he owned his entire unworthiness and his entire weakness, again he looked up to the Rock of Ages, again he gave up his soul, spirit, and body, for ever and ever, to God. As we gather, too, from the pages of Brown, he looked again on that covenant which his beloved had made with her Father in heaven: we think we can see the old and weary man gazing over its lines, while a tear steals from his eye, a tear of lonely sadness, yet touched with one gleam of light, from the thought that it will not now be long ere he again meet his Harriet. This was in the September of 1789: it was his last pause on his hard life-journey, his last draught of living waters from those fountains which divine love never permits to dry up in the desert of the world: again he arose and went on his way; but now the pearly gates and the golden walls stood before the eye of faith, calm, beautiful, eternal, on the near horizon.

In the beginning of January, 1790, he was residing at Kherson, a village on the Dnieper, near the Crimea, still as of old with indefatigable resolution and kindness pursuing his work. In visiting a young lady dying of a fever, the infection seized him, and he soon felt that death was upon him. On his death-bed he was just what we have always known him. We hear the voice of prayer for his son, of inextinguishable pity for the afflicted, and, concerning himself, these words, addressed to his friend Admiral Priestman, "Let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral, nor any monument, or monumental inscription whatsoever, to mark where I am laid: but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." Thus, with the same calm, saintly smile, so still but so immoveable, which he had worn during life, he passed away.*

THE "NEW NAME."—Rev. ii. 17.

Of all things in the world, tombstones, I sometimes think, are the most useless. Erected to keep alive the memory of one who is dead, they often give us only a name to which no definite idea can be attached. Such thoughts occurred to me as I was passing the other day through a church-yard, and my eye lighted upon many a stone engraved "in memory" of those who were for the most part long ago forgotten.

Yes, the names of men are the most arbitrary of all things. Assigned in infancy, before it can be known what the child shall be, the idea we attach to a name arises from a knowledge of the individual; but where the name alone is given, nothing can be known. It shall not always be so; God's people shall one day receive a "new name." If the tombstone could tell us that, it would be useful, but "that name no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it," and even he knoweth it not yet. That "new name" will probably describe in one word what God hath done for his child. The dying thief may perhaps be called the "brand plucked out from the fire." Another may be called "the man to whom much hath been forgiven." But until the end come, and God's dealings with us be fully understood, we cannot guess the name whereby we shall be called. He "leadeth the blind by a way that they know not."

Nevertheless, I began to speculate upon the method in which God might be dealing with me; what one word could most fully express it; and what my own new name might be. If I could have told what attribute of God was most exercised towards me, I could have guessed it. But whether it was forbearance, or love, or pardoning mercy, I could not tell: I found I needed all so much.

If there were one name I felt inclined to choose more than another, it was that given to Solomon, "*Jedidiah*"—the "*beloved of the Lord.*" But that is a name no *one* can appropriate. Like a bright crown of gold, the love of God will rest upon each of his holy angels, upon each of his redeemed. *All* will rejoice in that, and there will be no room for envy, for though one "sit at his right hand," and another be but "a doorkeeper," the most precious of all things will be theirs in common.

---

* This masterly sketch and estimate of the religious character of John Howard is from a recently published volume of great power, entitled, "The Christian Life, Social and Individual," by Peter Bayne, M.A. Edinburgh: James Hogg. London: Groombridge and Sons.

Again, I felt that I could not find a clue to my new appellative from anything in myself. My graces were all too weak and imperfect to be considered as leading traits of character. Far rather would I choose a name whereby I might, "in the ages to come, show the exceeding riches of his grace," and be a monument to the glory of Jesus. Yet I knew that he chooseth to honour those that honour him. Simon was surnamed *Peter*, though his steadfastness came from him whose "strength is made perfect in weakness;" and James and John were called the "sons of thunder," though the power of their words was through him only who "giveth the increase." Thus I was in every direction at fault, and could find no clue to follow in my abortive but not unprofitable speculations. The conclusion I came to was, that if I were to compose my own epitaph, it would be to the effect: "Here lie the remains of (giving only the initials) whose name on earth needeth not to be recorded, but who had a hope that, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, he should obtain, when he departed, 'a *new name* which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.' Rev. ii. 17."

WORKING MEN'S REASONS FOR SIGNING THE PETITION FOR CLOSING PUBLIC HOUSES ON THE LORD'S DAY.*

1. He wished Satan's nets for trapping them were closed on Sunday.

2. Why, you see, so many of us meet together, and having nothing to do on Sunday, we go to public-houses and get drunk; and very often, when we get drunk on Sunday, we continue to drink on Monday and Tuesday.

3. I am quite determined, sometimes, not to drink on Sunday, and lock up my money on Saturday night, and go out on Sunday without a farthing, fully intending to take my wages to the savings-bank on Monday; but I had to suffer, for the publicans trust me, and at other times my companions treat me.

4. To have them closed? Yes, with all my heart! You see, I work very hard; I must get a drop of drink, but I don't want it on Sunday; it does me more harm then, for I take too much, and am never fit for work until Tuesday, sometimes Wednesday.

5. Good thing. Let the parliament and the queen know one quarter of the wickedness that is done, and they will soon be closed. God bless you, sir; go on, and you have all of us on your side.

6. Don't be afraid to come to our works and bring your petition, sir; we shall sign it; all, all the drunken fellows are every one ready.

7. I never have any with my dinner on Sunday; I never had a pint with my family at home .... Why, you see, I go to the public-house to have a bit of chat. Then we begin to argue, either about our own different works, or masters and politics; who is best and who is worst; who is right and who is wrong; then we get warm and thirsty, and drink away unknown to ourselves: that is the way we get drunk on Sundays.

8. It is a good thing; get them all closed. Sunday drinking has ruined me and my family. I could hardly keep a few chairs together in the house, and a bed under me, until I left off Sunday drinking.

9. Yes, sir, with both hands, if you'll allow me. Public-houses have ruined my body and soul. Why, sir, instead of going to hear the word of God preached, I spend my time on Sundays in the beer-shop; and you see, if they were closed, there would be no chance of getting drunk; then I would go to a place of worship.

10. I have been fined many times for getting drunk, and made vows that I would never do so again.

11. No hardship at all. I would buy some on Saturday night if I wanted some for my dinner on Sunday; but I always drink water with my dinner. The doctor says it is better, and I am of the same opinion.

12. Not a bit of it; we never have any beer from the public-houses on Sunday. It is very odd to me that wise men of parliament, who make laws for the country, don't see how bad some of the laws are. Why don't you see, sir, if a poor man wants a loaf of bread on Sunday, there is no law to compel the good baker to sell him one; yet the publican is compelled.

13. Being a married man, with a family, you see it would be a great thing for me to have the public-houses closed on Sundays, for I find that I have spent more on that day than on any day in the week, besides losing a day or two in the beginning of the week.

14. I will sign your petition, sir, with pleasure; for my conscience tells me that it is a bad thing: a very wicked thing, too, it is to spend the Sunday at a public-house.

15. I wish every public-house in the world were closed on Sundays; for I believe there is more cheating then than on any other day. So many crowding there on Sunday evenings, and when they drink pretty well, about 10 o'clock, sir, some wicked set of them will make a little stir, and pretend to quarrel, then they will rush out without paying for one-half they've had. But the publicans must have money from

* The following are specimens of the answers received by a gentleman engaged in carrying about a petition among working men, and which were recently published by the Lord's Day Society.

somebody, otherwise they could not pay their rent and taxes, and it is very hard. Why, you see, sir, once we are drunk, we are entirely at the mercy of the landlady or landlord of the house; they may put down anything they like. For instance, I only spent three Sunday evenings at ———, and Mr. ——— sent my wife a bill for 6*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*; and I assure you I am ever since quite miserable; my wife is nearly losing her senses about it. You see we owe for flour, to Mr. ———, for a whole month, and he must have the old account, or it is no go.

16. I hope the public-houses will be closed on Sunday; it will be a good thing for this town; almost all the wicked deeds are caused by Sunday drinking.

17. Yes, I will sign it; but not for my own sake, but for the sake of others, as I have given up drinking altogether.

18. Yes, I will sign it; though I never get drunk on Sunday, or any other day. The boys that I am working with are always trying to borrow money from me on Sunday, and if I do not give them some they will be offended. Of late I found a way to manage the fellows very well; that is, I leave all my money at home, then I tell them I have none with me, but they will not be satisfied without being allowed to examine my pockets. I wish every public-house in the town were closed on Sunday.

19. With all my heart; close them all. Drinking is the source of wickedness and crime, especially on Sunday. Then, and not before, you will be able to lessen the crowd at the magistrate's room on Mondays.

20. I am very glad, sir, you are taking the part of the working man with your petition. If we could only do away with Sunday drinking, we should have a new era amongst the working population of the place.

21. I wish the public-houses were closed on Sundays; not that I go there myself, but I have two boys, whom we (father and mother) have no control over, as they receive their money on Saturday night, and pay us for their lodging, and therefore we dare not say a word to them. They spend the whole of Sunday very often either in public-houses in the town or out of the town. They scarcely ever go to any place of worship; and when they go they are just the same coming home, either drunk, or half so; never sober a dozen Sundays in the year. [This was the testimony of a dying mother.]

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
At all the times you can,
And as long as you can.

Religious Intelligence.

January 1855.

The war in the East, which, if not the all-absorbing topic among politicians, is, at least, their principal theme, claims a large share of the space we can appropriate to the events of the past month, viewed in a religious aspect.

In common with many of the organs of public opinion, we have to lament over the sufferings and the awful mortality to which our countrymen have been, and, we fear, still are, exposed in the Crimea. It is most distressing to contemplate the sacrifice of life, not only from the thunderbolt of war, but also from wasting disease produced by cold and hunger, by excessive fatigue and exposure, the natural consequences of entering on a campaign for which it is now too evident that adequate provision had not been made. These distressing things increase our perception of the evils of war, which, however it may be brought about, we ought to regard as a most dreadful calamity, calling for deep humiliation in the sight of God, and fervent prayer that it may speedily end in a well-established and lasting peace.

It is a cause for great thankfulness that there is a "church in the army," and that there never was so large a proportion of pious men and officers as are engaged in the present campaign, who not only pray for themselves, their comrades, and allies, that God would "shield them in the day of battle," but also for the foe with whom they have to contend. Among the various publications sent out to our soldiers in the Crimea, and to the great hospital at Scutari, none appear to be so highly prized as those New Testaments from which they are learning the "words of eternal life." One of our English officers, who had been mortally wounded in the engagement at Balaklava, was found dead in his tent, but his New Testament was open, and the mark of blood from his fingers showed that in death his thoughts had been directed to the passage in John xiv. 2, "In my Father's house are many mansions." Numbers of our wounded and dying soldiers have "received the word of God in much affliction and with joy of the Holy Ghost." The language of one of the ministers of the gospel, who is now labouring amidst these heartrending scenes, shows how they may quicken the perception which a good man has of the affecting truths he has to teach, and prepare the sufferers around him to receive them with a higher appreciation of their value than we possess in our scenes of quiet and comfort: "Though at first I could not stand the stench of corrupt wounds, I can now live and sleep in the hospital as well as in my snug lodging at Crayford, in the garden of England. With regard to the work of directing these dear fellows to their Saviour, its blessedness far exceeds my expectations. The value of the word of God, the perfection of the salvation offered us in Christ crucified, and the power of prayer in his name, come out more and more clearly every day. The most stupid being in God's creation, with the least spark of love to Christ in his soul, could not but work for him here, and in labouring feel himself useful. I am persuaded now of what I was not persuaded once, that the best school for eloquent and forcible preaching is at the bedside of the sick and the dying, and that the best sermon notes are composed there.

The earnest eyes with which these brave men watch for us and welcome us, and the eager ears with which they drink in the glad tidings of the gospel, bring more ample satisfaction to the heart of a Christian minister than the most perfect and polite attention of a crowded church can possibly do."

The sick and wounded who have been sent to Malta from the seat of war, have been supplied with the sacred Scriptures, which they have accepted with much thankfulness. Most of them have been disabled for life, and have bitter tales to tell of their own sufferings and of others who have fallen in battle.

On a former occasion we mentioned the distribution of Bibles and Testaments in the Baltic. Since then, we have been enabled to place in the hands of many who had been fighting against us that spiritual armour which, if used aright, will shield them "from all the fiery darts of the wicked," and those weapons of the holy war which we need not fear that they will turn against ourselves. This opportunity was afforded when the "Alban" was employed in removing the wounded prisoners, with their wives and families, from Bomarsund to Abo. Many of the prisoners were very anxious to possess a copy of the Scriptures, and, on one occasion, a Greek priest assisted in the good work by pointing out the persons to whom they would be most useful. Finnish Testaments were given to some of the crews taken in prizes. Swedish Bibles have been in great demand by the people along the shores of the Baltic, where the language of Sweden is extensively spoken. The agent of the Society by whom these Bibles were distributed says: "It was very pleasing to see the respect with which the Holy Scriptures were treated by many of these poor people, and the eagerness with which they commenced to read them; and no present appeared to be more acceptable to children than a tract or a Testament. Every toy was left to crowd round the nappy possessor of a little book."

Those countries over which the desolating scourge of war is passing furnish a remarkable instance of the manner in which the Lord can cause light to arise out of obscurity. Wallachia and Moldavia will be sown with the good seed of the kingdom. The Rev. S. Mayers, of Bucharest, states that the Wallachian New Testament is about to be printed, and expresses his hope that its circulation will begin in four or five months. He says that "the people are most anxious to be in possession of the word of God." No less than three hundred persons have lately called on him, offering double the price at which he used to sell them. There is now a vast field open in Wallachia and Moldavia, where four millions of inhabitants will no longer be neglected as in former days.

The pastor of the evangelical church in Lyons has just furnished a very gratifying account of the progress of the gospel in that city during the last thirty years. Lyons, it should be remembered, is the stronghold of Romanism in France, and the spiritual fortress whence the Roman propaganda sends thousands of missionaries into all parts of the world. Mr. Finch says: "The work of the gospel in Lyons is one which the Lord has caused to grow with much vigour. In 1825 the little flock numbered but three persons. In 1832 the nucleus of the present church consisted of fifty members, and the following year had so much increased as to occupy a place of worship capable of holding two hundred hearers. In 1839 this room had to be enlarged. In 1840 it was again much too small. In vain we sought for another; we had to decide on building a Protestant chapel to hold seven hundred persons. The difficulty of obtaining the funds necessary for such an undertaking was solved by the principle that when God gives us a work to perform, he also provides the ability required. The Lord sent the sum we wanted, and the chapel was full from the day it was opened. Four years later it was again too small. We then opened in the district of 'La Croix-Rousse,' a chapel of ease of three hundred and fifty seats. Later, we opened a second in 'Les Brotteaux,' and again a third in the 'Guillotière.' After that we opened successively, in different parts of the town, five other places of worship. We have thus been enabled to continue for nine years, while feeling the want of larger accommodation; for, very frequently, numbers have to return home, unable to enter from the places being so crowded. The Lord has again pointed out our way: a new street is going to be made through the place occupied by our chapel in the 'Rue de l'Arbre Sec,' and we have been ordered to give up our building by the end of June, 1855. We shall therefore want another chapel, and now in the heart of the city; but the Lord has graciously removed every difficulty."

A vigorous effort is being made to remove from our metropolitan churches the popish altars, which in some of them have been recently erected in imitation of those in Romish churches. The question of the right to retain these structures has been referred to the highest authority, whose decision is awaited with much anxiety, as it must be followed by important results.

A very rich contribution has just been made to the historical evidence of the Bible by Colonel Rawlinson, who, with remarkable sagacity and scientific skill, has recovered from the ruins of ancient Babylon a "commemorative cylinder," covered with inscriptions, as fresh as when first made. This valuable document from the archives of Babylon begins with the name and usual titles of Nebuchadnezzar, and then gives a summary of the buildings of Babylon which this king had erected or repaired. This antique record also shows that the celebrated mound, the Birs-i-Nimrúd, is an astronomical structure, built by a former king, but repaired by Nebuchadnezzar. The inscription concludes with aspirations for the eternal duration of the work of the monarch, and the continuation of his family for ever, corresponding remarkably with the language of the proud king in Daniel iv. 30.

While we have such additional confirmations of the book of God, how excuseless is the infidelity by which it is still opposed. We have to notice a painful instance, not only of infidelity, but of awful atheism, in the case of the murderer Barthelemy, who has lately passed into eternity with the blood of his victims unwashed from his hands. Yet, even from the lips of this man we may gather an argument in favour of the faith of the gospel, and the hope and comfort it gives in the dying hour. When the sheriff said, "I hope that you have made your peace with God," he replied, "I don't believe in God; I have no faith in God." And when the sheriff rejoined, "I am very sorry to hear it"—"Yes," he replied, "for if I believed in him, perhaps it would give me strength in this moment. I do not believe in God, and therefore it is of no use for me to ask his forgiveness." So true is it that "he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

On the day preceding this distressing scene, a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus received his summons to appear before his heavenly Master, "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." The Rev. Dr. Beaumont, one of the most distinguished ministers in the Wesleyan body, while engaged in conducting divine service in Waltham-street Chapel, Hull, was suddenly struck down by the hand of death. He had just given out the lines—

> "Thee, while the first archangel sings,
> He hides his face beneath his wings,"

when he fell and instantly expired. How blessed is it to contemplate the passage of a true believer from the sanctuary on earth to that in heaven, and at the same time how solemnly do such lessons force upon us the Divine warning, "Watch! . . . And what I say unto you I say unto all, watch!"

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

MY FIRST POSSESSOR

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

PART I.

My first possessor was a child.

I am old and defaced now; my coat is tarnished, my leaves are time-tinted, worn, and ragged; my silver clasps are gone. Then, I was bright and gay in gold and purple.

But it was not the purple and gold that drew towards me the boy's love, and made me his choice: for choose me he did. Turn to my fly-leaf and see. The record is pale with age; it has been stained with many tear-drops since it was written; but it is legible yet:—

"This Bible is given to you, our dear boy, at your own request, on the day that completes your fifth year of age. You have chosen it in preference to any childish toy that you might have desired. Your parents rejoice at your choice, and earnestly hope that, through life, should your life be prolonged, you may esteem the word of God above all riches, embrace the gospel of God's dear Son which it reveals, and live in accordance with its dictates: that it may be your guide and support in times of darkness, perplexity, and sorrow; your joy in prosperity; and that, in death, it may be your comfort, and your harbinger to the pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore."

No 44.- Published March 1, 1855

Price One Penny.

Shall I say that I trembled slightly when first clasped in that child's little hands; not for my indestructible and imperishable spirit, but for the frail framework that contained the living word which endureth for ever, and the slight material on which that word was transcribed; and that this earthly, palpable substance, embodying the ethereal spirit, would fain have chosen another owner than this happy, playful child? Was there not a struggle then between the heaven-born and the earth-born in my nature, like that which my records reveal—the spirit against the flesh, the flesh against the spirit, unbelief against faith?

A child! in whose heart foolishness is bound! to be the pet plaything of a day! to please his uninstructed eye for a little space with my external gauds, and then to be laid aside, unnoticed, uncared-for, unheard; or, equally probable, to be rudely dismembered, page from page; and so my mission of "glory to God, peace on earth, and goodwill to man," sealed up in silence, for many a precious year, or regardlessly scattered, and made the early sport of the elements, into which all that is earth-born must finally be resolved.

And did not the aged mortal to whom the child, in the exuberance of joy, showed the precious gift—did not he sympathize with those doubts and fears, when he said, with a look of pity, as he held me in his hand, "A Bible, boy! Ay, and a fine Bible too! But why do they give thee a Bible, child? Thou canst not even read thy primer. Thou lovest play full well: a rocking-horse would have pleased and suited thee better."

Then did not my heaven-born soul rebuke the scorn and unbelief, in whispers of love, caught from the ineffable glory of the HIGHER THAN THE HIGHEST? "I love them that love me, and they that seek me EARLY shall find me." I have "hidden these things from the wise and prudent," and have "revealed them unto BABES." "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I soon discovered how groundless were my fears, in the care which my owner took to preserve me from external damage. I was almost immediately strongly encased in an outer covering, which, though sometimes removed for an instant that my unsullied coat might be seen, was carefully replaced when the eye was gratified. After a short time, even this exposure was discontinued; and years passed away before the first rich gloss of that coat had disappeared.

The child could not at first hold converse with me alone and unassisted. He was a dull scholar, I heard reported once and again; but surely it was not so in truth. Nor, while my arbitrary characters presented no intelligible ideas to his mind, was I unemployed in his service. Indeed, I soon found that my young owner's choice of me had been founded on a previous knowledge of my character. Like the son of Eunice and grandson of Lois, and by the same tender and loving teaching, he knew my worth before his tongue had learned rightly to pronounce my name. "From a child," truly, he knew me.

"You can read to me out of my own Bible now," he said; and, by his mother's mouth, I repeated to him the stories which he best loved of all stories to hear—the history of days of old, and God's "wonderful works to the children of men;" of patriarchs, and prophets, and heroes, "of whom the world was not worthy." I told him—no matter that he had heard it before, he would hear it again and again—of the ruin wrought by guilt, and the destruction of a world by water; of the rescued family in the ark; of Abraham, who believed in God, and did not withhold his only son Isaac, when God tried his faith; of Joseph and his brethren; of Moses and his cradle of bulrushes; of the three youths who would not worship the golden image, and were cast into the furnace and were not burned; of Daniel, whom God preserved in the lions' den. I told him of the wonderful travels and deliverances of the people who afterwards became a great nation, as God had promised, and who prospered, as long as they obeyed God, but who so often rebelled against him, that at length they were scattered through all the world, as God had threatened. I reminded him that the God who punished sin, rewarded those who diligently sought him; that he was just, and holy, and wise, and powerful, but abundant in love and mercy; and that he "so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I repeated to my young owner, from time to time, still speaking in the borrowed voice of a mother, the history of him of "whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth;" how that, as the Son of man, he suffered, and as the Son of God, brought salvation, long expected. We traced his footsteps together from Bethlehem to Calvary, from the cradle to the grave: but we did not leave the Holy One there to see corruption, for I explained how that "he was delivered for man's offences, and rose again for man's justification;" that he ascended on high, received gifts for men, went to prepare a place for his people in heaven, and ever lives to make intercession for all who come unto God by him. I told my young and earnest listener—my owner, but yet my scholar—that when this glorious person was on earth as man, he

took little children in his arms, laid his hands on them, and blessed them; and that now he reigns in heaven as God over all, blessed for evermore, he listens to children's prayers, and blesses them still. I reminded him, that as this mighty Lord and Saviour ascended into heaven, so he will one day return again to call the world to judgment, and that then the dead in Christ shall rise, and all who love him shall rejoice in his appearing, because when Christ who is their life shall appear, they also shall appear with him in glory.

A dull scholar! No, that child-owner of mine was no dull scholar—no heedless listener, he. He pondered over all these words, and laid them up in his heart. My words, to him, were spirit and life.

The child grew. He was no longer a child. He was a boy among boys.

Ah, will he not now forget the things which he had heard and learned of me? The mother's voice is not needed now, for the boy can receive for himself, when placed before his sight, the messages I am entrusted to deliver. But will not these messages appear to him as twice told tales, and nursery legends? Will not newer friends be favoured, and the old pocket Bible be displaced in his attentions and regards? I am one among many candidates for the thoughts of his heart, and the emotions of his soul now.

He has plays and sports. Truly has it been said of him, "thou lovest play full well." Too well? Does he not love play too well?

He has lessons and studies. Will he not say that too much study is weariness to the flesh, and discard his first instructor, saying, "When I have a more convenient season, I will call for thee?"

Nay, the boy did not dismiss me from his thoughts, nor was I alienated from his regards. The warning I was commissioned to convey to him did not pass unheeded—"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thine heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." So, while he grew in strength and stature, and gave proof of the energy of his character and the buoyancy of his spirits in hours of relaxation from more serious engagements, he did not forget where wisdom alone can be found, and where is "the place of understanding."

Do I say that he was without fault? that my young owner had escaped the tendency to evil inherent in every child of Adam? that no vain thoughts ever entered his mind? that no infirmities of temper ever disturbed his peace? that the world and the world's pleasures exercised no influence over his soul? that he was proof against temptation, and never "gave place to the devil?"

No, no: I have seen him when anger has ruffled his brow, and envy and disappointments have chilled his heart. I have known when a word has disturbed his calmness, and when, carried away by the exuberance of a joyous spirit, he has transgressed the bounds of propriety and fallen into sin.

But have I not felt the tears of penitence, as they fell on me, when I alone witnessed how he humbled himself before his God, and cast himself on the mercy of his Saviour? Have I not heard the prayer which, "going not out of feigned lips," my Master will never despise nor disregard? the prayer which I had taught him—"Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin: for I acknowledge my transgression; and my sin is ever before me. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me."

And when that peace which God's good Spirit only can breathe was shed abroad in his heart, in answer to his earnest cry, and he felt that he could use as his own, the words which I had taught him: "I hate vain thoughts; but thy law do I love. Thou art my hiding-place and my shield: I hope in thy word. Depart from me, ye evil doers; for I will keep the commandments of my God. Uphold me according unto thy word, that I may live; and let me not be ashamed of my hope;" then did he know in his soul how true is my declaration, "Great peace have they which love thy law; and nothing shall offend them."

I do not think that it was known then, by any but our common Master—his and mine—how constant was my young owner's intercourse with me; nor how, step by step, and "from strength to strength," as help was given to us both—to him to learn, to me to teach—I opened to him the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, and led him to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge; how I brought him daily near and still nearer to his Saviour's feet, in humbleness and love; and how thus beholding, "as in a glass, the glory of the Lord," he was "changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord."

But neither could the effect of this constant and familiar intercourse be unseen and unfelt. Of little avail will it be for any to boast of their

acquaintance with me, when they hear my word indeed, but do not the things which I teach. It was not thus with my youthful owner. His heart overflowed with love; his life was a life of obedience to parental control and guidance; the law of truth was on his lips, because the law of his God was written on his heart. Was not I a happy teacher to have such a learner? and he, a happy learner to have such a teacher?

I had companions. My owner was no longer thought the "dull scholar" as in former days; but an ardent persevering student; "simple" indeed, as I would have him, "concerning evil;" but "wise unto that which is good." The lightest discourse to which he listened from any who shared with me the business of informing his mind, though blending amusement with instruction, would have raised no blush on the cheek of innocence; while to many of these companions was I indebted for enforcing my most important precepts, and explaining to his yet immature understanding what might, to him, appear obscure and "hard to be understood" in my language or design. Holy and honourable help-meets were these to me in the great object of my earthly existence—to "make wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus," "whose," I may truly say, "I am; and whom I serve."

FREDERICK II AND ZIETHEN.

Few princes have acquired greater celebrity than Frederick II, king of Prussia, more generally known as Frederick the Great. If he did not *raise* the country over which he reigned to the rank of one of the nations of Europe, he at least consolidated her strength, and enabled her to take that place which she now occupies as one of the "five great powers." Of his religious character, truth compels us to speak in very disparaging terms. Some German writers are inclined to put this down to the mistakes of his early training. "An austere education, pedantic instruction, and severe trials," says one of them, "had given the character of Frederick II an early firmness and maturity, but at the same time had produced in him a decided aversion to much that at that time was usual and highly respected, and inclined him to the new French philosophy." Voltaire, and others of the same class, stood high in his esteem, and enjoyed his friendship. His love for making ludicrous applications of Holy Scripture was excessive, as is proved by many anecdotes related of him. It is said of Naaman the Syrian, that he was "a great man with his master and honourable, a mighty man of valour;" but, sad drawback to his earthly prosperity, "he was a leper." Frederick acquired for himself, even during life, high renown in the world's estimation, was successful in his undertakings, was beloved by his subjects, for his rule was advantageous and his reign was glorious; but, alas! greater stain on his otherwise celebrated name—Frederick II was an infidel.

It will naturally be supposed that a prince of such talents and power on the one hand, and of such sentiments on the other, could assemble around him many congenial spirits, whom he would influence in no ordinary degree, and by whom he would in his turn be influenced. Thus the court and the king often mutually encouraged and inflamed each other, until religion became a laughing-stock, and even the royal dinner-table was considered no unfit place for jests on the most sacred subjects. But though the society of the Prussian court was at this period deeply infected with the spirit of infidelity, that God who, when his chosen people were sunk in the lowest depths of sin, and when wicked kings led the nation astray, raised up an Elijah to rebuke an Ahab, and preserved for himself seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to the image of Baal, left not himself without witness in Prussia; witnesses, too, whose position in the country forced the most reckless and abandoned of the infidels to listen with respect to their words, and who, led by the Spirit of God, feared not, even in the presence of the monarch himself, to rebuke the enemies of the Almighty, obliging them to quail before them, and who, if they did not convince by their arguments or persuade by their piety, closed the mouths of their opponents. Such an one was General Ziethen.

This officer was a great favourite of king Frederick. He had distinguished himself highly in the service of his country, and Frederick fully appreciated his abilities and zeal, as the following anecdote will suffice to show. Upon one occasion General Ziethen fell asleep at the royal table. "Let him sleep," said the king, "he has watched long enough for our safety." This speech does as much credit to Frederick himself as to Ziethen, and we can only regret that he who could show so much kindness to a deserving servant should think lightly of that greatest exhibition of love which the Son of God displayed towards fallen man, the giving of his life as a ransom for many.

We have said thus much as introductory to a scene which once took place at the royal dinner-table at Sans Souci, between the aged general and the monarch.

It happened that General Ziethen was invited on Good Friday to dine with the king. The pious old man, whose deliverance from many dangers had probably deeply impressed his soul

with a sense of God's mercy, and whose frequent deprivations of the ordinances of religion during the days of his active life had taught him their value, and who, now that his battles were over, wished to spend the residue of his days in preparing for his latter end, made a practice of receiving the sacrament of the Lord's Supper on Good Friday. Having so done, he passed the rest of the day in pious contemplation, in which he was unwilling to be interrupted or disturbed. For this reason he declined the king's invitation.

Some time after Ziethen dined at the royal table at Sans Souci. The king joined in, or rather led, the witty and jovial conversation for which the society of the palace was celebrated. In the height of his mirth, Frederick suddenly turned round and addressed to Ziethen a flippant question about the sacrament, of which the general had partaken on Good Friday. We do not repeat the question, for we think that the less such speeches are known the better. Suffice it to say, the question was of an impious character. A loud laugh burst from the gay company which surrounded the table. Some laughed from courtiership; some, because perhaps they shared the irreligious sentiments of the king; some, because others laughed. Ziethen alone was unmoved. He shook his hoary head, indeed a crown of glory, got up, and after bowing low to the king, addressed, in an unfaltering voice, the following words to him:—

"Your majesty knows that in war I have never feared any danger, and that whenever it was required I have resolutely risked my life for you and for the country. This feeling still animates me, and if it is of any use, and you command it, I will willingly lay my head at your feet. But there is One above us, who is more than you and I—more than all men—the Saviour and Redeemer of the world, who has dearly purchased salvation for us with his blood. That holy Saviour I cannot allow to be ridiculed; for on him rests my faith, my trust, and my hope in life and in death. In the strength of this faith your brave army has courageously fought and conquered; if your majesty undermine it, you undermine at the same time the welfare of the state. This is a true saying indeed. May it please your majesty to excuse my freedom."

A death-like silence pervaded the whole room. The king, with evident emotion, offered to the honest old general his right hand, laid his left on his shoulder, and spoke deeply affected: "Happy Ziethen! I wish I could believe like you; hold fast your faith. It shall be done no more."

It was impossible after such an impressive scene that the conversation should flow in its ordinary channel. The king himself could find no means of introducing any other topic. Although the dinner was but half over, he rose from the table, and gave a sign of dismissal to the guests. But to Ziethen he offered his hand, saying, "Come with me into my closet."

What conversation took place between the king and the good old man who had just rebuked him, He who seeth in secret can alone know. No one can read this anecdote without feeling how manfully Ziethen discharged his duty to his God under most trying circumstances, and yet how completely he preserved the respect which was due to his king. He fulfilled the apostolic injunction, "Fear God: honour the king," in such a manner as to show others that these duties are not incompatible with each other.

Nor must we refuse to Frederick the praise which is due to him. Though his censor had not hesitated to rebuke him in the presence of his boon companions (and his conduct plainly shows that he felt it), he exhibited not the slightest irritation or displeasure; nay, instead of visiting Ziethen, as many a monarch would have done, with a reprimand at the moment and expulsion from his palace for the future, he bestowed on him the highest mark of respect in his power by inviting him to his private apartment, leaving to themselves his other guests, many of whom were probably the companions of his hours of relaxation from the affairs of state, or the sharers both of his studies and sentiments. And it is gratifying to be able to add that Frederick's friendship for Ziethen remained unabated to the death of that veteran warrior, or rather survived it. At a period subsequent to the occurrence just related, General Ziethen asked leave to appear at a review, though he had arrived at a great age. The king not only granted the request, but voluntarily gave him leave "to appear without the incumbrance of a dress uniform," adding, "should the weather prove too cold, I conjure you to spare your health and rather not appear in the field, than subject yourself to an indisposition, by a too ardent zeal for my service. After such long and glorious services as you have performed, you are well entitled to the rights of a Roman veteran. This is the advice of your gracious king." When the king was informed of the death of Ziethen by the adjutant of his regiment, he at first seemed much struck, but recollecting himself immediately, said, with much composure, "I have long expected this misfortune, but I shall always regret that I did not see and converse with my dear General Ziethen, that worthy and deserving man, before his death. His regiment will find his loss irreparable. For my part, I lose a father and a friend, but my successors will take care that his memory does not perish in the country; one who served

it with so much honour deserves to be remembered." A statue was afterwards erected to the memory of Ziethen in the Wilhelm-platz at Berlin by king Frederick William II.

In conclusion, we would take this opportunity of urging upon our readers the duty of confessing their God and Saviour before men—a memorable instance of which it has been our object to bring before them, showing that it can be done and how it should be done. It may happen, however, that they may not meet with so generous a spirit as that displayed by Frederick on this occasion. Let them not fear; for to the Saviour's command is attached the promise, that those who confess him, he will also confess before his Father which is in heaven.

THE SIEGE OF MANSOUL.

PART VI.

The entire reconciliation of Emmanuel to the inhabitants of the town of Mansoul, and the gracious and glorious privileges conferred by him upon them, effectively represent, as we have already intimated, the first processes of sanctification set up by divine grace within the human soul. The old enemy is driven out; the pledges of God's peace are conveyed; the Holy One has again taken up his residence in the heart; all is "swept and garnished." "Now were Mansoul and the inhabitants of it, as the signet upon Emmanuel's right hand; where was there now a town, a city, a corporation, that could compare with Mansoul! A town redeemed from the hand and from the power of Diabolus; a town that the king Shaddai loved, and that he sent Emmanuel to regain from the prince of the infernal cave; yea, a town that Emmanuel loved to dwell in, and that he chose for his royal habitation; a town that he fortified for himself, and made strong by the force of his arm. What shall I say, Mansoul has now a most excellent prince, golden captains, and men of war, weapons proved, and garments white as snow." Happy Mansoul, which the lord delighted to honour. Beautiful emblem of the first full communications of religion to the young convert. He is no longer an enemy; he carries with him no more the consciousness of a heart disaffected to his lawful king. He is not indeed innocent, but he is forgiven. He is more than forgiven; he has thoughts and purposes in common with him whose hallowed name he is allowed to bear: till now he never knew perfect tranquillity—for never till now was there a common likeness to, and a common aim with, his heavenly Master. Now he "walks at liberty, because he keeps God's statutes." He enjoys the frequent visits of his Lord, has access to him at all times, understands the great secrets which only the godly can know, and feasts upon the rich provisions of his spiritual table. It is a peace untasted by the world—"a joy which no man taketh from him!"

This last advantage is indicated in the allegory by the represented appointment of a new officer over the town of Mansoul, named Mr. God's Peace. "This man was set over my Lord Will-be-will, my Lord Mayor, Mr. Recorder, the subordinate preacher Mr. Mind, and over all the natives of the town of Mansoul. Himself was not a native of it, but came with the prince Emmanuel from the court. He was a great acquaintance of Captain Credence and Captain Good-hope, some say they were akin, and I am of that opinion too." "So long as all things went in Mansoul as this sweet-natured gentleman would, the town was in most happy condition. Now there were no jars, no chidings, no interferings, no unfaithful doings, in the town of Mansoul; every man in Mansoul kept close to his own employment. The gentry, officers, soldiers, and all in place, observed their order. And as for the women and children of the town, they followed their business joyfully; they would work and sing from morning till night; so that quite through the town of Mansoul now nothing was to be found but harmony, quietness, joy, and health. And this lasted all that summer."

But Mansoul, though delivered from its ancient thraldom, was not beyond the reach of danger. It had received special instruction from its Prince to find out and to slay the Diabolonians yet lurking in its secret places. It had, however, obeyed that order imperfectly. Incredulity instead of being slain, had fled, and might return. Others, too, of its ancient enemies, though depressed and discouraged, still lived. Christianity is the formation of a new character, and of a set of new habits as the materials of that character. But though the old inclinations are baffled, they are not yet destroyed, and the most vigilant watchfulness is requisite to prevent their re-appearance. Sanctification has begun; but it is not yet completed; and so far is the young Christian from being safe against all dangers, that the very joy he derives from his Master's presence is apt, without the most unsleeping vigilance, to lead him astray. This is well exemplified in the history and doings of Mr. Carnal-security.

This Carnal-security is represented as the offspring of one Mr. Self-conceit (a Diabolonian) and of the Lady Fear-nothing, daughter of the great Lord Will-be-will. "He took much after his father and mother; he was self-conceited, he feared nothing, he was also a very busy man: nothing of news, nothing of doctrine, nothing of

alteration or talk of alteration, could at any time be on foot in Mansoul, but be sure Mr. Carnal-security would be at the head or tail of it; but to be sure he would decline those that he deemed the weakest, and stood always with them, in his way of standing, that he supposed was the strongest side." Finding his cause losing strength, he has recourse to artifice, and professing to be a servant of the Prince, uses all his influence to undermine his authority. He therefore flatters the inhabitants by magnifying their advantages and the strength of their fortress, till, from talking, they went to feasting, and from feasting to sporting; and among other devices he persuades the principal men of Mansoul, "that the security of the now flourishing town of Mansoul did not so much lie in her present fortifications and force, as in her so using of what she had, as might oblige her Emmanuel to abide within her castle."

The sad consequences of Mr. Carnal-security's influence are soon apparent. The temper of Mansoul is cooled towards its Prince; the inhabitants cease to visit him; they enjoy his feasts no longer; they lose their reverential desire for his instructions; whilst he, to make them sensible of their error, becomes, in return, distant and reserved to them. In the mean time, God's Peace resigns his commission and retires from the town; for carnal ease rapidly engenders spiritual insecurity. Yet so infatuated is Mansoul that the "departure of their Prince touched them not, nor was he remembered by them when gone; and so of consequence, his absence was not condoled by them." Samson, after his hair was shorn, was as confident as he had ever been before, till he put his strength to the test, and failed lamentably. "He wist not that the Lord was departed from him."

A passage in the journal of the Rev. John Wesley will illustrate this point of Bunyan's allegory. Among the letters received by that eminent servant of God in the earlier part of his ministry, was one from a person who in youth had been a subject of deep convictions. He had been aroused by Whitfield's powerful addresses, but still more effectively by the preaching of the brothers Wesley. "Then," says he, "I found I was an unbeliever, and that none could help me but Christ. I cried unto him and he heard me, and spoke those words with power to my heart, 'Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee.' I was in great ecstasy of joy and love, and cried out, 'I shall never sin any more.' This continued about two months. But having no acquaintance with any person of experience, I was ignorant of Satan's devices, when he transformed himself into an angel of light. He suggested, 'Christ has fulfilled the law for you. You are no longer subject to ordinances. You are now to be still and wait upon God.' So I did not go to the sacrament for two months. Neither did I kneel down to pray or use any other ordinance, unless I was moved to it. At first, God strove with me; but the devil told me, 'it was the spirit of bondage, and I must resist it; for I was free from the law.' In a little time he left off striving, and I grew quite easy and satisfied, but withal quite dead and cold. I could now hear idle talking without any pain; nay, and my very heart began to join with it. Then I awoke, as one out of sleep, and looked for the Lord; but he was departed from me." This man was restored to Christ's fold, and appears to have subsequently become a consistent follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

But though the inhabitants of Mansoul slept long, they were not permitted to sleep themselves to death. A feast was given to them by Carnal-security, intent on his old stratagems.

CARNAL-SECURITY'S FEAST.

But one of the followers of the Prince then present, Mr. Godly-fear, ate not and rejoiced not with the rest; and, though invited to sleep and make himself comfortable, sternly refused every such seduction. In the course of the feast he felt himself compelled to speak, and notwithstanding the blandishments of Carnal-

security uttered harsh but true words to the townsmen; setting before them the sad state to which they had reduced themselves, and informing them that, little as they were aware of the fact, their great Prince was gone from them, and had left them to themselves.

Startled by this news, which is ascertained to be too true, Conscience begins to second Godly-fear's arousing remonstrance, till the inhabitants are so awakened and excited that they burn the house of Carnal-security, and begin a new search for Emmanuel, but in vain. Nor will the Lord Secretary admit them to a conference. Backsliding Mansoul has grieved the Spirit of God. Boanerges preaches to them on their sins. Conscience preaches too; urging their guilt home upon them with terrible severity, though greatly blaming his own supineness.

When did sin bring anything but sorrow? Nor does the criminality of even God's people ever fail to be attended by its just and lamentable consequences. What weeping eyes, what desolate hearts, what dreary despondency follow the processes of backsliding!

"About this time, there was a great sickness in the town of Mansoul, and most of the inhabitants were greatly afflicted. Yea, the captains also, and men of war, were brought thereby to a languishing condition, and that for a long time together; so that in case of an invasion nothing could to purpose now have been done, either by the townsmen or field-officers. Oh! how many pale faces, weak hands, feeble knees, and staggering men were now seen to walk the streets of Mansoul! Here were groans, there pants, and yonder lay those that were ready to faint."

"The garments, too, which Emmanuel had given them were but in a sorry case; some were rent, some were torn, and all in a nasty condition; some also did hang so loosely upon them, that the next bush they came at was ready to pluck them off."

Whose mind will not recur at this passage to that beautiful though familiar passage in which the poet Cowper refers to such a crisis?

> "Where is the blessedness I knew
> When first I saw the Lord?
> Where is that soul-refreshing view
> Of Jesus and his word?
>
> What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
> How sweet their memory still!
> But they have left an aching void
> The world can never fill.
>
> The dearest idol I have known,
> Whate'er that idol be;
> Help me to tear it from thy throne,
> And worship only thee."

The penitence of the awakened backslider is appropriately exhibited by the representation of a day of fasting appointed for the inhabitants of Mansoul (an observance exceedingly familiar to the times in which the allegorist lived), and an address is forwarded to the Prince for pardon, sent by the hands of Mr. Understanding, the lord mayor. But the Prince would not come down, nor admit that the gate should be opened to him, but sent him an answer to this effect: "They have turned their back unto me, and not their face; but now in the time of their trouble they say to me, Arise and save us. But can they not now go to Mr. Carnal-security, to whom they went when they turned from me, and make him their leader, their lord, and their protection, now in their trouble; why now in their trouble do they visit me, since in their prosperity they went astray?" The Lord Mayor, therefore, returns disconsolate.

THE LORD MAYOR RETURNS FROM COURT.

Be not disheartened, my poor reader, if thy petitions for a restoration to heaven's favour seem to meet but little response. It is a part of thy humiliation; bear it. It is a test of thy sincerity; shrink not from it. But be assured, that thy repeated earnest prayers will not fail ultimately of acceptance. Dost thou value the blessing? Shrink not from the ordeal. The intensity of thy earnestness is not merely a condition of thy pardon, but a part of the process by which it is effected.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

ALL THESE THINGS ARE AGAINST ME.*

And had not Jacob ample cause, in respect of all human appearances, to say this? Who would have drawn any other inference, had he been in Jacob's situation, or even a mere calm observer of that situation? Joseph was lost to his eyes, apparently for ever; Simeon was detained for no friendly purpose, as far as he could augur; and now, Benjamin was demanded; and what end of good was it possible to foresee in such a strange, capricious demand of the Egyptian ruler? The inference seemed unavoidable, "All these things are against me." Yet we know how completely the reverse of this was the issue. Plain and obvious as seemed the judgment Jacob pronounced on his own prospects, every part of it was wrong. All those things were *for* him; for him, personally; for him, socially; for him, temporally; for him, eternally.

What occasioned this opposition betwixt appearances and reality? As far as Jacob's state of mind was concerned, it was his ignorance of the ways of God, joined to precipitancy of judgment and vacillation of faith. He judged before the time. He should have remembered how the Lord had led him, as well as what the Lord could do, and so should have trusted on. In the chain of God's providential dealings with Jacob, there was one link out of sight, and but one. This was the life and elevation of Joseph. Wanting this, all was dark, all was wrong. See, then, how much error one particle of ignorance may produce. Mark how the absence of light and truth on one little point may give a wrong meaning to all that is known besides.

Let us, however, notice more distinctly some of the reflections which these desponding words of the patriarch appear naturally to suggest:—

First, the providence of God often, it must be admitted, *does* wear a hostile external aspect towards his own people. From the earliest times, things have often seemed to be against the servants of God, and that not in a slight degree, or in a few things, but often in almost all things; in themselves, in their families, in the world, in the present, in the future—all has seemed to be against them.

Now in a world of sin and open rebellion against God, that the course of things should be afflictive and hostile, so to speak, towards those who continued in that rebellion, is nothing more than might be predicted under a righteous governor of the world. That the way of transgressors should be hard, that the path of the wicked should be thorny, could be no surprise even to the transgressors themselves. But the spectacle often presented is, that of the humble, holy, and devout Christian cast into circumstances of deepest perplexity, distress, and suffering. Sometimes his trials have arisen in the ordinary train of natural causes and events; sometimes from persecutions in the world; and sometimes, as in the instance of Job, in consequence of a distinct permission of outward evil to test to the uttermost his faith and endurance. To render his condition, as thus exposed to trials, more conspicuous, he beholds around him the contrast often of ease, affluence, power, and success enjoyed by the wicked and the oppressor. Hence the perplexity and expostulation of the psalmist, "Wherefore do the wicked prosper?"

The natural anticipation, perhaps, would be that for those who had returned to God, and sought to live a life of faith and obedience to him, there should be some security against the mass of external evils in this life. Our shallow judgment might beforehand have been disposed to predict, for the servants of God, some such visible exemption. In *our* picture of their existence, we should be prone to invest them with unseen securities against the access of anxiety or suffering; we should imagine their inward peace never broken, their prospect never shaded; or should have even created for them some bright Goshen, some happy scene of heavenly existence, in the present evil world. But it is not so.* Neither from the beginning has it been so. Our heavenly Father ordains for his people, after they become such, a period, greater or less, of trial and of conflict, in which they must neces-

* Genesis xlii. 36.

* By this it is not meant to impugn what experience and scripture alike testify, that the prudence, the diligence, and the skill which true religion gives those who are influenced by it, have in general an important effect in promoting temporal happiness; nor that in all seasons, even in his darkest moments, the Christian has a consolation that makes him immeasurably superior to the worldling. Religion, it cannot be doubted, is largely favourable to the promotion of happiness, even in this life. All that is meant to be conveyed is that, for disciplinary purposes and for ultimately kind ends, the providence of God sometimes wears a threatening aspect to his children.

sarily mingle much with the rest of mankind, and become exposed to the scorn and reproaches and persecutions of the ungodly, and in which, too, they meet with their full share of trials and sufferings. And these trials are often so many, and so long continued, and sometimes so dark in their aspect, and seemingly so hopeless and inextricable, that the words of Jacob offer themselves irresistibly to the thoughts, "All these things are against me." Yet, in the patriarch's case, this judgment was utterly wrong; and it is so no less in the case of every one of God's people. It is true that many events are for the time afflictive, and wear the *appearance* of opposition to the Christian; but in reality they are not against him, but for him. In the merciful intention which permits them, in the overruling wisdom which determines their effect, and often in the very instrumentality which brings them about, they elicit some higher and marvellous issue of good. The deepest afflictions become agents of light, and hope, and progress. To the hasty inference of Jacob, we are able to oppose the more comprehensive declaration of the apostle Paul: "For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to his purpose."

We are farther taught, by this instance of the mistaken inference of Jacob, that we are to forbear drawing the unqualified conclusion which outward appearances would warrant. Admit the possibility of one particle being unseen in God's ways, and there is ample opening for the solution of any perplexity. How strikingly was this truth exhibited in this crisis of the aged patriarch's story. *Every* circumstance that the eye of sense, or the calculations of reason could take account of, seemed against him; and yet the gloom they diffused over the circle of his earthly prospects, was the simple effect of ignorance on one point alone. Resources were failing in the land of promise; the journey of his sons to Egypt had ended in the detention of one of their number; a peremptory demand is made for his youngest boy, the child of his old age, and the sole representative now left him of her whose memory he fondly cherished, and of that child whose fate had seemed one of such cruel disaster. Meanwhile, diminished supply in the dwelling gave daily warning that something must be done; nay, that Benjamin *must* be surrendered. Bitter necessity! is the old pilgrim to be bereft of this last solace and light of his age, with the prospect of soon sinking to the grave? Will nothing avail in his circumstances, but to hazard his last treasure? Yet, even at this dark and hopeless moment, whoever could have given him one minute particle of intelligence of that which was really the case; had any one, in possession of the fact, been now at his side to whisper the brief announcement, "*Joseph rules Egypt;*" how would the darkness from all quarters have vanished, and a new meaning have gleamed forth from every one of the "all things" that were against him!

Had this been the only instance of the kind recorded in Scripture, it had sufficed for the purpose designed, which is to guard us, in our short-sighted impatience, from making our own calculations the rule of the Divine dispensations, or our own penetration the gauge of the Divine purposes. But sacred history is full of such instances, all written for our example and consolation, "that we through faith and patience might inherit the promises." The single circumstance to consider is, "that the thoughts of God are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways." If we know not *every* thing, if we are not acquainted with *every* possibility in any given conjuncture, then, at that point where our knowledge fails, an ample opening is left for the interposition of Him "who is wonderful in counsel, excellent in working, and whose ways are past finding out."

Shall *we* then, who stand on the margin of things—who gain but a passing glimpse of a part of His ways, whose plans include eternity—shall *we* presume to make absolute judgment of his dispensations? Is it not befitting our ignorance to suspend our decision, even in the darkest hour, and to say with the prophet, "However adverse all things seem, yet the secret purpose and sequel may be benignant still. Who can tell? for we are in the hands of him who doeth all things well."

Nay, we are summoned to a still higher duty than that of simple suspense. Not only are we to forbear affirming the absolute conclusion, "all these things are against me," but, in the darkest times, if we have given ourselves to the Lord, *we are to repose implicit and cheerful trust in the Divine dispensations*, silently to hope on amidst trials, and to give ourselves earnestly to every active effort in the path of duty. Thus Job, when baffled and perplexed in his searchings after God, and forced to exclaim, "Oh that I knew where I might find him," still held fast to the duty of trust: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." "Who is among you," saith the prophet Isaiah (l. 10), "that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that *walketh in darkness and hath no light?* Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." And to unyielding trust, when all outward circumstances seem adverse, the Christian must join activity in the cause of Christ. The late eminent Andrew Fuller early attained high raptures in his personal experience; but he was equally a stranger to doubt or religious dejection. When asked how it was that he enjoyed

this exemption from distressing anxiety, his characteristic reply was, that he had no time for questionings. He was so actively absorbed in his Master's work that opportunity for morbid anxiety was precluded, and a sounder habit of thought superinduced, that of simple dependence on the Redeemer's merits, and an absolute self-consecration to his will and glory. In such steadfast trust and unremitting activity may you too, dear reader, who now deem "all things against you," find a safe retreat.

"Put thou thy trust in God;
In duty's path go on;
Fix on his word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done."

But all who read these lines may not be of the number of those who are entitled, in their present state, to hope well of their prospects, either in time or eternity. They may still be enemies to God by wicked works. They have refused the offer of salvation made through the blood of Christ. They stand out against God's authority, and against the calls of God's mercy, and they, too, live in a world of change and trial, and oftentimes they have to exclaim in their difficulties, "All these things are against me." Reverses plunge them in poverty; sickness overtakes them; their earthly prospects offer no relief; the aspect of eternity is terrible; all things are against them. They stand out in their neglect of the claims of their Creator, and while this enmity of the carnal mind continues, can anything in the universe be *for* them? "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked;" but yet there is hope. Let him turn from the evil of his ways. Let him flee to the cross of Christ. Let him cast himself upon the Saviour. Let him seek forgiveness at the throne of grace. God is yet waiting to be gracious; and even the trials of this life are sent to bring the sinner to his footstool. From the moment, dear reader, that you cast a believing though trembling glance at the finished work of the Saviour, the aspect and relation of all things around you will be changed. Reconciled to God in Christ, all things will work together for your good, both here and hereafter.

In the long pilgrimage of life, many are the vicissitudes the Christian meets with, many the incidents of the way; and not once or twice in his course may he have been reduced to almost utter despair, as far as sense can discern, by the difficulties of the way. But he still holds on, and gains at length the sight of home; nay, at last enters into rest, according to the promise. And what now is his view of those remembered trials? Is it not concurrent with the apostle's language, that they all worked together for his good? Every cloud, every storm, every wave, had its mission and effect. The voyage was still homeward. He was faithful in whom the believer trusted; and the mystery which looked often so dark and appalling in his trials on earth, is now seen to be the consummate exertion and display of Divine wisdom and love in working out his higher welfare and everlasting deliverance.

IRISH ROMAN CATHOLICS IN AMERICA.

Fears have been expressed in some quarters that "the Irish exodus" would exert an evil influence on the destiny of the great transatlantic republic. It was thought that such a vast annual influx of ignorant, superstitious population, implicitly obedient to a despotic priesthood, and acting under foreign political influence, might, in an age or two, give a new tendency to the current of American society, and ultimately divert it altogether from the channel of Protestantism. It was alleged that the Roman Catholic element was daily gaining a predominant influence, which the stern energies, independent spirit, and governing power of the Anglo-Saxon race would be unable to resist. According to a paper read by a Mr. Robinson to a statistical society at Clinton, New York, the gross population of the Union was, in 1850, a little more than twenty-three millions. Of the white population he calculated more than half were Celts, more than a third Celts of Irish origin, and more than a seventh Celts of Irish birth. If these acted together under Papal influence, and on all occasions of conflict between the native political parties threw their influence into one scale or the other, they would be able gradually to introduce the despotism which has so long cursed Austria and Italy, instead of the freedom under which the United States have made such marvellous progress, and which is due to the ascendancy of Protestantism.

But the statistics of Mr. Robinson are incorrect. More accurate calculations, based upon the census of 1850, and upon the ascertained rates of natural increase and of immigration, give results which are very different. In 1850, eleven millions, or nearly half the population of the Union, were Anglo-Saxon; a million and a half were Protestants from Ireland of English and Scottish origin, and only two millions Celtic Irish, the remainder being foreigners of various nations and negroes, or people of colour. Thus we see that the Protestant element greatly preponderates, and would continue to do so if the whole Roman Catholic population of Ireland were transplanted to the United States.

But were it otherwise, the men of Saxon race and scriptural faith would be sure to maintain

their ascendancy, and give stability to their institutions. Their industry, perseverance, and steadiness of purpose—their intelligence and skill—their unrivalled aptitude for civil government, and, above all, the religion of the Bible, would always enable them to rule even a majority of such an impulsive, improvident, and ignorant people as the bulk of the Irish Roman Catholics are, who trust themselves to the guidance of leaders that never have sufficient confidence in one another to pursue a consistent course of policy for any length of time.

Besides, there is something truly wonderful in the power of American nationality to neutralize foreign influences, and melt down into one mass the heterogeneous materials that are poured in from all the nations of Europe. It is not easy to account for the power that thus generates out of the most ungenial elements, that intense *Americanism* which pervades the population of the United States. It is not the spell of antiquity that produces this strong national feeling. There are no hoary ruins there, with their historic memories and their witching legends. There are no holy places, holy wells, or "ancestral trees;" no voices from the olden time to inspire the spirit of patriotism, and produce that superstitious attachment which Europeans feel for "the fatherland." America has had no fabulous or heroic age, no race of demigods casting down their long shadows on posterity. The great rivers, immense forests, stupendous mountains, and vast unpeopled prairies, present no monuments of a long distant Past, when a race of conquering progenitors founded great houses, and transmitted their names and inheritances to the present generation. America has no heraldry. Yet, without any such influences to nourish the spirit of nationality, we find the American people intensely patriotic; and what is most extraordinary, this feeling is imbibed by nearly all the immigrants after residing a few years in the country, no matter how hostile they may have been in their native country to American institutions. There is nothing local, or sectional in this feeling. It is the *Union* States of which the American is proud, and for which he is ready to lay down his life. The most abject subjects of the papacy yield insensibly to the influences which surround them in the great republic, and while animated by the spirit of freedom and self-government, they gradually cast off "the slough of slavish superstition."

Hence we have had loud complaints from the Roman Catholic priests in America of the extensive "apostasy" of the Irish immigrants. One of the priests in particular, who went over to collect funds for "the Catholic University," while bitterly lamenting this general falling away from the church of Rome, strongly deprecated any further emigration of his co-religionists from Ireland; and many of the same class at home have been doing the same. The Popish press in America and Ireland has also taken up the subject with great earnestness.

It is amusing to see how the journals account for this laxity of principle among the Irish Roman Catholics, when they reach "the land of freedom." They tell their readers that in Ireland their church has suffered from persecution and poverty. They assert that the "faithful" have been seduced from the "true fold" by bribes in the shape of food and clothing, etc., and thus proselytes have been made by Protestants; but only let them be free and prosperous, with no landlords to coerce them, with good food on their own tables, and good broadcloth on their backs, and Bible-readers or missionaries would tempt them in vain. They would cling devotedly to the faith of their fathers, and would be obedient as little children to the voice of their clergy. Well, in America they have got in abundance all these preservatives against Protestantism, and what is the consequence? Why, that just in proportion as they have them, they "*apostatise!*"

We have this fact on the testimony of the Roman Catholic organs which are most in the confidence of the priesthood, and which are most ultramontane in their teaching. The "American Celt" is conducted by an Irishman, who bears the following testimony on the subject: "No one knows the increase of the danger who has not been among our people here. A sudden change, and morally a sad one, it is for many of them. Animal food, broadcloth, democratic familiarity, bad brandy—these are the Egyptian plagues of the transplanted Celts. And as sure as the physical man feels the change, so sure does the moral man. With some, *almost the only mass they really hear is the Sunday after landing.*"

An improvement in their material condition is usually accompanied by a better education. In Ireland, various local and political influences prevent the manifestation of the spirit of independence, which temporal prosperity and even secular education, to some extent, generate in the Roman Catholic mind. But in America the emigrant is free from all those repressive influences, and he dares to appear what he really is, to avow his convictions, and assert the right of private judgment. If the priest attempts to browbeat him, he reminds the priest that he is not in Ireland, and that his curse has lost its terror. At all events, it is an admitted fact that the Irish in America rapidly depart from the creed of Romanism, and defy the power of the church. The Dublin "Telegraph," which has the largest circulation of all the Roman Catholic

journals, referred, some time ago, to the subject in the following terms: "The Irish in America are perishing. They are lost—lost for ever—themselves and their children—if priests be not sent from Ireland. The demons of sensuality surround them on all sides; and there is no way, no means by which the demons can be dispersed but one—and that is by the administration of the saving sacraments of the church."

But what becomes of the Irish Roman Catholics who desert the altars of their church in America? A considerable number of them, we trust, rejoice in their freedom from the power which the priest was able to wield over them in their native land, and which compelled them to conceal their Protestantism to escape the ruin which threatened themselves and their families. These hasten to attend Protestant worship, and to place their children in the Sunday-school. It is, however, to be feared that the majority—identifying Christianity and Popery — cast off at once the terror of the priests and the restraints of religion, giving themselves up to a life of sin and of practical infidelity. Of this class, and of those who adhere to Romanism, it is remarked that they are comparatively short-lived. The effects of the climate, irregular living, intemperate habits, and sabbath profanation, cause these "transplanted Celts" to wither and perish prematurely. But their children yield easily to the plastic power of American institutions, and imbibe the national spirit. They attend the schools, read the Scriptures, and become insensibly Protestant in the tone of their minds, even where they continue in connection with the church of Rome. All native Americans, of whatever race, are enthusiastic republicans, and cannot, therefore, be submissive Papists, for the genius of the Papacy is absolute despotism. Its advocates sometimes assume the democratic tone, and flatter the people with empty phrases about the rights of man; but these phrases ill disguise the antipathy of the church to popular freedom and self-government, which necessarily involve liberty of conscience and right of private judgment.

The friends of Protestantism and of freedom, therefore, need not have any fears for the issue. The Celtic and Popish contribution to the deep and broad current of American society may discolour and disturb its margin for a time, but never can affect its onward tendency or change its constituent elements. He who rules the destinies of nations will never, we confidently hope, suffer his own blessed book to give place to the priest on the free soil of America—a land which contributes so largely to the dissemination of his word and the extension of his kingdom. But the duty of Protestants on both sides of the Atlantic is not the less imperative, to use their best efforts, through the Divine blessing, to bring the Irish Roman Catholic emigrants under the power of gospel truth.

THE MISSIONARY PEDLAR OF THE VAUDOIS.

The path of the Vaudois mountain missionaries lay of old over some of the most romantic and classic ground in the world—paths trodden by the conquerors of the earth, and hallowed by apostolic feet. One of the most poetic of the Vaudois historians* has graphically described the route of the pilgrims, and the welcome they met at each well-known resting-place. Through their instrumentality, the hidden ones of the Lord were to be found on many an olive-clad slope, beneath many a vine-embowered roof; on the Alpine snows, and in the fertile glade; nay, even in the marble palaces of Genoa, and amid the seven hills of papal Rome, there were thousands who no longer bowed the knee to Baal.

How like angels' visits must the annual arrival of these good men have appeared! "How beautiful on the mountains the feet of those that brought glad tidings!" There were physicians for the suffering body as well as the sin-sick soul amongst them, as there was one beloved Luke amongst the evangelists of Christ. The generality of readers, we believe, are not aware of the immense success which attended these early ministrations in the south; it is best computed by the bitter cry which echoed from every part of the Roman hierarchy against the spread of gospel truth, and the deep, deep curses invoked on the recipients, under each of the opprobrious names by which they chose to designate them.

There is nowhere a more interesting account of their progress than that furnished by one of a profession little honoured amongst us, but from whose writings we have already made some extracts—the inquisitor Reinerus Sacco. We cannot, at the same time, but acknowledge our obligation for what appears to us the very disinterested way in which he has reported arguments that so irresistibly condemn his own creed.

Our readers must be aware that the colporteurs of those days had no freight of printed and bound Bibles to bear from house to house; all the missionary possessed were a few manuscript copies of parts of the New Testament, which he was obliged studiously to conceal, and furtively to circulate; since the discovery of such in his possession would have subjected him to imprisonment, and probably to torture and death.

Another peculiarity of these times must also be remembered in the fact that there were not

* M. Muston.

then, as now, markets and shops at which every article of necessity and luxury could be procured. Shut up in their castles or remote villages, the ladies of those days, as well as their domestics and retainers, looked with impatience to the arrival of the travelling pedlar, whose pack generally contained the articles they most needed; and even when the annual stock of household luxuries, purchased at the distant fairs of Frankfort, Basle, Beauvais, or other large towns, was exhausted, the travelling merchant could supply them. But the inquisitor shall tell his own story.

"They" (he is speaking of the Vaudois missionaries) "offer for sale to people of quality, ornamental articles, such as rings and veils. After a purchase has been made, if the pedlar is asked, 'Have you anything else?' he answers, 'I have jewels more precious than these things; I would make you a present of them, if you would promise not to betray me to the clergy.' Having been assured on this point, he says, 'I have a pearl so brilliant that a man, by it, may learn to know God; I have another so splendid that it kindles the love of God in the heart of him who possesses it,' and so forth. He speaks of pearls metaphorically; then he repeats some portion of Scripture with which he is familiar, such as that of St. Luke, 'The angel Gabriel was sent,' etc., or the words of Jesus Christ in John xiii., 'Before the feast,' etc. When he has succeeded in gaining the attention of his hearers, he passes on to that passage in Matt. xxiii. and Mark xii., 'Woe unto you that devour widows' houses,' etc.; and when asked to whom these denunciations are to be applied, he says, 'To the clergy and the religious orders.' Then the heretic compares the state of the Romish church with his own. 'Your doctors,' he says, 'are ostentatious in their dress and manners; they love the highest seats at table (Matt. xxiii.), and desire to be called Masters (Rabbi); but we do not seek such masters.' And again, 'They are unchaste; but each one of us has his wife with whom we live chastely.' And again, 'They are rich and avaricious, to whom it is said, Woe unto you, rich men, who have here their reward; but as for us, we are content if we have food and raiment.' And again, 'They fight, stir up wars, kill and burn the poor; we, on the contrary, endure persecution for righteousness' sake. Among them it is a rare thing to find a doctor who knows literally three consecutive chapters of the New Testament; but among us there is scarcely a woman who does not know, as well as every man, how to repeat the whole of the text in the vulgar tongue. And because we possess the true Christian faith, and all teach a pure doctrine, and recommend a holy life, the scribes and pharisees persecute us to death, even as they treated Christ himself,' etc.

"After this, or some such address, the heretic says to his hearer, 'Examine and consider which is the most perfect religion and the purest faith, whether ours or that of the Romish church, and choose it, whichever it may be.' A person who gives credit to such discourse, who imbibes errors of this kind, and becomes their partisan and defender, concealing the heretic in his house for many months, is initiated into all that relates to their sect."

There is an interesting version of this incident from the pen of an American poet, which we insert in further illustration of the touching episode of the pedlar missionary.

"O lady fair, these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare;
The richest web of the Indian loom,
Which beauty's self might wear.
And these pearls are pure as thine own fair neck,
With whose radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way:
Will my gentle lady buy?"
And the lady smiled on the worn old man,
Through the dark and clustering curls
That veiled her brow, as she bent to scan
His silk and glittering pearls;
And she placed their price in the old man's hand,
And lightly turned away;
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call:
"My gentle lady, stay.
"Oh lady fair, I have yet a gem
Which purer lustre flings
Than the diamond's flash of the jewell'd crown
On the lofty brow of kings;
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price
Whose virtue shall not decay;
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee,
And a blessing on thy way!"
The lady glanced at the mirroring steel
Where her youthful form was seen;
Where her eyes shone clear and her dark locks waved
Their clasping pearls between:
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller gray and old;
Then name the price of thy precious gem,
And my pages shall count thy gold."
The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
As a small and meagre book,
Unchased with gold or diamond gem
From his folding robe he took:
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price,
May it prove as such to thee—
Nay, keep thy gold, I ask it not;
For the Word of God is free."
The hoary traveller went his way,
But the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On that high-born maiden's mind;
And she hath turn'd from the pride of sin
To the lowliness of truth,
And given her contrite heart to God
In its beautiful hour of youth.*

* From "A Short History of the Waldensian Church in the Valleys of Piedmont." By Jane Louisa Willyams. London: Nisbet & Co.

Page for the Young.

THE SHEPHERD LAD.

In a small scattered village in a lonely part of Scotland, near the border land, where the hills, although not high, are wild and imposing, and where you may travel for many miles without seeing any living being except the scattered flocks and their shepherds, lived an old man called James Armstrong. Many a tale could he tell (more wonderful, may be, than true) of the feats of his border ancestors; and often, by the peat fire, he would make the bright eye glisten, and the young heart beat, as he recounted the noble deeds of the covenanting forefathers, who, with all their mistakes, to which the best are liable, were, in the main, true-hearted, God-fearing men, although driven to extremities by the spirit of those fiery times. James Armstrong had stout and hardy boys and strong barefooted girls, who could have shown you many of the hiding-places of the covenanters, and they shared in their father's love for the memory of that band. These little Armstrongs were trained in the love and fear of God, and were faithful in word and deed, honest and kind; and their parents were followers of the meek and lowly One.

Every sabbath the good mother was wont to lead her young flock of children to the house of God, the nearest kirk; and how far, think you, was that?

I have heard children complain of a walk of half a mile; and sometimes heat, sometimes cold, sometimes rain, has been thought a sufficient excuse to keep them from a place of worship; but the Armstrongs went as far as four miles every week to offer up praise and prayer to their Maker. True, the snow was often thick upon their path, the rain and the bitter north wind many a time made the little ones cower and cling to the good mother for shelter; but God, who careth for the sparrows, cared for them; and the father and mother often remarked how happy and peaceful were those journies even amidst the raging tempest.

James Armstrong was a shepherd, and a poor man, but his tastes were simple and his wants few. He often said that his life was one of daily lessons; and when he lay watching his flock on the mountain-side, or led them to the stream in the valley, he was wont to recall the beautiful words of him who spoke of himself as "the Good Shepherd," or to repeat in his solitude those wonderful lines of David, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

Hardy had been the lowland shepherd's life; but weakness, and grey hairs, and old age, aye, and death too, must come to the strongest. The firm step began to fail, and the strong voice to tremble, and the brain now and then to grow dizzy as he came down the steep hill-side; and Janet, the loving wife, used to watch more anxiously than in old times if he did not return at the accustomed hour; for, as she said to Alick, the eldest boy, one day: "Love's eyes are keen, Alick. I know your father is failing. I must take you from the school, my man, and you must help to keep the sheep."

Alick, like many a Scotch boy, loved his books, and I am not sure that he relished the idea of keeping sheep. He was just thirteen, and he was a bright clever lad. Visions he might have had of being a great man some day; at least the village schoolmaster had said he might be so. But no, he must go and tend sheep and follow his father's calling. He wished from his heart that the older ones were not girls, for now on him fell all the weight of the service. "But wishing is of no use, Alick; you must just go with your father," said Janet, sadly, "and learn his ways with the sheep."

Winter's frosts came on, and the old man (old before his time) was chilled more and more; and one sabbath morning he said to his wife, "Janet, I canna go to the kirk to-day, I must e'en rest and keep my sabbath at hame. God can bless me here, for he kens my will is gude." And he did keep his sabbath at home. His place was empty in the old kirk, and Alick resolved from that hour to sacrifice his wishes to his father's comfort. So at night he said, "Father, let me go out instead of you to-morrow. I think the sheep will be safe with me, and I will fold them at night. I will be very careful, father."

The father shook his head; but when morning came he was weak and ill, and sent the lad to the fold with a sad and doubtful heart. It was a bright cold day in March, and the work was dreary enough. Alick's hands were pinched with cold, and the duties of a shepherd were not to his taste. Winds blew as winds rarely do blow but among Scotch mountains, and the sheep, instead of heeding his voice, fled away when he spoke, for they knew him not. A strange dog too, belonging to a neighbouring shepherd, came and scattered them, and it was of no use for poor Alick to hunt for his sheep, for he scarcely knew one from another. At last he called in the help of an old shepherd on an opposite hill. His dog it was that had broken in amongst the flock; and by the time the sun had set all were found but one. One was missing.

"How have you sped to-day, Alick, my lad!" said his father, as the boy, sad and tired, returned to his home that night.

"Ill, very ill, father; the sheep would not hear me, nor follow me, nor be driven by me; but as soon as I went near they all scampered away. What can be the reason, father? I tried all ways; I coaxed, and scolded, and whistled, and tried the pipe, but they would not hear me. Ah! I don't like shepherding, father, and the sheep, they seem to me stupid kind of beasts. I don't like sheep."

"Aye, lad, you have told the secret now; you don't love the sheep. Home is sweeter to you, Alick, than the hill-side, and the book and the learning better still. You will not do for a shepherd's boy, that is plain. But listen now, Alick; this day upon the hills may teach thee a great lesson; nay, don't shake thy head, boy—I will not send thee again—but listen to the lesson for all that. Who was it that left his home of holiness above, to come and fold his sheep? worse sheep than thine, Alick, and wandering further too."

The boy bowed his head and whispered, "Jesus."

"Aye, Jesus, my lad. Is thy book dearer to thee, thinkest thou, than the praises of angels and the love of the Father in the joy of which Jesus had lived from before the beginning of the world?"

"No, father," was Alick's answer.

"Was your heart full of love to the poor, helpless, erring things when, as you said, you called, coaxed, and

shouted? And when the dog came, didst thou ward him off, face him, and take up thy crook?"

"Nay, father, I ran away."

"Ah! Alick, when Satan tempted Jesus, he, for the sake of his sheep, fainted not. When he was left alone and all his disciples fled, he, forsaken as he was, prayed in an agony for his sheep, his children, whom he had come to save. And at last, when wicked men laid hands upon him, he meekly gave up his life. No man took it from him, for he had power to take it again; but he died to save his sheep. Wilt thou not love Jesus Christ? wilt thou not follow him as the Good Shepherd?"

The boy was melted, and by his bed-side that night he did pray to be guided by him alone.

At five o'clock on the next morning he was dressed and reading his little Bible by the faint light of a rush candle. At six he was on his way to the fold. The seed fell on good ground. Alick was from that day a boy of prayer and faith. If a shepherd's life were not quite to his taste, he remembered that the Good Shepherd pleased not himself, and he did not repine.

It was a May evening, bright and lovely; the storms were all hushed, the young lambs were bleating, and, remembering the scripture words and his father's example of tending the weak and little ones of the flock, Alick had carried one sickly lamb, whose mother had died, to his home, there to be nursed and cared for. As he bore it in his bosom, he softly murmured those words in the silence of the blue hills, "He shall carry the lambs in his arms."

When he opened the cottage door, the kitchen was empty; but for the presence of the two younger children, there was a solemn hush in the house. The mother's seat was empty, and one of the little girls said, in a solemn voice, "Father's worse."

It was the work of a moment to lay the lamb on the hearth, and to rush into the sick room. It was a dying room. Long had Jamie Armstrong's song been, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want;" and now in the hour of death, as his son stood by his bed-side, he heard him whisper, "When I pass through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

He opened his eyes when Alick took his cold hand, and said, "Follow the Good Shepherd, my lad; he has given his life for the sheep, and still liveth for them." And so he died.

Alick never left his mountain life, and day by day, as he tended his flock, he remembered the first great lesson of love to the Saviour, and now loves to lead other wandering sheep into the fold, and to tell the story of the Good Shepherd.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

46. How long after the exodus was the temple of Solomon built?

47. How long did the building of the temple occupy?

48. What were the contents of the ark?

49. What are we told in Scripture to covet?

50. Prove that omnipresence is an attribute of Deity.

51. Where does Jesus claim this attribute?

52. How many witnesses were required among the Jews to establish a charge?

53. Give examples of the employment of false witnesses.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

38. Exodus viii. 8. "Then Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron, and said, Intreat the Lord that he may take away the frogs from me and my people." Numbers xxi. 7. "Therefore the people came to Moses and said, We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord and against thee: pray unto the Lord that he take away the serpents from us." 1 Kings xiii. 6. "The king (Jeroboam) answered and said unto the man of God, Intreat now the face of the Lord thy God, and pray for me, that my hand may be restored me again." Acts viii. 24. "Then answered Simon, and said, Pray ye to the Lord for me, that none of these things which ye have spoken come upon me."

39. Ezra vi. 10. In the letter sent by Darius to the governor Tatnai, ordering him to assist the Jews in the re building of their temple, these words occur: "That they may offer sacrifices of sweet savour unto the God of heaven, and pray for the life of the king and of his sons."

40. 1 Kings xiii. 24—26. "When he was gone, a lion met him by the way, and slew him. . . . . And when the prophet that brought him back from the way heard thereof he said, It is the man of God who was disobedient unto the word of the Lord; therefore the Lord hath delivered him unto the lion, which hath torn him and slain him."

41. Ezekiel xviii. 23, 32. "Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord God, and not that he should return from his ways and live? . . . . . For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God; wherefore, turn yourselves and live ye." Ezekiel xxxiii. 11. "Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" 1 Timothy ii. 4. "Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." 2 Peter iii. 9. "The Lord is . . . . long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

42. Daniel xii. 3. "They that turn many to righteousness (shall shine) as the stars for ever and ever."

43. Matthew iii. 16, 17. "Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water; and lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the *Spirit of God descending* like a dove, and lighting upon him. And lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son," etc. John xv. 26. "When the Comforter is come, *whom I will send* unto you *from the Father*, even the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me." John xvi. 13. "Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth; for he shall not speak of himself, but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak; and he will show you things to come."

44. "Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie unto the Holy Ghost? . . . . . thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God."

45. Hebrews ix. 14. Christ, "through the Eternal Spirit, offered himself." . . . . .

46. 1 Kings vi. 1. Four hundred and eighty years.

47. 1 Kings vi. 38. "So he was seven years in building it."

48. Hebrews ix. 4. "The golden pot that had manna, and Aaron's rod that budded, and the tables of the covenant."

49. 1 Cor. xii. 31. "Covet earnestly the best gifts."

50. Psalm cxxxix. 7-10. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." Jer. xxiii. 24. "Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord."

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE COMPANION OF SICKNESS

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

PART II.

THE time came, at length, when my young owner must put away childish things, and enter on the business of life. No longer a boy, he was looking forward to manhood. But before I accompany him onward, let me record a few traits in his character, which, while yet a boy, gave evidence of the influence over him which, gradually and almost insensibly, but not less surely, I had acquired.

Need I say that among the most explicit of the rules which I am directed to lay down for the daily conduct of those to whom I am sent, is that of holding constant intercourse with my great and good Master? It is wonderful—or it would be wonderful if HE were not goodness and mercy itself—that he should condescend to encourage, or even to permit, beings with such a sinful nature as *man*, to hold communion with him. But "God is love;" and knowing that without him, men are ignorant, and foolish, and helpless, he has commissioned me and my fellow-messengers to say to all whom it may concern, "Draw near to him, and he will draw near to you." "Pray without ceasing." "In everything, by prayer and supplication, with

No. 45.—PUBLISHED MARCH 8, 1856. PRICE ONE PENNY.

thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." "Come boldly unto the throne of grace, that you may obtain mercy, and grace to help in time of need." "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."

Now, my young owner had not received these gracious messages in vain. It was pleasant to see him praying in secret to him who has promised to reward openly; and to know that he did not feel it a vain thing, nor a tedious form, thus to serve God; I know not that—from the time I became his—he ever omitted thus to "bow himself before the Lord his maker," in the name of him who is the sinner's friend, and the heavenly Intercessor.

Then again, I could but be cognizant of the regard my youthful owner entertained for the day of rest; in which respect he was like those of old times, of whom I tell, who "called the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable," and who were glad when it was said unto them, "Let us go up to the house of the Lord." Truly, of him it might be said, he was "in the spirit on the Lord's day." On these days I was especially in request, and much did my owner love to have me then by his side, in preference to other companions of my kind, whose successful rivalry might have chilled his heart towards my loving Master.

Let me tell, also, of the forgiving spirit which I had been the means of nurturing and bringing into astonishing maturity in a heart which was naturally ready to feel, and quick to resent, an injury. It was a sore struggle which once I witnessed in his soul, when he had been cruelly wronged and traduced by a professed friend. He came to me then with a wounded heart and swollen eyes, and a breast which heaved with human resentment. It was some time before I could get him to listen to what I had to say, he was so full of his own grief and indignation. He put me in mind of one of old, whose words he remembered I had repeated to him—"It was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it; neither was it he that hated me, that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him."

At length, however, my young owner became calm enough to listen to my advice. I told him, then, to "cast his burden upon the Lord;" and engaged that, if he did so, the Lord would sustain him, and not suffer him to be moved. And when he had taken this advice, and felt still more calm and composed, I reminded him of the holy and merciful High Priest who having been, in all points, tempted as a man, as God is able, ay and willing also, "to succour them that are tempted." I spoke of him who was without sin and guile, as bearing reproach, and injury, and infamy, without a word, for "as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth;" and said that "when he was reviled, he reviled not again, but committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously," thus setting an example to all his disciples, that they should follow in his steps. I reminded him, too, of the words of that heavenly Teacher—"I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven."

And it was a happy sight to witness how these words brought back peace and love to my young owner's soul; and how resentment was banished thence, and with what an unaccusing conscience he could thereafter whisper in prayer to that "Father which is in heaven," the words which he himself, by my instrumentality, has taught—"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." As pleasant was it also to know that, again and again, my owner examined the cause of the injury he had sustained, to see if in word, thought, or deed, he had given ground for reproach; and when he found and was sure that there was no just reason for self-accusation, but that he was the victim of treachery and false report, then it was good to see how—because he had hearkened to the commandment of his God—peace, sweet peace, returned to him again "as a river," and righteousness "as the waves of the sea."

Shall I tell of his sympathy and love? how willingly and unmurmuringly and cheerfully he endured privations, when his earthly parents experienced losses, and disappointments, and reverses which made true my words that "riches make to themselves wings, and fly away as an eagle towards heaven?" how he was then their joy, and comfort, and crown? how he was satisfied with coarser fare and raiment, and entreated that money might not be spent for him? how he looked forward, as I well knew, with loving anticipation, to the time when he should have it in his power to show his gratitude and honour by tangible proofs; forgetting how, day by day, every word, look, thought, and deed of his, was balm to their hearts? And shall I not tell how, when the parents whom he thus honoured were pressed down with the weight of a trial more heavy than the loss of silver or gold, he came and consulted me, and with my assistance, indited the following loving epistle: "Dearest mother, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.'

"'There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

"'God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.' Think of this, dear mother."

So the time came when my young owner was to leave the house of his childhood and boyhood. I remember the cheerful acquiescence and the pleasant smile with which he received the intelligence that a home and an occupation were provided for him elsewhere. I know, too, that his prayers for divine guidance and blessing were very earnest that night.

Then came the preparations for leaving home, the putting safely away the toys of childhood, as pleasant mementoes of the past; the careful revision of books and papers, the contents of his desk and his library; the careful reservation of these, and the packing of those. Be sure I was not forgotten, nor laid aside as done with then.

Then came the last day at home; the cording of boxes; the bidding good-bye to friends; the mother's last embrace; the last sight of home. You may be sure of all this, though I did not witness it.

And there was the first day among strangers, and the first solitary night in a strange habitation.

Solitary! no, not solitary. That time or place should not be reckoned solitary where the holy and merciful One is, to guard and to guide. My young owner felt this, I am sure; and it was in my heart to address him in the words of my great Master himself: "Be thou strong and very courageous: turn not to the right hand nor to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest. This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous; and then thou shalt have good success. Be strong, and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee, whithersoever thou goest."

I shall not linger over this part of my story. My young owner's cheerful countenance was not less familiar to me than it had been in times past. Indeed, we seemed to be brought more closely than ever together; and he sought my counsel with increasing earnestness, now that he was separated from other familiar guides. I knew that I was owned and felt by him as a "lamp to his feet, and a light to his path." And it was very pleasant to find that the influence I constantly exercised over him, not only inspired him with courage, and perseverance in overcoming difficulties, and cheerfulness in the duties of life; but also gave him favour among strangers, who felt drawn towards him with love and sympathy.

My great Master is infinitely wise and kind. He does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men: but like as a father pities his children, so he pities them that fear him. But he is not bound to give an account of himself, nor more than general reasons for all that he does, or permits, in his righteous government.

My young owner was suddenly stricken with disease. "In the morning" he had "flourished and grown up;" and before evening, while indeed it was yet day, he was to be "cut down, and to wither."

One day, after a sleepless night of burning, throbbing pain, he with difficulty arose and left his chamber, to return to it no more. For several days I was left in solitude; and then a stranger's hands replaced my mute companions and myself in the box in which we had formerly travelled; and when the light again broke upon me it was in an old familiar home.

My young owner was on a bed of suffering, fever-consumed; but his eyes brightened with intelligence when he saw me; and it was not long before I was summoned to his side. He could hold but little communication with me, however, at that time. A few words—only a few words!

Many days passed away, days of watching, anxious care, of sorrowful foreboding, of parental agony.

Then came hope of relief. The hot burning fever seemed vanquished; and strength, strength only, was wanted (so they said) to renovate the wasted frame, and bring back the soul from the borders of the grave.

That strength never came; and hope gradually died away, though not entirely.

My young owner lingered, week after week, and month after month. He had risen from his bed of sickness, but not invigorated. Languor and sickness and pain and weariness were his constant attendants. Change of scene and air were sought for him: he travelled—and he returned unstrengthened.

Shall I tell how patiently he suffered? how lovingly he looked when words were too faint for utterance;

> "And that kind smile which seemed to say,
> 'Why cannot ye restore me?'"

Shall I tell how, amidst it all, my young owner's mind and soul gathered strength and maturity from day to day? how actively he employed every hour in storing and arranging

knowledge? and how his intellect ripened and expanded, till he seemed as one who had traversed a long journey of mortal experience, rather than as having only set a few steps forward in the race of life? I will not dwell on this; but pass to what more concerns myself.

I was never parted from him then. He sought my counsel and guidance, and listened to my encouragements, esteeming me "above all riches," and the hopes and prospects I inspired above life itself.

Sometimes he was sorrowful; and the thought of "the dark valley"—"the valley of the shadow of death"—appalled him: but then he sought relief in prayer, and, clinging to the "rod and the staff," they comforted him.

My last engagement with him was to recount the life and death and resurrection of him who is the first and the last—the beginning and the ending—the sum and substance of my message to man. By the mouth of my four witnesses, I substantiated the truths on which my young owner's hopes were founded. Four times I repeated, in daily communications, as he was able to hear, and "inwardly digest" them in his soul, the story of His loving compassion and rich mercy who, "though he was rich, for man's sake became poor, that he through his poverty might be made rich." And arriving, at length, at the close of my oft repeated, and well remembered, and fervently believed, and long loved narrative of our Saviour's sufferings and triumph over death, sin, the grave, and hell itself, I summed up the history by saying—"And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. Amen."

These were my last words to him. My services were thenceforth unrequired. Suddenly and unexpectedly at the last, the great Master's voice was heard softly and tenderly saying, "Come up hither!" And then the fetters were snapped asunder which bound the gentle loving one to earth: and now the lamp, which had guided his feet and lighted his steps through a dark and sorrowful world, was no longer required. *There*, in the happy and blessed land, "they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever."

Many months passed away; and then, in remembrance of my late owner, I was presented to a young man, a relative of the family in which so many of my happy years had been passed. The reception I met with must be reserved for another chapter in my eventful history.

WHAT CAN I DO?

READER! whoever you are, whatever your age or condition may be, you have a work to do for God. No one is sent into this world to be idle, or to spend his life for self; each has his appointed mission, and the day is coming—it may be sooner than you expect—when you will be required by your heavenly Master to give an account of the manner in which you have fulfilled it. Have you ever thought of this? Your first care must be your own soul. Is that safe for eternity? Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ? Are you seeking to work out your own salvation? If you are, your love to Jesus must prompt the desire to do something to glorify him. Yet we believe that many real Christians are standing all the day in at least comparative idleness, either for want of considering what is the work which God designs them to do, or because they think themselves able to do so very little.

Christian brother or sister! think what a field of work lies open before you. Look *at home*: POPERY is spreading under every form. See its new churches and cathedrals; its increasing staff of priests; its agents, known and secret, abroad everywhere, putting us to shame by their unwearied exertions; its schools, where tempting offers are made of a liberal education on moderate terms or free of charge. Alas! that many so-called Protestants are caught in the snare. Look at its victims kept in cruel bondage. See those crowded courts and alleys thronged with ignorant, blind, degraded beings, yet each, like you, possessing an immortal soul. What can you do to meet this enemy? Are your minds well furnished? Can you "give an answer to every man that asketh a reason of the hope that is in you?" Or are you merely a nominal Protestant—a real hinderer of the work? Are you meeting aggression with counter effort? Have you ever sought to rescue one of those poor victims—to emancipate one of those slaves? Say not that you can do nothing. Have you tried?

INFIDELITY is increasing fearfully. The truths of Divine revelation are denied or explained away; infidel publications are being scattered widely—by millions. Do you ask, What can I do to repel such a foe? Have you buckled on your own armour? Are you well informed as to the evidences of your religion, or are you content to believe what your fathers believed? Is the Bible your guide—daily studied and diligently followed? Are you aiding in its circulation? The LORD'S DAY is dishonoured. Can you see those shops open on the day of rest, or hear the oft-repeated cry of the street trafficker, or mark those trains and boats crowded

with eager pleasure-seekers, to minister to whom thousands are deprived of every opportunity of attending the means of grace—unmoved? Does the sight bring no "rivers of waters" to your eyes? Do your ears never tingle at the sound? Where are the working classes? How few in the house of God! Do you hear of greater efforts being made to deprive us as a nation of that precious day? What are you doing? Do *you* prize the sabbath? or by your neglect and indifference do you tempt God to remove the privilege? Do you keep it holy? Are you doing all you can to promote its observance in your own family, among your servants, and as far as your influence extends? Are you prepared to make your stand against a national violation of the fourth commandment? SOULS ARE PERISHING at home and abroad. "The harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few." From all parts of the world the cry resounds, "Come over and help us." Look at India and China alone, and say what can you do? Do you realize the value of your own soul? the price it cost to redeem it? the meaning of that word, eternity? Can you go yourself and gather in the Lord's harvest? If you can, hear now the Lord's call, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" and let your heart reply, "Here am I, send me."

But if you cannot go, do you help to induce others to give themselves to the work? Are you willing to resign those you love best on earth? Do you *deny yourself* that you may have wherewith to support and encourage those who are sent?

Are you *rich?* What talents you have—what an account you must give! How are you using your influence, your money, your time? Are you at work?

Are you *poor?* Yet you can do something. Do you remember the poor widow who cast into the Lord's treasury "two mites, which make a farthing," and who was commended as having "cast in more than all" the rest? Remember, the servant with one talent must not bury it. Do what you can.

Are you *young?* What can a little child do? Read 2 Kings v., and see what a little captive maid was the means of doing for Naaman. The modest words of a child have sometimes been blessed, when all other means failed, to the salvation of a godless parent.

Are you *sick and afflicted?* Do you ask, as you lie day and night on your couch of suffering, What can such as I do? Much, very much—not by active effort, but by patient endurance. Many a lesson has been learned in a sick chamber. You can show, as none in health can, the real power of religion to support, and your testimony cannot be gainsaid. You can glorify your God "in the fires."

All can pray. This is just the most difficult work; yet who can estimate its value, or the privilege of being permitted thus to aid God's cause? "Prayer moves the hand that moves the world," and the poorest, weakest, meanest, can pray—and praying will be heard. Only believe and persevere. In every effort you can help effectually by prayer.

All can teach by example, and that in the most telling way. Remember, the words you speak have a double influence—on yourself and the hearer; your very *looks* convey a meaning that will be understood. Men may deride you if you speak to them of religion, but a consistent life is language that must be *felt*—felt so as to repress vice, if it do no more. A workman among his fellow labourers, a clerk among his associates, a boy or girl among his or her schoolfellows, may do much by example. This is hard work indeed; all who try find it so; but remember you must have an influence for good or bad, and you will be a blessing or a curse according as you use it. You have only to ask grace, and it will be given "liberally."

We would say to all, Watch for opportunities and improve them, and doubt not that more will be given; only let your eye be single to the glory of Christ, and your one constraining motive "the love of Christ."

But work *now*. The "night cometh when no man can work." Reader! your day may be nearly over: what will be the account at its close? Will you not seek to redeem the time that yet remains, that you may receive the welcome of a good and faithful servant, and rejoice for ever in the smile of an approving Saviour, and spend eternity in ascribing praise to "Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood?" "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." May this privilege, dear reader, be yours and mine.

THE SIEGE OF MANSOUL.

PART VII.

PERILOUS is the condition of a citadel which holds traitors within its walls. So long as they continue, they weaken its strength, distract its counsels, and expose it perpetually on the most unguarded points to the attacks of its enemies. The presence of such secret foes—sins not yet subdued, and ready, as occasion may offer, to rise up and re-assert their power—renders religion difficult even to those who most intensely seek to assert its sovereignty over the human heart.

We have seen that in the fortress of Mansoul there still remained emissaries of Diabolus, and that, notwithstanding all commands for their destruction, their total extirpation had not been effected. When these foes—described in Scripture as the lusts of the flesh—perceive that Mansoul is no longer upon terms of good understanding with its Prince, they adopt measures to bring back the fortress under its old tyrannical sway. Meeting together in the hold of "one Mr. Mischief," they instigate a new plan of treachery. This is nothing less than to endeavour, under false names, to become employed in the service of the inhabitants of Mansoul; and for this end they make a new compact with their infernal master, representing to him the discouraged condition of the citadel, and asking his help in their own undertaking. Times of spiritual dejection, especially if that dejection has been caused by sin, are always times of unusual temptation. We do not wonder, therefore, that Diabolus replies eagerly to their offers, and says:—

"Do you, therefore, our trusty Diabolonians, yet more pry into and endeavour to spy out the weakness of the town of Mansoul. We also would that you yourselves do attempt to weaken them more and more. Send us word also by what means you think we had best to attempt the regaining thereof; namely, whether by persuasion to a vain and loose life, or whether by tempting them to doubt and despair, or whether by blowing up of the town by the gunpowder of pride and self-conceit." And the enemy of Mansoul promises that if they can do anything by artifices within, he will not fail to make a simultaneous assault from without. Mr. Deceit, one of the Diabolonians, counsels the second as the preferable course; "for," says he, "then we should have them question the truth of the love of the heart of their Prince towards them, and that will disgust them much. This, if it works well, will make them leave off quickly their way of sending petitions to him; their farewell earnest solicitations for help and supply; for then this conclusion lies naturally before them, 'As good do nothing as do to no purpose.'"

Yes, and herein lies the danger of every man, who, not having well kept the citadel of his own heart, has placed himself on terms of disaffection with his gracious Saviour. He who has "forsaken his own mercies" lies already on the frontier of despair. Unless he shall keep steadily before him the free nature of gospel grace, and shall remember that salvation is altogether without works as a condition, though not without works as a necessary fruit; unless, representing to himself the holy character of God, he shall remember how that very character prompts his desire to make the repenting sinner holy too; and that therefore the more deeply he has sinned, the more vigorous must be his desires for restoration to the Divine image; he is already more than half undone. And if his soul's enemy can now persuade him that all is over; that he who has fallen so far can never be recovered; and that, seeing he is already partially fallen, his future endeavours will effect no desirable result; the triumph will be complete, and all the spirits of darkness will revel over the prostration of one completely their own. Well did Bunyan know the nature of such temptations. His estimate of salvation, all gracious as he thought it, was never held but as an inducement—and the strongest inducement possible—to a holy life. Free forgiveness was, in his eyes, the only way to hope; and hope the impulse to abandon the unclean and to practise the holy; and woe be to him who preaches or proclaims any other doctrine!

In pursuit of their purpose, accordingly, three of the Diabolonians, then in the town of Mansoul, hire themselves under assumed names to three different masters: Covetousness, under the appellation of Prudent-thrifty, becomes the servant of Mr. Mind (here used in the sense of Desire); Lord Lasciviousness, under the name of Harmless-mirth, becomes the servant of Will-be-will; and Lord Anger, calling himself Good-zeal, attached himself to Godly-fear. Bunyan's running-note, appended to many paragraphs of the allegory hereabouts is, "Take heed Mansoul!"

Such a caution is eminently appropriate; we are never more in danger than when sins usurp the shape of virtues. Had it suited his purpose, the allegorist might have represented, how Ostentation calls itself Generosity; Pride, Independence; Cunning, Forethought; Laxity, Liberality; Formalism, Decorum; and Phariseeism, Devoutness. The three he has named, are significant specimens of all the rest.

"These villains being got thus far into the houses of the men of Mansoul, quietly begun to do great mischief therein; for being filthy, arch, and sly, they quietly corrupted the families where they were; yea, they tainted their masters much, especially this Prudent-thrifty and him they call Harmless-mirth." How often are these Diabolonians still cherished in the world! "True he that went under the vizor of Good-zeal, was not so well liked of his master," (Godly-fear is apt at detecting counterfeits) "for he quickly found that he was but a counterfeit rascal; the which when the fellow perceived, with speed he made his escape from the house, or I doubt not but his master had hanged him."

In concert with Diabolus, these wretches plan

a device for securing Mansoul at the time when it is least guarded, namely, on a market-day. Though the business of life must needs go on, and though God has prescribed industry in our callings as our necessary duty, it is precisely when the mind is "cumbered and careful about much serving," that temptation finds its readiest opportunity; and never does the Christian feel so much need of watchfulness as when the occupations of life press around him. To be busy and yet spiritual, is one of the highest acquirements of practical morality. Diabolus accordingly promises to let loose upon Mansoul an army of Doubters, who should, at the assigned time, mix themselves with the population of the fortress, and, by the aid of the above-named confederates, inveigle Mansoul to utter destruction.

This project of Diabolus, to ensnare by such means the town of Mansoul, was encouraged by several considerations, expressed in the council held among the spirits of darkness, before they undertook their mission. One of these considerations was, that the inhabitants of Mansoul had greatly declined in their love to their Prince. They had not, indeed, utterly ceased to pray, but they had left off to watch; and their prayers were little likely to be successful whilst they remained negligent over their bosom sins. "I am glad," said one of these hellish confederates (and we may surely learn something from the deliberations of such foes), "that they (the Mansoulians) are so backward at a reformation, but yet I am afraid of their petitioning. However, their looseness of life is a sign that there is not much heart in what they do; and without the heart, things are little worth." Aye! Satan has good reason to fear prayer, though he knows how little the earnestness of that man is worth who does not strive to crucify his old sins as well as to pray against them. Another of these dark confederates says: "We must understand if we can, whether the town of Mansoul has such sense and knowledge of her decayed state . . . . as to provoke her to set watch and ward at her gates, and to double them on market-days."

Oh, Christian! profit by the advice here implied, and watch well your *market-days*. The opinion of another lost spirit is equally pertinent. He advises to "seek to draw Mansoul yet more into sin, because there is nothing like sin to devour Mansoul; and could only the inhabitants be induced to forget their Prince, they would be indeed undone. Or, even should he come once more to their aid, they would speedily drive him away again." The conclusion of the whole conclave is—"that they will, by all the means they can, make Mansoul yet more vile; no way to destroy a soul like this!" To carry out their plans, it is resolved that twenty thousand doubters (for how great is the multitude of such assailants which our spiritual enemy can furnish), shall be let loose upon the fortress of Mansoul, and shall be commanded by Mr. Incredulity, who formerly escaped from prison, because "none truer than he to the tyrant."

We are living in times in which military operations have become full of doubt, anxiety, and alarm, and in which we tremble at every movement of the foe, lest it should become productive of new and still more disastrous complications. In their turn, doubtless, the poor invaded inhabitants of Sebastopol have felt a solicitude which scarcely admitted of hope.

"Such was the present state of the miserable town of Mansoul; she had offended her Prince, and he was gone; she had encouraged the powers of hell, by her foolishness, to seek her utter destruction. True the town of Mansoul was made somewhat sensible of her sin, but the Diabolonians were gotten into her bowels; she cried, but Emmanuel was gone, and her cries did not fetch him as yet again." In vain did they urge petition upon petition to their Prince. "He answered it all with silence." "Cold prayers," as one says, "only beg a denial." "They did neglect reformation, and that was as Diabolus would have it; for he knew if they regarded iniquity in their heart, their King would not regard their prayer; they therefore grew weaker and weaker, and were as a rolling thing before the whirlwind." Still they sickened and died. Instead of making progress in resisting their foes, they grew every day weaker. Their army of good thoughts became fewer and fewer, or, as the allegorist has it, "there were more than eleven thousand men, women, and children, that died by the sickness of Mansoul." This was joyful news for their foes; and they expressed in their abode their joy by groans, "for that," says Bunyan, "is the music of their place." Sad and horrible is the condition of an army wasted by disease in front of a foe; and especially miserable is the posture of him who is exposed to the severe attacks of temptation, whilst there is the consciousness that his own heart is not in friendship with God. Upheld by him, we may triumph; forsaken by him, we inevitably fall. Well does the psalmist pray for inward integrity to uphold him against outward attack: "Lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies!"

But in this state of things, relief comes to Mansoul, and it comes in the shape of renewed vigilance, prompted within the fortress itself. It is not by external agencies alone that God answers our prayers; it is often by stirring up the energies of the soul. This spiritual vigilance is well represented in the person of Mr. Pry-well —another name for self-examination. "Now as Shaddai would have it, there was one whose name was Mr. Pry-well, a great lover of the

town of Mansoul; and he, as his manner was, went listening up and down in Mansoul, to see, and to hear, if at any time he might, whether there was any design against it, or no. For he was always a jealous man, and feared some mischief would sometime befall it, either from the Diabolonians within, or from some power without. Now, upon a time it so happened, as Mr. Pry-well went listening here and there, that he lighted upon a place called Vile-hell, in Mansoul, where Diabolonians used to meet: so, hearing a muttering (you must know that it was in the night), he softly drew near to hear; nor had he stood long under the house-end (for there stood a house there), but he heard one confidently affirm that it was not, or would not be long before Diabolus should possess himself of Mansoul, and that then the Diabolonians did intend to put all Mansoulians to the sword, and would kill and destroy the King's captains, and drive all his soldiers out of the town. He said, moreover, that he knew there were above twenty thousand fighting men prepared by Diabolus for the accomplishing of this design, and it would not be many months before they all should see it." Pry-well awakens the Understanding and the Conscience, and the whole garrison is speedily aroused. The inhabitants bewail their folly, and increase the earnestness of their petitions.

To defend themselves in this new crisis, the captains urge the inhabitants to close their gates, and to watch all who entered within the city; to make a new search for all enemies yet lurking within; to expose to shame all who might be found harbouring their foes; by a public fast, to humble themselves for their misdemeanours; and to encourage Mr. Pry-well still to pursue his investigations through the city. All this is done, and a temporary hope dawns upon the town of Mansoul. The guard over the thoughts—the mortification of the propensities most prone to evil—the humiliation of the whole man before God—the active exercise of self-scrutiny—what measures are like these, accompanied by prayer, for regaining the Divine favour, and recovering the spiritual ground we have disastrously lost? As a consequence of this new regimen, the two Diabolonians, Covetousness and Lasciviousness, are seized, and perish in prison. Well is it for the soul that has such traitors no longer within its strongholds!

The array with which Diabolus appears before the town of Mansoul is pourtrayed by Bunyan in terms of fearful energy. Nor is it to be doubted that many who have abused their hopes of God's compassion, have been often assailed by doubts of the future which would amply verify the points of Bunyan's tremendous catalogue.

Before Mansoul, accordingly, Diabolus sets up his fearful standard, and sends his drummer nightly to summon the town, with the intent that through weariness the inhabitants might yet, if it were possible, be forced into a parley.

This dreadful spiritual assault prompted the inhabitants of Mansoul, as well it might, to new devices for obtaining help. They apply accordingly to the Lord Secretary for favour, advice, and aid in framing a new petition to their Prince. And though the answer of the Secretary seemed,

THE CAPTAINS RESISTING THE DIABOLONIANS.

at first view, far from favourable, yet hope prompted the Understanding to derive comfort from its apparent ambiguity. They resolved, therefore, upon a stout resistance, and "to give an answer to the captain of Diabolus with slings; and so they did at the rising of the sun on the morrow; for Diabolus had adventured to come nearer again, but the sling-stones were to him and his like hornets. For as there is nothing to the town of Mansoul so terrible as the roaring of Diabolus's drum, so there is nothing to Diabolus so terrible as the well playing of Emmanuel's slings."

Whether, in describing its efficacy, we use Bunyan's similitude of "slings," or the scriptural one of a "sword," it is equally true that the only instrument by which temptation can be resisted, and especially temptation to despair, is the word of God!

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

A CHAPTER FOR THE AGED.

THE evening of life! Evening is the time for *reflection*. Amidst the busy and exciting occupations of the day there is seldom much opportunity for serious consideration. Well-disciplined minds, it is true, can control their thoughts, and gather them around high and holy subjects, even in those moments which are necessarily devoted to worldly business; but most persons are so harassed and engrossed by the constant claims upon their time and attention, as scarcely to be able to cast a hurried glance on things which are unseen and remote, and they feel how welcome and how desirable is the evening hour for quiet meditation, for self-examination, and for the formation of wise and good purposes.

Reader, your eventide of life should be consecrated to calm and elevated thought. Through the long period which is passed, you have not perhaps redeemed much time for hallowed consideration. Martha-like, you may have been cumbered with much serving; or Israel-like, you may have forgotten the Lord your God. But whatever has been your previous history, you are now, by the infirmities of age, withdrawn from active duties, that you may muse upon coming realities. How thankful should you feel that there is yet a brief space allotted you for pious thought and preparation, before you go hence and be no more seen!

But is it pleasant to look back? Are there not many places in our pilgrimage where memory dislikes to linger? are there not many facts in life's early records which we feel happier in forgetting? True, the remembrance of our imperfections and our sins is painful and self-condemning; yet it is always best to open one's eyes to the truth. Enter, then, into a full and faithful examination of your past history. Scrutinize your motives by the tests with which God's word furnishes you, and try your conduct by his holy law. Let neither pride nor prejudice hide the real state of things from your view. How important is it that, on the confines of eternity, you should be kept from self-deception! Ask God himself to be your teacher. Make this your prayer, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

What then is the result of your investigation? What verdict does conscience, enlightened from above, give concerning the past? It may be, nay it must be, that you find enough in your recollections to overwhelm you with sorrow and confusion. So much selfishness and worldliness have mingled with your brightest deeds; so much unfaithfulness has been connected with your professed allegiance to Christ; so much impurity of heart and defilement of life are discovered by your rigid self-inspection, that you are ready to exclaim with the psalmist, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified." Or perhaps your reflections on the past have convinced you that you have hitherto been living without God and without Christ in the world; that you have been so absorbed with the trifles of earth as to have forgotten the attractions of heaven; that, although a responsible being and liable to be summoned at any moment to your final account, you have gone carelessly on in the ways of sin, and have disobeyed the commands of the Most High.

The retrospect, in either case is *humbling*. Yet, it leads to hope, and peace, and salvation. Both to the troubled Christian and the penitent sinner, the cheering annunciation of the gospel is, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Then, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Full and free forgiveness is offered to all who seek it at his cross. Cast yourself, with all your sins, however great their number, or aggravated their guilt, at the Saviour's feet, saying, "Lord, save me: I perish!" and his gracious response will be, "Thy sins are forgiven; go in peace."

But the consideration of the past should not only awaken penitence, it should excite *gratitude*. You have been wonderfully preserved from many dangers; you have been safely guided through many difficulties; you have been continually enriched with numberless blessings. Surely goodness and mercy have followed you all the days of your life. Recall some of the multiplied proofs which you have had of God's tender parental care over you. It would be impossible to recount every instance of his goodness towards you, for memory, always imperfect, is now sadly impaired; but "forget not

all his benefits." Each comfort which you have enjoyed through life, came from his beneficent hand; each impulse to good, and each resistance to evil which you have felt, was through the impartation of his grace. Can you not heartily acknowledge the truthfulness of that charge which the dying servant of the Lord pressed home upon the Israelities around him? "*Ye know* that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass, and not one thing hath failed thereof." Oh yes! every aged believer will testify to the faithfulness of God in the fulfilment of his promises. You can look back to several points in your history, where, but for the interposition of God's providence, or the aid of his Spirit, you must have been overwhelmed by temptation and sorrow. Many have been the occasions when you have had to set up your stone of remembrance, and to confess that hitherto the Lord hath helped you. Even as to your trials, you can see now, with regard to some of them at least, that they were "blessings in disguise;" and you are sure that they were all sent for some wise and loving purpose. With what grateful emotions then should your recollections of by-gone days be accompanied!

And should not gratitude for past mercies be combined with *hope* for future favours and deliverances? "He thanked God, and took courage." When you think of the increased weakness and perhaps suffering which you have yet to bear; of the inevitable separation between yourself and those whom you love, which will soon take place; of the valley of the shadow of death through which you must pass, and of the solemn moment when your spirit shall depart from this world; natural feeling shrinks from the scene before you. "Cast me not off in the time of old age" is the language of your heart; "forsake me not when my strength faileth." Hearken to the immediate reply of the God of your salvation: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Ah! you can read these assurances in the page, not of inspiration only, but of experience. You can infer with certainty from God's conduct in past days, what its complexion will be in future moments. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and therefore in the loving-kindness which he has hitherto manifested towards you, you have the surest pledge of the continual exercise of his power and goodness. He *hath* delivered; he *doth* deliver; in whom you trust that he *will yet* deliver. "The God who hath fed you all your life long" is your God for ever and ever; and he will be your guide even unto death.

Looking back should be combined with looking forward. The weary pilgrim who records with mingled sorrow and gladness the events which have occurred during his journey, will also think of the rest and the welcome which wait for him in his happy home. The Christian traveller, as evening is closing in around him, and the objects of earth are fading from his gaze, loves to let his imagination dwell upon the many mansions in his Father's house, where a place is being prepared for him.

"A little while, and every fear
That o'er the perfect day
Flings shadows dark and drear,
Shall fade like mist away;
The secret tear, the anxious sigh,
Shall pass into a smile;
Time changes to eternity—
We only wait a little while."

The morning of joy is close at hand; the things which are not seen and eternal are every moment drawing nearer to you; the promised inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and never-fading, will soon be actually yours. Meditate on the glory which shall presently be revealed. Consider how perfect in its nature, and how perpetual in its duration, is the happiness which God has provided for you in his everlasting kingdom. An eminent minister who was spending an afternoon with some Christian friends was observed to be unusually silent. On being roused from his reverie by a question which was addressed to him, he said that he had been absorbed in the contemplation of eternal happiness. "Oh, my friends!" he exclaimed, with an energy which arrested the attention of all present, "think what it is to be for ever with the Lord; for ever, for ever, for ever!"

But *is* the prospect of heaven thus attractive to you? Have you any true sympathy with its joys; any congeniality of spirit with its bright inhabitants? You of course hope, when you die, to go to heaven; the most thoughtless and worldly-minded characters hope that: not because they aspire after more intimate communion with God, and closer conformity to his image, but because they associate the idea of happiness with heaven; and it is the instinctive desire of their nature to wish to be happy. But unless we are made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, the enjoyments of heaven, were we allowed to be there, would be positively distasteful to us. The unjust and the unholy would be unjust and unholy still, and in a world of perfect truth and purity would find no source of satisfaction. A clergyman was conversing with an intelligent woman in his parish, who was ill and dying. After he had

ceased talking to her, she said with an expression of much distaste, "If heaven be such a place as you describe, I have no wish to go there." Such an avowal may seem unnatural, but it would be the confession of every unsanctified heart, if men seriously considered the character of celestial happiness. The songs of the redeemed cannot change the heart, nor the glory of the heavenly city transform the spirit. What fellowship can light have with darkness?

Aged reader, rest not satisfied with anything short of a true preparation for everlasting bliss. It is easy to bear the *name* of Christian. But, without "holiness" no man shall see the Lord. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

How shall you attain this preparation? By simple faith in Christ, by the grace of the Holy Spirit. External acts of devotion, almsgiving, self-denial, or large charitable bequests, cannot purchase your passport for heaven. The righteousness of God, which is unto all and upon all them that believe, and the sanctification of the heart, which is effected by the power of the Holy Spirit, must be yours before you can enter into everlasting glory. And they may be yours—yours *now*. Put your trust in that Saviour who has declared he will in no wise cast out those who come to him; and seek for the gift of that Holy Spirit which is promised to all who earnestly and perseveringly ask for it; and you shall have everlasting life.

Let the evening of your life be much devoted to prayer; for at the close, no less than at the commencement of your Christian experience, you are entirely dependent upon Almighty succour. Go, therefore, with boldness to the throne of grace, that you may still obtain mercy, and find grace to help you in every time of need. Old age has its especial wants and trials; but "Ask, and it shall be given you," is the inscription which is ever written over the mercy-seat. Implore that strength which you require in order that you may cheerfully bear God's will now; that support which you will need in the hour of death, when heart and flesh shall fail; that consolation and guidance which you desire to have imparted to those whom you must leave behind in a world of grief and danger. He, who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that you can ask or think, will hear and answer your feeble but heart-felt petitions.

*** *From "The Evening of Life," just published by the Religious Tract Society.*

In religion there is no good time but the present time. —*Jane Taylor.*

No duty will be approved of God that appears before him stained with the murder of another duty,—*Bishop Hopkins.*

A CHRISTIAN LADY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

PART I.

Two centuries ago, the home of a rich London merchant must be sought amidst the dust and noise and bustle which surrounded his place of business. And his daughter's morning visitors would probably find the fair maiden, with a substantial work-a-day apron on, and sleeves tucked up, very vigorously employed in the active operations of the household. How different the environments and occupations of her successor now! Sunshine and flowers, and all the beauties of a quiet suburban villa, instead of the narrow, gloomy street; the elegant and graceful employments of the drawing-room, for the baking and brewing of the olden times.

Different indeed! Yet it is pleasing to notice the substantial oneness of true excellence under every variety of development. Are both these young ladies disciples of Christ? Then see how much alike. Look at them each morning as they study that book which teaches all that is lovely and good in the relations of time, as well as prepares for eternity; and as, on bended knee, they pray for grace to understand its lessons aright, and to practise them faithfully. Then watch their daily course, its truthfulness, its love, the high motives which are at work, the perfect standard which is aimed at, and, if consistent followers of their Lord, the active benevolence which blesses the poor and the ignorant around them; ministering at once to their temporal and their spiritual necessities; bringing to the bed of sickness, or the home of poverty, a friend who, while she feeds and clothes, tells of the all-powerful Physician, and the Friend who became poor that such as they might be made rich.

Christianity is the great fuser which, despite the separating influence of time, and space, and circumstances, stamps with the mark of a common brotherhood—an essential identity of character—all its subjects. This humble peasant, a man of narrow mind and rude speech, tells us in uncultured phrase of just the same joys and sorrows, the same motives and principles and feelings, which guide and move that Christian scholar—that man of large intellect, of subtle thought, of various knowledge, of high culture. They are brothers, and noble men both, and the source of their nobleness is the same.

We love to mark this identity amidst variety, and see in it an evidence of the divinity of that religion which is adapted to every phase of heart and intellect. But we confess to finding a very special interest in the homes of the English Christians of the seventeenth century. Perhaps it is that the distraction of public affairs gives a

peculiar charm to the orderly serenity of these little arks, lashed by the stormy waters without, but within sweet scenes of piety and charity and domestic love. These troublous times we know formed men of stalwart excellence, and the women too seem to move before us with a graver dignity, to exhibit a deeper and higher tone of character than is usual, all so finely mellowed by a truly feminine sweetness as to leave us portraits which we would not willingly lose.

It was at this period that John Sadler was an eminent citizen of London, a man of worth and benevolence as well. His wife, Elizabeth, was a daughter of Mr. Dackum, minister of Portsmouth. For five years their home was childless, and then the parents received, with great joy and thankfulness, the gift of a daughter. How tenderly the little one was nursed, how carefully trained and educated, need not be told. And the little Elizabeth promised to fulfil her parents' most anxious wishes. Pensive she was indeed, more so than was usual at her age, the effect in part, no doubt, of delicate health repressing the animal spirits, and partly the result of a peculiarly thoughtful temperament. But she was quick and intelligent, and of great rectitude of character. She tells us how, when a child, being more trusted than her sisters, she was sent by her mother into that most trying place for childish virtue, the apple store; how, being overcome by temptation, she abstracted one, but that, haunted by a sense of her fault, and unable to rest, she quietly possessed herself of the key, and carrying back the ill-gotten apple, deposited it in its place. A beautiful thing it is to see such moral victories obtained by a little child. There is great hope for that child, yet there is fear also. Who knows what may be the issue of the next struggle? Are there not those living far below their own ideal of right and excellence, who can remember the aspirations of early youth, the high and beautiful thoughts and designs of which it was full, the triumphant repellings of temptation then. But how different their career from that which they hoped for! We refer not to those who have fallen into flagrantly evil ways. Fearful indeed must be the anguish with which they remember the yieldings to temptation which have issued in an utterly wasted life. We speak now of those—how large a class! who, as regards their duty both to God and man, are living beneath their own conviction of what is right; who, it may be, are indolent, selfish, self-seeking—yet not so blinded as to be unconscious that they are so; and who, therefore, amidst all their apparent enjoyment, feel the gnawing of inward dissatisfaction, and are ever haunted by the feeling that life is not with them the beautiful and the useful thing it ought to be. Perhaps they can recall the circumstances, in the midst of which began a course lower in tone than that they had hitherto pursued. And they have gradually become confirmed in it; the struggle between duty and inclination has been each succeeding time the feebler; the chain of habit is now upon them, and there is not force of will sufficient to burst its bonds. Such an one sighs sometimes as he thinks of the nobler promise of his youth; and, as he marks the turning point in his history, only exclaims, "Ah! if I had stood firm then, how different a being would I now be." Young man or woman, do you feel that you have arrived at this critical point? If so, beware of the slightest leaning of the balance to the wrong side. Once turned, the difficulty of regaining the lost position is great—not hopeless, indeed; that grace which can raise the vilest transgressor, meets evil and restores the penitent at every stage of his course. Despair is never inevitable while life remains. Nevertheless, it is well to remember that as with every triumph of conscience future victories become more easy and more certain, so the converse holds also most surely true.

This time little Elizabeth conquered. Somewhat later in life a failure comes. The anecdote, as related by the lady herself, gives us an instructive glimpse of the father and his ways. Elizabeth, a girl of some thirteen or fourteen years, commits a fault which, in the well-ordered family of the merchant, where all were kept in due subordination, was a serious one—she spoke improperly to a superior. The fact was reported to the father, and the child, covered with shame and fear, fell into another and greater error in denying the first. It was a double sin, and there was visible trouble in the house. The father was sore displeased, and the scene was never forgotten by the child. "The abhorrence she had of this fault," says her husband, "was so great that I firmly believe she never after, knowingly, spoke an untruth to her dying day." It is well when the grief of a parent for such an error on the child's part, is so burnt into the mind of the little one, that future years fail to obliterate it. It is not always so. Are there not mothers who show far more vexation at the breaking of a china vase or favourite ornament, than at a fit of ungoverned temper or a falsehood on the part of their children. And do not these children carry into life a vivid remembrance of the trouble which existed on the one occasion, and no trace of the circumstances which attended the other. It is not thus that high and truthful characters are to be formed.

Under such influences Elizabeth Sadler grew up into womanhood. Civil war raged, and for

her greater safety the fond father sent his daughter to Ipswich. She afterwards went to Stratford, in Warwickshire: "In both which places," she says, "I acknowledge I did not improve that vacancy, as I might, to better advantages, but squandered it away vainly, and in idle visits, not providing for eternity with my time." But a change was at hand.

Various are God's ways of drawing to himself and fitting his people for the service he designs them to perform in his vineyard. To us who can see but a little part of the wondrous whole, the experience of Elizabeth Sadler seems mysterious. She was long tried with dark and fearful temptations; "buffeted," to use the words of her husband, "with horrid satanical suggestions and blasphemous temptations, which not only made her go mourning all the day long, but many months and years; and not only those fiery and envenomed darts drank up her spirits, but brought her life to the gates of the grave, and her distressed soul to the gates of hell."

"Sometimes," she says, "through my dark and cloudy fancy, I had temptations that there was no God, which was very vexatious to me; and I, impatient of it, desired to apprehend a God all vengeance and terror, rather than no God at all. But the Lord was pleased to obviate that temptation, by my meditating on the creation. My father much loved flowers, and as the season of the year would afford, always had his flower-pots standing by him, when he sat writing in his shop; but then they were above in the parlour window, to which I often went to countermine my temptation, in admiring the curious works of the God of nature. With others, there was then in flower a Calcedon iris, full of the impresses of God's curious workmanship, which the Lord was pleased to make use of to raise my poor heart and thoughts to the admiring and adoring of him. Blessed be God that this temptation was not above my strength."

Some little relief she obtained from the conversation of a pious aunt, who, observing the deep dejection of the young lady, guessed its cause, and solaced her with the assurance that her case was not singular, as she herself had passed through similar trials. Still Elizabeth remained in deep trouble, though not without intervals of comfort. "It pleased the Lord," she writes, "sometimes to refresh me with those words of the psalmist, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for thou shalt yet praise him, who is thy help, and health of thy countenance, and thy God.' How sweet is this proprietorship—'My God.' Lord, where thou givest thyself, thou givest all; and thou who hast showed me great and sore troubles, wilt revive me again. Thou hast brought up my soul from the brink of hell; thou wilt keep me alive, that I go not down to the pit of destruction."

After a time she requested to be sent to some family in the country where she had no acquaintance; and the father consenting, she went to reside in the house of Mr. John Beadle, minister of Banston, in Essex. There she remained for six months, the object of much kind attention on the part of the good minister and his pious wife. It was a momentous period in her soul's history. Its darkness was great, and its conflicts many and harassing. Sleep forsook the sufferer's eyes, and she feared to take sufficient food. "If I desired to take anything that was grateful to my appetite," she writes, "when it was brought to me I durst not make use of it, because I thought it to be the satisfaction of a base sensual appetite. I did eat very sparingly, which, with my much weeping, occasioned me some little inconvenience which became habitual."

At the end of this period she returned home, calmer in spirit than when she left, and gradually she obtained peace, though through life she continued to be subject at intervals to the recurrence of these distressing temptations.

Thus was laid the foundation of a piety high and rare. We have reason to be thankful that this is not the ordinary mode in which the Saviour's people are drawn into his fold; nevertheless it is well to remember that such experiences are possible to all. It seems not so strange that strong-minded men, or men who have mingled much in a world full of sin and pollution, should be called to contend with satanic temptation. But look at this gentle girl, so carefully trained, and from childhood so good, according to the common notion of goodness; the favourite child too of a wealthy home, guarded so that no evil might come near her—even she must endure this dire struggle—and alone. Help she may not have. She relates how in the time of her great distress her father said to her that she should not want anything to do her good, to the one-half of his estate. But it avails not, kind father. This is the soul's battle, and human aid it may not have. Too feeble you may have thought this loved daughter to face care; and with your strong protecting arm around her, she too may have hitherto fancied that sorrow might not touch her. But now she feels that the living soul within her may brook no transference of its responsibilities, its duties, and its trials. Alone it must meet all. The solitude of the soul is an awful thought. With God, with Satan, with the temptations of the world, each man must act for himself. Through life, in death, and at the dread judg-

meat-seat, he must stand isolated: no human aid, or partnership, or companionship may the soul then know. By itself and for itself it must face these solemn realities. Alas, then for the soul which has not committed itself to the Divine helper!

A SCHOOL FOR FATHERS.

It was a lovely morning in the month of October, 185–, that I embarked on board the "Duchess of Kent" steam-packet for Ramsgate, accompanied by my eldest little boy, then approaching four years of age. He was above his years in physical and mental energy, and in the course of the voyage became a general favourite with his fellow passengers. The vessel had scarcely left her moorings before she was hailed by two youths from the pier. The captain obligingly stopped the engines, and the late comers, jumping into a boat, became part of our company. They had no sooner gained the deck, than they were met by an elderly gentleman, who, addressing to them some angry words, aimed a blow at the younger of the two, which he was about to return, when the captain interfered and they were separated. It was a painful scene, and the more so as we soon perceived that the parties were father and sons. It was wrong on their part to be so late, unless it was unavoidable, but the evident temper of the parent was very unbecoming.

After the separation of the parties, they kept aloof from each other, and the old gentleman appeared exceedingly morose and unsociable. My own spirits were so affected with the scene that had transpired, and with the apparent want of right feeling between the parent and his children, that I longed to have some conversation with him upon the subject. As we occasionally met in our walks upon the deck, I spoke to him of the weather, the scenery, and other ordinary matters. But he was exceedingly taciturn, and scarcely gave me civil replies. At length I found myself seated by his side, when my little boy, who was playing near me, climbed up on my knee, kissed me very affectionately, and was off immediately to a young lady who had taken considerable notice of him from the time we came on board.

The old gentleman had observed us, and turning sharply round, said in a very rough tone, "You had better slap the boy than fondle him in that manner, for if he does not deserve a beating just now, he will very soon."

I immediately left my seat, and requesting the little fellow's companion to keep him engaged for the next half hour, returned and said: "I am but a young father, sir, whilst you have had longer experience in the parental character; I shall be glad, therefore, to receive some instructions from you as to the best way of training children."

"They are nothing but plagues," he replied, surlily.

"Pardon me," I said; "I have two of them, one younger than the little boy there, and they afford me a great deal of pleasure."

"You will very soon alter your opinion," was his answer.

"Well, sir," I said, "it may be so; but I know some parents, as far advanced in years as yourself, who have great comfort in their children; and as prevention is better than cure, I think we should adopt the best means to lead our offspring into a right course. I think especially that all that can be done should be attempted to promote mutual affection between parents and children."

He was silent, but as he did not repel me, I dwelt upon this point, adverting as delicately as I could to the scene of the morning; hinting my fears that the principle of his parental government had been fear rather than love. He continued to listen, and I then reminded him of our heavenly Father, and of the love he had shown to us, although we had proved undutiful children, and suggested the Divine conduct as the pattern for our imitation. He occasionally interrupted me, but in much milder tones than at the commencement of our intercourse.

Whilst thus conversing with each other, my little boy, escaping from his companion, was again in my lap, kissing me as he exclaimed, "Dear, dear papa!"

"Bless the little fellow," said the old gentleman, "he is indeed an interesting child. I think I could love him, and kiss him too."

"Do, sir," said I, "it will do you good;" and I placed the child in his arms. He kissed him, and then, setting him down, said, "Go to the young lady again, my dear; I want to talk with your papa."

We resumed our conversation, and he became increasingly communicative. At length he said, very energetically, "I have been wrong, sir, and I was wrong this morning."

I took him by the arm and said, "Well, sir, let us join the young gentlemen." He at once yielded, and we were soon by their side. In a cheerful tone, he said, "Well, my lads, I hope you are enjoying your voyage; the weather is very beautiful." With a look of pleasing surprise at us both, they replied, "Very much so." I entered into conversation with both parties, and we were soon mutually interested in each other. I felt thankful to God for the evident reconciliation. Some of our fellow passengers joined us, and we talked together upon a variety of topics of a general character.

As we came within sight of the port, the old gentleman took me aside, and grasping my hand with much emotion, said: "Sir, I thank you very sincerely for the conversation of this day. You have taught me some lessons which I think I am not likely to forget. You are younger than I am, but you have learnt a parent's duty in a better school than that in which I was instructed. May God Almighty bless you, and spare this little fellow here to be a comfort to you for many years to come."

We soon after entered the harbour. The father called to his sons, and said: "You are under some obligations to this gentleman, of which I will tell you by-and-bye."

We shook hands with each other. The sons of my companion helped him up the steps, and I had the pleasure of seeing them, arm-in-arm, walk along the pier together into the town. The dear child who thus won the affection of my fellow voyager died in the course of the following year; but amidst the pleasing reminiscences of his brief sojourn here, the above incident is not likely to be forgotten. Wisely has the divine record, that has given the command to the child, "Obey your parents in all things," added the counsel, "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged."

PICTURE WORSHIP IN RUSSIA.

In St. Petersburg there are very often processions of pictures when the cholera is about, or any great event takes place: I saw them many times. The priests in their magnificent robes, bearing golden crosses and sacred banners, and several deacons carrying some miraculous portrait or other, go round the town accompanied by a band of choristers singing mass, and followed by immense crowds of the poorer classes, who consider themselves to be thereby performing an act of great devotion, every man having his head uncovered during the whole time. The picture is generally taken to some church, wherein mass is performed in its presence. When I was staying in Jaroslaf one spring, I had an opportunity of seeing the extent to which the superstition of the people and their reverence for these pictures prevailed.

As soon as the Volga was cleared of ice, hundreds of pilgrims and peasants from all parts of the country poured into the town, and they might have been seen in groups lying asleep on the bare ground, both men and women, there not being lodgings sufficient for their accommodation; but they probably preferred the open air, as they frequently sleep by the roadside on their marches.

The object of the pilgrimage to Jaroslaf was to assist in the procession of a wonderful miraculous picture of the Virgin, which was shortly expected to arrive from a monastery distant about eighty versts down the river.

The day at length came. Several barks with streamers flying and sacred banners displayed were seen from afar. On their nearer approach the sound of monkish hymns floating on the air caused a lively excitement among the people, who began crossing themselves with extreme assiduity. At last the Virgin disembarked: she was received by the governor with intense respect, who, together with the vice-governor, the maréchal de noblesse, the military, the police, and all the employés, were in their most magnificent uniforms. Those who had stars and crosses, displayed them in their full splendour on this occasion in rows along their breast. The mayor and shopkeepers, and about twenty thousand of the lower classes, all in their gala dresses, the pilgrims, and large numbers of children, accompanied the picture in the procession round the town, the governor walking next to it and the rest following according to their rank. It was then placed in the cathedral, where it was to remain for some weeks in order to receive the adoration (*and the money*) of the devout. Hearing so much about this wonderful portrait, I was induced to pay it a visit also. It was some time ere I could make my way into the cathedral, so great was the crowd, but at last my friend and I reached the altar on which it was placed. It could be compared to nothing but a piece of a brown saddle, with some dark lines for the eyebrows, added to which it had no nose; great age having deprived it of every trace of it. As usual in these old pictures, nothing but the face and hands were visible: the crown and robes were sheets of gold set with precious stones. A priest was standing near, singing mass, another by his side had a tray in his hands, a third had charge of a powder-puff and a bowl of flour. As soon as the worshipper had contributed to the tray, the priest with the puff powdered the Madonna's hand, and then the former was permitted to have the consolation of kissing it, which he did with many bows and crossings; he then retired with the air of being highly edified with what he had done: hundreds of people in succession performed the same ceremony. The clergy must obtain immense sums of money by means of these miraculous portraits, for I am afraid to say how frequently, even during the short time we were in the cathedral, the tray was filled by the offerings and taken to a chest placed against the wall, and secured by three locks, into which its contents were emptied. To be sure, a great deal of the coin was in copper, but there was also a fair quantity of silver.—"*The Englishwoman in Russia.*"

Page for the Young.

LESSONS FROM SNOW.

Every season of the year brings with it fresh manifestations of God's character, and new lessons of instruction for all those who are willing to learn. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, show forth the Divine wisdom, power, and faithfulness. The blooming forest, the laughing plain, the bowling tempest, the binding frost, and the driving snow, alike proclaim that the Lord he is God, and invite us to study his character and ways. The book of God has many references to the book of nature, and borrows many illustrations from it.

The snow, with which our eyes are frequently familiar at this season of the year, is often referred to; and it would be well for us if, when we behold the beautiful white flakes descending, we enquired what the word of God says concerning it. Upon turning to the Bible, we find that it refers to the snow as a production of the God of nature: "He saith to the snow, be thou upon the earth," Job xxxvii. 6. And God himself asks the question, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of snow?" xxxviii. 22. In Psalm cxlvii. 16, it is said, "He giveth snow like wool," showing the beautiful properties thereof, and how it serves as a protecting covering to secure vegetation from the killing frost. How wise, how kind are all the Divine arrangements; even those which seem at first most severe and most unlikely to be beneficial in their results! This shows us that we should quietly submit to all that God does, and not overlook his hand, either in nature, providence, or grace. God is represented in both the passages just quoted as managing and directing all the treasures of the atmosphere for the benefit of the earth. What a world of wonders does that atmosphere contain! The word, says Mudie, is literally "the receptacle of little things," and it may well be called "Nature's grand laboratory." There God is continually working, and thence we are continually receiving blessings from his hand. His operations in the air are of a most useful character; winds and lightnings purify, rain nourishes and fertilizes, frost destroys the destroyers, and snow, as we have seen, protects. Do we not then see the propriety of the psalmist's language, when he calls upon the fire, hail, snow, and vapours, and stormy wind to praise the Lord, Ps. cxlviii. 8; and ought we not to praise him for whom all these things were created, and for whose glory they still exist?

But the Scriptures frequently use the snow as a *figure* to set forth moral and spiritual things, and thus warn, teach, and encourage us. When we read, Numbers xii. 10, that Miriam, the sister of Moses, became "leprous white as snow," and that Gehazi, Elisha's servant, "went out from his presence a leper as white as snow," 2 Kings v. 27, we are warned of envy, covetousness, and lying. When we read, in Job xxiv. 19, "Drought and heat consume the snow waters, so does the grave consume sinners," we are taught to be anxious to possess that fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom, and which shall be in us "a well of water springing up into eternal life," which no wintry cold nor summer's heat, no trials nor temptations, shall freeze or exhale.

But snow is used in Scripture as a favourite figure to set forth spiritual blessings. A God of infinite mercy says, "Come now and let us reason together, and though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow," Isa. i. 18. And penitent David was taught by the Spirit of God to pray, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow," Ps. li. 7. What a contrast! what a change! How rich the mercy, how cleansing the fountain, how almighty the power by which such a change is effected. Did we ever see our need of this change? earnestly long to be pardoned and purified, and fervently breathe out this prayer, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow?" Surely it is wise to do so, and most ungrateful and wicked to neglect the same.

But this beautiful production of God, the snow, is not only honoured to be a figure of the Christian state, but also of the Redeemer's glory. When the disciples saw him in the "holy mount" his raiment was white as snow, Mark ix. 3; when John saw him in glory, "his head and his hair were white as snow," Rev. i. 14; and when Daniel saw him in vision as the Ancient of Days, "his garment was white as snow," Daniel vii. 9. This shows his beauty, innocence, and glory. Whenever then we behold the snow glittering in the sunbeams, let us think of the sinner clothed in a Saviour's righteousness, and of the still more glorious Saviour, to whom we are indebted for all our righteousness and holiness. The snow soon melts away, but not so the righteousness, holiness, and happiness of the pardoned sinner; not so the glories of the Saviour.

This world itself, with all its glories, riches, and honours, is passing away, and must melt like snow in the day of the Lord; but Jesus remains, and because he lives, all who trust in and love him shall live also.

In flakes of feathery white,
It is falling so gently and slow;
Oh, pleasant to me is the sight
Of the silently falling snow.
Snow, snow, snow!
The fall of the feathery snow!

The earth is all covered to-day
With a mantle of radiant show;
And it sparkles and shines in the ray,
In crystals of glistening snow!
Snow, snow, snow!
The sparkling and glistening snow!

How spotless it seems, and how pure;
I wish that my spirit were so;
And that while my soul shall endure
It might shine far more bright than the snow.
Snow, snow, snow!
Were my heart but as pure and as bright as the snow!

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

54. Prove that God alone can forgive sins.

55. On what occasions, when on earth, did our Saviour claim this power?

56. What examples can you give from the New Testament of pious soldiers?

57. Prove that the worship of any created being is sinful.

58. Can you find any instances of an attempt at the worship of angels made in ignorance, but immediately resisted?

59. Where has God specially appointed to care for widows and orphans?

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

MY CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

PART III.

I WAS received by my new owner with assurances of deep respect, and was speedily conveyed by him to his home. When we arrived there, he took me into his chamber, and, without permitting me to address him, he placed me on a shelf, and immediately went away. I had ample time for reflection here, for my possessor very rarely troubled me. Indeed, for many weeks I was constrained to be mute, and knew what it was "to hold my peace even from good." I need not say that my sorrow was stirred; for I could clearly perceive that, though my services had not been refused, I was in reality held in light esteem by the young man into whose hands I had fallen. Even in affairs of the greatest importance, when my advice and assistance would have been of the highest value, I was thrust aside with evident contempt.

It was not difficult to find causes for this. I knew that, to many, my communications are always considered dull and troublesome; and I plainly perceived that the companions of my solitude were such as would not, by any means, be anxious to introduce me to our owner's notice. Indeed, I could not fail to draw many

No. 46.—PUBLISHED MARCH 15, 1855

PRICE ONE PENNY

melancholy comparisons between my companions on my owner's bookshelves, and those of my former proprietor, of which I have already spoken. On the whole, it was quite evident that if my present owner listened to such teachers and advisers, and felt pleasure in their society, I should have but little hope of obtaining even a hearing.

And so, indeed, it proved. Through the day, we were all alike deserted; but at evening, when our master rejoined us, there were so many candidates for his favour, that I remained altogether disregarded.

I cannot indiscriminately condemn all these companions of mine, who, to my neglect, were favoured with my owner's regards. For the most part truly, they did little else besides pampering his imagination with unreal and distorted pictures of the world around him. Others, however, were more faithful in this particular, and taught him some useful lessons, which, to tell the honest truth, had been borrowed from my stores of wisdom and experience, and which —I appeal to those who know me best—I could have conveyed to his mind with greater point and in fewer words. And here I must be permitted to say, in passing, that if among those of my species who affect to despise my character and claims, and to dispute my high pretensions, there is any good thing to be found, such as a maxim of true wisdom or prudence in the management of worldly affairs, it is invariably discovered, by those who will take the trouble to search and enquire, that this good thing has been borrowed from me, and dishonestly appropriated, without any acknowledgment of its original source. So much is this the case that I have been assured, by competent judges, that there is no sentiment of honour, or virtue, or loyalty extant, however it may be disguised or conveyed to the mind, which did not originally spring from my immortal spirit, and receive its first utterance from my tongue; that, in fact, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," to be found in the communications of others, must be traced to the spiritual influence which pervades my entire being. But this is a digression.

To return to my history: I soon discovered that many of my companions were exceedingly loose in their morals; and, among other vile habits, were greatly addicted to profane language, and to the irreverent use of the awful name of my great Master. I did not perceive that my owner was in the least shocked or concerned at this. On the contrary, I am certain that I sometimes detected a sparkle of approbation in his eyes, and a smile on his lips, when some expression more than usually daring was uttered. And I could not be deceived in the fact that the companions who beguiled him longest from his pillow—keeping him engaged, indeed, often until past midnight—were those who were most prone to "filthiness, foolish talking, and jesting."

It was rarely, at this time, that I heard the voice of my owner, and never in "prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving," to Him in whom, as I could have reminded him, he "lived, and moved, and had his being." My readers may gather, indeed, from the nature of his private studies, and the pleasure he enjoyed in that society of unprofitable books, that he had no inclination to hold converse with the HOLY ONE. I cannot, in short, sum up the character of my possessor better than by saying that "God was not in all his thoughts;" he being, indeed, one of those of whom I am obliged to record, that they are "without God in the world."

I had been some months a disregarded monitor, in the possession of my owner, when I was made aware that some important change was in contemplation; and one evening, instead of sitting down, as usual, in conference with either of my companions, the young man was employed in removing us from our resting-place, and placing us in close confinement in a chest provided for that purpose. My past experience of these matters convinced me that this proceeding was preparatory to a removal to some distance; and, as I saw that the same preparations were made with our owner's wardrobe, it was plain that he himself was contemplating a change of scene and occupation.

Shall I not say that I felt sad that I had not been consulted respecting this important movement? For is it not one part of the broad and general commission I have received, to give advice and direction to all, but I may say, especially to the young, under all contemplated changes in circumstances, and in all projected enterprizes? Even at this time, and at the last moment, I would willingly have addressed a few words of kind and loving caution to my inexperienced owner, and whispered in his ear, "In all thy ways acknowledge HIM," who is thy Master and mine, "and HE shall direct thy steps." I would have appealed to him in terms of faithful remonstrance, and asked, "Wilt thou not, *from this time*, cry unto him, My father! thou art the guide of my youth?" But my thoughtless owner gave me no opportunity for a word of counsel or caution. Indeed, he appeared uncertain whether he would permit me to accompany him on his journey. He took me in

his hand, and then laid me aside almost disdainfully, among several others of my unworthy companions, whom he seemed willing to discard; probably because he was so well acquainted with all they had to communicate, that he could dispense with their society. At length, however, finding that there was a vacant space in the temporary prison, he thrust me in, and closing the door upon my fellow-prisoners and myself, we were left in darkness and silence.

Some time passed away, leaving us in this condition, and, during this period, I was convinced, by several severe shocks I received, as well as by other tokens, that our journey was in progress. At length, we were safely landed at our destination; and shortly after this we were released from our confinement uninjured.

I now found myself in a small room, adjoining the chamber of my owner, and which seemed designed to be his daily apartment when he was not engaged in business or pleasure abroad. From a conversation which I overheard between him and another person, I gathered that my owner had left the home of his childhood and youth, to enter upon the business of life, in a city in which he was a stranger; and that his present home was merely a lodging which had been provided for him among strangers.

I may hope to be believed when I say that these circumstances, though not by any means uncommon among those to whom I and my fellow-messengers are sent, excited my deep sympathy. And I could but indulge some glimmering of hope that an unusual shade of thoughtfulness which I perceived had gathered on my owner's countenance, might be a hopeful sign of a better acquaintance with me in future.

Indeed, his conduct towards me gave promise of this. It happened that the day following that on which we were liberated, and placed on shelves prepared for our reception, was that which I have been emphatically directed to call "the Lord's day." On this particular day, my young owner appeared restless and uneasy. He absented himself part of the day from his room, but having dined, he said, in my hearing, that he should spend the remainder of his Sunday at home.

When, on other occasions, he had heretofore done this, he had usually summoned one of my light and gay companions to bear him company; but at this time I perceived that he fixed his eyes upon me, and after some hesitation, as though he were afraid of my just rebukes, which, indeed, he had reason to fear, he took me into his hands. I was not, as my readers will understand, allowed to hold communication with him untrammelled or undirected by himself; though sometimes—as I shall have hereafter to relate—a few words of mine spoken at random have been like the arrow of which I sometimes tell which, being "drawn at a venture," produced wonderful and unexpected results: but, on this occasion, the youth made several attempts to fix his languid attention on me without success. At length he seemed to remember that I had a story to tell of a young man who left his father's home and country to seek his fortune, as my young owner said, in a distant place, among strangers. I therefore repeated the history to him, and some parts of it appeared somewhat to touch his better feelings, especially when I spoke of Jacob vowing a vow, and saying, "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I may come again to my father's home in peace; then shall the Lord be my God."

Let me acknowledge that I thought it a good omen that when my young owner arrived at this part of my story, he laid me aside, and, with his head pillowed in his hands, and resting on the table, he seemed immersed in thoughts and recollections. I might have been mistaken, but I fancied that more than one tear was hastily brushed away.

Perhaps my young owner's prospects were not very bright at that time. If they were not, he would have done well and wisely to have confided his cares to me, and sought my assistance. I might have told him that the day of adversity was a proper time for consideration, and have encouraged him to cast his burden, whatever it might be, upon the Lord, with the assurance that if he would truly and sincerely seek HIM in the day of trouble, he would be sustained under his load of care. I could have said to him, "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass." But my owner gave me no opportunity of putting him thus in the way of comfort and peace; for after the solitary conference which I have recorded, I was not permitted again to hold intercourse with him.

Whatever cause the young man had for care and grief, he managed, in a short time, to banish their outward appearance. But I knew very well, by unmistakeable tokens, that he had no true peace in his mind. It was quite manifest, indeed, that to "the way of peace" he was an entire stranger.

OUR idle days are the enemy's busy days.—*Bishop Hall.*

HE who will learn of none but himself is sure to have a fool for his master.—*Caryl.*

HE who undertakes to reprove the world, must be one whom the world cannot reprove.—*Bishop Horne.*

A CHRISTIAN LADY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

PART II.

On the 23rd of July, 1650, Elizabeth Sadler became the wife of the Rev. A. Walker, who had been for some time chaplain to the earl of Warwick. Like-minded in no ordinary degree, their union proved an eminently happy one. It is pleasing to notice the mingled affection and piety which mark the references of each to this event. The lady thanks the goodness of God which reserved for her this best choice, and relates how the morning of her wedding day was clouded, somewhat to her discomfort, but that speedily the sun burst forth, and the day she adds "was as clear and bright a day as ever my eyes beheld. Thus God was pleased to condescend to my weakness." The husband, with fond minuteness, adds his reminiscences: "The first visit I made to her," he says, "with design to obtain her for my wife, walking some time alone in her father's parlour, in which lay a fair folio Bible on a desk, I casually opened it, and the first verse I cast my eye upon was Prov. xix. 14—'House and riches are an inheritance of fathers, and a prudent wife is from the Lord,' which I have many times comfortably reflected on since. To which I will add another good omen. When I went to buy a wedding-ring, the first which was offered to me had this posy, 'Joined in one by Christ alone,' which I liked so well I looked no farther, and it fitted so exactly for the size, no care or cut could have made it fitter. I am so far from putting any stress on such little matters, that I can say with the Psalmist, 'I hate those who hold on superstitious vanities.' Yet let me with due thankfulness remark not the effect, but event and consequent. Our whole married estate 'was like the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds, and as clear shining after rain.' And if ever man was blest with a prudent wife, I owe the deepest acknowledgments to him who gave me that choice mercy."

The first year of their married life was spent at Croydon, and then the young couple removed to their permanent home, Fyfield rectory in Essex. It will be remembered that Mrs. Walker was educated in London, and that all her habits were those of a town maiden. Such an one transported now to a country rectory would find little difference between her new and former domestic duties. But it was otherwise two hundred years ago. Then the mistress of a family, both in town and country, was a much more important personage in working out her own domestic economy than she is now. On her personal exertions much of the real comfort of her household depended, much of the welfare and wealth of her husband's home—a state of things which, if it secured less refinement, real or spurious, than do our present customs, gave to the lady's position no small share of real dignity, and to herself a very enviable measure of vigour and energy both mental and physical. But we mean not to make invidious comparisons between the past and the present. If the duties of our fair are less onerous and heavy than were those of their grandmothers, our homes can no more dispense with sound heads and orderly habits, as well as warm hearts, in their mistresses than could those of any other age. All honour to the gentle band whose wise and kindly ministrations now bless a countless multitude of English homes. They with us will look with hearty admiration on the young wife setting herself with earnest diligence to the study and practice of her new duties. Her former habits gave her capacity; she needed only to learn some new modes of applying it, and this her quickness soon enabled her to gain. "All who knew her," writes her husband, "wondered she could so soon attain such universal dexterity and accomplished skill in country affairs, being bred and living most of her time in the city; but she being of very quick natural parts, and close application of mind to business, soon made herself mistress of whatever she set herself to, not only in what strictly concerned her family inspection, to direct and instruct her maids in cookery, brewing, baking, dairy, ordering linen, in which her neatness was curious, and the like; but in physic, surgery, to assist the neighbours of the parish, and some miles about, which she performed skilfully, readily, and with great success, as they acknowledge by their grief for her loss, and the furniture of her closet still will witness. And yet her wisdom, the wisdom of preferring religion above all things, remained with her."

A pleasant thing it must have been to spend a day at Fyfield rectory. How scrupulously neat and clean every corner! Mr. Walker says, if his wife had a fault it consisted in over-neatness. And how much comfort in all her internal arrangements! Her table is never extravagant, but is furnished with what is good only, the best of its kind, cooked in the best manner and served in the neatest style. The rector's wife knows how to combine comfort and liberality with economy, one of the most valuable qualities a housekeeper can possess. Then how pleasing the quiet and orderly activity of the household—all so busy and industrious, yet without any jarring or bustle. A master hand we feel must be guiding this machinery when there is so entire an absence of any unpleasant friction. Peace rests over all,

and love—a hallowed peace too, a holy love. This is the crowning charm of the rectory. Religion reigns there—visibly reigns; it is no mere adjunct to other engrossing pursuits, it is the ever present, the all pervading and ever active principle which rules and guides the whole life. And it is eminently the religion of Jesus—amiable, loving, and considerate for all, while high, and solemn, and devout.

A record of the mode in which Mrs. Walker spent each day has been preserved to us by her husband, and furnishes a lovely example of piety and affection, considerate kindness, and wondrous industry.

"I shall faithfully relate," he writes, "how she spent a day, that is, every day. She always rose early, and lived with the least sleep I ever knew or heard of any. Her long and frequent weeping, and sleepless months in the agonies of her temptation, had made it easy to her to be satisfied with little rest. She rose at four o'clock winter and summer, when in health; yea sometimes when under indisposition. . . . I confess I have oft kindly argued the case with her, to dissuade her, fearing it would prejudice her health, urging that mercy was required more than sacrifice, that over-doing was undoing, and it might turn to disadvantage. Then she would reply, 'Good, my dear, grant me my liberty; it is the pleasure of my life, when all is still and quiet, no disturbance or interruption, but a calm serenity and silent stillness, to enjoy myself.' And when I have told her she shamed, and by her practice upbraided my sloth, who slept much longer, she would answer, 'Thy constitution will not bear it, and thou hast nothing to divert thee, but mayest be alone all day in thy study; but my family employment and inspection requires my care and attendance; and if I lose my morning, and break my measures, it renders me uneasy and puts me into a muddle all the day.'" (Ah! how many in the present day could confirm from their experience the truth of these words.) "When she had slightly slipped on her clothes, she would go softly into the chamber, which she called the chamber of her choice mercies, and beloved retirement, and, without calling a servant, kindle her own fire, having charcoal or dry wood laid ready; and so she spent two hours at least with God. And then at six, or after, she would call her maids and duly hear one or both read a chapter, then sit and read herself, till the servants had taken what was fit for them, which she despised not to do to keep all in good order. Then would she inspect the ordering her dairy, and put her humble hands to some part of the work; then direct prudently and plentifully for our own table, and the servants, and afterwards dress herself decently with small expense of time; then read or work with the needle, till family prayer, when she would have all day labourers about the house called in. And if any took their work by the piece, not for day wages, whose time was their own, not ours, she would out of her own allowance, or THE BOX,* (I hope that phrase is not unintelligible to many families; if it be, St. Paul's expression of laying by as God hath prospered them may help them to understand it,) give them as much as she thought they might have earned in the time of family duty, that they might not be robbed of their time, God hating robbery for an offering, nor grudge or come unwillingly when called in. And the like satisfaction would she make them, if she gave them any diversion from the work they took by the piece, as our common phrase is, without the least encroachment on their time, under pretence of the advantages the family afforded them. At dinner, which was the only set meal she ordinarily made, she would hardly be prevailed with to drink more than one glass of wine, or cider, and never any ale or strong beer, and ate moderately. In the afternoon, if there were any neighbours sick, she would visit them, and call on every poor neighbour nigh, going or coming, to counsel or encourage them; and as the season of the year required, prepare medicines for the family, the poor and neighbourhood, or distribute them out, or apply them to those who needed; and for the rest, work with her needle, read good books, and order family concerns, but chiefly the education of her children.

"About five she retired to her private devotions, and when they were finished she came to me, and brought the children with her, whilst we had them, to be seriously exhorted and counselled alone, and then to pray in secret. For the happy success of which good custom I have as much cause to bless God, and do it most heartily, as for any circumstance of my life; and if any will deride and scorn it, I can say with Job, mock on."

He then goes on to relate how she always allowed her maids time to pray alone, and reminded them of it; how a part of every evening was devoted to instructing the ignorant servants and teaching them to read, so that none left her family after any prolonged stay in it without being able to do so; how "she used to hire them to their own good, giving them sixpence to accomplish the first task, then a shilling, and so on, promising them a Bible when they could use it, of which she gave many, and always new and

* As the word implies, this was a box in which from day to day little gatherings, the fruit of self-denial, were placed, as a fund for works of mercy; a good old custom, worthy of being revived in Christian families of the nineteenth century.

good ones, of double the price she might have bought for."

In Mrs. Walker's daily life we have a beautiful and instructive example of the union of high social excellence with the most exalted piety, and the one finely and naturally growing out of the other. Religion has its own proper position, the supreme place. Its life is ever a conscious one, whose fluctuations are marked and felt as distinctly as those of the body, nor must the nourishment of the soul be left one day uncared for, else all is wrong. Preparation for the day's duties in the morning's devotion is with her as indispensable as the day's meals. "Her life," says her husband, "was a serious preparation for death." Yet living habitually in the solemn shadow of death, and vividly realizing the eternal world, not one of the social duties of her state of pilgrimage was omitted or slighted. Fervent in spirit, she was diligent in business, affording a fine illustration of a healthy Christianity—that religion which embraces the whole of man's nature, and while leading him to a life above, eminently fits him for the duties of the present, and gives a keener zest to all its innocent enjoyments. A modern writer, dilating on the advantages of intellectual culture for women, says: "It is a narrow view of things to suppose that a just cultivation of women's mental powers will take them out of their sphere. The most cultivated women perform their common duties best. They see more in these duties. They can do more. Lady Jane Grey would, I dare say, have bound up a wound, or managed a household, with any unlearned woman of her day. Queen Elizabeth did manage a kingdom, and we find no pedantry in her way of doing it." So it is with religion. Its abuse may lead to neglect of the ordinary duties of life; its legitimate influence is very different, as is finely exemplified in such a life as Elizabeth Walker's. There we find all human affections ennobled and intensified by fervent love to God, not cramped or overgrown by this absorbing principle; and conversant as she ever was with things unseen, and often called to fearful conflicts with dark temptations, who more awake, not only to the substantial duties of life, but to its gentler amenities also? She could be even playful; she was ever kind and tender. Among the characteristic traits recorded by her husband, we find it stated that, having disused set suppers, she insisted on being always the bearer of his evening refreshment, "and would not be entreated to send it by a servant, because she would not lose the pleasure, and satisfaction of expressing her tender and endeared affection." A sweet little picture. The good wife, high as were her thoughts, and busy her life, did not forget the value of a loving look and a kind word, and could well understand the sweetness of being ministered to by beloved hands. True woman ever, loving and loveable.

Then see her gentle ways with her maids. She belongs not to that class of good people who know nothing of indulgence for the faults and weaknesses of others, who will work so long as they meet with grateful and ready recipients, but who at once give up all attempts to benefit the perverse, with the excuse that they have offered to do them good, and if they accept it not the fault is their own. Mrs. Walker had learned differently of the great Master. If her servants are careless, or stupid, or indifferent, she will coax, draw, nay bribe them to learn, willing to do and bear all things, so that the end may be gained, and these ignorant souls instructed.

THE LOST BELLS.

AN ANECDOTE FOR MARINERS.

On the wild north coast of Cornwall, and at one of its wildest points, stand the remains of Tintagel castle. They consist of ruinous walls pierced by small square apertures and arched entrances, remarkable for the wear and tear from the atmosphere which the masonry exhibits, and their sombre appearance, the dark hue of the stones being unrelieved by the usual white or yellow patchwork of lichens. Tintagel is the name of a grand headland of slate, which the action of the waves has converted into a peninsula, united to the coast by a narrow isthmus of perforated and broken rocks. "The waters," said Job, "wear the stones," a remark which occurs in connection with other evidences of natural mutability. But his experience of the process was limited to it as produced by the pattering rain and brawling brooks on the stony surface of Idumea. It is only seen in striking and intense effect in maritime positions, and especially along an iron-bound coast like that of Cornwall, which is exposed to the influence of the Atlantic drift. The sea, deep towards the land, and ever-heaving in long undulations, has worn the general base of the cliffs into a concave surface, while, in particular situations, promontories have become peninsulas, and are in process of being changed into islands, an effect which has transpired in several instances since the date of authentic history. Deep caverns undermine the coast at various points, which the fishermen approach in summer, when the water is smooth, and explore with torches, intent on capturing the seals lying on ledges in these gloomy retreats. Rocks entirely pierced with chasms are numerous, and form the locally styled blow-holes of the neighbourhood—the spray of the passing billows entering at one end and reissu

ing at the other, like a jet of steam. Secluded nooks, in which the solitary chough may occasionally be seen, invite to meditation, while grand combinations of sea and shore on every hand recall to the devout mind the truth that "the sea is his, for he made it; his hands also formed the dry land." It is scarcely needful to add that in cases of shipwreck, in such a district, the hapless crews have small chance of escaping a watery grave.

The castle is supposed to date from the time of the ancient Britons. Tradition commemorates it as the residence of king Arthur and his famous knights. It was abandoned to neglect in the days of queen Elizabeth. What changes have transpired since the first stone was laid! Druidism, followed by Roman paganism, Saxon idolatry, corrupted Christianity, Romish superstition, and Protestant truth, are links in the chain of religious events. A country divided into petty kingdoms, the names of which were scarcely known across the channel, has become the seat of a single monarchy, renowned to the far extremities of the earth; and a people whose handicraft only availed to procure them the simplest necessities of existence in the rudest state, with hovels for habitations and baskets for boats, has grown up into a powerful race, accomplished in the arts of civilization, unsurpassed for enterprise, enfranchised with Christian knowledge and civil freedom, whose sons have navigated every ocean and are familiar with every shore. "The little one has become a thousand; the small one a strong nation."

Tintagel church, on an exposed site, hard by the ruined castle, has in its burying-ground some tombstones commemorating a family of the name of Arthur, as if to sustain the tradition referred to. But though very ancient, they are of course comparatively modern in their date. The church had its peal of bells in the time of the later Plantagenets, the sound of which was heard far and wide by mariners at sea, or villagers along the shore. To these bells, and to the period named, the incident refers which we are about to relate. Some three miles from the spot there is another magnificent headland, that of Willapark Point, with the church of Forrabury adjoining the "distant" or "beautiful burying-place," the tower of which has never echoed with the enlivening peal. This is the parish church of Boscastle, a village at the head of an inlet, which takes its name from the baronial residence of the lords De Bottreaux, once its proprietors, the site of whose mansion is now indicated by a green mound. Upon the foundation of the church the inhabitants, to whom the breeze had often wafted the distant music of Tintagel, determined to have a peal of their own. Lord De Bottreaux entered into the project, and an order was sent to a founder in London to execute the work.

The bells were cast, and dispatched by sea to the place of their destination. The ship had a favourable voyage down the channel, and rounded the Land's End in safety. Off the headland of Tintagel, the sound of its church bells greeted the ears of those on board. The pilot, a native of the district, caught the well-remembered tones with gladness, as betokening a speedy return to his village, and piously thanked God for the prospect of being at home that evening. "Mark the good ship and the stout canvass," profanely exclaimed the captain, "thank God ashore." "Nay," said the pilot, "we should thank God at sea as well as on land." "Not so," angrily replied the captain, "thank yourselves and a fair wind." The pilot persisted in his line of remark, as did the captain, the latter having recourse to oaths and blasphemy. During the altercation the ship passed on to the soaring headland of Willapark, upon which many inhabitants of the hamlet gathered, as soon as a vessel in sight was reported, the freight being expected. Meanwhile a heavy bank of clouds, which had collected in the west, suddenly overspread the sky, while a furious wind arose and lashed the sea into mountainous billows. The captain made every effort to enter the narrow inlet forming the harbour of Boscastle, but the elements baffled his seamanship. The craft became unmanageable, and being struck by a tremendous wave, it capsized and foundered within a hundred yards of the land. Thus the freight destined for the church went to the bottom of the sea, and Forrabury remained a silent tower. None of the crew escaped except the pilot, who gained the shore on a piece of the wreck, and related his adventure with the captain. The spectators of the disaster affirmed that as the ship went down they heard a clang-clang-clang from the bosom of the deep; and many a year afterwards, when the storm raged and the wind howled along the shore, the villagers fancied they could catch, in pauses of the tempest, the solemn sound of bells tolling from the abysses of the ocean.

Such incidents as those recorded above are fraught with warning and instruction. Happily a merciful Providence does not often take man immediately at his word, but suffers long, even with presumptuous sinners, to afford them time for repentance. But it has been otherwise; it may be so again; nor can sin of any kind be committed and persisted in, without sooner or later being visited with a righteous judgment. Reverently should the command be kept in memory, and firmly be it impressed upon the heart and conscience of the reader, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

WHITWELL CHAPEL.*

I.
The tow'r of Wrexham church is tall,
Cathedral-like, majestical:
Its lofty turrets heavenward rise,
And seem half-way to meet the skies.

II.
And nature here puts on her best,
The eye with beauty to arrest;
Calling from hill and dale around
On ancient memories profound.

III.
A century of time has gone,
And fourscore years besides have flown,
Since here the holy Henry came,
Salvation's tidings to proclaim.

IV.
No match for WREXHAM'S lofty pile
Is WHITWELL'S church of modest style;
It boasts no pinnacle or spire,
Like old cathedrals, to admire.

V.
It stands indebted for its fame
Alone to Philip Henry's name;
For here his venerable shade
Haunts hill and grove and leafy glade.

VI.
How many years of calm content
In this sequester'd spot he spent;
Where past'ral scenes and toils combined
To suit the genius of his mind.

VII.
The portrait an apostle drew
Was of his life a likeness true;
Its sweet and charitable course
Deriv'd from an eternal source.

VIII.
He knew that preachers of God's word
Were only stewards of their Lord;
Their wealth not any private store,
But money lent them for the poor.

IX.
And always most he gave away
When some stern truth he had to say;
And thus, with an endearing wile,
The heart for Christ he "caught with guile."

X.
God's life within the soul of man
In early youth with him began;
At school and college still we trace
The work of sanctifying grace.

XI.
Till, Whitwell, in thy modest aisle,
Sanctioned by heaven's approving smile,
Angelic witnesses around,
He to his gentle Kate was bound.

XII.
How long the love-torch kindled here
Burnt brightly on from year to year,
The pages of his life can tell;
The Master had "done all things well."

XIII.
Yes, Whitwell, in thy hallowed earth
Are rich memorials of his worth.
No monuments perchance to claim
The honours of ancestral fame;

XIV.
Nor epitaph, with flatt'ring verse,
His deeds of kindness to rehearse;
Yet ev'ry stone upon thy sod
Records how Henry "walked with God."

ELLEN ROBERTS.

* See article in Sunday at Home, No. 29.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

LESSONS FROM THE WAR.

WHAT weary work is this in the present fearful war! Day by day we have been hearing of men half-starved, because it has not been done effectively; of multitudes perishing for absolute want of the commonest necessaries of life and health; and of the destruction of weary weakened men, whose strength, when applied to the hard work of "bringing up supplies," falls short.

Through every department of an army, the shortness of supplies soon makes itself felt; the troops are unclad and unfed, the sick have neither the medicine nor the comforts which their cases require, and there is not sufficient ammunition for effectually carrying on the war. Let an army be what it may, if the supplies come short, it will soon dwindle down into a miserable remnant of its former greatness, and disease and want will make more gaps in its ranks than the cannon-shot or the sword-blade of its foe.

The dreadful sufferings of our soldiers during the present war have arisen, as we all know, not so much from the actual want of the supplies themselves, as of the means of bringing them up to the camp. Abundance was close at hand, a very few miles intervened between the food and the hungry mouths eager to devour it, but the want of a few miles of road, and of a few stout horses and carts, made it as though it had not been there at all; it is often easier to gather the supplies than to get them up to the point where they are most required.

Let us read and learn, for here we may find profitable teaching for our souls. Getting up the supplies is one of the greatest difficulties in the spiritual war; it is one of the points which is nevertheless very often only too little attended to, and the consequence is, wretchedness, and at times even defeat for the soul.

The true Christian well knows that he is at war; none can deceive him, saying, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace;" he may have peace with God, but he feels that he is at war with the world, the flesh, and the devil. And it is well for him to remember this; it is very animating to take up such a position for God; it stirs up our energy and courage, to think that we are soldiers in the very highest sense of the word—soldiers in the very presence of the Lord, and under no less a banner than his.

And if we really feel this, I am sure that we feel also how trying is this conflict; it is carried on at a great expenditure of strength and amid many hardships, and such as are engaged in it need continual supplies. The soldier carries with him rations which can last only a few days, and the Christian does but the same. There is, so to speak, a continual waste going on, and unless that be supplied he must fall.

It is to this hint that the attention of the reader is now particularly desired. To speak of the Christian warfare generally would take a volume; upon this branch of it we may say much that will prove useful in a few words.

Be assured, first of all, dear reader, that you must, if you are to fight with success, have continual supplies. Many a child of God, when he first enters upon the conflict, thinks that he can endure even unto the end, in the strength and power of the grace which he then feels in him; but he needs a fresh supply every day. There is such a thing as daily grace as well as daily bread, and without it he will soon find his soul famishing and growing weak. God has, no doubt, his own wise purposes in ordering that it should be so; one good we can plainly see—it keeps us dependent upon him.

The supplies then are needed; and what are they? We know what our brave troops require, and precisely the same, only spiritually instead of temporally, do we need. We cannot keep the field without food, and warmth, and medicine, and covering, and ammunition: all these are essential to our success, if not to our very life.

For all these supplies every Christian has a right to look; as the soldiers in a camp cannot be expected to do duty in the trenches and in the field, and also provide themselves with these various requisites, so the soldier of God may look to have all these things provided for him, as in very deed they are.

You, dear reader, must have *food;* unless your soul be nourished daily you must die. And what food does the *world* provide? None. What it can produce will no more sustain your soul than the herbage, or the snow, or mud, will the bodies of our army in the field: it is not enough that you were fed yesterday, you must also be fed to day; and God has provided abundant nourishment for your soul, even Jesus Christ, "the bread which came down from heaven." There is no lack of food for the soldiers of the Lord; God's provision is at all

times abundant, whatever may be our fault in not finding it, as it were, within reach.

So also is it with the means of warmth or heat: it is in a cold world we fight, and against chilling influences; and oftentimes so feeble is our spiritual circulation, that we can scarcely keep heat in ourselves at all; in vain do we resort to one expedient and then to another, the cold proves too strong for us in ourselves: unless we have the means of warmth we must die. One of the greatest of the privations of our troops at the present time is the want of the means of warmth. How much they make of a handful of charcoal, although its use is so fraught with danger! how diligently they grub for the roots of shrubs, and seek for a few twigs to make a miserable fire! They have been without supplies up at their camp, and many of them have perished from cold. Warmth is necessary for the Christian, and the means of that warmth are abundantly supplied by God. The realization of his love can thaw the soul, and make it feel a genial heat in every part; and he has taken care to provide love in abundance, a store of it which has neither measure nor end. Many a half frozen creature has come close to this, and looked at it, and spread out his soul before it, as we see a man spread out his hands before the fire, and although all in the immediate neighbourhood was dark and cold, still in his soul there was both light and heat. There is no lack of this supply: often are we straitened in ourselves, but not in God. His store is inexhaustible; and whenever we enlist a soldier for the cross, we may assure him that however hard may be his campaign, he shall not suffer a single hardship from any want of forethought as regards his provision by God.

Medicine is another great requisite for an army in the field. Many a gallant soldier has perished, because the remedies required for his peculiar case were not at hand. Medical attendance is not good for much, unless medical stores have also been sufficiently supplied. And we know of whom it is said, "He giveth medicine to heal their sickness;" whether the soldiers of the Lord be wounded, or have contracted some dangerous disease, he has taken care to supply exactly what they need. Medicine is often as necessary as food, and many a valuable life has been preserved in God's army by the medicine he produced at the very moment when it was required the most. Very slow, no doubt, are many to avail themselves of God's remedies, but when they are brought so low as to feel that the question lies between the taking the remedy or the losing life, they feel the value of his provident care. Spiritual disease is as dangerous as a spiritual foe; God has supplied medicine to cure the one, and arms with which to contend against the other. Nor let us forget ammunition. What is an army without ammunition? It may have great physical strength, great courage, and power of endurance, but unless it can either keep out of shot, or else return shot for shot, it cannot long exist. With long-range guns, the enemy can destroy the finest army that ever stood in battle array; and surely God never intended his soldiers to go forth upon their spiritual campaign without having all that was necessary, not merely for standing their ground, but also for assault. For every temptation which the wicked one shoots, there is a sure word of Scripture by which he may be met—a promise, or a command, or perhaps a threat against himself which wounds him, and drives both him and his from the position which he would defend. God's people know well that they are supplied with all that in this respect they need.

And now, what about getting up all these supplies? The wretchedness of our army has been brought about by the want of a little road, a clear communication between the stores and the troops, a few miles clear of mud. Had we possessed but this little road, and some means of conveyance, misery which cannot be told might have been avoided, and success the most decided might have been gained.

"Bringing up the supplies;" yes, this is of the utmost importance; they are no good unless they can be brought up. And of what use to you, dear reader, are the abundant supplies which exist in God and Christ and the Holy Spirit, unless you on your part bring them up? If they are (so to speak) in one place, and you in another, they can do but little good. And much indeed is it to be regretted that any who call themselves Christians should have no regular road to their supplies, no means of regular access to them, and, if we might so speak, of conveyance from them. The supplies are brought up on the road of faith, and through the instrumentality of prayer; but, alas! the road of faith is often badly kept. So far from being clear, it is encumbered with the world's mud, the foot sticks heavily in it every weary step it goes, and it takes a long time to reach the storehouse of all good, and with a blessing to return again.

The badness of the road has proved a serious impediment to bringing up supplies to our poor troops; no heavy weights could be carried on it; it required as much strength to get over the miry ground as to carry the heavy weight. Alas! how like is this to many a man's road of faith. The world with its mud catches his foot, and holds it down; every step in going to God is taken with difficulty and distress; he is foot-sore, and weary, and ready to drop down and die upon his way. It is a bad thing to go forth in conflict for God without keeping the road clear

between him and us: to be entirely severed from him is to perish, for we are in an enemy's land, and we can have nothing but what we draw from God: to be partially severed is to suffer distress and loss. How, reader, is your road? In what state is it now? Does it afford you easy access to the One who can supply all your need; are you able to run upon it and not be weary; or do you faint, and stumble, or stick fast at almost every step? Does it take you long to get to God? Is the way open between you and him? Remember that the devil is always on the watch to stop up or to cut off the road; and that, should he succeed, it must be to the great peril of your soul.

And how are your supplies to be brought up—what is to travel along this road? What indeed, but prayer? We read now of poor weak men struggling along under a half-load, and of some who faint under their burden on the way; but, in getting up your supplies, "be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might;" let the communication through prayer between you and your store of blessing be frequent; let faith and prayer work well together. A good road, and a good conveyance to journey on it: then, though the siege be arduous, or the campaign be long, you will hold out even to the end; able to endure, because you have been both strong and careful in bringing up the supplies.

"WATCHING FOR THE MORNING."

MISSIONS IN NEW ZEALAND AND EAST AFRICA.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Here is the base of that diffusive charity which is the life of missions to the heathen. The command would have sufficed to point the path of duty, irrespective of results. But we have also that blessed promise which invests us with the highest privilege, as "fellow-workers with God." "Lo, I am with you alway, unto the end of the world." And it is worth noting, that the promise is confirmed by an "amen."

How instructive the experience of those who have gone out in obedience to the command! The evidence of the Saviour's promised presence has often been long withheld; the messenger has "waited for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning." And yet the presence has been surely there, if only to give the needful "patience of hope." At last, also, though perhaps tardily to our poor apprehension, the morning has come, and joy with it, however weeping may have been the portion of the night. Take an instance.

The first missionaries reached New Zealand in 1814. For many years they lived, securely indeed, but ridiculed and sorely tried, in the midst of savage cannibals. They sowed the seed, but it seemed to be trodden under-foot. Unlike the labourer in natural husbandry, who is quickly cheered by the up-springing of the blade, these spiritual husbandmen saw only the seed's decay. It "died, and gave no sign." So at least it seemed. But the bread was "found after many days"—*bread* indeed, almost without any appearance of the intermediate corn. The missionary Henry Williams was compelled to write in March, 1825: "The natives are as dead and insensible to the necessity of redemption as the very brutes. On Sunday we asked a chief why the people did not attend, as they knew we were coming. He replied, they did not care about such things: all they thought of was eating and drinking and fighting. He had told them, but they would not come: if we had come to talk about anything else, or to trade, we should have had numbers. Speaking on the work of redemption, they said they could not understand it; and immediately retired into their dark abodes, utterly regardless of what was said. The dominion of Satan was never more visible to me, and that this great work can be accomplished only by the divine power."

That power was about to be put forth. As just before the dawn of the natural morning the gloom is deepest, so in New Zealand the spiritual darkness just described heralded the first streak of heavenly light. Six months later, on the 10th of September, Mr. Williams wrote:—

"The natives are now urgent for our visits on the sabbath, and profess to abstain from work on that day. We trust, too, that a breach has been accomplished in the stronghold of the great enemy of souls, by the arm of the Lord of Hosts. *One foundation stone is removed*, and more are loosened around. There are many circumstances which combine to strengthen our hopes that the glorious rising of the Sun of righteousness will soon be seen in this land."

And now as to the "*foundation stone*" that had been "removed." For a year and a half the missionaries had visited on Sundays an old chief named Rangi. The old man used to hoist a red cloth flag as a signal to his people that "the sacred day" had come round. In July, 1825, he became ill. "What are your thoughts of death?" he was asked. "My thoughts are continually in heaven. In the morning, in the daytime, and at night, they are continually there. My belief is in the great God and in Jesus Christ."

The missionary asked if he were never tempted to doubt. He confessed that he was so tempted. The issue, however, could not be doubtful, for he added: "I pray several times in

the day. I ask God to give me his Spirit in my heart, to dwell there." In August baptism was hinted to him. "Attend now to what I am going to say to you. The people who believe in Jesus Christ are called after him, Christians; but those who do not believe are called heathen. Those who believe, take Jesus Christ's name as a sign that their hearts are washed in his blood." The old chief appeared much pleased, and wished to be called after Jesus Christ.

On the 14th of September it was reported to the missionaries that poor Rangi was dead. On immediately proceeding to his hut, however, he was found to be still alive, though it was clear he could not live long. In a faint voice he took part in the following precious and touching dialogue.

"Well, friend, how do you find yourself?"

"I shall soon be dead."

"What are your thoughts of heaven?"

"Oh, my heart is very, very full of light."

"What makes your heart so very full of light?"

"Because of my belief in Jehovah and Jesus Christ."

"And are you still firm in your belief in Jesus Christ?"

"Have I not told you, over and over again, that my belief is stedfast?"

"Have you no fear of death before you?"

"No, none—not in the least."

"We are happy to find that. All real believers rejoice in the prospect of death, knowing that their pains are all then ended."

"Aye! I shall go and sit above the sky with Jesus Christ."

"Have you forgotten what was told you, some time since, respecting the name which is given to all those who believe in Jesus Christ?"

"I have forgotten the name, but I have not forgotten the circumstance. It is fast in my heart."

"How should you like to be called by that name?"

"I should like it very much indeed."

The four missionaries who were present now consulted whether Rangi was not a fit subject for baptism. "We had observed him," they say, "for many months, and had watched his behaviour and character. Each gave it as his opinion that more satisfactory evidence could not be expected in the early state of things here. His stedfastness on the verge of the grave, and his firm resistance of all the native superstitions peculiar to his present situation, satisfied us that he ought to be baptized." We think our readers will be abundantly satisfied too. One cannot blame the missionaries for very great anxiety that the first New Zealand convert might be a genuine one; but there is a possibility of erring in this matter on the side of too much caution. Intelligent profession must satisfy us. We need to be careful lest we seem to usurp the functions of him who alone is the Searcher of hearts.

And so Rangi was admitted into the visible church by the name of "Christian," which he repeated several times with energy. The next night he died.

"Watching for the morning" from 1814 to 1825! What is New Zealand now? On the 26th of May, 1854, Sir George Grey, the late governor, said: "Out of the native population, estimated by himself at nearly one hundred thousand, there were not more than one thousand who did not make a profession of Christianity." The dawn has increased almost "unto the perfect day." To the Light of Life be all the praise!

Turn we now to the eastern coast of Africa. The Church Missionary Society has a station there—the fruit of much travail, and therefore, perhaps, an object of the more affectionate solicitude. In November, 1837, the Rev. John L. Krapf joined the society's mission in Abyssinia. One of his last adventures there was his imprisonment by a treacherous Galla chief: his life, however, which there is reason to think was in no little danger, was mercifully preserved.

But the Abyssinian mission drew towards a premature close. In September, 1842, there was a meeting at Alexandria of the three missionaries, Krapf, Isenberg, and Muhleisen, who now proposed—Krapf having just married—to re-enter Abyssinia after a term of absence. They were eventually unable to do so, the king of Shoa refusing his permission.

The first germ of the East Africa mission now appears. Krapf went to Aden, on his way to Zanzibar, in the hope of reaching the Gallas from thence. Arriving at Aden, in April 1843, he found that he could not leave for Zanzibar until October. The interval was spent in a missionary journey to Massowah. On their way, they had a foretaste of the afflictions that awaited them. They had pitched their tent at a place called Mashen, having for their companions only the noisy Shoho people. Here Mrs. Krapf was confined, the child living only an hour—"wherefore," says Krapf, "we called its name Eneba, the Amharic for 'Tear.' It shall remind us of our whole tearful course of life since we left Egypt. With heartfelt pain we buried the child in the evening, under a tree in the vicinity of our tent." Three days afterwards they left the place. "It will always be," Krapf adds, "an Ebenezer to us. Truly the Lord is a faithful God, who will never leave nor forsake us if we trust in him." Other trust than this would indeed have been but a sorry support.

Returning to Aden, Dr. Krapf and his wife sailed for Zanzibar, in November, on board an Arab vessel. Three days afterwards a storm came on, and the craft sprang a leak. Her head was turned towards Aden, but there seemed little hope of reaching it. "The serious idea," Krapf writes, "that we should find a watery grave gained much ground in our minds. My dear wife and myself repaired to our cabin, recommending our bodies and souls, our dear friends at home, the whole mission cause, and especially our Galla mission, to the gracious protection of the Lord." Nearing the harbour, a bark came within hail; and partly by promises, partly by threats, Dr. Krapf prevailed on them to take himself and wife, with their baggage, on board. "They would by no means receive the captain's baggage, nor any one of his crew. . . . Soon after we had left our leaky vessel she overturned, the mast lying in the water, and the whole bark floating on the sea like a piece of wood."

Nothing daunted, however, the missionary and his wife re-embarked, in even a smaller native vessel, within a fortnight. "My sole object," Krapf wrote, "was to *depart*. The rest was to be settled in secret prayer between me and my gracious God, who alone could effect our safety." Zanzibar was reached Jan. 7, 1844. Thence the devoted pair proceeded to the island of Mombas, arriving in May.

And now came another "fiery trial." On the 6th of July Mrs. Krapf was confined, and a week afterwards, while her husband was chained by fever to his bed, it pleased God to call her to himself. "She begged me," Dr. Krapf wrote, "to give her friends a true account of her last moments, and not to describe her in a light incompatible with strict truth. She charged me especially to tell all her friends that they should be true and sincere in their Christian profession, as there was so much untruth in one's mind, which the scrutiny of dying moments would bring to light. As to herself, I should tell her friends that the Saviour had looked mercifully upon her, and that she departed as a poor and miserable sinner." On the 14th she was buried, "on the mainland, by her own express wish, as she desired to remind the pagan Wanika, who frequently pass the road by her tomb, of the object which had brought her and myself to this country." That same night the child died, and on the 15th was laid with the mother. "The Lord gave them to me for a time," Dr. Krapf wrote, "and he has taken them again. His name be glorified for ever and ever! I would not wish that he had otherwise dealt with me and my departed family, for his stroke is a blessing, and his chastisement is glory throughout."

In missionary excursions, illness, translations, &c., Dr. Krapf's time was passed till June, 1846, when a brother-labourer joined him—Mr. Rebmann. Up to this time Dr. Krapf had resided at Mombas, but now a settlement was effected on the main—at New Rabbai, a village "set on a hill" some miles inland from Mombas. On the 25th of August they went to take possession, of which Dr. Krapf relates: "The cold stage of fever had already commenced when we started, and I was shivering in a high degree. But I said in my heart, the mission *must* be commenced: should life or death result to me, I can now have no regard to sickness whatever. . . . With great difficulty, and suffering violent pain, I ascended the steep mount on which New Rabbai is situated. I think that scarcely any other mission can have been commenced in greater weakness. The Lord pleased to try us, whether we would love our own comforts and lives more than his cause and glory. No natural eye can see or understand this plan. Everybody would have thought us to be mad; but we know that no truly Divine work has ever been, nor ever will be, accomplished, unless the human agency through which it is carried out has passed through many and great tribulations."

The people among whom the missionaries thus settled were the Wanika—"a lying, talking, drinking, superstitious, selfish, and totally earthly-minded people." On the other hand, Dr. Krapf describes them as being men of peace, attentive to their sick, and honest.

In building a cottage and in other matters much vexation had to be endured, on which Dr. Krapf remarked: "Without a cross, the missionary is sure to become a fine gentleman, losing his unction from on high, and seeking for external comforts. Let there rather be a rain of sickness, starvation, prisons, and all sorts of sufferings, than lose my spiritual life in the missionary career."

Important missionary journeys were made, in 1847 and 1848, into countries hitherto untrodden by European feet. And now we come to that which amply repaid all the labour and trials we have above described. On the 31st of May, 1848, an Mnika (pl. Wanika) cripple named Mringa had the gospel proclaimed to him by Dr. Krapf, as hundreds of others had had it proclaimed to them. A few days afterwards Dr. Krapf records that he was greatly cast down, the stubbornness of the Wanika spread a deep gloom over him. On the next day Mringa came, and the missionary rejoiced that there was "a soul which would at least listen to the truth." Gradually the heart of Mringa opened, and on the 2nd of December he gave a proof that he was in earnest by cutting from his neck a string of beads used for superstitious purposes. "We sat under the shadow of a tree," Dr. Krapf relates, "when this happened. How unsightly

are often the beginnings of the kingdom of God in a country! like a little tree rising out of its hidden roots. An Mnika cripple—no wise, no mighty, nor noble man of this world—performs an act worthy of the gaze of angels; for he thus declared to serve the living God, and no more the idols of his countrymen. . . . On my way home I thought within myself, it is worth trouble to seek for lost souls, and wait for them till the Lord's hour is come to enlighten them with his marvellous light."

In June, 1849, two other labourers joined the mission, but one was carried off by fever in a few weeks. Other journeys also were undertaken, and in April, 1850, Dr. Krapf left the station on a visit to Europe; Mringa remaining "in a satisfactory frame of mind." Mr. Rebmann now attended to the poor fellow's instruction. A cancer from which he had long suffered was rapidly progressing, and it became clear he would not live long. "His behaviour, taken as a whole," Mr. Rebmann wrote, "and especially the mentioning of particular sins in his youth, the remembrance of which he said *ached* him; his decided refusal of the country medicines, as being almost invariably connected with sorcery; his willingness to make an open confession of his faith; and his readiness to die; convinced me that he was, though a weak, yet a real believer in Christ, and therefore entitled to baptism."

On the 24th of November, a little before sunset, a small company assembled in the open air, before Mringa's hut, and he was baptized. Johannesi, as he was called, had now "no wish but to go to Jesus." That wish was soon gratified, for in little more than a week he was called to be for ever with his newly confessed Lord.

Trials still awaited the mission. Dr. Krapf left England in January, 1851, accompanied by two missionaries, and at Trieste they were joined by three mechanics. At Aden one of the missionaries declined to proceed further. The others reached Mombas on the 3rd of April. On the 10th of May, the new missionary died, and a few months afterwards two of the mechanics were compelled by ill-health to return to Europe. Other missionary journeys, however, continued to be made, and in one of these Dr. Krapf was in imminent danger of his life. The privations he endured so affected his health that he was compelled to revisit home at the end of 1853. Meanwhile, in August of that year, one of the missionaries left New Rabbai for a station in the interior, the king of the place having invited him. He was compelled, however, to resign the post in the following November.

Ten years' labour, three deaths, other trials innumerable, and but one decided convert to Christ!

Such a state of things seems to the worldly mind but a poor result of so great an expenditure of time, labour, and money. Let us hear, however, what Dr. Krapf says on the subject. "Never mind the victims which may fall or suffer in this glorious combat. Only carry it forward till the east and west of Africa be united in the bonds of Christ!" It is in truth the period of watching for the morning; and the darkness that covers the land may be preceding a glorious effulgence of the Sun of righteousness. In attempting to bring the heathen in, we must throw time out of our calculations. There is no such thing with the Lord. What are ten years to him, with whom all the past and future are alike present? At any moment the "set time" for East Africa may come. For it requires no greater power to bring about the brightness of a spiritual noonday than has already been exerted in the turning of the one convert named above, Mringa, "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." Such as New Zealand is, and more, soon may East Africa be! Meanwhile let Christians be fervent in their supplications for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

SUNDAY TRADING IN LONDON.*

THE following extracts, partly from evidence before Parliament, furnishes affecting proofs of the extent to which this evil, although now abated in some particular districts, still prevails in the metropolis. It will be observed that a large portion of the traffic is not in articles of a perishable nature, and that it is carried on under circumstances totally at variance with the decent and orderly demeanour that might have been expected to characterize it, if a case for its existence *could* be made out at all. It is impossible, in a limited space, to give an adequate idea of the annoyance and obstruction occasioned by it in the streets where it prevails; to obtain this the reader is referred to the evidence itself.

ST. PANCRAS.

The Rev. T. Dale, Vicar of St. Pancras, states, in an unpublished letter, December 13, 1853: "On one Sunday (in 1847 or 1848) there were 1550 shops counted open in St. Pancras. In Somers Town, *i. e.*, Brill-row, Skinner-street, Chapel-street, Brewer-street, Brill-place, and Church-way, there were, out of 294 shops—

32 entirely closed,
152 entirely open,
105 with stalls before them.

A conjuror was performing in Brill-street at the time people were going to church. Three at least out of every four would wish to close their shops if their neighbours would do the same."

WESTMINSTER.

Mr. S. Martin.—"In one district 700 shops are open."

"Sunday trading is carried on to a great extent in Westminster. I have counted as many as 1165 shops open on a Sunday morning; and, strange as it may appear, there are no exceptions that I have met with where

* From a well-timed pamphlet, entitled, "The Extent and Needlessness of Sunday Trading in London."

the people would not rather *close* their shops on the Lord's day *if they could*."—*Jones's Few Words on the State of Westminster.*

HOUNDSDITCH.

Mr. L. Isaacs (a Jew). —"There are not less than 10,000 to 20,000 persons on each Sunday assembled in this neighbourhood; some bring their children, some come without, etc."—1850.

Mr. J. Hayman. — "I visited the Jews' marts in Houndsditch in 1847, pending the inquiry in the House of Commons, and I also visited them again yesterday. The first thing that attracted my attention was weighing-machines, for the purpose of weighing persons, similar to what are used at fairs, and also to give persons their exact height, all for the small charge of one halfpenny, very loudly noised forth; and also machines for trying persons' strength in the most accurate manner imaginable. I may state that I observed a large quantity of jewellery, snuff-boxes, candlesticks, and salt-cellars, a penny a pair, and tools, and clothes, and an immense variety of all kinds of miscellaneous articles, except articles of food or consumption—no articles of food or consumption. I went before morning church and after. I found after church many parties to be going away, but I should say there were at least 10,000 persons congregated at one time, viz., about one o'clock, and an immense traffic was going on at that time. The police said that they were perfectly powerless; that there were some half-dozen or more of them appointed to walk about, but that if robberies of any description were perpetrated, they found it impossible to do their duty; they cannot take a thief into custody in such an immense mob of persons, and they say that there is an immense deal of drunkenness and robbery going on there. In fact, I had myself a specimen of the abilities of some of the gentry that attend the market in the way of thieving, for I had my own pocket picked upon the occasion, although I was accompanied by a policeman. I am alluding to the first time that I went there. Yesterday I took the precaution to leave my pocket handkerchief in a safer place, and therefore I escaped. The Jews would be benefited by the closing of those marts on Sunday. The sellers are not exclusively Jews; there are an immense quantity of persons called Christians: I should say that at least five out of six of the sellers are Christians, and not Jews; consequently, if Sunday trading were abolished, those Christians would follow their proper avocations on ordinary days of the week, the Jews would not have their trade taken away, nor be inundated in the manner that they now are by the Christian community; and therefore the legitimate business of the Jews would return to them."—1850.

WHITECROSS STREET.

Mr. J. A. Smith.—"The butchers' shops are all wide open, the grocers' shops are open, the shutters are down, the drapers' shops are open; in fact, I think, speaking deliberately, that seven shops out of every ten, down both sides of the street (which is half a mile in length), are open from seven o'clock on Sunday morning till one o'clock, and many during the whole day. The street resembles during the Sunday a crowded fair."—1850.

Mr. A. Fraser. — "We all keep open, with very few exceptions; I counted 131 shops. I presume there are only 160 in the whole street, and 131 were open at eleven o'clock on Sunday."—1850.

BETHNAL GREEN.

Mr. J. Skinner,—"We went round and took an account of the numbers of shops open on Sunday in Bethnal-green; we only took about one-fourth of the parish; we found nearly 1000 shops open on Sunday. There is one man in Church-street, Shoreditch, a large clothier, who has got dollies and clothes out on Sunday morning, occupying half the pavement; he has got six or seven shopmen, and he opens till about eleven or twelve o'clock. I am satisfied that the shopkeepers of Bethnal-green would rejoice at the enactment of a law forbidding Sunday trading. A great part of Bethnal-green is more like a fair than anything else."—1850.

A Bethnal-green curate says, in a letter to the editor of the 'Times,' Jan. 1853: "There is more trading transacted in Bethnal-green on Sunday than on any other day in the week, and the scenes witnessed on the evening of that day present the spectacle of Pandæmonium. I could not have believed that such a state of things existed in this country, and this metropolis. I have heard my friends from the other end of town declare, after they had witnessed the traffic here carried on during Sunday, that they, although they had lived in London all their lives, never conceived it possible that such scenes could have been witnessed."

CLERKENWELL.

Mr. W. P. Griffith, Surveyor to the Commissioners for Paving St. John's, Clerkenwell, says, in a private letter:—"Understanding that you are endeavouring to bring the subject publicly forward in a practical shape, with a view to its abatement, I trust you will not omit to allude to the pernicious extent of the evil of Sunday trading in the populous district of Clerkenwell. On January 26, 1851, a clergyman with whom I am acquainted was invited to preach in the parish church on behalf of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, and I was compelled to conduct him through Red Lion-street (a circuitous way) instead of by Aylesbury-street, in consequence of the foot pavement in the latter street being occupied by buyers and sellers. An energetic attempt was made by the parish authorities to stop the evil some years since, but the remedy was as bad as the disease. The Sunday traders moved into the adjacent parishes (where they were unmolested) to the injury of the neighbourhood; and it was ascertained, that unless an Act of Parliament was passed requiring, under a heavy penalty, the shops to be closed, all attempts were useless. Since that period to the present day the evil has increased, which not only interferes with orderly persons going to church, but demoralizes the neighbourhood, and is perversive of order and encouraging to no one."

IN VARIOUS PARTS OF LONDON.

Harry Chester, Esq.—"Persons who have not seen it can have no idea of the crowd that now exists in some parts of London on Sunday. I never saw such a scene as I saw on Sunday week (from half-past nine to half-past twelve) in Houndsditch, and in Lambeth, and in Westminster. There are complete fairs held there, viz., in Lambeth, in the New-cut, and in Lambeth-walk; and in Westminster, at the Broadway, at the bottom of Tothill-street; and in Houndsditch. We went also to St. Giles's, Spitalfields, Bethnal-green, and Hoxton."—1850.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

60. What should be the constant aim of the Christian in all that he does, even in the most common actions?

61. How many years was Israel governed by judges?

62. What does the Bible say of evil company?

63. Of whom was it said that he was mighty in the Scriptures?

64. What sacrifices is the Christian called to offer?

65. In whose time was the great Jewish reformation?

66. What discovery led to it?

67. Why was Joab promoted to be captain over David's army?

68. What was the first thing God created?

69. What resemblance to this can you point out in the new creation of the soul?

RUSSIAN RITES AND ENGLISH PRAYERS.

PEAL your loud notes, ye mighty bells,
From all your crowning towers,
As wide and far your music swells,
To summon Russia's powers.
Ho! crowding myrmidons, come all,
And throng each temple-gate;
Low prostrate at each altar fall,
And there adoring wait.
There wait, till priest and patriarch
Conclude the holy rite,
And o'er each head the mystic mark,
With outstretched hand, indite.
This night, through proud Sebastopol,
Beleaguer'd though it be,
From central height to outmost wall,
Reign high festivity!
And Russia's thronging thousands go
To every temple-gate,
And there, on bended knee and low,
The benediction wait.
"Ho! to the field," their captains cry;
But first the wine-casks flow,
And flashes wild each madden'd eye,
With hatred of the foe.
Tremble Britannia, tremble Gaul!
On Russia to the fray!
Thus sent, thus blest, thou canst not fall,
On this auspicious day.
Thy saints unnumber'd o'er thee bend,
THE VIRGIN leads them on;
Did not thy Czar her banner send?
Before thee it is gone!
The mystic cross is on each brow,
On, Russia, to the field;
Nought may withstand thine onset now,
Frank, Moslem, Briton, yield!

* * * *

A lowly English cottager
Knelt by her lonely bed;
It was a widow'd spot to her,
Though wept she not the dead.
Beside her knelt a tender child,
Asleep another lay;
Unconsciously the baby smiled;
The boy said, "Mother, pray!"
The mother prayed, though scalding tears
Ran down her pallid cheek;
She prayed to Him who ever hears,
Though lips refuse to speak.
She prayed for him who from her side,
To regions bleak and far,
Had gone to stem the crimson tide
Of carnage and wild war.
Short was that prayer; to Him it sped,
Who sees the sparrow fall,
To shield from death that loved one's head,
To stay the murderous ball.
"O, Saviour! from the carnage, home
The father, husband, send!
From blood, from sin, O bid him come;
Thou great almighty Friend."
"Amen, O God!" her boy replies;
"Now, mother, let us sleep.
Sweet mother, dry these weeping eyes;
God will my father keep."

* * * *

The morning dawned on Inkermann,
Through clammy mist and cold;
O'er vale and height the war-tide ran,
'Midst foemen stern and bold.
Like thunder 'gainst the mountain's side,
Muscovia's myriads broke;
And England's sons withstood the tide,
As stands her forest oak.
Back rolls that flood; again it heaves,
Then backward rolls again;
And with each surging movement leaves
Whole ranks of earth-trod men.
A cloud spreads o'er that countless host,
Blood-fringed, it reels, it flees;
Where now last midnight's ban and boast?
What scatter'd thousands these?

* * * *

The sun rose high on Inkermann,
It was a field of blood;
Yet stern and proudly in the van
Old England's heroes stood.
And Gallia chased the fleeing foe,
Her vengeful volleys sped,
While hill and valley, high and low,
Lay cumber'd with the dead.
Now, Russia, mark!—thy hope was lies,
Thy dead saints could not hear;
All vainly sped those anguish'd cries;
No arm to save was near!
And worse than vain each mystic rite;
Thy gods!—no gods they are;
See! crush'd in blood thy myriad-might
Where roll'd that tide of war!

* *

The red sun set on Inkermann,
And leaves a fearful sight;
Oh! ne'er again may Britons scan
So dread a field of fight!
And from that low and tented ground,
Where England's legions lie,
Ascends full many an anguish'd sound,
From those who bleed and die.
Yet ministering angels there
Swift ply their task of love;
Good hope, strong aid, unseen they bear
From Him who reigns above.
He hears, amidst the battle's height,
Prayer's low yet earnest breath;
And rays of heaven's own purest light
Gild e'en that field of death.

* * * *

Night closes o'er that sanguin'd scene;
And, from a darksome tent,
The dying and the slain between
The voice of praise is sent.
A lonely man, who, through that day
Of blood and woe and death
Had fought unscath'd, now kneels to pray,
And praise for life and breath.
And, in that hour, he thought of her—
He thought—and thankful smiled;
The lonely English cottager,
The praying wife and child!
"God heard those prayers," he thought again,
And prayed, and praised, and wept;
Then, 'midst the host of weary men,
That English soldier slept.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

A NEW PAGE IN MY HISTORY.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

PART IV.

For some time there was but little alteration in the habits of my owner. His days were, as I believe, occupied in the business of life; and, in this particular, I have no inclination to find fault. Indeed, he might have learned from me how honourable and praiseworthy it is to be "diligent in business;" and I could have given him numerous exhortations to industry and perseverance; though, at the same time, I should have informed him that a man may rise early and sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness, and toil on, from day to day, and all in vain, without that blessing which maketh rich, and adds no sorrow to success. I could also have asked him one or two questions, such as, "What shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" or, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" which might have startled him. But, as I have said, my owner gave me no opportunity of doing this.

On the contrary, I soon found that his leisure hours were more than ever given to the lightest of all light and frivolous book-case company. From time to time, one after another, in quick

No. 47.—Published March 22, 1855. Price One Penny.

succession, was added to our number, till I felt myself inconveniently crowded; and at length, to make room for more favoured companions, my owner, with the utmost deliberation, removed me from the prominent and somewhat honourable position I had hitherto occupied, and placed me on an upper shelf in our habitation.

In point of society I was none the worse off for this change, certainly; for the more recent introductions to which I had been compelled to submit were very bold and brazen in their opposition to me; so that there was a great want of reverence and propriety in my owner, in suffering a contact between such works and myself. Nevertheless, though more at ease in my new position, I could but feel it an additional slight to be thus thrown, as I may say, into the background; and I augured unfavourably for my supremely important concerns with my owner, that he decided to put me where I should no longer stare him so constantly in the face. How different, alas! was this treatment from that which I had received in my earlier days, from my first possessor.

The influence which these new favourites of my owner had upon him was not long in showing itself. He had not been many months in the large city, now his home, before his general conduct had undergone great deterioration; his very appearance and countenance were altered for the worse. He became irregular in the time of his return to his lonely lodgings, and often, very often, it was easy to see that he had been—to use the words of one with whose mottled and clouded history I am well acquainted, and who knew, by experience, the misery of the course he describes—that he had been, I say, "looking upon the wine when it was red, when it had given its colour to the cup, and had moved itself aright;" little heeding that "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

This, truly, was the experience of my owner. It was mournful to see, morning after morning, succeeding each night's dissipation, his haggard, unrested countenance, and his unsteady hands, and to know that he was racked with headaches, and sickened with the after-taste of his excesses. It was mournful to hear his utterances of self-condemnation, when, after the lapse of a few hours, or at most a few days, he would, as I could plainly foresee, return to the same course, according to the true proverb, "as a dog to his vomit, or as a sow that is washed to her wallowing in the mire."

While my poor young owner was thus "walking in the ways of his heart and in the sight of his eyes," he was in other ways also "following a multitude to do evil," and was, indeed, as I would have warned him had he listened to me, "going in the broad road which leadeth to destruction." But before I relate what little more I have to tell of his history, I must turn to another and a brighter page in my own.

In the house in which I was so unnoticed and despised, dwelt a poor servant girl, a part of whose daily toil it was to sweep my owner's rooms, and in other ways to prepare them for his reception. It was also—as I came at last to discover—her nightly office to await his arrival; and many hours of painful watching sometimes fell to her lot, after being worn out with the labours of the day. She was, as I learned, a servant of all work, and truly her work was not light. Her countenance was pale and wan, her manners were subdued to an appearance of submission to her lot, which greatly belied the discontent of her soul. Her aspect was sad, her heart rebellious, and her person and attire were neglected and repulsive. Poor girl! she had much to endure, and not much to hope for, perhaps, in looking onward to her future probable course in life.

One day, when engaged in my owner's room, she happened to cast her eye to the shelf on which I lay, and my appearance attracted her notice. And indeed, though my coat had by this time become somewhat tarnished, and I was also—with sorrow and melancholy I say it—thickly covered with dust, from long neglect, there was an air of dignity about me which I have generally found has commanded a degree of outward respect.

"It is a good while since I saw the like of you," said the poor girl, as though she were addressing me—"never since I left that school in the country: I wish I were there again," she added; and she sighed very sadly as she went on with her work.

She took no more notice of me at that time; but a few days afterwards she again looked up at me; and, after looking around her in trepidation, and wiping her hands with her apron, she raised herself on a chair, and reached me from my shelf of banishment.

The poor maid opened me with care, and in her looks could be seen curiosity and fear of discovery plainly mingled. It was not right—none have so emphatically condemned the slightest approach to unfaithfulness in servants as I; and my strict charge to all persons, of all classes, and under all circumstances, has ever been to "avoid even the appearance of evil. Had this poor girl, therefore, been better acquainted with me, she would scarcely have ventured to seek an interview at that time. But as I was, for the time, passive in her hands, my truths could not but meet her eyes.

I found Hannah—for that was her name—

very ignorant concerning almost all that I had to say. Indeed, her acquaintance with any portion of my contents had been, evidently, extremely slight. She could scarcely understand the language in which I addressed her; and what with this difficulty, and her inability to make any direct and particular inquiry on any subject within the wide scope of my commission, together with her fear of discovery and consequent blame, but little progress was made towards a better acquaintance.

Nevertheless, it may be that a word or two which I spoke and she understood, inspired Hannah with a wish to know a little more of me; for her stolen interviews, after the first, were frequent, and I was enabled to make myself better understood by her. There were times when she seemed to feel deeply what I had to communicate. Once, especially, when I repeated to her the kind and loving words of ONE who "spake as never man spake,"—"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is easy and my burden is light,"—she sobbed aloud.

From that time, for many weeks, Hannah rarely passed her customary half hour in my owner's rooms without favouring me with an opportunity of saying a few words. I must say, on her behalf, that she did not altogether, nor perhaps at all, neglect any part of her daily duty while there; for she moved more briskly and got through her work more rapidly, in order that she might indulge herself with a few minutes' intercourse before she retired; and I could but notice that her countenance was much brightened since I first knew her. But still these stolen minutes of communication were improper; and, on one occasion, I had it in my power to hint as much to her. I was recounting the duties of the various classes of persons to whom I had messages to deliver, and among other things, I had something to say to servants. "Servants," I said, "obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with *eye-service* as men pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God. And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men, knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance, for ye serve the Lord Christ."

Hannah blushed deeply when this reproof reached her. No doubt, she felt convinced of many failures in her general conduct, and especially that she had been guilty of eye-service and deception as it regarded her intercourse with me. She hastily replaced me; and after that, though she cast many longing looks towards me, she did not venture to take me again from my place of repose.

But, as I afterwards learned, from a conversation which took place in my presence, the few instructions I had been able to give, though under such unfavourable circumstances, were like the good seed of which I tell, and which, being cast into good ground, brought forth good fruit. Hannah did not rest satisfied till she had procured the services of another member of my own family—the very counterpart of myself, indeed, except in mere externals; and the hours of watching and waiting till my owner's return, even until midnight, which had once been so painful and tedious, were lightened and made happy by this new acquaintance and bosom friend. A lasting beam of happiness thenceforth rested on her countenance; fresh diligence was infused into her constant hard labour; and her mind, though both dull and sorely undisciplined, was awakened to a sense of its own great value. Then I remembered what was said of me by one who well knew my worth, "The entrance of THY WORD giveth light, it giveth understanding unto the simple." Soon afterwards I lost sight of poor Hannah; but I feel persuaded that, whatever trials she had afterwards to endure, they were lightened by the strong and merciful One, on whom she had learned from me to "cast all her cares;" and that she blessed the day which had introduced me to her notice. Truly, my great Master's word had not returned unto him void.

And now, I must carry my story back again to my owner. I had been about two years in his possession, and no progress had been made in our better acquaintance—let me rather say in his better acquaintance with me. I knew full well that my owner was one of those whom I have described as first *walking* in the counsel of the ungodly; then *standing* in the way of sinners; till he had learned, at last, to *sit* in the seat of the scornful.

His evil habits had grown upon him, so that he had learned "to be in almost all evil." The result of this it was not difficult to foresee. He became embarrassed in his circumstances, as well as greatly impaired in his health; and, on one occasion, when much pressed for the means of discharging a debt which he ought never to have contracted, he conveyed me, with the greater part of my companions, to a dealer in such commodities as ourselves, who paid an insignificant price for us; and my poor unhappy owner departing, I saw him no more.

WHEN thou prayest, rather let thy heart be without words than thy words without heart.—*Bunyan.*

IT is hard for people who have nothing to do to forbear doing something which they ought not to do.—*Lord Clarendon* (when Sir Edward Hyde.)

A CHRISTIAN LADY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

PART III.

FYFIELD rectory had its joyous feast days. One of these was the anniversary of the marriage of its master and mistress. All the year round did this happy couple render thanks to God for having singled them out for each other; but when the 23rd of July approached, special preparations were made to celebrate the event. The day breaks in all the glorious beauty of a summer's morn, and finds the pious pair on bended knee offering thanks and praise for that arrangement of God's providence which has made their lot one. The incidents which led thereto are afterwards talked over, and the Lord's hand devoutly traced in all. And then, with hearts elevated by feelings of hallowed joy, they part, till the arrival of their guests re-assembles the family. For this is a high day at the rectory. The modest comfort of their usual living gives way on this occasion to "a generous and noble festival." Mrs. Walker is with her maids preparing the viands, for everything which required peculiar skill must pass through her own hands. Both the provision and guests are described by the happy husband. "I have had near thirty bucks," he writes, "from Lees on that occasion, so well was our day and custom known and approved of. And I have had many pleasant things said at my table, in our innocent mirth, of the fewness of those who could keep their wedding day with such cheerful and such serious thankfulness. The very last, three coroneted heads, and others of best quality, next to nobility, honoured us with their company, and numbered thirty-nine pies in one dish, made by the hands which received a wedding-ring so many years before, and seemed well pleased with the neatness and plenty of their entertainment; but especially with the grateful acknowledgments we made to God and to one another, that his mercies and our contentments had much exceeded the number of our years."

Thus the sun set on one happy day, to rise on another, and the second day of the feast we doubt not brought more joy to the kind heart of the rector's wife than the first. She had learned of her Lord to care for the poor, to love to relieve their temporal wants and add to their temporal comforts, as well as to think of their spiritual necessities. And in many a poor home in the parish the rector's wedding feast was looked forward to with more delight than by the guests who were to surround his table. It was Mrs. Walker's custom to make a much larger provision than was required, and this purposely that the poor might have the benefit of the abundant residue. The morning of the 24th saw one messenger after another drop in from the neighbouring cottages on this or that pretext. One girl comes with a glass to say her mother was not well and wanted some medicine. "I know her disease," merrily replies the lady, and forthwith the medicine is supplied in the shape of a large platter of provisions. Then portions are dispatched to those who had remained at home, the whole having been divided into as many heaps as she intended to feast families; "and I never saw her more pleasant upon any occasion," says her husband, "for she fed the poor with more delight than she ate her own meals."

Such was the great summer feast at Fyfield. The Christmas entertainment was conducted somewhat differently. Then all, rich and poor, were invited in various parties, and three days were devoted to their reception. The poor were told to bring their children with them; and when the parents modestly declined, Mrs. Walker would say, "Trouble not yourselves, I love to see this little fry, they are as welcome as yourselves, though you be very welcome." Ah! who may tell the value of such an exhibition of the religion of Christ. Think you not that when the words of truth fell from the pastor's lips on the Lord's day, or when his wife read the Scriptures to these poor people, and urged on them the claims of the Saviour, the scenes of the rectory, where so much love was joined with faith, must have recurred to their minds, and inclined their ears to listen?

These feastings were not the only attentions received by the parishioners of Fyfield from their pastor's wife. Her engagements in her own home seem to us enough to employ the energies of any woman. But they were far from forming the sum total of her labours. The joy of the rectory, she was also a blessing to the parish—a ready adviser in perplexity, a sympathising friend in all trouble. Her knowledge of medicine, (for which she found a teacher in a brother-in-law, who was a doctor,) acquired for the sake of the poor, was often called into exercise, and in all weathers, and at all hours—for she gave directions to be called even in the night when necessary—this good woman might be seen toiling over fields, or through miry roads, to attend to some afflicted one. Then, besides her medicine chest, there was her closet for blankets and clothing, well known to the poor around, and never resorted to by the really necessitous in vain.

To the dawdler, who, ever occupied, yet accomplishes little, the results of a well-ordered activity are always surprising. But to those who are no dawdlers, the amount of work done by this gentlewoman is marvellous—and instructive, in that it teaches how wide are the possi-

bilities for good included within the limits of a single life. In another point of view, already indicated in part, Mrs. Walker's life is highly instructive also: we refer to its symmetrical development. When any individual, especially a woman, excels in one department, we often hear suspicions expressed that deficiency is likely to exist as regards other things. Does she take an active interest in our religious or benevolent societies—is she a frequent visitor of the poor—or is she known as one who values intellectual culture for herself?—then is not the question now and again put, What kind of wife and mother does she make? pointing to an inference which we believe to be utterly unjust in most cases, though no doubt exceptional instances may be found of a charity which unhappily begins *from* home. Mrs. Walker's life stands out as a notable protest against such insinuations, and an illustrious example of completeness of character. Every virtue seems there, and each in its own place. In whatever aspect we view her, we find excellence of the highest order.

As a Christian, how careful to maintain the health of the soul! Not only was a considerable portion of each day consecrated to prayer and devotional reading, but one day of every week was set apart for fasting and prayer. And with her usual kindness and consideration for others she took care to make this habit advantageous to her servants. "Remembering," we are told, "who had blamed exacting all their labours on a fasting day, (Isa. lviii. 3,) she gave her maids that day to work for themselves, to read, or to spend more time in prayer, if they had hearts to do it." She redeemed time to note down, with devout reflections, the incidents and experiences of her life, that the record might furnish material for grateful thought afterwards. On Mondays she offered special prayer for the church at large, and the prosperity of the cause of Christ in the world. "She had a very public spirit and an enlarged heart, on which she always bore the concerns of Zion, and preferred Jerusalem above her chief joy." Let no afflicted Christian say, that after all this good woman's experience was one-sided, that with so much earthly happiness, she was spared the severer trials of faith. Not so; apart from the great affliction of her life, her liability to the buffetings of temptation, she drank largely of the cup of sorrow. The mother of eleven children, she survived them all. Again and again were the occupations of the parsonage suspended, again and again reigned there that awful silence which the presence of the angel of death brings with it, when the foot moves softly along and our words are spoken in whispers. And the mother, strong Christian as she is, has in deep agony of spirit sought her chamber to weep there. But not to weep only. Even in this bitter hour she can kiss the rod which smites. Very touching is her own record of these hours. "January 23, 1669," she writes, "was a day of mercy to me in the midst of my affliction, being Lord's day, my sweet Mary lying then dead with us in the house. The extremity of my affection forced me into the chamber where she then lay, a cold piece of clay. I there poured out my soul to God in prayer, and from thence returned into the chamber of my signal mercies which I have received from God who comforteth those who are cast down. Though he denied my vehement desires, and wrestlings with him in the time of her sickness, for her longer continuance with me in this world, the Lord abundantly made up and compensated my loss.

"I took my Bible, and my intention was to read in the New Testament, to allay my own grief with the dolorous sufferings of my Saviour, but my Bible fell open in my lap, and my eye presently fixed upon Habakkuk i. 12, which was powerfully set home upon my heart, with great comfort and refreshment, with full measure running over, streams of mercy and loving-kindness, yea, of tenderest mercies flowing into my soul; an eternal God in exchange for a transient comfort. The Lord tendered me himself, who is from everlasting, with his own proffer: 'The Lord my God, opposing his all-sufficient righteousness against all my unrighteousness:' 'My holy One, I should not die but live.' Lord, how hast thou silenced my inordinate passions and affections, in superabundantly exceeding all creature comforts and relations! I beseech thee enable me so to live here that I may ever live with thee, where I shall sin no more, and grief, sorrow, and sighing shall flee away.

"The same Lord's day, in the afternoon, my daughter Elizabeth, whom God gave me June 8, 1658, to our great satisfaction and comfort, suddenly broke out into a flood of tears, and most pathetical vehement desires after God and his grace; with confession and bewailing of her sins, with such sensible and suitable expressions, as showed it came from her very soul, which drew plenty of tears of love and admiration from us all.

"O my God, how shall I love thee, how shall I praise thee for this grace, which I trust was the work of thy blessed Spirit! Good Lord, confirm and establish the thoughts of the heart before thee for ever."

As a wife, who might surpass Mrs. Walker in tenderness and delicate attention? Yes, gentle one, who make a merit of attending to nobody but your husband, do you exceed Eliza-

beth Walker in your care of him? "Her love to her husband," he writes, "surpassed the love of most women, so that there was not a man on earth I had cause to envy as happier than myself in that respect. Next to the things of God, my company was the delight and satisfaction of her life; and when I went from home, she would importune my speediest return; and if she had any friend to visit, she would take the opportunity of my absence, that she might not be from me when at home. And if any family affairs gave more trouble and bustle, she would not fail to have them finished whilst I was abroad, that there might be no molestation or noise in my sight and hearing; and as she often told me, next to pleasing God, her greatest care was that I might never be displeased." And as she was the best of wives in health, he tells us, so in sickness she was "more than is credible to any but eye-witnesses."

Then as a mother, what a pattern! Again may we be permitted to say, Good mother, who can see no duty in life for you but what relates to your children, look here. Awfully responsible are the duties of a mother, and she who discharges them aright deserves well of society. But are not even the objects of her engrossing care injured when all other duties are set aside for them? They contemplate a one-sided character, incomplete, imperfect; and is it not sad and hurtful that the style of character with which they are most familiar, and which must affect them greatly, should be of this order? We confess we love not to see the wife altogether merged in the mother, or the mistress, or the friend either: to see the husband set aside or indifferently attended to, that nought may be wanting to the little ones; and the servants treated as if they had neither bodies to be tired nor souls to be thought of—everything forgotten in this one absorbing care. Thus did not Mrs. Walker. And yet she was a most tender, most attentive, most anxious mother. Failure here would have been indeed a capital blemish. But there was no failure. In the training of her children she displayed her usual good sense and piety, with a large measure of self-denying personal exertion. Their religious interests were her first and chief concern. Night and day she laboured and watched and prayed "that Christ might be formed in their souls the hope of glory." She composed a catechism for their use, and also a treatise on prayer. But while chiefly solicitous on this subject, she neglected nothing which might tend to their temporal advantage. The education of her daughters was conducted under her own eye, and very much by herself, and she spared no exertion to perfect them in all desirable womanly acquirements and accomplishments. There was nothing too small for her quick eye to notice, or her active mind to direct, even to the carriage of their bodies.

This excellent lady died on Lord's day, February 23rd, 1690, after a short illness. "She spake not much in her sickness," writes Dr. Walker, (the rector was a D.D.,) in his memoir of his wife—"hindered by the shortness of her breath, and the swelling of her face. What she did say was suitable to her holy life, and I believe God hid from her as well as us the near approach of her death, in mercy to us all. One of the last words she spake to me was, before my going to church, 'A short prayer, my dear, before thou goest.'"*

A SUNDAY AT NAZARETH.

On the road from Mount Carmel to Nazareth, one of our party had to dismount and lie on the ground, being weak after an attack of fever. He was aroused when half asleep by the noise of men running, and found they were pursuing a large snake, which at last they killed quite close to him. Perhaps it was to a snake crossing the traveller's path that Jacob alluded, when he said, "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse-heels, so that his rider shall fall backwards."

There was a village near the road where the people had all left their ordinary dwellings, and were living in huts made of green boughs, placed on the flat roofs of their houses. We were at once reminded of the feast of tabernacles by seeing these arbours used as habitations, as also of Paul's allusion to it in 2 Cor. v. 1: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

It was pitch dark when our caravan reached Nazareth, and set us down at the Casa Nuova attached to the Franciscan convent. The dreary appearance of a town without any lights is hardly to be understood from description; yet some of the large towns in the Papal states in Italy have not even an oil-lamp in the streets after nightfall; and, alas! there is a worse darkness there, even a spiritual darkness. The Psalmist tells how this may be made bright: "Thy word," he says, "is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

At Nazareth there are people who make horse-shoes, formed so as to cover all the hoof of the horse, leaving only a small hole in the middle.

* Those desirous of learning further particulars of this model Christian lady are referred to her biography, an edition of which is published by the Religious Tract Society.

The loud din of these blacksmiths hammering awakened us very early on Sunday morning; but in my dreams it sounded like a village bell, ringing to service on God's holy day. How sad it is to find the Lord's day neglected here, where Christ spent so many years of his life! It is to be confessed, with sorrow, that many English travellers set a very bad example in this matter. Let us recollect, that it is the example of Christ, and not of professing Christians, which we ought to follow. A benevolent monk, Joachim by name, came from his cell to see me. He appeared quite ignorant of the duties and privileges of the blessed day of rest, and knew more about the false and stupid legends told concerning Nazareth than of the history and doctrine of Jesus. In one house, he said, there was a stone table where our Lord used to sup with his apostles. In another, Joseph and Mary lived; and a broken pillar was pointed out as the place where Mary stood, when the angel spoke to her. Luke i. 28.

However, we left these uncertainties, and went out to the fields, where the Saviour is said to have walked when his disciples plucked the ears of corn. This happened "on the second sabbath after the first," and on that day, according to Lev. xxiii. 14, no one might eat "bread, or parched corn, or green ears." "The Lord of the sabbath showed, by referring to the case of David, that the *ceremonial* law must yield to necessity; and by alluding to the priest's occupation in the temple on the sabbath, he showed that in holy things manual labour on that day was permitted by the moral law. The silent sanction given by Christ on this occasion to the sanctification of one day in seven, is a convincing proof that he intended it to be observed, while by explaining the exception to a literal or rigorous interpretation of the law, he showed *how* he would have the Lord's day sanctified.

I gave Joachim a piece of gutta percha to use in dressing wounds, and wrote for him a long history of it in Latin, as he said it had never been seen in Palestine, and the monks in all the convents, even to Persia, would be anxious for information about it. He gave me some seeds of balsam, or balm, of the size of beans, and pulled out of the very wide sleeves of his brown capote a large collection of medicinal herbs. These, it seems, he gathered himself on the hills, and he took great pleasure in learning their Latin names.

The town of Nazareth is not mentioned in the Old Testament. The reputation of the inhabitants seems to have been always bad. Many of them were escaped thieves and prisoners from the heathen district of Acre, from Samaria, or from Philistia; all of these being very near. "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" asked Nathaniel. But after our Lord's death, when Peter invoked the power of his divine Master in the most solemn way, he said to the cripple, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk." It is Christ as a Saviour, once humble, rejected, and of no reputation, who has power to make us rise up and walk after him through life and death, and who can raise us up higher, even to his own right hand in glory.

A large herd of cattle passed by as we were speaking about these texts. There were more than twenty drivers, each furnished with a stick five or six feet long, and with an iron point or nail fastened to the smaller end. There is a very curious verse in the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes, which is somewhat dark in meaning, until a little knowledge of eastern customs enables us to understand completely the proverb it contains. In the 11th verse of that chapter it is said, "The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd." Now, there used to be a custom, and it still is observed to some extent, that the head-herdsman alone was allowed to fix the points into the ends of the goads. For this purpose he keeps some simple tools; "yet they had a file to sharpen the goads," (1 Sam. xiii. 21,) and he is careful to prevent any of the goads from having their points too long or too sharp, else they might injure the cattle; but he also sharpens those goads which have become blunt through use. The words of the wise are like these goads; they are not too sharp, and though they may have force to arouse, they should not have bitterness to wound. If the Lord be our shepherd, we shall ever deal tenderly with his sheep.

A woman also followed this herd. On her wrists were large metal rings, and others like them were also fastened upon her ankles. These "tinkling ornaments about their feet" are put on in childhood, and when the limbs increase in size, the rings remain fixed for life. On another occasion, I saw a woman at Constantinople, who had 1500 gold coins plaited into her hair; indeed all her fortune was hanging from her head. Many wore gold rings with glass beads on them, through the cartilages of the nose. We see an allusion to this in Isa. iii. 21; and the ring given to Rebekah (Gen. xxiv. 22) was probably of this sort. Rings for the fingers were often used; and I brought home a mummy's hand from Egypt, which still has a ring with a gem in it upon the third finger.

We soon came near to Keneh, which is the ancient Cana. There is but one fountain for this village, and there is, therefore, but little doubt that from thence was drawn the water which Jesus turned into wine. Some very poor-looking women were drawing water from this

VIEW OF NAZARETH.

well. One of them had a little child, sitting astride on her shoulder, and holding round his mother's neck.

From this road we could see Tabor, a round hill, about a thousand feet high, and generally considered to be the place where Christ was transfigured. The summit is covered with the ruins of convents and chapels. The vast plain of Esdraelon, or Jezreel, surrounds Mount Tabor. The soil has ten or twelve feet depth of the richest loam, and thistles sometimes grow here ten feet high; but still there are only a few scattered tents upon its ample surface.

We observed several scorpions in this valley, but found only one of a white colour. It is probable that more knowledge is required before we can fully understand how a scorpion could at all resemble an egg, so as to see the meaning of our Lord's words about a child and his earthly parent—"If he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?" Yet Bochart says that there are scorpions very like eggs, when they coil themselves up to avoid danger. The monk, Joachim, candidly confessed to me that he did not read his Bible at all, and therefore could not converse upon the subject. While we were vainly striving to overrule his objections to hear some verses read, a sudden but violent storm arose, and loud thunder echoed through the mountains. "The brow of the hill whereon their city was built" was every moment gleaming as the lightning flashed. The rain fell in torrents, and, in the course of an hour, a river flowed past the convent door, along what lately was a dry and quiet street. In the darkness of the night we heard loud shrieks for help. The flood carried away baskets, logs of wood, tables, and fruit stands. At length a general alarm was given. Two houses, built on the sand, were undermined by the water, and both fell together, while the people in them escaped with difficulty. It was impossible not to pity these poor houseless creatures, and, at the same time, to thank God that we were in a secure building. The power and meaning was thus made plain of these words spoken by our Lord: "Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock; and the rains descended and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock."

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PRAYER FOR RULERS.

We ought to pray for those who are in authority more frequently and earnestly than for other men, because they, more than other men, need our prayers. In other words, they need a more than ordinary share of that wisdom and grace which God alone can bestow, and which he seldom or never bestows except in answer to prayer. In addition, also, to the various personal duties of a moral and religious nature which are required of them as men, they have many official duties which are peculiar to themselves—duties which it is by no means easy to perform in a manner acceptable to God and approved of men. They are appointed, and they are required, to be ministers of God for good to those over whom they are placed. Since, then, legislators, rulers, and magistrates are, in a sense, the ministers and vicegerents of God for good, they are sacredly bound to imitate him whom they represent; to be such on earth as he is in heaven; to take care of his rights, and see that they are not trampled upon with impunity; to be a terror to evil-doers and a praise and encouragement to such as do well. They are also bound, by obligations which ought ever to be regarded as sacred and inviolable, to seek the welfare of those over whom they are placed; to prefer it on all occasions to their own private interests; to live for others rather than for themselves; and to consider themselves, their time, and their faculties, as the property of the state. As the influence of their example must be great, it is their indispensable duty to take care that this influence be ever exerted in favour of truth and goodness; and to remember that they are like a city set upon a hill, which cannot be hid. Now, consider a moment how exceedingly difficult it must be for a weak, short-sighted, imperfect creature like man, to perform these various duties in a proper manner, and how large a share of prudence, and wisdom, and firmness, and goodness, is necessary to enable him to do it. Surely, then, they who are called to perform such duties, in a peculiar manner need our prayers.

Those who are invested with authority need more than other men our prayers, because they are exposed more than other men to temptation and danger. While they have a more than ordinary share of duties to perform, they are urged by temptations more than ordinarily numerous and powerful to neglect their duty. They have, for instance, peculiarly strong temptations to neglect those personal private duties which God requires of them as men, as immortal and accountable creatures; and a performance of which is indispensably necessary to their salvation. They are exposed to the innumerable temptations and dangers which ever attend prosperity. The world presents itself to them in its most fascinating, alluring form; they are honoured, followed, and flattered; they enjoy peculiar means and opportunities for gratifying their passions; they seldom hear the voice of admonition or reproof; and they are frequently surrounded by persons who would consider every expression of religious feeling as an indication of weakness. How powerfully, then, must they be tempted to irreligion, to pride, to ambition, to every form of what the Scriptures call worldly-mindedness? How difficult must it be for them to acquire and maintain an habitual, operative recollection of their sinfulness, their frailty, their accountability to God, their dependence on his grace, and their need of a Saviour. How difficult, in the midst of such scenes and associates as usually surround them, to keep death in view; to be in a constant state of preparation for its approach; to practise the duties of watchfulness, self-denial, meditation and prayer; and to preserve, in lively exercise, those feelings and dispositions which God requires, and which become a candidate for eternity. How strongly, too, must they be tempted to make the performance of their official duties an excuse for neglecting those personal duties which God requires of all men, in whatever station or circumstances they may be placed. I will only add, with reference to this part of our subject, that the Scriptures intimate with sufficient clearness that those temptations are, in most instances, but too fatally successful. They inform us that not many mighty men, not many noble, are called. Our Saviour further declares, that it is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God; and it would be easy to show that the causes which render it difficult for a rich man, operate with equal force to make it difficult for men clothed with authority, to enter this kingdom. They are tempted to indolence and self-indulgence; tempted to prefer their own private interest to the public good; tempted to pay an undue regard to the selfish wishes and entreaties of their real or pretended friends; tempted to adopt such measures as will be most popular, rather than those which will be most beneficial to the community; tempted to forget the honour and

the rights of Jehovah, and to suffer them to be trampled on with impunity. It can scarcely be necessary to add, that persons who are exposed to temptations so numerous and powerful, peculiarly need our prayers.

This will appear still more evident if we consider, in the third place, that, should those who are clothed with authority yield to these temptations, and neglect either their personal or official duties, the consequences will, to them, be peculiarly dreadful. Their responsibility is greater than that of other men. They have greater opportunities of doing both good and evil than other men. If they do good, they will do much good. If the influence of their example, and their exertions, be thrown on the side of truth and goodness, no one can compute how great or how lasting may be the salutary effects which they will produce. On the contrary, if they do evil, they will do much evil. They will, like Jeroboam, make their people to sin. We are informed by an inspired writer, that one sinner destroyeth much good. This remark is true of every sinner; but it is most emphatically true of sinners who are placed in authority. One such sinner may destroy more good, and prove the cause of more evil, than a whole generation of sinners who are placed in a lower sphere. And even if they do not actually do evil, they may occasion great evil, and incur great guilt, by neglecting to do good. Says the voice of inspiration, "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." In another place we are taught that men partake in the guilt of all those sins which they might have prevented. Legislators, rulers, and magistrates, then, are answerable to God for all the possible good which they neglect to do; and they share in the guilt of all the sins which they might, but do not, prevent. So far as those who are invested with authority neglect to prevent, to the utmost of their power, open impiety, irreligion, disregard of the sabbath, and of Divine institutions, profanation of God's name, intemperance, and other similar evils, they share in the sinfulness and guilt of every sabbath-breaker, profane swearer, and drunkard, among those over whom they are placed.

How great, then, is the responsibility of all who are invested either with legislative, judicial, or executive authority! Shall we place them, as watchmen, upon a steep and slippery precipice, where it is exceedingly difficult to stand, and appallingly dangerous to fall; and neglect the only means which can render their standing secure? God forbid. It is unreasonable, it is ungenerous, it is cruel and unjust—cruel and unjust not only to them, but to ourselves and to the community.

We ought also to pray with peculiar earnestness for all who are in authority, because our own interest and the interests of the community require it.

The peace and prosperity of a nation evidently depend much upon the measures which its rulers adopt in their intercourse with other nations. A mistake or error in this respect, apparently trifling, may not only involve a nation in great embarrassment, but can plunge it into all the evils of war; and it is too much to expect of fallible, short-sighted creatures, that they should never fall into error, unless they are guided by Him who sees the end from the beginning, and who can never err.

Once more, the peace and prosperity of a nation depends entirely on its securing the favour of God. This, I presume, no one will deny. But his favour cannot be secured by any nation, unless its rulers are just men, ruling in his fear. We have already observed, that rulers share in the guilt of those national sins which they might, but do not, prevent. We may add, that nations share in the guilt contracted by their rulers, and in the punishment of their sins. Of this remark many striking verifications are recorded in the Scriptures. Indeed, if those who are placed in authority become impious, irreligious, or immoral, they will soon, by the force of their influence and example, impart much of their own character to the people over whom they preside, and thus render them fit objects of the Divine displeasure. Permit me to add, that we cannot rationally expect to be favoured with wise and good rulers—we cannot expect that God will bestow on them those intellectual and moral endowments which are necessary to render them ministers for good—unless we fervently ask of him these blessings; for favours which we neglect to ask he may refuse to bestow. Nay more, he will probably punish our negligence and impiety, by turning our national counsels into foolishness. We are informed that when he pleases he can take the wise in their own craftiness, and carry headlong the counsel of the froward; that he leadeth counsellors away spoiled, and maketh judges to become fools; that he removeth the speech of the trusty, and taketh away the understanding of the aged; that he taketh away the heart of the chief of the people, so that they grope as in the dark; and that he can, on the other hand, counsel our counsellors, and teach our senators wisdom. If, then, we wish to enjoy the protection of wise and equitable laws; if we wish our rulers to be endowed with wisdom, prudence, and integrity; if we wish to see our country prosperous and happy—to see learning and liberty, morality and religion flourish; let us never forget to pray with earnestness and perseverance for all who are invested with authority.

There are some things, in our present situation, which render this exhortation peculiarly seasonable. In the first place, is there not reason to believe, that the duty here enjoined is a duty which we, and our countrymen generally, have too much neglected? Have we not all been much more ready to complain of our rulers than to pray for them? Some have complained of our government, but where is the man who has prayed for it as he ought? Have we not reason to believe that, if one half the breath which has been spent in complaining of our rulers had been employed in praying for them, we should have been much more prosperous and happy as a nation than we now are? If any feel convinced that we have erred in this respect, let me remind them that now is our time to correct our error; now is the time to correct past errors, and to establish right principles.

In the second place, it is now peculiarly important and necessary that we should pray for our legislators and rulers, because the duties which they are now called to perform are peculiarly arduous; and because much, very much depends upon the manner in which these duties shall be performed. Not only our own temporal interests, but the future prosperity of the state, the welfare of our children and of our children's children, will be seriously affected by the official conduct of our governing powers, counsellors, and legislators at the present crisis. To them is committed a difficult and responsible work. Surely, then, every one who has a tongue to pray, ought to employ it in earnestly supplicating the Father of lights, to impart to our present rulers a double portion of his own Spirit; and to give them, as he did Solomon, a wise and understanding heart, that they may know how to rule and guide this people. Let every one who calls himself a disciple of Christ, remember that one of his Master's commands is, Pray, supplicate, intercede for all who are in authority. View them, my friends, in the light of this subject, and methinks you cannot deny them your prayers. See them placed in an awfully responsible station, where they have numerous and difficult duties to perform, where they are exposed to peculiarly powerful temptations, where they are in imminent danger of losing everlasting life, and incurring aggravated guilt and condemnation. Remember that they are men, and of course weak, fallible, and mortal. Look forward to the other world, and see them there reduced to a level with other men, and standing before the tribunal of God, where nothing remains of all the honour and influence which they once possessed except the consequences of the manner in which they employed it. View them in this light, and you cannot but feel for them, and pray for them that they may obtain mercy of the Lord to be faithful, and receive a crown of righteousness in the great day.

To conclude: how desirable is it both to rulers and people, that such a disposition should exist; that the religion which enjoins and produces it should universally prevail among us. What an encouragement would it be to rulers to unite their own morning supplications with those of the people over whom they were placed, and with what confidence might they engage in the duties assigned them, believing that he whom they and their subjects had addressed would direct all their paths. Then religion, and morality, and peace and harmony would prevail. Rulers would love their subjects, and seek their good; and subjects would love the rulers, in whose behalf they were daily addressing the throne of grace; while the God whom they both worshipped, would command the blessing upon them out of Zion; and the world would see how good and pleasant it is for rulers and subjects to dwell together in unity. It is, however, necessary to remark, that all these blessings can scarcely be expected from the prayers of the people alone. They must be attended with the prayers of their rulers. All the considerations which have been urged as reasons why we should pray for those who are in authority, may be urged with still greater force as reasons why they should pray for themselves. In this way alone can they obtain that wisdom and grace which are indispensably necessary to render them faithful in this world, and happy in the world to come. Never, perhaps, since the foundation of the world, has a state been so prosperous, so happy, as was the Jewish nation while under the government of one who began his reign by saying, "Lord, thou hast set thy servant over this great people, and thy servant is as a little child, and knows not how to go out, or come in before them. Give thy servant, therefore, a wise and understanding heart, that I may know how to rule this thy people." God grant that this may be the sincere prayer of all our rulers, and that all the people may say, Amen!

THE SHORES OF LOCHLEVEN, AND THEIR RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATIONS.

THERE are places everywhere in Christendom the bare mention of which awaken the recollection of names and incidents dear to the Christian heart. In Scotland, for example, none can pass through the vales of Ettrick, Tweed, and Clyde, without feeling that he is amidst spots which were hallowed by the honoured ministries of Boston, Erskine, and Whitfield. The bleak moors which were the

hiding-places of the persecuted, and where many of them found a martyr's grave, are still visited by pious pilgrims. Her mountains and her lakes have, to not a few, other attractions than what their picturesque scenery afford.

In the bosom of Kinrosshire, the smallest county in Scotland, is Lochleven, a beautiful sheet of water, some ten miles in circumference. Its islands and its shores are rich in associations. On one of these islands, the fortalice still exists in which Mary, the queen of Scotland, was kept a prisoner for ten months, and from which she made her escape. On another island, St. Serf's, are the ruins of a religious house. The tourist looks upon these ruins with peculiar interest when he is informed that Andrew Wyntoune was prior of this convent, and that his "Cronykil," the first historical record of Scotland, in our own language, was probably written within its walls. But to the Christian tourist the eastern shores of this lonely lake are linked with associations of the most hallowed class.

Let us suppose ourselves to be visiting the shores of Lochleven about the commencement of last century. It is a bright harvest day in September, 1703. The cornfields are ripe, but reapers are nowhere to be seen. The inhabitants of the district seem to have a holiday, and they are about to spend it religiously, as they gather in little groups, and proceed in the direction of the parish kirk of Portmoak. We enquire the occasion of this, and learn that a young minister, the object of the unanimous choice of the people, is about to be ordained to the pastoral office, according to the simple forms of the Presbyterian church. We introduce ourselves to an intelligent looking man, in the hope of picking up a few pieces of information. We learn from him that the name of the pastor-elect is EBENEZER ERSKINE. He has scarcely uttered the name, when we interrupt him by asking whether the young man might be related to a worthy minister of Christ of the same name, who, during the troublous times of Charles II, resided near Dryburgh, and in whose domestic experience there were some remarkable interpositions of Providence. "You are correct in your conjecture, sir. Our young minister was born when one of the remarkable interpositions had taken place, and his pious parents, in acknowledgment, called him *Ebenezer*, because 'hitherto the Lord had helped them.'"

While this interesting piece of information is being communicated to us, the presbytery has arrived to enter on the important business of the day. Our informant points out Ebenezer, and at the same time calls our attention to a youth of about seventeen years of age. "That young man, sir, is his brother Ralph, who, from report, promises to be a burning and a shining light." "Well, well, they have had a worthy parentage, and the best of training; and doubtless if God spare them and prosper them, they may prove rich blessings to the church of Scotland." "We need such men, sir. Scotland has long been a land of drought; but, if we may judge from what we have already enjoyed of Ebenezer's ministry in this and neighbouring parishes, our district is likely to become a well-watered garden." The ordination services are proceeded with, and Ebenezer Erskine is minister of Portmoak.

We might spend twenty-eight years very pleasantly on the shores of Lochleven, and very profitably under the ministry of Mr. Erskine. They were his years of training and preparation for the work to which the Lord was in due time to call him. For several years, however, notwithstanding the favourable estimate formed of him in the conversation which we have just introduced, he had not very clear views of the divine plan of a sinner's salvation, and knew not the gospel as the power of God to the conversion of his own soul. The means which were blessed of God to his enlightenment are worth mentioning. Mrs. Erskine proved to be "an help meet for him," in the best sense of this expression. His study-window looked into the garden, and immediately below the window was an arbour. The window having been one day open, Mr. Erskine overheard a conversation between Mrs. Erskine and his brother Ralph. They were conversing, confidentially, on their spiritual experience, and narrating how God had led them, and dealt with their souls. Ebenezer was struck with the nature and extent of their experience. He felt that they had enjoyed an education to which he was almost an entire stranger. They had been taught of God. This conversation marked the crisis in his own spiritual history. From that day he was a new man. In the delivery of his sermons hitherto he had shown little self-possession; he could not look at any of his auditors steadfastly; he was in hazard of losing the train of his ideas if he so much as turned to either side of the pulpit, and had for years, when preaching, kept his eye on a stone which projected from the opposite wall. But the years of his bondage were now past. "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." He at once got rid of his nervous bashfulness; his manner acquired greater impressiveness, and his message came with more power to the souls of his people.

Although Mrs. Erskine had been the means, under God, of bringing her husband to a thorough and saving knowledge of the truth, she had her seasons of spiritual darkness and conflict. If at one time she had such a discovery of the glory of Christ as, in her own language, "to darken the

whole creation," she was at another time tempted to conclude that she had sinned against the Holy Ghost, and that there remained for her no more sacrifice for sin.* In this state of spiritual anguish she continued for two months. She had been the occasion of enlightening her husband's soul, but he failed in ministering relief to her in her day of trial. However, he deemed it prudent to invite four neighbouring ministers to his house, to converse with her, and supplicate God on her behalf. They conversed in Mr. Erskine's closet, and after much spiritual exhortation, and fervent prayer by each of them in turn, Mrs. Erskine's mind was still in bondage. One of the ministers then proposed that Mrs. Erskine should pray with them before they departed. She was at first very averse to this, being in great agony of mind, but through strong persuasion was induced to comply. "But oh!" says her husband in recording the scene, "that her words were now written and printed in a book! There was not, I suppose, a dry cheek among the ministers present. Her expressions were full of the Spirit—so suited to the case of her soul, that if a general assembly of ministers had compiled them, they could not have been better digested. The Lord, indeed, gave her the Spirit and helped her to pray. The Lord heard her, and quieted the storm." We might give other interesting reminiscences of this eminent Christian female, but must now proceed with our notice of the husband and the pastor.

Scotland was at this time agitated with grave ecclesiastical questions. It was a period of conflict with a few worthy men on behalf of pure Bible doctrine, and Mr. Erskine had his share in it. Erroneous doctrines abounded in the pulpit. The professor of theology in the university of Glasgow was inculcating a system bordering on deism, and though the charges against him were clearly established, he was continued in his chair, and simply cautioned not to teach such sentiments in future. A little volume, full of evangelical doctrine, entitled, "The Marrow of Modern Divinity," was then obtaining a very extensive circulation. The principal of the college of St. Andrews had thought fit to assail it, in a sermon before the synod of Fife, in 1719; and as saving truth was now down-trodden in high places, the faithful banded together in upholding their dishonoured banner. They were only twelve in number, and Ebenezer Erskine was one of them. Mr. Thomas Boston of Ettrick was another of these standard-bearers.

The first draft of a "Representation" to be made to the Assembly was by the pen of Mr. Boston; but the extension and preparation of it was the task devolved on Mr. Erskine. It is an elaborate document, displaying an intimate acquaintance with the controversies of the day, and an admirable defence of the doctrine of free grace. Mr. Erskine and his companions, with great moral heroism, laid their "Representation" on the table of the General Assembly. Heroes will do noble deeds, and utter sentiments galling to their adversaries. The Assembly ordered them to be rebuked and admonished; but they, foreseeing what would take place, had prepared a protest, and, at the proper stage, one of them presented it. The Assembly were indignant, and would not allow it to be read, or even to be laid on their table. Mr. Boston, in his Memoirs, has preserved some remarkable and interesting circumstances which occurred when the matter was under discussion. Before the Assembly came to a final decision, they were interrupted by a dreadful tempest of thunder and hail. Many (somewhat rashly it must be admitted) regarded the hurricane which arrested the business of the Assembly, as a visible manifestation of the displeasure of heaven against the *black work* in which they were engaged. One present, writing of that storm, says, "I well remember with what serenity of mind and comfort of heart I heard the thunder of that day, the most terrible thunder-clap being just about three o'clock. It made impression on many, as heaven's testimony against their deed. They were appointed to do it, though in this (he wisely adds) it is not for me to determine."

Some men have been wafted into popularity by the wind of opposition, and persecution has served to draw public attention only the more strongly to the leading doctrines of the gospel. Mr. Erskine's kirk of Portmoak, and the adjoining one of Orwell, were now, every sabbath, more densely crowded than before. Mr. Erskine had experienced a fresh baptism of the Spirit, and souls listened to his ministrations, and drank in his message, with an intensity stronger than ever. The ordinance of the Supper was usually administered at Portmoak on the first sabbath of June, and as it was attended by thousands, and several ministers assisted, the services were in the open air. They commenced as early as nine in the morning, and were often continued, without pause or interval, till after sunset. These were great days in the more favoured vineyards of Scotland—"times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." The vale of Ettrick, the sphere of Mr. Boston's ministry, was a pastoral district, and consequently thinly peopled; but on communion seasons, the number of godly persons who frequented them were so great, as to draw very

* This temptation had, we believe, its origin partly in physical causes, Mrs. Erskine's health having been very delicate.

largely on the hospitality of the few farmers and shepherds of the vale. A picture of a communion season at Ettrick would be a suitable companion to a similar scene at Portmoak. We give it in the words of Mr. Boston himself. "The tokens distributed to the communicants were about 777; the collection on the three days was 77*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* Scots.

"There were about nine score strangers in Midgehope; four score of them, William Black, husband of Isabel Biggar, entertained, having before broken for them half a boll of meal for bread, bought four shillings and tenpence sterling worth of wheat bread, and killed three lambs, &c., and made thirty beds; and I believe their neighbour, Robert Biggar, Isabel's brother, would be much the same. This I record, once for all, for a Scotch sample of the hospitality of the parish, for God had given this people a largeness of heart to communicate of their substance, on these and other occasions also." During Mr. Boston's ministry there were two years in which the ordinance of the supper was not dispensed, and our readers will be interested in knowing the reasons. The hindrance in one case arose from the sickness of "the gude wife of Midgehope," there being no one in that family qualified but herself, even on one occasion, to attend to the comfort of strangers; and the other hindrance to the observance of the ordinance arose from the severity and length of the preceding winter. The cattle had consumed every particle of hay, so that beds—usually made of hay in the barns and out-houses—could not be furnished to strangers.

Mr. Erskine's ministry on the shores of Lochleven was continued for twenty-eight years. To him several of these years brought their sorrows, as well as their joys. Death repeatedly entered under his roof, and took away the little olive plants that were trained around his table. Mrs. Erskine, the companion of his pilgrimage, and the desire of his eyes, was also called to sleep beside their babes. In the little burial-ground of Scotland-well, a tomb-stone still marks the spot where their dust reposes. Mr. Erskine was removed from Portmoak. We then meet with him again, in a more prominent sphere of labour, heading a movement which agitated Scotland from its centre to its circumference.

THE ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE.

THE APE.

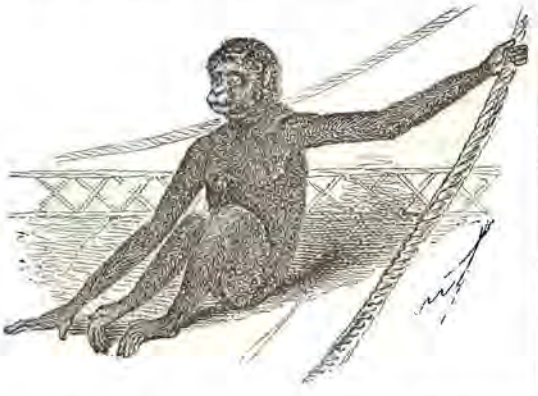
The only notice of this animal, by name, in the Bible, occurs in connection with a summary enumeration of the principal things obtained by the fleet of Tarshish for king Solomon. (1 Kings x. 22, and 2 Chron. ix. 21.) One feels pleased to see how the taste of Solomon for the works of the Creator manifests itself in his desire to become acquainted with the habits and instincts of those strange quadrupeds and brilliantly-coloured birds, his "apes and peacocks." And even an incidental remark of this nature gives its weight to the strength of the argument for the perfect unity of the word of God; for what could be more natural than that one devoted to the study of the animals and plants of his own land, should desire to extend his knowledge to the works of creation in other regions. His wishes could be easily gratified. Had he not vessels? Had he not servants, ever ready at his beck? They had heard the wisdom with which he spake of the cedar of Lebanon, and the hyssop of the wall, of the beast of the field, the turtle, the creeping things, and the fishes. They knew that he delighted in the marvellous works of God; and how natural the desire to be permitted to search for the unknown treasures of other lands, and bring them home to gratify and delight their royal master!

What countries the fleet of Tarshish visited we know not; and, however interesting it might be to learn the particular kinds of apes that were brought to Solomon, we can give no decisive answer. It would be an easy matter to occupy much space in conjectures on the subject, but to do so were worse than trifling.

But the ape is connected with another passage in the Bible. We mean Leviticus xvii. 7, in which the Israelites receive the command: "And they shall no more offer their sacrifices unto *devils*, after whom they have gone a whoring," etc. It is with the word rendered "devils" that we have to do. The Hebrew term is *sayrim*, and in order fully to bring out the meaning of the passage, it is important to mark its two senses. These are (1) the radical signification of "hairy ones," which are regarded by some as goats, by others as apes. With the latter opinion we are inclined to agree, and may glance at the reasons for such a rendering of the expression "hairy ones;" and (2) a meaning which is expressed by the Greek word *daimon*, and may be rendered "created spirits, or the spirits of men that have been enrolled among the number of the gods." No term could be more appropriate in regard to the gods of the Egyptians, from whom the unbelieving Israelites learned with but too much readiness the idolatry that prevailed among that wonderful people. The monuments confirm this translation of the original, while the summary of the hieroglyphical evidence is thus given by one of the most learned and instructive writers on such subjects: "The primitive idolatry of Egypt was a hero-worship, and its most ancient gods were merely the patriarchs of the Bible deified.

The god of Heliopolis, for example, was Athom or Adam. The tutelary of Memphis was Pthah, that is, Phut, the brother of Mizraim. No, or Noh, was the god of the annual overflow, and a deification of the patriarch Noah. Mizraim was also made the local god of a city of the eastern Delta, under his primitive name of Osiris, that is, *Jozar*, the potter. The patriarch Ham in like manner took the form of Ammon." Such was the false religion of Egypt during the sojourn of the Israelites. It was a worship of dead men. But the first meaning of the word *sayrim* points to its other peculiarity; it was also a worship of living animals.

The worship of animals was a characteristic feature in the idolatry of the land of Egypt. It consisted not in the kindly feeling displayed in this country for the robin, the swallow, or the ladybird; it was more; nor did it consist in appropriating particular animals to particular deities, as the Greeks and Romans did—the eagle, for example, being styled the bird of Jupiter, and the owl that of Minerva; it was more superstitious and revolting. The sacred animals, in very many cases, dwelt within costly temples, were maintained at the public expense, attended by individuals specially appointed to the office, fed with the choicest food, anointed with the most costly perfumes while living, and at death carefully embalmed and buried in cemeteries specially reserved for them—buried, in later times, "with a magnificence that sometimes proved ruinous to their curators."



The ape was a sacred animal. It was an emblem of Thoth, one of the most familiar of Egyptian divinities, and one highly honoured in many parts of the land. He was the god of learning, and in many points resembled the Roman Mercury, the swift-footed messenger of the gods. From its connection with this deity, the ape was highly esteemed by the Egyptians. The monuments have numerous illustrations of this animal, by means of which the propriety of its Greek name, *Cynocephalus*, or "dog-faced ape," is apparent. The same kind of ape is brought from the wilds of Ethiopia into Egypt at this day, and exhibited in the streets for the amusement of idlers—a class of persons by no means peculiar to that country.

Seeing, then, that ape-worship was well known to the Israelites; that apes of the kind we have mentioned were, to use the language of one well acquainted with these animals, "by configuration, colours, and manners, peculiarly adapted to the purposes of idolatry in its grossest and most debasing aspect;" and that the expression "hairy ones" points to a well-marked feature in their appearance; many learned writers hold that the idolatry of Thoth and the worship of the ape are forbidden in the passage under consideration. These reasons appear to be quite satisfactory, and the rendering harmonizes well with the context. Assuredly no one requires to ask—"Was there any necessity for such a command?" The idolatry of the golden calf was but a specimen of the constant tendency of the Israelites to apostatize from the worship of the true God. The words of Moses, in his song, tell us how they forsook their Deliverer, and lightly esteemed the Rock of their salvation; how they provoked him to jealousy with their strange gods, and drew down on themselves the wrath of the Lord, who shall say to them in the day of their calamity: "Where are their gods, their rock in whom they trusted, which did eat the fat of their sacrifices, and drank the wine of their drink offerings? let them rise up and help you, and be your protector." Deut. xxxii. 37, 38.

All these things have been recorded, not to gratify curiosity; they were written, not as a mere history of the Jews; but, as Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles, declares—"All these things happened unto them for ensamples, and they are written for our admonition, on whom the ends of the world are come." 1 Cor. x. 11.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

70. In what strong language do we find the Scriptures speak of the inveteracy of evil habits?

71. Who is the first negro convert to Christianity mentioned in Scripture?

72. Give examples showing the joy which accompanies the reception of the Gospel.

73. What prophetesses are mentioned in the Bible?

74. What was the punishment threatened to the man who should rebuild Jericho? was its rebuilding ever attempted? and how was that threatening fulfilled?

75. Who was the most wicked of the kings of Israel?

76. When St. John (ch. i. 1) speaks of "the Word," to which person in the Trinity does he refer? How can you prove it?

77. Where is Cyrus prophesied of as the Jewish deliverer? How was that prophecy fulfilled?

Page for the Young.

THE GREAT GIFT.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" *Luke* xi. 13.

I DO not think that the words Holy Spirit are often quite understood or much thought of by children. Yet among all the gifts of God there is not one to compare in value to this gift, which, remember, Jesus died to purchase for all who believe on his name.

What is it to have God's Holy Spirit then? I will tell you. When a child comes to Christ as his Saviour he is born again, and the old spirit or old heart is said to be changed. There is, in fact, a new heart or a new spirit given to him. A new master is in his heart, to rule there entirely and to influence everything within.

This blessing of having the Holy Spirit ruling in the heart it is impossible to over-estimate. In times of temptation a child really renewed by the Spirit will see the evil, and he will find himself helped to resist it, and sustained in the path of duty. He will often think of Jesus, how holy, meek, and full of love he was; and he will long, and pray, and strive that he may be in everything just like the blessed Saviour. In times of sorrow —and a child has his hours of sorrow—that same Spirit, so beautifully called the Comforter, will take of the things of Christ and show them to him; that is to say, it will, when the child opens God's word, make him see a beauty and a comfort in its blessed truths which he never saw before.

To make this plainer: two men went out to see a beautiful landscape; they ascended a high hill, and below them lay a lovely scene; pretty villages, churches, orchards, with their sweet pink blossoms, green fields studded with daisies and buttercups, cottages covered over with green vines and rose-trees, hills and valleys, and, afar off, the calm blue sea.

But although both men saw the same scene, the effect on the two was very different. One man said, "Look! look, Richard," (for they were brothers,) "did you ever see anything so grand? See, too, on the blue ocean that pretty white sail, and hark! do you hear that song? that is the sky-lark." "I can see no sail," said James, the younger brother; "how far you can see, Richard, to be sure! *I* can scarcely make out the sea at all, much less see a sail upon it. No—I hear no lark. I don't think it was at all worth the trouble to mount this hill," and he sighed. James had weak sight and dull hearing, and the sights and sounds which charmed his elder brother were no pleasure to him, poor fellow.

Just so with two children reading in the same Bible of the same Saviour. To the one, the story of the love of Jesus, of his compassion to the weak, the ignorant, and the sick, is full of beauty and of meaning, because he is taught by the Spirit of God, and he loves and values the things of God.

To the other child who has never received the gift of the Spirit, because he has never asked it, the Bible is a very dull book. The history of Jesus, although he may like to hear it now and then, yet is a thing with which he feels he has nothing to do; but there is every encouragement for all to ask for this gift, for had he sought he would have received it, because Christ himself has said so. Do not, then, fear to pray for God's Holy Spirit, which he declares he is so willing to bestow.

Parents on earth, with all their imperfections and sins, do not deny their children bread, or any needful thing; nay, they love to bestow good gifts upon them, and if they who are evil give good gifts to their children, shall not God, that holy, good, and merciful Father, give his Spirit to them that ask him? assuredly he will.

But you must ask. Remember that he has never promised this gift unasked, and you must pray for it for Jesus' sake, because only through him have you any right to make such a petition. Let your prayer to-day, then, be:—

"O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake, give me thy Holy Spirit to dwell within me, that so when I pray that Spirit may help me; when I read the Bible, thy Spirit may teach me; when I am tempted, thy Spirit may help me, and that it may make and keep me a holy child all the days of my life."—*Mrs. Geldart's "Daily Thoughts."*

A MORNING PRAYER.

O MY Father, who art in heaven, thou hast been very kind in taking care of me through the night. When I was asleep thou didst watch over me, and now I awake strong and well this morning. I thank thee for my health, O God. Pray watch over me all the day long, and help me, by thy good Spirit, to be obedient, kind, and gentle. May I grow more and more like Jesus, for whose name's sake hear my prayer.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

O OUR Father, who art in heaven, thy dear Son, Jesus Christ my Saviour, did say, "Suffer little children to come unto me." I am a little child, and I come to thee, O God, through him who taught us thy great love to sinners. Draw near to me, I pray thee, this evening; hear me when I ask thee to forgive the many naughty things I have done this day, and hear my thanks for the many good things thou hast given me. I thank thee for my life, my health, my friends, my food, and, most of all, I thank thee for the gift of thy dear Son, Jesus Christ, who died for me, for whose sake I pray thee to hear me. Amen.

PRAYER FOR SUNDAY.

O LORD, to-day is Sunday, the day when people go to thy house to pray to thee and to thank thee. I am very little, and cannot pray or praise thee as I ought; but I will thank thee with my whole heart, for thou art very good. Thou hast made the bright sun, O God, and the beautiful earth is full of thy works. Birds, and flowers, and pleasant fruit thou hast made; I thank thee for making the earth.

Thou hast told us to remember thy holy day, and I must not work upon it or play; but I may enjoy thy works, and I may hear about thee in the Bible. Pray help me to be good all the day long, and do not let me spoil the happy Sunday by bad tempers or naughty ways. I ask for thy blessing for the sake of Jesus Christ my Saviour. Amen.—*Ibid.*

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

MY ACQUAINTANCES AT THE BOOK-STALL.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

PART V.

My next position was on a book-stall in a well-frequented thoroughfare. I was in strange company; not more uncongenial, however, than that from which I had been recently released; and there was, at least, the hope to animate me that I might ere long be removed to a more befitting sphere, and one of more constant employment and active usefulness.

It was some time, however, before this hope was realised; and meanwhile, I was exposed to sunshine and dust, and but ill-defended from rain, until my outward appearance was in danger of becoming visibly altered for the worse. I had the sorrow, also, to perceive in how little esteem I was held by a great majority of those who halted for a short time beneath the overhanging pent-house of our temporary abode. There were many such visitors, and among them were some whom, during my sojourn there, I soon began to recognise. There was, for instance, a young lad who regularly passed by my new owner's stall some three or four hours before noon, and returned five or six hours after mid-day. He often stopped to glance at some of my companions, and was curious, as it

No. 48.—Published March 29, 1856.

PRICE ONE PENNY

appeared, to know what they had to say for themselves; but he never noticed me. I was not so much concerned at this, however, as I should have been had I not known that he was not unacquainted with me—that, indeed, he had the counterpart of myself in a bag which he generally carried; and that he daily listened to the advice and instruction which it is ours to give. My heart warmed towards that youth. Intelligence and ingenuousness marked his features, and these, with his cheerful smile when he accosted my owner, reminded me of my earliest possessor. I remembered how my Great Master, when he was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," felt a yearning of heart towards such as this youth. Sometimes this young visitor purchased a small priced companion of mine; and sometimes he borrowed others of his friend, our owner; and it was gratifying to know that his choice did not fall on those whose instructions would have caused him to err.

Then there was an aged person, in quaint but costly attire, who frequently stopped at our lowly habitation. Alas! I knew that he looked on me with indifference; and though he might have many of my fellows under lock and key, or regularly established on his richly encumbered shelves, he rarely deigned to hold intercourse with them. And he so near to that dark valley through which all that is mortal must pass, and in which such assistance alone as I am empowered to give, can establish a safe, firm, and happy footing! according to the words of one who said, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for THOU art with me, thy *rod* and thy *staff*, they comfort me."

This aged person was curious in ancient lore. His eyes, I well remember, glistened with eagerness at the sight of some venerable companions of mine, whose material substance had endured the buffeting and changes, or withstood the neglect of two or more centuries, and whose costume and speech were alike old-fashioned to men of the present generation. He speedily made them his own, at a price commensurate with their antiquity and rarity; and after that visit, he frequently returned, not like the inhabitants of that polite and busy city of which I sometimes give a description, whose constant demand was to hear or to tell of "some new thing," but in eager search of that which is old.

I could fill many pages with my recollections and thoughts of this part of my history, in connection with the faces and minds with which I became in some measure acquainted; but I will mention one other only of these experiences.

It was towards the close of a summer's evening that a poor man, of middle age, with a pale, worn countenance, and in mean, threadbare garments, passed by the book-stall. From the tools which he carried in his hand it was easy to be conjectured that he was returning from labour. The primeval curse rested on him; by the sweat of his brow he earned and ate his bread: nor had he at all times, as I could perceive, bread enough, much less any to spare, for he had many in his poor home to feed. He wanted comfort, and a providential guidance had led him to my pages to find it.

As he walked slowly by, he looked languidly on the occupants of the stall. How much was there in which he had little interest! His manner seemed to say as much as this. But suddenly his eyes were lighted up with awakened emotions; for they had rested on me. He gently laid down his tools, and, hesitatingly, as though taking a great liberty, he raised me from the board. They trembled—those hands—and his eyes glistened with tears as he bent over me to catch my first utterances.

"Fear not," one of a "little flock," I said to him; "for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

"Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If, then, God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

"Consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them; how much more are ye better than the fowls?"

"Seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind: for all these things do the nations of the world seek after; and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. But rather seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you."

With a few more such words as these I comforted him; and like an overburdened man relieved, he heaved a sigh of calmness and resignation, looked upwards, gently laid me down, and walked silently away.

I was convinced that, if I maintained my position, I should see my poor friend again: and so I did.

He passed by the next evening, at about the same time. Perhaps it was not his nearest way home: I do not think it was; but he must needs go that way. He looked at once for me; and at once he laid down his tools; and once more I was in his hands. Hard they were; but tenderly and softly they dealt with me. He knew how and where to seek of me that which he

needed: mine was no strange language to him. He was in trouble—no doubt of that; and it was mine to administer consolation. I told him what one like himself had said and felt in times past. Yes, one like himself; for between the kingly sceptre and the labourer's mattock, and the hands which wield them, there is no difference in my Master's sight and mine. I reminded him then of David, when he said: "I cried unto the Lord with my voice, even unto God, with my voice; and he gave ear unto me. In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord; my sore ran in the night and ceased not; my soul refused to be comforted."

My poor friend wiped the moisture from his brow as I went on describing emotions which found a response in his own soul, and told him that when he was disposed to doubt whether the Lord—my Master and his—had not cast him off for ever, and would be favourable no more, the doubt was the working of his own infirm nature—unbelief struggling with weak faith; and that though God's ways are sometimes hidden as though in the sea, and his paths as in the great waters, and though his footsteps are not known, yet that he leads all his people like a flock, never leaving, never forsaking them.

I told him also—for it came within my commission to do so to such as my poor self-desponding friend—that "when the poor and the needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst," then their Lord will hear them, and their God will not forsake them.

It was plain to be seen that these hurried communications were received with thankfulness; for the countenance of the poor workman brightened up afresh before I had finished speaking: and if he did not go on his way rejoicing, he passed on comforted.

Many were the short conferences which we thus held together, not unperceived by my owner, who, at length, became somewhat jealous of the attention paid to me by my poor evening visitor. The man perceived this; and the last time I saw him, he asked, with a trembling voice, the price demanded for me.

He was told, and his countenance fell. It was much beyond his scanty means.

"You can have a cheaper one, if you like," said my owner; and so speaking, he brought forward another, from a dark corner of his stall.

"There," continued he, "you can have this for——" he named a price; "but," added he, "since you seem to be so fond of the Bible, I wonder you, at your age, should be without one, as I suppose you are."

"I am," said my poor friend, sadly; "but I have not been till of late. I was burnt out of house and home, sir, not many weeks ago; and all I had was lost—clothes, furniture, books, all—even my Bible; but God was good: I might have lost my children; but I did not. I have been trying hard ever since," he added, "to lay by money enough to get another Bible; and I *have* enough for this; and I will buy it now, if you please;" and he laid his hand on my well-worn counterpart.

"Let me pay for it for you," said a whispering voice at his elbow; "you will want your money to buy clothes and food for your children. I must pay for it for you."

It was my young friend—the morning visitor of our book-stall: he was passing that way: no, not passing; he had come that evening to complete the purchase of one of my companions, on whom he had set his regards. I know—it matters not, I repeat, how these secret things were discovered to me—I know that he had denied himself some luxuries to obtain that on which his mind was fixed.

Well, say it was a struggle: love conquered self: he threw down the price of the other Bible on the board, and walked quickly away.

"May the God of heaven bless the lad!" ejaculated my poor friend, with streaming eyes: "may he be blessed in basket and in store, in body and in soul, for ever and ever!"

"Yea, and he shall be blessed!" I thought; for "whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." Has not THE MASTER said it?

After that evening I saw no more of my poor friend, nor of his young benefactor; for on the following morning my respectable appearance attracted the attention of a stranger, who paid down for me the price demanded, and thus rescued me from obscurity and further injury from the elements. But I had not occupied a niche in that book-stall in vain: no, I had not.

SAVE THE BOY.

ON fine summer evenings a few years ago, the gardens which surround Kensington Palace were trodden only by the feet of royal or high-born ladies and gentlemen. Now they are the favourite resort of hundreds of working men and women, who flock thither from all parts of the town, to enjoy the fresh air beneath the shade of the fine trees which still adorn the spot. This is especially the case on Sunday afternoons, when those who have been shut up all the week in shops and warehouses, come to enjoy the sight of the green turf and blue sky. They are to be seen in groups, sometimes consisting of a whole family; the father stretched on the grass, en-

joying a complete rest of mind and body; while the mother sits by him, and watches her gaily-dressed children, as they play about and amuse themselves, as children do amuse themselves, with nothing, or what we call nothing. The spectacle would be a pleasing one, were it not damped by the recollection that the duties of the Lord's day are too often forgotten by the class before us.

On a Sunday afternoon last summer, a larger group than usual was collected near the water's edge, where the view was very pleasant, extending so far over lawn and through the trees, that one could almost forget the huge city was so near. But these people are not occupied with the view; they are all gathered round one man. With eager faces and outstretched hands, they seem to be asking him for something. The children press closely to him, and are even pulling at his coat, to secure his notice. He is giving them all little books of different sizes, different shapes, and different colours; but if we looked into those little volumes, we should find in each of them the same message which St. Paul preached many years ago, and which he says is a "faithful saying, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." As the good missionary's eye looks from face to face of those who are gathered round him, and as his hand bestows the gift upon each one, his heart is lifted up to God to apply his own word to the soul of every individual, and to make it a "word in season"—a message of comfort, or of warning, or of instruction.

While this is proceeding, a sudden splash is heard in the water near by; every hand that was so eagerly held out, at once falls down, and each face instantly assumes a look of anxiety. "What can it be?" Something is seen in the water. It is a little boy. "*Save the boy!* who, who will save the boy?" is the general cry. In one moment the missionary jumps into the water, the next instant he has seized the little fellow, sprang up the bank, and placed him in the arms of his own father. A murmur of applause and admiration runs through the crowd now gathered at the water's edge. The father is almost too much overcome for words of gratitude. The missionary has not forgotten his former occupation; he pulls out of his pocket the remainder of his little books, and though they are not improved in outward appearance by their dip into the water, he hastily throws them to the people, hoping they will now be received with perhaps more interest. He then runs home to take off his wet clothes.

Save the boy! Yes, that was the thought of each one who stood by the water's side, and saw the little fellow struggling in its cold embrace. *Save the boy*, too, is the thought of those who see not one, but hundreds of boys, sinking in the bottomless ocean of sin. Look at that little one, clothed in tattered garments, barely hiding his poor body, which is covered with sores and dirt; how he wanders with shoeless feet along the streets! Look at his listless air, his vacant countenance. *Save the boy.*

See that little fellow running along at a swift pace. His clothes are better made, and his face looks more healthy; but what is his occupation? Alas! pilfering and stealing; he knows nothing of right and wrong; he is ignorant that he has a soul that must live for ever, and he has never heard of a God. *Save the boy.*

There is a drunken father reeling home from his late excesses—father only in name; his son trembles as he hears his footstep, and all he ever receives from him are cruel and repeated blows. *Save the boy.*

Here is a woman who is a mother, but without one claim to that tender name. See her, with bold face and undaunted air, dressed in tawdry finery, "living in pleasure," falsely so called. Where is the little one who once nestled in her breast? A forsaken outcast. *Save the boy.*

Come to the bedside of this dying mother, her thin weak hand stretched out is laid on the head of her only son, to whom she is going to bid a long, long farewell. Hear her prayers for that little one whom she is about to leave with strangers, with those who have no love to God and no love to man. *Save the boy.*

How *can* these boys be saved? Who is to save them? Alas! ever since the first murderer uttered the words, "Am I my brother's keeper?" men have been loth to care for others. But Christ came "to save that which was lost." Christ came from the highest heavens to rescue one and another from the sea of perdition; he descended on the wings of love and mercy, and in his own outstretched arms he has caught up one and another, who were about to sink for ever. It is such who are to save others—those who have been saved themselves, who have felt his rescuing arms around them, who know by experience his redeeming love. Yes, they are ready and anxious to be employed by Him to save others. It is their highest honour to be allowed to tell even to one sinner, of that Saviour they love so well.

Let me add a few practical hints to any who wish to "save a boy." I say first of all *feel* for him. He has never perhaps had a kind *look*, much less a kind word. He has never had the care, the attention, the discipline, the restraint which you had when you were young. He has never been told that it is wrong to tell a lie wrong to steal, wrong to be unkind. But he has a heart with affections made to spring up, if you will only warm them with the sunshine of

love. Bring him into a Christian home. Tell him that he is cared for, that he has friends who take an interest in him. Give him something to do; let him feel that he may be of use. You will soon find out that he has a heart glowing with love and gratitude towards his benefactors. A little circumstance, trivial in itself, may be mentioned to show this. Some ladies were employed in entertaining a party of poor boys, of the class that has been described, at a country place on a hot summer's day. One of these boys, of his own accord, brought chairs into the shade for the ladies to sit down upon. His looks of delight, as he performed the action, showed the pleasure he felt in doing something for those from whom he was receiving benefits.

The Boy's Refuge has been established for the purpose of saving the bodies, and by God's blessing the souls of some poor boys. The work is becoming more important as well as more encouraging as it proceeds. When we look at the sixty happy industrious inmates busily employed and carefully educated; and then think of the hundreds who yet remain outcast and forsaken, we long to echo the sound to many a kind Christian friend of the poor and needy—SAVE THE BOY.

CONSCIENCE AT WORK.

ABOUT forty years ago, the minister at the dissenting chapel at Barnet was a Mr. Morrison. Soon after the morning service one Lord's day, he received a message from the Green Man posting-house, requiring his immediate attendance there. He wished to be excused, but the messenger told him the person who sent him was a man of considerable consequence, though he did not know his name or title, and from his urgency, he was sure he would take no denial. On being shown into the room, he was immediately loaded with reproaches by a man evidently above the common rank, who charged him with having held him up to the opprobrium of his congregation, by dragging before them the circumstances of his former life, and he was told that he deserved to be horsewhipped. Poor Mr. Morrison was quite startled, and declared he was perfectly innocent of such a charge. "Why," said the nobleman, "I had no sooner entered your chapel this morning, which I did in the course of my walk, than you made a reference to unfaithful husbands and wives, and sins of a particular description, and you will not deny that this was pointed at me." "Sir," said Mr. Morrison, "I have no idea who you are, and whether you are chargeable with any matters of that kind. I do recollect that while I was speaking—but after I had commenced my sermon—I saw you just within the door, and after some time I perceived that you had left, but I did not see you enter, or mean my observations to have reference to any particular individual; the truth is, that in lecturing on the Scriptures in the regular course, my attention was drawn to those sins to which you allude, and I said what I thought right to my congregation."

After persisting for a time that the observations must have been personal, and scorning the assurance of Mr. Morrison that it could not be, for that he was ignorant whom he was addressing, the nobleman became at last more calm, and said, "If I am under a mistake, I have done you great injustice. Can you convince me by the statement of any respectable person that it was in your course." "Oh yes," said Mr. Morrison, "I will send a gentleman here immediately, who will give you the assurance, and also that what I said was in my usual familiar style of preaching." "Then," replied the nobleman, "the matter shall not rest here. I will do you justice if I have brought a false charge against you." Mr. Morrison said, "I will not, sir, after what has passed ask your name, I wish not to know it." He sent a gentleman to the inn, who satisfied the nobleman on the point in question, and the result was that he wrote an apology to Mr. Morrison, and, finding he was in circumstances in which it would increase his comfort, he settled £100 per annum upon him, which he received till his death, which occurred a few years after.

TRIAL BY FIRE.

THE Rev. George Whitfield, in a sermon from Isaiah xxiv. 15, "Wherefore glorify ye the Lord in the fires," introduced the following illustration:—"When I was some years ago at Shields, I went into a glass-house, and, standing very attentive, I saw several masses of burning glass of various forms. The workman took one piece of glass and put it into one furnace, then he put it into a second, and then into a third. I asked him, 'Why do you put that into so many fires?' He answered me, 'Oh, sir, the first was not hot enough, nor the second, and therefore we put it into the third, and that will make it transparent.' 'Oh,' thought I, 'does this man put this glass into one furnace after another, that it may be rendered perfect? Oh, my God, put me into one furnace after another, that my soul may be transparent; that I may see God as he is.'"

The workman might have added, that it was necessary the fires should be applied in the order in which they were; that if the greater heat had been first applied, it would have destroyed the article which was in the course of being made

perfect; that a moderate fire prepared it for one still hotter, and that again for one more fierce And so it is sometimes with the dispensations of Divine Providence.

THE SIEGE OF MANSOUL.

PART VIII.

We have learned in our day, by dearly-bought and lamentable experience, that of all the operations of war, the process of a siege is the most protracted and uncertain. Not all the sums of money which the richest nations have lavished on their equipments, not all the personal gallantry which bravery can furnish for the contest, not all the resources by which science and art increase the destructiveness of their military engines, have been able to bring the great contest going on at Sebastopol to a speedy conclusion. Day after day witnesses some changing fortune, upon the part either of the besiegers or the besieged; we are alternately elevated by hope, or sunk down into despondency: and great peoples are learning, at an expense of treasure and feeling perhaps unparalleled, that it is a fearful thing to draw the sword out of its scabbard. And what can a man of God do in times like these? What, but mourn over human woes, and souls rushing by masses into eternity; and pray that it may please the all-wise Disposer of human events soon to put his *finis* to this tremendous page of man's history, and to teach those who shall follow us how to profit by the experience we are gathering?

But, if the external siege of a fortified town is not an affair of a single attack, or even of a single campaign, so neither is that spiritual siege of which the heart of man is the subject. They greatly mistake religion who suppose it to be comprehended in a few brief encounters. It is the maintenance of a conflict to be often renewed—and sometimes, alas! with varying success; and it will never be entirely terminated till death shall close the scene. Satan has obtained traitorous possession of the citadel erected by God for his own glory; and even where the great enemy is dispossessed, he will continually aim to regain his lost power; and, even though he may not be entirely victorious, he will never fail to harass and annoy the stronghold from which he has been excluded.

Seconded by the Lord High Secretary, the inhabitants of Mansoul make an attack upon the army of Diabolus, which induces the arch-enemy to retire for a season, and then, changing his plan, to endeavour to seduce by fraud those whom he found he could not destroy by violence. But, profiting by past experience, the now awakened Mansoulians defied his efforts. The consciousness of their past supineness kept them awake and vigilant, and Mouth-gate poured out continual deputations to the Prince; whilst sorties were constantly made from it upon the army of the enemy. My lord Will-be-will was now a hero in resistance, and, impelled by the exigencies of the occasion, he made search with fresh earnestness for lurking Diabolonians, and, seizing two descendants of Harmless-mirth, Jolly and Griggish, he crucified them with his own hands. Small service, indeed, can these traitors do in a soul desirous of being at peace with its Maker. And it is when the man seems most intent on being free from the influence of those things which, under innocent names, are breaking down the earnestness of the true Christian, that there is hope of spiritual progress and true prosperity. Nor were these the only Diabolonians thus treated; Gripe and Rakeall, specimens of that "covetousness which is idolatry," speedily underwent the same fate. But the rest of their fraternity after this lay "so flat and close" that they could not be discovered. What Christian, alas! is so thoroughly under the influence of goodness and grace, as to have no unswept corners in which the enemies of his holiness may lurk for his discomfort, if not for his destruction?

But wickedness is always daring, and often hopeful. Diabolus did not, even yet, abandon his aims. A new attack is attempted: "Now, there was nothing heard in the camp of Diabolus but horrible rage and blasphemy; but, in the town, good words, prayer, and singing of psalms. The enemy replied with horrible objections, and the terribleness of their drum; but the town made answer with the clapping of their slings, and the melodious noise of their trumpets." In this encounter, Reason is wounded in the head; and Understanding in the eye. Bunyan here refers to those doubts respecting the truth of religion, to which even Christians of long standing are liable; for, when our mental perceptions have become perverted, by the influence of a fallen nature, they will often mislead even the most thoughtful; and the enemy of souls knows well how to employ his advantages for his own purposes. How rare it is to find a spiritual fortress in which reason makes no false conclusions, and in which the understanding can see with perfect clearness! Nor did the mind and conscience escape; howbeit the allegorist adds—"none of these wounds were mortal." But "many of the inferior sort" (hopeful thoughts), "were not only wounded, but slain outright." Even where false and blasphemous notions of religion do not destroy the soul, they often greatly weaken its fervour, and ardour, and energy. Yet, on the other hand, some of the fiercer assailants were slain; and many of the

doubters demolished. So that Mansoul rejoiced in a victory, though it was not a perfectly complete one; and Will-be-will crucified some more Diabolonians, amongst whom Mr. Any-thing was conspicuous. Would that all our religious denominations were purged of the influence of so pestilent a fellow.

Encouraged by past success, the Mansoulians resolve upon another sortie on the ranks of their foes. It is well planned, and, on the whole, courageously maintained. The Diabolonians are driven back; nevertheless, Captains Credence, Good Hope, and Experience are wounded; for, even generals so initiated in the arts of spiritual conflict, sometimes prove unequal to the occasion, and are compelled to retreat into their sally-port again, or, as the writer explains himself, "Satan sometimes makes saints eat their words." At this success, Diabolus takes courage; but Will-be-will meets the crisis with equal energy, putting to death the Lords Cavil, Brisk, Pragmatic, and Murmur, who availed themselves of the sortie without to endeavour to get up a rebellion in the fortress itself. Nevertheless, the enemy of Mansoul makes a desperate assault upon Feel-gate, and with no little success, seeing that the three principal defenders of the fortress were wounded already. The intention is to depict the dreadful advantage which the enemy of souls gains from former backslidings. Miserable that we are when we have once fallen from the integrity of our Christian profession, and our adherence to our Great Lord. Even an unsanctified poet can describe "our pleasant vices" as "the whips which sting us." Often will the bitter remembrance of them deaden prayer, cause hope to languish, almost extinguish faith and love. In this crisis, the allegorist represents the myrmidons of the arch-deceiver spreading themselves through the town, and crying out as they march, "Hell-fire!"

Ah, poor Mansoul! Now thou feelest the fruit of sin; and what venom was in the flattering words of Mr. Carnal-security. "They made great havoc of whatever they laid their hands on; yea, they fired the town in several places. Many young children, also, were by them dashed in pieces; for you must needs think that now it could not be otherwise; for what conscience, what pity, what bowels or compassion can any expect from the hands of such outlandish doubters? Many in Mansoul that were women, both young and old, they so attacked that they swooned and died; and so lay at the top of every street, and in all by-places of the town. Oh, the fearful state of Mansoul now! Now every corner swarmed with outlandish doubters; now, also, those Diabolonians that lurked in the walls and dens and holes that were in the town of Mansoul, came forth and showed themselves; yea, walked with open face in company with the doubters that were in Mansoul. Yea, they had more boldness now to walk the streets, to haunt the houses, and to show themselves abroad than any of the honest inhabitants of the now woful town of Mansoul." Such was the condition of the town for a long season; the Diabolonians not holding secure possession of Mansoul, but in some degree investing it; though perpetually played on by the captains, who still maintained the citadel. But "the glory of Mansoul was laid in the dust."

Is this powerful picture too strong a representation of an awakened backslider? We think not; though it may not suit every case. A sensitive heart and a tender conscience are often extremely slow to take comfort after falling into sin; and Satan well knows how to persuade him that he is "a vessel in which the Lord taketh no pleasure," and that, to draw back from the offered mercy of the gospel is but true humility. He who would learn the kind of earnest prayer suitable to such a case, will find a very affecting specimen in that of archbishop Cranmer, offered at the stake, before his execution. Till a prayer similar in spirit shall be presented by the criminal, the consciousness of peace with heaven will be wanting.

Captain Credence is, therefore, commissioned as the bearer of a petition to the court, drawn up by the Lord Secretary. In the meantime, Diabolus, who had an imperfect possession of the fortress, summons it by beat of drum, and demands that it shall yield itself unreservedly to him. This Godly-fear peremptorily refuses. He then demands Captain Credence—for, if faith be destroyed out of the heart, the garrison is won; but this also is refused by Godly-fear and Understanding. The reply of Diabolus is, that with such guilt as their's, all hopes of Emmanuel's future favours are vain. But the understanding refuses to be misled by so disheartening a sophism, in contradiction to the simple promise —"him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." It therefore resists the devil, and determines to hope on.

In the meantime, Credence returns from court. Yes, the inwrought prayer of faith has gained its object; it could not be refused. He brings messages from the Prince. A letter for the lord mayor, with no little enlightenment in it for that "seeing man;" a letter for my Lord Will-be-will, for what more to be commended than the determinate resolution which resists all evil? a letter for Mr. Conscience, approving of the humiliation he had insisted on as well as of his course in general; a letter for Mr. Godly-fear, applauding his having been the foremost in defeating Carnal-security, and the instigator of Mansoul's return to its allegiance; and a letter

to the whole town in general, congratulating them on the fact that now they were turned to the Prince and his ways. So does grace smile upon the sinner; so is the lost one found. Happy moment when the full tide of heaven's returning favour, frozen up, as it has long seemed to be, pours itself into the soul once more!

From this time, Captain Credence is placed at the head of all command, trust, and honour in the town of Mansoul. None had so much interest with the Lord Secretary, or with the Prince on the one hand; none is so much beloved and trusted by the inhabitants themselves on the other. And well is this said, for faith is the best servant in heaven's household; the best steward of the Master's substance; the best defender of the Lord's fortress; the best commander of the "sacramental host of God's elect."

And now matters look dark and desolate for the Diabolonians. Whilst Mansoul is thus in the Prince's favour, what hope can there be for them? Another council of war is, therefore, held by them, to devise some new scheme, and the result of the deliberation is that it will be better for Diabolus for the present to draw off his forces from Mansoul, and to attempt to inveigle it into some new defalcation. One said: "It is not our being in the town nor in the field, nor our fighting nor killing of their men that can make us masters of Mansoul; for so long as one in the town is able to lift up his finger against us, Emmanuel will take their parts. Wherefore, my judgment is that there is no way to bring them into bondage to us like inventing a way to make them sin." This is important truth—important to the young convert, and to the Christian throughout his whole course—that the devil only makes men his captives by binding them in the chains of their own sins. Another said, and in these commercial days the sentiment is worth quoting: "I have also another stratagem in my head; you know Mansoul is a market town, and a town that delights in commerce; what, therefore, if some of our Diabolonians shall feign themselves far-country-men, and shall go out, and bring to the town of Mansoul some of our wares to sell. . . . There are two that are come into my thoughts already that I think will be arch at this work, and they are Mr. Penny-wise-pound-foolish; and Mr. Get-i'-the-hundred-and-lose-in-the-shire. What, also, if you join with them, Mr. Sweet-world and Mr. Present-good?" God knows that in every market there are too many enemies of this class! Another said, and this satire is also cutting: "Where is there a Mansoulian that is full of this world that has not for his servants and waiting men, Mr. Profuse, or Mr. Prodigality, or some other of our Diabolonian gang, as Mr Voluptuous, Mr. Pragmatical, Mr. Ostentation, or the like. Now these can take the castle of Mansoul, or blow it up, or make it unfit for a garrison for Emmanuel, and any of these will do. Yea, these, for aught I know, may do it for us sooner than an army of twenty thousand men."

The Diabolonians, therefore, retire from the town, only to engage the inhabitants of Mansoul in a general action. To animate the latter for the fight the presence and aid of the Prince himself is promised, and the watchword is, "The sword of the Prince Emmanuel, and the shield of Captain Credence." And here happens a characteristic incident requiring no comment.

CAPTAIN EXPERIENCE HASTENING TO THE BATTLE.

"Now they left Captain Experience in the town, because he was yet ill of his wounds, which the Diabolonians had given him in the last fight. But when he perceived that the captains were at it, what does he, but calling for his crutches with haste, gets up, and away he goes to the battle, saying, 'Shall I lie here when my brethren are in the fight, and when Emmanuel the Prince will show himself to his servants?' But when the enemy saw the man come with his crutches, they were daunted yet the more, 'for,' thought they, 'what spirit has possessed these Mansoulians, that they fight us upon their crutches.'"

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

PRISONS AND PALACES.

THE history of prisons and palaces would, if fairly written out, afford a painful exhibition of human depravity. They have presented in terrible contrast the two extremes of human life as regards earthly greatness and degradation—worldly exaltation and human despair. Here we may find man worshipping himself, and wounding his fellows, indulging in all luxury, inflicting all misery: calling a nation to pander to his lusts, and robbing better men than himself of their dearest rights. But what tongue can tell the luxury, pride, sensuality, and injustice often found connected with palaces; and the blasphemy, despair, revenge, and suffering connected with prisons. Happy the palace into which Christianity travels and diffuses its heavenly influence; and blessed be the philanthropy which penetrates to the dark recesses of the gloomy prison.

In ancient times, prisons and palaces were found in close proximity. The palace above; the prison beneath. The banqueting room filled with glitter, and a few yards down the dungeon filled with gloom. Of old, weak Zedekiah and his wicked courtiers in the one, and faithful Jeremiah in the other. Herod and his carousals above, and John the Baptist below. In those cases, as in many others, we find the palace degraded and the prison honoured. And thus has it often been; some of the worst people who ever lived have lodged in palaces on their way to hell, while the excellent of the earth, like Joseph, Peter, and Paul, have passed much time in prisons on their way to heaven.

Those who have visited the ruined castles and convents of Europe, cannot fail to have contrasted the spacious hall with its huge ancient fireplace, and the small square dungeon beneath the frowning "keep," where scarcely any air or light could struggle in; the refectory for the obedient well-fed sons and daughters of "the church," and the horrible holes and living graves for refractory monks and nuns. Satan is again trying to rebuild these pest-houses, and to scatter them over England and her colonies. Let Britain's children see to it in time, and keep their eyes wide open.

But even now in favoured England, palaces and prisons are not far distant. The stranger passing through her metropolis enquires the name of a large building, and is told that it is "Buckingham Palace;" and then if he enquires concerning a huge building adjoining, he is informed that it is a penitentiary or prison, where hundreds of criminals are confined. Let him travel by the Great Western Railway a few miles, and he may see Britain's banner proudly floating on Windsor Castle; only a few miles further he will come to the next largest building in the country, and lo! he is told that it is "Reading Gaol," where many a hapless wretch has lingered out years of sorrow, or died an ignominious death. How great are the contrasts of life—how imperfect the state of society—how sad the condition of numbers of our fellow creatures! Christian, while you plead with God on behalf of our beloved sovereign and her royal house, forget not to lift up a prayer for all prisoners and captives, and for the very outcasts of society.

Let the scenes we have glanced at, and the contrasts we have viewed, suggest some improvement. *All mankind are either dwelling in a prison or a palace; and this must be the case through eternity.* There are some, a few comparatively, who are dwelling in the palace of grace: their outward circumstances may be very different; some poor, others rich; some walking about in health, and many confined to beds of pain; but all who are "justified by faith, and have peace with God, have access into the grace wherein they stand;" and there is no palace so glorious, so enduring, so stored with good, so secure from evil as this. In "God's favour is life." But alas! this palace is despised, and the prison of sin preferred by most. This prison was our *native* place, and though it is a miserable abode, dark, filthy, incommodious, standing directly over a fiery lake, and though all its inmates are invited to forsake it and to enter the palace, yet few give heed. This would seem an incredible statement were it not so well attested, and so fully and so constantly evidenced.

But are they *really* invited to make this change? Yes; there is one "anointed to preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;" he calls, he invites, he entreats; he says that those who hearken and obey, shall "find life and obtain favour of the Lord;" not even those in "the condemned cell" are excluded; yet he often pleads in vain, and complains, "ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." Why is this? Alas! his designs are misunderstood, his character is not known; there is an enemy of his

in the prison who prejudices the prisoners' minds against him, who misrepresents his words, his character, and his service. This enemy finds the inmates employment and diversion, stirs up some to indulge in mad mirth, employs others in trifling pursuits, thrusts some into despondency, teaches others that it is mean to stoop and ask for pardon, and tells many more that another time will be better than the present. Thus the prison continues full, and but few can be prevailed upon to sue for their liberty, and ask to be admitted to the feet of their offended sovereign, who beseeches them to be reconciled and to accept his pardon. How will such curse their folly, and wonder at their madness, when the glories of the heavenly palace, and the horrors of the eternal prison burst upon their view; and when they hear the voice which often invited them, which besieged them with importunate love, saying, "That palace you have lost, that prison is your everlasting dwelling-place."

The eternal palace will be very glorious. The Lord Jesus calls it "his Father's house, in which there are many mansions." Its glories are described at length in the closing chapters of God's word, where it is said to "have the glory of God," to be the dwelling-place of the Lamb. It is large and lofty, its foundations are firm, and its beauties unfading. It is lit up with uncreated light, and filled with an atmosphere of Divine love. Those who dwell there shall go no more out, but shall serve God perfectly and perpetually. There will be no pain, no death, no sorrow, no crying. The inhabitants will be all royal and noble ones, free from ambition and pride, and from all the little rivalries, and jealousies, which now often break our peace. They will be "one family" and "God will be all in all." But far, far down below its glorious turrets, will yawn the lake of fire. This is the prison-house of eternity. Pleasure never enters it, hope cannot visit it. Its gates once closed, remain for ever barred; and within will be "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." When Joseph was in prison, God was with him and showed him mercy, but it will not be so in this prison. When Jeremiah was cast into the dungeon, he was soon drawn up again with cords, but no such effort can be made for the lost. The redemption of the lost soul "ceaseth for ever." And this terrible and eternal doom will be a righteous one.

Here there is a contrast between God and man. In many instances in the world's history, have men been thrust into dungeons unrighteously, while unworthy persons have been lifted up to dignity and honour. The Sovereign of the universe has an eternal prison, and an everlasting palace; both will be tenanted, and the dwellers in both will bear witness to his righteousness as well as to his power. Those who are lost will not be able to complain of injustice, while those who are saved will sing of Divine grace, and of that righteousness through which grace reigns, and God's dealings with both classes will teach the universe most important lessons.

But, above all, let it be borne in mind, that all who hear the gospel are preparing for one or the other of these eternal abodes. All must dwell for ever, either in the prison, or in the palace; and for one or the other, each who reads this paper is every day preparing. The wicked fit themselves for misery by choosing sin and rejecting the Saviour. The righteous are prepared by God for that kingdom which he prepares for them. Yet are they willing agents in this preparation, for the bride is said to have "made herself ready." This twofold process, this moral training for eternity, is going on every moment. Let every one enquire, Am I preparing myself for the prison, or is God meetening me for the palace? Do any anxiously enquire, "how may I escape the one, and gain the other?" *we point to the portal of mercy as the sure way to the palace of glory.* Fly there, plead the name of Jesus, take with you the words which God sends you, when he invites you to be reconciled; rest on the promise, receive the atonement, and all must be well. No one on whom atoning blood is sprinkled can enter hell's dark prison; and the only title to the palace is the righteousness of him who shed that blood. There rest, saved souls, and until the gates of heaven's palace open, and thy Father's voice says, "Come up hither," be always abounding in the work of the Lord.

THE SACRED POETRY OF AMERICA.

PREVIOUSLY to the Australian gold discoveries, America was the "land of promise" to multitudes of the children of toil throughout our country. There, they said, the field of labour is almost boundless, and honest industry lacks not its reward. This feeling gave birth to the tide of emigration which still continues to flow from our shores, and which has borne to the new world the precious fruits of Anglo-Saxon intelligence and persevering exertion. To this influx of vigorous life from the "fatherland," the United States are unquestionably indebted for a large proportion of the power by which they have been enabled to make such a rapid and marvellous advance in every department of material development.

But while many anxious eyes were looking across the waste of waters to the green fields and

rising cities of America as the scene of their future history and hopes, very few regarded that land as a place where the greatest of all truths would be strikingly demonstrated—where, under the strongest temptation to succumb to sheer secularism, the spiritual nature of man would so assert itself as to universally feel and declare that man could not "LIVE *by bread alone.*" It is to this point of view we wish to transfer our readers; that they may behold not only the prairie grass turned into pavements, rivers populous with fleets, and the intense and tireless activity of village and city, but also the proof that man has deeper wants than those which can be supplied by field or factory—wants that have relation to the divine and the eternal, and that can alone be met by the wisdom and the *work* of him who "*receiveth sinners.*"

There can be no surer key to the knowledge of an age or nation, than that which is afforded by the spirit of the literature which awakens the sympathy and wins the favour of the masses. This being borne in mind, the prevalence of the *sacred element* in the popular poetic literature of America is a fact of the gravest and happiest significance. For the poet who really possesses

"The vision and the faculty divine"

is the expositor of thoughts and feelings not of a class, but of humanity. If, then, we find throughout the United States, poetry widely circulated and readily purchased by the people, in which there is a clear and distinct recognition of the truths of the New Testament, we may fairly infer that it is the conviction of a very large number that their personal happiness, their domestic sanctities, and their political institutions, must have *Christianity* as their basis, if they are to be preserved from ruin. On no other principle can we understand the support which the American public gives to American poets. On our table, while we write, there lies a collection of upwards of one hundred and twenty writers, who have an abiding place in the literature of their country; and so far from their general character being such as to offend correct moral feeling or that a father would wish to hide from the eye of his child, there is throughout them the manifest influence of the pure and holy teaching of the Redeemer of mankind. This we deem to be no mean praise, and it augurs well for the future of the mighty people for whom they minister.

Strange to say, however, *America has no sacred poet*, although she can boast of a good collection of sacred poetry. Her literature has no name like that of Milton, Cowper, or James Montgomery. This may be partly accounted for by the fact that the most distinguished American poets are actively engaged in the occupations of secular life, and therefore are deprived of the leisure without which all hope of winning a place among those masters of the art would be vain; and partly, we imagine, by the conviction that their age and country are impatient of the epic, and if moved or taught by the poet, the measure of his verse must be lyrical. Further, the feeling prevails, and justly so, that religion should not be treated as if it were a *separate part of the business of life*, but that which encircles and sanctifies the whole—purifies and enlarges our ideas of justice, wisdom, love, freedom, beauty—elevates and ennobles our being—cherishes our best and tenderest affections—strengthens the arm and heart for duty and trial, and prepares for the revelations and the blessedness of the future life. Therefore, there has been no special treatment of religious topics, so as to entitle any writer to the name of a *sacred poet;* and hence, also, the presence of the sacred element in nearly all that has been written.

In this paper we do not propose to give biographic notices of the authors from whose works we quote. Our limits and the object of this journal will allow us but to glean, from the wide field before us, the ripened fruits of genius in the hope that they may contribute to the profit of our readers.

The two following pieces are from the pen of Willis. The first breathes of the calm and tranquil quietude of a New England day of rest.

THE SABBATH.

It was a pleasant morning, in the time
When the leaves fall, and the bright sun shone out
As when the morning stars first sang together—
So quietly and calmly fell his light
Upon a world at rest. There was no leaf
In motion, and the loud winds slept, and all
Was still. The labouring herd was grazing
Upon the hill-side quietly, uncall'd
By the harsh voice of man; and distant sound,
Save from the murmuring waterfall, came not
As usual on the ear. One hour stole on,
And then another of the morning, calm
And still as Eden ere the birth of man.
And then broke in the sabbath chime of bells—
And the old man and his descendants went
Together to the house of God. I join'd
The well-apparell'd crowd. The holy man
Rose solemnly and breathed the prayer of faith;
And the gray saint, just on the wing for heaven—
And the fair maid—and the bright-hair'd young man,
And child of curling locks, just taught to close
The lash of its blue eye the while—all knelt
In attitude of prayer; and then the hymn,
Sincere in its low melody, went up
To worship God.
The white-hair'd pastor rose
And look'd upon his flock; and with an eye
That told his interest, and voice that spoke
In tremulous accents eloquence like Paul's,
He lent Isaiah's fire to the truths
Of revelation, and persuasion came
Like gushing waters from his lips, till hearts

Unused to bend, were soften'd, and the eye
Unwont to weep, sent forth the willing tear.

I went my way, but as I went *I felt*
How well it was that the world-weary soul
Should have its times to set its burden down.

The following word-picture, suggested by a passage in the seventh chapter of the gospel of Luke, is exquisitely conceived and finished. The opening lines descriptive of the intense and slumberous heat of an eastern noon in summer, could be written only by one familiar with what he so graphically depicts. But this is not the sole merit of the poem. The evangelist, with the peculiar and remarkable mastery of language that distinguishes the inspired writers, narrates the incident in four short verses. How closely Willis has studied those touching verses, and how fully he has realized the tender pity of our Lord, and the sublime manifestation of his power there recorded, cannot possibly escape the notice of the reader.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

The Roman sentinel stood helm'd and tall
Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread
Of comers to the city mart was done,
For it was almost noon, and a dead heat
Quivered upon the fine and sleeping dust,
And the cold snake crept panting from the wall,
And bask'd his scaly circles in the sun.
Upon his spear the soldier lean'd and kept
His idle watch, and, as his drowsy dream
Was broken by the solitary foot
Of some poor mendicant, he raised his head
To curse him for a tributary Jew,
And slumberously dozed on.
'Twas now high noon.
The dull, low murmur of a funeral
Went through the city—the sad sound of feet
Unmixed with voices—and the sentinel
Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly
Up the wide streets, along whose paved way
The silent throng crept slowly. They came on,
Bearing a body heavily on its bier.
And by the crowd that in the burning sun
Walk'd with forgetful sadness, 'twas of one
Mourn'd with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
His spear-point downwards as the bearers pass'd,
Bending beneath their burden. There was one—
Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,
Crumpling the pall up in her withered hands,
Follow'd an aged woman. Her short steps
Faltered with weakness, and a broken moan
Fell from her lips, thicken'd convulsively
As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
Followed apart, but no one spoke to her.
She had no kinsman. He was her all—
The only tie she had in the wide world—
And he was dead. They could not comfort her.

Jesus drew near to Nain, as from the gate
The funeral came forth. His lips were pale
With the noon's sultry heat. The beaded sweat
Stood thickly on his brow, and on the worn
And simple latchets of his sandals lay
Thick, the white dust of travel. He had come
Since sunrise from Capernaum, staying not
To wet his lips by green Bethsaida's pool,
Nor wash his feet in Kishon's silver springs,
Nor turn him southward upon Tabor's side
To catch Gilboa's light and spicy breeze.
Genesareth stood cool upon the east,
Fast by the Sea of Galilee, and there
The weary traveller might bide till eve;
And on the alders of Bethulia's plains
The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild.
Yet turn'd he not aside, but, gazing on,
From every swelling mount, he saw afar,
Amid the hills, the humble spires of Nain,
The place of his next errand; and the path
Touch'd not Bethulia, and a league away
Upon the east lay pleasant Galilee.
Forth from the city gate the pitying crowd
Follow'd the stricken mourner. They came near
The place of burial, and, with straining hands
Closer upon her breast she clasp'd the pall,
And with a gasping sob, quick as a child's,
And an enquiring wildness flashing through
The thin gray lashes of her fevered eyes,
She came where Jesus stood beside the way.
He look'd upon her, and his heart was moved.
"Weep not!" he said; and as they stay'd the bier
And at his bidding laid it at his feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her grasp,
And laid it, in silence, from the dead.
With troubled wonder the mute throng drew near,
And gazed on his calm looks. A minute's space
He stood and pray'd. Then taking the cold hand,
He said "Arise!" And instantly the breast
Heav'd in its cerements, and a sudden flush
Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
And with a murmur of his mother's name
He trembled and sat upright in his shroud;
And, while the mourner hung upon his neck,
Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.

Many writers have pictured the brevity of life, and intimated its dread or joyous issue; but few, we think, with more force and truthfulness than Hannah F. Gould. As a specimen of her sweet powers of composition, we reprint here what appeared in an early number of our journal.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

I.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand,
I stoop'd and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

II.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me;
A wave from dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of Time, and been to be no more,
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave nor track, nor trace.

III.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name;
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught—
For glory or for shame.

The short poem with which we close these extracts is from the pen of Phœbe Carey, a young authoress, who, with her gifted sister, has won a place for herself among the writers of her country, despite of the most adverse circumstances. Throughout her productions there is not only the visible stamp of creative genius and pictorial power, but purity and elevation of thought, and devout and loving reverence for truth and goodness. This piece is evidently a recollection rather than a production. How happy they, while their hearts are wrung with anguish, because death has bereaved them of those they loved, who can find solace in the assurance that the departed are "for ever with the Lord." And how deep must be the woe of those who, dying, have no hope, or who, looking upon the face of the dead, are without the consolation which the survivors of a Christian possess. Infidelity has no balm for the bereaved, no light for the dark valley of the shadow of death; but Christianity has both.

THE DEATH SCENE.

I.

Dying, still slowly dying,
As the hours of night rode by;
She had lain since the light of sunset
Was red on the evening sky,
'Till after the middle watches
As we softly near her trod,
When her soul from its prison fetters
Was loosed by the hand of God.

II.

One moment her pale lips trembled
With the triumph she might not tell,
As the sight of her life immortal
On her spirit's vision fell;
Then the look of rapture faded,
And the beautiful smile was faint,
As that in some ancient picture
On the face of a dying saint!

III.

And we felt in the lonesome midnight,
As we sat by the silent dead,
What a light on the path going downward
The feet of the righteous shed;
When we thought how with faith unshrinking
She came to the Jordan's tide,
And taking the hand of the Saviour,
Went up on the heavenly side.

ANECDOTES OF DR. JUDSON,

BY MRS. E. C. JUDSON.

Dr. Judson used often to remark that the religion of the Romanists could not prevail very extensively in Burmah, as it is unsuited—at least as presented by the Portuguese and Italian priests—to the character of their minds. It is seldom that a pure Burman enters their church, which consists almost exclusively of Portuguese half-castes. That is the reason, also, why they remain with safety under the Burmese government—proselytism being the only thing in foreign religions to which the Buddhists object. In illustration of the common misapprehension of Burmese character by Romish priests, he one day related an anecdote. In the early days of the mission, two of his native assistants came to inquire if it would be wrong for them to visit the Roman Catholic priest, and learn something of his doctrines. After ascertaining that their object was not to annoy, but really to seek information, he assured them that it would be quite right to go, and that he had not the slightest objection. The next time he met them, they declared, with some degree of mortification, that they had never been treated so like silly little children in all their lives. The priest had received them very kindly, calling them his children, and was overjoyed to learn that they wished to know something of his religion. He then retired into an inner room, and soon came out, with one hand hidden under his robe, and very softly and smilingly inquired, "What think you, my dear children, I have here?" at the same time assuring them it was something "very precious," "more precious than gold," something he would not part with for his life, etc. After a while he cautiously gave a slight peep, then a little more, and a little more, till finally the whole of some saintly relic, of which his visitors could not have the slightest appreciation, was held up before their eyes. The Burmans owned that, uncivil as it might appear, they remained silent, uncertain whether it was not the object of the priest to insult them. Presently he discovered that something was wrong, and returned to his room. When he again appeared, he was robed anew, and with the same soft, insinuating smile, he inquired, "*Now*, my dear children, what do you think I have brought you?" The men shook their heads. "Oh, no," he continued, "you need not try to guess, you never could guess: it is one of the loveliest, the most beautiful things in the universe." Gradually, little by little, his robe was again opened, and the wonder permitted to peep forth, though still concealed by his hand, while he whetted curiosity by lavishing upon it the most extravagant praises. At last the treasure was fully exposed, and proved to be a small statuette of her whom the priest assured them was "the mother of God." The newly-converted Christians were shocked, and still more so at being called on to *shoko* to this doll, as they called it. They went from the priest's dwelling with the conclusion on their minds, that if they were ever left to the sin of idolatry, their own Gautama, with the godship wrought out by his own persevering self-discipline, was a more dignified

object of worship than this Jewish woman. And they used afterwards to allude, not infrequently, to the time when they went to inquire after grave matters of religion, and were amused by children's playthings.

A native Christian woman told me that she was at one time about to engage in something which Dr. Judson considered not conducive to her spiritual good. He sent for her, and remonstrated; but she would not give up her darling project. "Look here!" said he, eagerly snatching a ruler from the table, and tracing not a very straight line on the floor; "*here* is where you have been walking. You have made a crooked track, to be sure—out of the path half of the time; but then you have kept near it, and not taken to new roads, and you have—not so much as you might have done, mind, but still to a certain extent—grown in grace; and now, with all this growth upon your heart and head, in the maturity of your years, with ripened understanding and an every-day deepening sense of the goodness of God, here," bringing down the ruler with emphasis to indicate a certain position, "*here you stand.* You know where this path leads. You know what is before you—some struggles, some sorrows, and finally eternal life and a crown of glory. But to the left branches off another very pleasant road, and along the air floats, rather temptingly, a pretty bubble. You do not mean to leave the path you have walked in fifteen years—fifteen long years—altogether; you only want to step aside and catch the bubble, and think you will come back again: but *you never will.* Woman, think! Dare you deliberately leave this strait and narrow path, drawn by the Saviour's finger, and go away for one moment into that of your enemy? Will you? *will you?* WILL YOU?"

"I was sobbing so," said the woman, "that I could not speak a word; but he knew, as he always did, what I meant; for he knelt down, and prayed that God would preserve me in my determination. I have made a great many crooked tracks since," she added, tearfully; "but, whenever I am unusually tempted, I see the teacher as he looked that day, bending over in his chair, the ruler placed on the floor to represent me, his finger pointing along the path of eternal life, his eye looking so strangely over his shoulder, and that terrible 'Will you?' coming from his lips as though it was the voice of God; and I pray just as Peter did, for I am frightened."

One of the native assistants, speaking of Dr. Judson's knowledge of Burmese character, said that it was particularly impossible to conceal a sin from him; and, while a culprit was exulting in fancied security, he would suddenly find an eye fixed upon him that was perfectly irresistible, and would be obliged, in spite of himself, to go to the teacher and confess. He also said that Dr. Judson never accused except upon an absolute certainty, never insinuated a suspicion, and never placed any reliance on a mere hearsay. He always interrupted any communication of one Christian against another with, "Have you told him his fault between you and him alone?" Most likely this had not been done; and the informer would always have some good reason for not taking up the matter himself, but he "thought the teacher ought to know," etc. Probably hints like these, never openly acted on, gave the peculiar expression to the eye which the Burman considered so very remarkable. "He knew us," the man continued, "through and through, much better than we knew ourselves. If we had done anything amiss, he called us pleasantly, talked *so*"—taking up, by way of illustration, a toy that lay upon the floor beside him, and passing his finger gently around the rim—"talked, and talked, and talked, till suddenly, before we knew it, he pounced upon us there," striking his finger violently on the centre of the toy, "and held us breathless till we had told him everything. Ah, no one will ever know us poor Burmans so again!" added the old man, mournfully.

I recollect one day showing my husband two different newspaper articles, in one of which he was compared to the apostle Paul, and in the other spoken of as the "beloved John." Instead of being amused, as I had expected, at the contradiction, he exclaimed, with a sorrowfulness which made me regret having called his attention to the subject, "Oh, how little—how little do they know me! 'Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?'" I believe he was not in the least aware of whose words he had used; and I had ample reason for wishing to divert his thoughts, for he was not strong enough to indulge in deep emotions. "It is very evident," I said, carelessly, "that they do not know you. One day you are Peter, or Paul, or Luther, and the next, gentle John, or mild Melancthon."

"And I do not want to be like any of them," he said, energetically—"Paul, nor Apollos, nor Cephas, nor any other mere man. I want to be like Christ. We have a great many aids and encouragers along the Christian path; but only one perfectly safe exemplar—only One who, tempted like as we are in every point, was still without sin. I want to follow *him* only—copy his teachings, drink in his spirit, place my feet in his footprints, and measure their shortcomings by these, and these alone. It is not safe to take any man, not even an inspired apostle, for a pattern. Oh, to be more like Christ!"

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

51. Matt. xviii. 20. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

52. Deut. xix. 15. . . . . "At the mouth of two witnesses, or at the mouth of three witnesses, shall the matter be established."

53. 1 Kings xxi. 10, 13. "And set two men, sons of Belial, before him, to bear witness against him, saying, Thou didst blaspheme God and the king . . . . And there came in two men, children of Belial, and sat before him; and the men of Belial witnessed against him, even against Naboth, in the presence of the people, saying, Naboth did blaspheme God and the king. Then they carried him forth out of the city, and stoned him with stones that he died." Matt. xxvi. 59-61. "Now the chief priests, and elders, and all the council, sought false witness against Jesus, to put him to death; but found none: yea, though many false witnesses came, yet found they none. At the last came two false witnesses, and said, This fellow said, I am able to destroy the temple of God, and to build it in three days." Acts vi. 11, 13. "Then they suborned men, which said, We have heard him speak blasphemous words against Moses and against God . . . . And set up false witnesses, which said, This man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words, against this holy place and the law."

54. Isaiah xliii. 25. "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." Luke v. 21. "Who can forgive sins, but God alone?"

55. Matt. ix. 2. "Jesus, seeing their faith, said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee." Luke vii. 48. "He said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven."

56. Luke vii. 4—9. "When they came to Jesus they besought him instantly, saying, That he was worthy for whom he should do this; for he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue. . . . . Jesus . . . . said unto the people that followed him, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." Acts x. 1, 2. "Cornelius, a centurion of the band called the Italian band, a devout man, and one that feared God, with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway." v. 7. "He called two of his household servants, and a devout soldier of them that waited on them continually."

57. Exod. xx. 2. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Matt. iv. 10. "It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

58. Rev. xix. 10. "I fell at his feet to worship him. And he said unto me, See thou do it not: *I am thy fellow-servant*, and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus: worship God." . . . . xxii. 8, 9. "I, John, saw these things, and heard them. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things. Then saith he unto me, See thou do it not; for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God."

59. Ps. x. 14. "Thou art the helper of the fatherless." lxviii. 5. "A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation." cxlvi. 9. "He relieveth the fatherless and widow." Prov. xv. 25. "He will establish the border of the widow." Jer. xlix. 11. "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." Hos. xiv. 3. "In thee the fatherless findeth mercy."

60. 1 Cor. x. 31. "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

61. Acts xiii. 20. "He gave unto them judges about the space of four hundred and fifty years, until Samuel the prophet."

Religious Intelligence.

London, Feb. 28th, 1855.

The third of February witnessed the death of one of the very few "immortal mortals" whose life-time is extended beyond a hundred years. The venerable Mr. George Fletcher, of Poplar, completed his 108th year on the 2nd of February, and died on the day following.* He was personally known to the Rev. John Wesley, and was, when quite young, brought to submit to the yoke of Christ. The earlier part of his life was spent in the army, which he entered between the age of 16 and 20. He fought at the battle of Bunker's Hill, and was with General Abercrombie in Egypt. During his later years he was supported by his pension, and very frequently, even after he became a centenarian, he was able to preach the gospel with remarkable fervour and holy love. His extraordinary age is now the subject of official investigation, and the result will be inserted in the tables of the Registrar-General.

On the 4th February, being the ter-centenary of the martyrdom of the Rev. John Rogers, an unusually large congregation assembled in St. Paul's cathedral to hear a discourse, by the Rev. Canon Dale, in commemoration of that event. This proto-martyr of the Marian persecution had been a prebend of St. Paul's in the reign of Edward VI, and willingly laid down his life for Christ's sake on Feb. 4th, 1555. Discourses in commemoration of his testimony to the sole supremacy of Jesus Christ in his church, and of his faithful protest against the dogma of the "real presence," were delivered in many churches and chapels in London and the neighbourhood. It is, we understand, proposed to erect a church in Smithfield on the spot on which the proto-martyr suffered.

The religious obituary of the month furnishes a remarkable instance of holy triumph in death in the French pastor Lobstein, from whose dying expressions we are favoured with the following beautiful specimens, which we give to strengthen the faith of those who are anticipating their own passage through the dark valley. "I never could believe that I should die a triumphant death. I am going through all the stages of death; the Lord makes me to rise a few degrees; then when I have grown accustomed to this state, a few degrees more; and the horizon becomes more and more vast. I am rising to the land of light, a celestial Italy. I now understand the passage, 'this corruptible shall put on incorruption;' the Lord is drawing me out of corruptible things, and I am almost entirely in the incorruptible. Prayer changes its nature; it becomes purely passive; I have only to receive, and I am not sufficient even to receive all that the Lord gives. Ordinary prayer has already become too slow a means of communication with him; the communication is immediate and permanent."

The contemplation of such a death-bed at once calls our attention to the mournful spectacles which are presented in our eastern campaign, but which are somewhat relieved by the interesting accounts we have received of the progress of the word of God among the sufferers. There is an auxiliary of the Bible Society in Constanti-

* A slight biographical sketch of this remarkable centenarian will be found in the "Leisure Hour," No. 149.

nople, by whose labours a New Testament has been placed within reach of every British invalid. One of the agents had the privilege of handing the French New Testament also to the French soldiers, until his good work was checked through the influence of the ladies called Sisters of Mercy. There are in our hospitals a few Russian prisoners who can read, and to each of them the New Testament is given. A gentleman engaged in the good work of distributing the Scriptures in Constantinople, speaks with much satisfaction of a visit he had just paid to Miss Nightingale. He says, that in traversing the extensive corridors of the Scutari barracks leading to that lady's apartments, his heart bled to see them filled with the heroes of Alma and Inkermann stretched on their couches, pale and emaciated with wounds and sickness, the natural consequences of warfare. But he had the consolation of seeing a New Testament lying within reach of each of the sufferers, and several in the act of reading its sacred passages. On communicating to Miss Nightingale the object of his visit, which was to offer to her the assistance of the Bible Society in furnishing the word of God to the invalids under her care, he was informed that all the men were supplied with New Testaments, but that they sadly required Bibles, and that she had been obliged to give her own away.

The Rev. Carus Wilson has just sent from Nice an encouraging statement respecting the circulation of the Scriptures in northern Italy, where six thousand copies of the Bible have been placed in the hands of people who are thankful to read it in their own tongue.

We have, on former occasions, referred to the Soldiers' Friend and Army Scripture Reader's Society, which has sent out a number of devoted labourers to the Crimea. We have now the pleasure of noticing its useful operations among the Russian prisoners brought to this country. Mr. Stallybrass, who was formerly a missionary in Russia, referring to the Russians now at Plymouth, says: "I proceeded to some of the wards and held conversation with many of the men, all of whom seemed pleased to see me. I felt the advantage of having spent twenty-four years in Russia, and endeavoured to speak to their hearts, and hope that in some good measure I succeeded. I found that all who can read have copies of the New Testament, either in Russ or in some other language which they know; and that they received these on their arrival at Sheerness. This afforded me an opportunity of speaking of the privilege of possessing the New Testament, and their duty to make themselves acquainted with it, and seeking an interest in the blessings it reveals. One man wished to raise a discussion as to the cause of the war, asserting that, whereas the English rely on the French, and the French on the English, and the Turks on both, their czar relies on God alone, and is fighting only in the cause of religion—a delusion into which the poor fellows have been cheated. I declined to discuss the point with him, but reminded them of the fact that by the providence of God they are here, and have important time and opportunities afforded them, which I besought them diligently and faithfully to improve. I repeated my visit to them in the evening with similar results."

The present anxious season calls for deep humiliation and prayer to Almighty God that he may teach us the lessons we have to learn from the calamities which have come upon us and on all the earth, and mercifully avert the still greater evils which only his good providence can prevent. It has been calculated that there are about a quarter of a million individuals among us plunged into mourning from the loss of relations in the eastern expedition. The effect of being in a state of warfare is telling too in a most painful manner on our manufacturing industry and commerce, while the working classes have to take their large share in the common suffering.

The anxiety of the nation also has been increased by the delay experienced in finding high officers of state able and willing to undertake the grave and responsible duties to which they were summoned. Solicitude also is directed to that important conference at Vienna, which a representative of our sovereign attends. The object of it is to make a last effort to prevent the further prosecution of the war; and we can conceive of no meeting on whose decision more serious results are dependent, and none for whose members earnest and united prayer is more required.

As we send these pages to the press all other topics are for a time thrown into the shade by the intelligence, flashed to us with such startling suddenness, of the death of Nicholas, Emperor of Russia. Although those who have had opportunities of close personal acquaintance with him, especially when taking into account the hereditary complaints of his race, had considered it by no means improbable that this event might take place suddenly, yet to the ordinary spectators of public affairs such an occurrence appeared in the highest degree unlikely. Indeed it seemed that we were committed to long antagonism with a man possessed of indomitable perseverance, resolute will, and adamantine frame. While men gazed on this portentous being, the very impersonation of strength and despotic power, lo, he has unexpectedly fallen, and dissolved into dust, leaving his opponents gazing with wonder at the chasm through which, as it were, he has disappeared.

Sudden death is at all times terrible, but in this case there are circumstances that lend additional solemnity to the event. The abrupt descent, from possessing all things to having nothing, is overwhelming. The ruler of all the Russias—he at whose bidding armed hosts sprang into being—to whom more than sixty millions were tributary—is suddenly reduced to a lump of inanimate clay, while his splendid imperial palace is exchanged for the silence of the tomb.

The troubler of Europe goes, and his own violence and rapacity have been the proximate cause. Defeat to his arms, tribulation to his country, and now his own death, have been the memorable fruits of his tortuous policy. Surely it were wrong not to recognise in all this the hand of a supreme Ruler of the world. Even the most indifferent have been forced to perceive in it an illustration of the propriety of the scriptural exhortation, "Be still, and know that I am God." Nor will it, we trust, be lost upon the community at large. The lesson will have been given in vain if it does not teach us that a moral Governor is seated on the throne of the universe.

"The impression made by the event," well observes a contemporary writer, "will not soon be effaced. Even in the extraordinary times in which the lot of this generation has been cast, when great events succeed each other with such marvellous rapidity, and in such unexpected combinations, the downfall of Nicholas will long stand preeminent in the imagination of the people. The awful lesson goes direct to the heart of the multitude. Not even a visible sign and portent in the sky, or an audible voice from the heavens proclaiming the vanity and littleness of all earthly things, could have spoken more solemnly to the reason and conscience of mankind.

A day of national humiliation, fasting, and prayer will before this meets our reader's eye have been observed by the nation. However individual opinions may vary as to the second causes which have brought about many of our difficulties at the present crisis, all devout readers of the word of God will admit the blessings that follow such an observance properly kept. May it be followed with rich mercies on us, both as individuals and as a community.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

I AM TAKEN TO A NEW HOME AS "A BARGAIN."

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

PART VI.

I ACCOMPANIED my purchaser to his home—a pleasant country-house, many miles from the city. The change was refreshing. In the later stages of my experience, especially in the open book-stall, I had contracted a dull and tarnished appearance which, in some degree, marred my external beauty; and an odour was beginning to cling to me which told of close habitations and polluted air.

My new situation was manifestly to my advantage. The journey over, I found myself in a light and cheerful room, overlooking a garden stocked with choice flowers which shed a delicate and grateful perfume around; and in the society of two persons, besides my purchaser, one an elderly lady and the other, as I soon perceived, her daughter. My new owner was the husband and father of the twain.

The ladies were engaged in some feminine occupation with which I am unacquainted when I first engaged their attention, some hours after my arrival; and their greeting was sufficient to cast a chill over my spirit which at once dispelled any satisfaction I might have received from the change in circumstances I had

No. 49.—PUBLISHED APRIL 6, 1855. PRICE ONE PENNY.

experienced. Let me call to mind and record some fragments of the conversation that ensued.

DAUGHTER; (taking me in her hand and glancing at the name I bore deeply impressed on my back, and then laying me down with an air of disappointment). How very provoking! What a strange man you are, papa! Only think of this, mamma! I expected papa would have brought me that new volume of poems; and instead of that, see! he has been buying a musty old Bible!

FATHER; (smiling and rubbing his hands, as though enjoying his daughter's disappointment). Not an *old* Bible by any means, Lucy; a very nicely bound one, too, it is; and silver clasps. I bought it cheap, I assure you; quite a bargain, all things considered.

I could but call to mind when my new owner said this, an inscription which was once—as I had heard—placed on the blank leaf of a fellow-labourer of mine, and was to this effect:—

> "It were, indeed, in vain to boast,
> How small a sum this Bible cost;
> The day of judgment will declare
> How cheap it was, or else how dear!"

but the conversation went on—

MOTHER; (with an appearance of vexation). Your father is so fond of picking up bargains, as he calls them, Lucy, that it is quite ridiculous. I am sure we have Bibles enough in the house already. How could you be so foolish (turning to the gentleman) as to bring home another?

FATHER. Wise people tell us that we cannot have too much of a good thing, my dear; and you cannot deny that Bibles are good things: *you* do not deny that, do you Lucy? (appealing to his daughter.)

DAUGHTER; (laughing). I make it a rule not to contradict anything you are pleased to say, sir, you know. And Bibles—oh yes, they are good things in their times and places, no doubt.

FATHER. And where may these times and places be, Lucy?

DAUGHTER. What a very odd question! Why, in church, for instance; or when one is "terrible bad," as old Atkins says his wife is, "so that she can't get over it no how;" or on a dull Sunday at home, when there is nothing else to be done; or a hundred other times, I dare say; if I could but think of them.

FATHER; (speaking quietly). Do you read the Bible on dull Sundays at home, Lucy? I think I have seen a very different sort of thing in your hands at such times.

DAUGHTER; (rather confused). I said, when there is nothing else to be done, papa.

MOTHER; (impatiently). You are in a very odd mood, this evening, Mr. H. Have you nothing more entertaining to talk about than such an out-of-the way subject? It is enough to give us the horrors. You are like your old uncle when you got upon this string: he had always something to say about the Bible; and used to ask such strange questions, as if one had nothing to think of besides.

FATHER; (sighing and looking grave). I wish I were like my old uncle, my dear. It would be better for me in the end, perhaps. However, I won't say any more about it. Here, Lucy, I did not mean to cheat you out of your volume of poems; (taking a book from his pocket, and putting it into his daughter's hands.)

DAUGHTER; (taking the offered book eagerly). There's a dear, good papa; and now you must read to us out of it, will you not?

The father consented, and the remainder of the evening was occupied with the newly-arrived stranger, while I was permitted to remain on the table unnoticed. At length the small party broke up without a word of counsel or comfort—of "doctrine, reproof, or instruction in righteousness"—being sought from myself or either of my counterparts of which the elderly lady had spoken, and without a prayer or a thanksgiving breathed to "the Father of mercies;" and thus I was left in darkness and solitude to my own reflections.

Through many succeeding days and weeks I remained neglected and unnoticed; but to this I had been partly inured in my former service; and I could wait until my Great Master should be pleased once more to employ me. Meanwhile, I had many opportunities of observing the habits and dispositions of the family into which I was introduced.

It was plain that they were living in comfort—the comfort of affluence. God had given them the good things of his providence in rich abundance. Their habitation was commodious and well furnished; their table was daily spread with luxuries; they wore "soft clothing;" they had servants to do their bidding; and they had leisure to enjoy their many mercies.

And I do not assert that they did not, in any degree, enjoy their mercies. But it was clear that they had but little thought for their heavenly Benefactor, whom they acknowledged, indeed, in words, while "in works they denied him."

I discovered too—it needed not much penetration to discern it—that I had not entered an atmosphere of undisturbed tranquillity. My purchaser had, evidently, many cares which weighed down his spirits, not the lightest of which was that he had a son such as I have described as the cause of heaviness and grief. He was absent from home; but, present or

absent, he was the source of anxiety and sorrow. Then, it was easy to be seen that the elderly lady was often peevish and irritable, exacting in her demands, and dissatisfied with all and everything around her. The daughter's mind—as I could find—was sometimes sorely disquieted with vain expectations and desires for anything unattainable, while regardless of many blessings which were thickly scattered around her path. If godliness had but had admittance in this family, how much would the happiness of each have been enhanced! Well and truly am I commissioned to declare that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is," as well as of "that which is to come."

There was, as I soon observed, little disposition in any of the family who came before my notice to "redeem the time." They were, each in different ways, regardless of its shortness; and but little disposed to adopt the language of Him who said, "I must work the works of Him who sent me, while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work." With talents entrusted to their charge—the talents, at least, of health, influence, and prosperity—they had no concern to improve them, but rather, like the slothful servant of whom I have sometimes occasion to speak, they said in effect, "Lord, I knew thee, that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed; and I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth." So my new owner wasted day after day in trifling engagements which brought with them no satisfaction: the mistress of the family passed her days in a round of unnecessary household cares, and soured her mind with endless petty vexations, which left no room for thoughts of higher moment. The constantly recurring anxiety of her soul was, "What shall we eat? What shall we drink? Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" And the daughter was lost in the frivolities of fashion, and the vain chase of unattainable pleasures which, could they have been secured, would have extorted from her deceived and wounded heart the sad acknowledgment, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit!"

But though too much engrossed by "the things which are not" to give heed to "the things that *are*"—as a part, indeed, of that fatal infatuation, under the influence of which they all "walked in a vain show, and disquieted themselves in vain"—my owner and his family were anxious for amusement, by which to enliven what they termed the monotony of life. The long evenings of winter, especially, which soon succeeded my introduction to that family, were given to company and cards. Night after night, the pleasant room in which I was permitted to remain, though thrust out of sight and utterly abandoned to neglect, was brilliant with light and gay with visitors—young, middle aged, and old—who spent the time in vain conversation, frivolous songs, or the more serious business of the card table. It was, indeed, easy to perceive that, one and all, they were "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God."

Not so easy would it have been for a spectator less penetrating than myself to have discerned that the gaiety of which I have spoken was scarcely more than outward seeming; that in many of those pleasure-loving, pleasure-seeking hearts rankled envy and pride and many corroding passions; and that for all was preparing the cup of dissatisfaction, disappointment, and acute sorrow, involved in that "woe" which I am bidden to pronounce against those who "call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter." And, in my spirit, I was ready to exclaim, "Oh, that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!"

No, they were not happy. I could but compare the condition of these owners of mine with that of the family of my earliest possessor. Those were struggling with many difficulties; these had, if not all, yet much in worldly possessions that heart could wish; but in the one case, there was the "peace of God which passeth understanding, keeping the heart and mind, through Christ Jesus," while in the other was dissatisfaction, distaste and disgust. How often have I seen, when these gay seasons were over, the mask of pleasure removed which concealed the rankling passions that distorted the features of my owners, and heard words of bitter import which revealed, more fully, the tumult of souls to which true peace was a stranger!

I had some opportunities, too, of observing the peculiar disposition of my purchaser. That he was ill at ease with himself, my readers may have gathered from some few expressions in the conversation I have recorded; and from the fact that I became his merely because he had lighted on me as "a bargain," may be obtained some insight into his character. It happened that a conversation which passed in my presence made me acquainted with some part of his past history, and served as a key to his inward thoughts and feelings.

In the earlier part of his life, he had been dependent on the kindness of the relative who "had always something to say about the Bible, and asked such strange questions." It may be that this protector and friend had mingled too much sternness with his authority, and was as much feared as loved by the orphan youth.

But be this as it may, he had dealt generously with him during life; and when he died, he made the orphan nephew his heir. The young man had been brought up in the outward reverence of things sacred; he was well acquainted with the letter of my commission, which he acknowledged to be divine; but "the deceitfulness of riches" had turned his heart aside from the pursuit of heavenly blessings. He "knew his master's will and did it *not*." No wonder, then, that he was uneasy, and in a state of unrest. Yet did he believe that the time would come—though perpetually adjourned—when he should find comfort and hope in that which he constantly avoided and postponed! Truly is it mine to declare that "the heart is deceitful above all things;" and faithfully am I commanded to exhort all to whom I am sent, to beware of that self-hardening of the heart which, commencing in criminal neglect, proceeds to infatuated rejection, and ends in utter, eternal ruin. Reader, "TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice," who speaks by me, in love and mercy, in boundless compassion, and gracious invitation, "harden not your heart," nor dream the fool's dream of "TO-MORROW."

I had been many months in this family, and saw no hope of amelioration in my condition. Assuredly I was not roughly treated; I was simply unnoticed. There were, indeed, under the same roof, many of my compeers; and little would my own individual treatment have concerned me, had I known that *they* had been well and usefully employed. But alas! it was not so: all were equally neglected. There had been many "dull Sundays at home;" but these had never been cheered and enlivened by the accents of our voices. But I must hasten on through this stage of my history.

One night, a sudden confusion and alarm disturbed the repose of the household. It rapidly increased, and broke into wailing and lamentation. Lights gleamed, and hasty footsteps passed to and fro. The trampling of a horse was heard without: it died away in the distance: after a short interval, the sound revived; then more rapidly still arrived another horse and horseman. The later arrival was that of a physician. My poor owner had been stricken with deadly disease.

Morning dawned slowly on the alarmed and distracted family. Death was hovering around—that last enemy, death; and alas! alas! he had come in all his terrors. "The sting of death is sin."

The day passed over, sadly and hopelessly. The poor remnant of life only remained, to flicker a few hours longer in its socket. Then, with feverish haste, were my services sought: hope and consolation were required at my hands.

It was mine, indeed, to tell, in those awful hours, of One who is "able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him." But who shall say that the mind which, in health and vigour, has deliberately refused reconciliation and salvation, shall, in the agonies of dissolution, be brought to receive "the kingdom of heaven as a little child."

A few hours longer, and night again fell. Then was it said to my poor owner—my owner no longer—"This night is thy soul required of thee."

Reader, once again suffer the word of exhortation; "TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice, harden not your heart;" nor dream the fool's dream of—TO-MORROW.

NOTHING LOST BY SERVING GOD.

AN INCIDENT FROM REAL LIFE.

A GENERATION has not passed away since in a village near the town of A—— there lived an honest and hard-working man. By trade he was a blacksmith. For many years he had been a consistent member of an evangelical body of Christians, and was esteemed and respected by those who knew him. Anxious for the spiritual welfare of others, he was in the habit of going into the neighbouring villages on the sabbath, and seeking opportunities of winning souls for the Saviour. As his mind was characterized by strength and energy, although he had neither time nor the means of learning much from books, he could extract wisdom from his observations of the world and his own experience among men, as the bee abstracts its honey from every *living* flower. As his wisdom and practical good sense, too, were sustained by a consistent and pious life, his efforts to do good were not in vain. Thus were his days and weeks spent from year to year. Hard were his toils during the six days of labour to obtain the means of subsistence for himself and family. But these toils were sweetened by fellowship with things unseen. Earthly sorrows were relieved by heavenly hopes, and the load of care belonging to his earthly lot was lightened by the faith and joy which true piety inspires.

Although beloved by the poor for his offices of love towards them, yet there were several farmers in the neighbourhood who, while they respected him for his industry and honesty, yet hated him for his religion, the earnestness of which rebuked their own supineness, and above all for his efforts to fill the mind of others with what they called enthusiasm. They did not spare the use of abuse and ridicule to deter him

from his efforts to rouse the slumbering consciences of his fellow men. But he was not to be moved by any such means from the discharge of what he believed to be his duty. "I was once without God, and ignorant of Christ Jesus. I was then a dark, miserable, and wretched sinner, with nothing before me but everlasting perdition. Such is now the very condition of thousands around me. But God, blessed be his name, has brought light into my soul, and salvation into my heart. Woe, therefore, to me if I do not endeavour to impart to others the knowledge of the Saviour I have found."

The ridicule and vituperations of his opponents prevailed nothing. When the enemies of Stephen had reached just this stage with him, they resolved to stone him to death. As that method of settling an argument had gone out of fashion with the persecutors in this village, in deference to custom and fear of the law of the land, they resolved upon more humane means. Let not our readers suppose they gave up the contest. They still adhered to the resolution, "If we cannot hide this light under our bushel, then we will trample it out: out it shall go." Sometimes when a besieging army is not strong enough to take a city by storm, it resorts to a blockade; and then if it can but stop the supplies, it is only a work of time; the city must yield at length. This the persecuting farmers resolved to do with our poor blacksmith. "We will stop his supplies of work," said they. So they resolved to introduce another blacksmith, and send their work to him. As they resolved, so they performed.

A new smithy is at length opened. The ring of another anvil is heard. The glare of another fire is seen. As the new bellows puff and snort, giving more fury to the flame, so the embers of our friend become more and more dim. His work is gone. What is he to do? Shall we describe how he felt as he saw the horses of his former masters inclining, as if by instinct, towards his shop; but driven past to be shod by his rival at the other end of the village? Did anger rise? Did ill-will find place? Who can describe what sharp inward conflicts ensued between the flesh and the spirit? The issue of the strife, however, was beautiful, in his calm and trustful resignation to the mysterious but all-wise and loving will of God. Though he had no work for his hands to do from his old masters during the week, he was none the less willing to work for his heavenly Master on the Lord's day. Yet as the bird's flying is said to be a rising and a falling, so is our spiritual life a kind of rising and falling too. Our friend had his fluctuations of faith and hope. Sometimes he felt able to endure all things for Jesus' sake; at other times, until he could recover himself by some refreshing thoughts, he was ready to lose heart, and say, like Jacob, "All these things are against me."

During some of these darker intervals, when his heart was ready to burst within him, some desponding words escaped his lips in the hearing of his wife. "How are we to pass through and bear up under this trial?" said he. "My dear," replied the pious woman, "ask me this time twelve months, and I will then tell you how we *have* passed through it." These brief words, spoken with a firm and emphatic voice from her all-hoping and trusting heart, cheered and inspired the husband with fresh courage and faith to struggle on, waiting what the future should disclose. If you have known sorrow, dear readers, then your imaginations will be able to conceive what a variegated scene that brave heart presented, alternating as it often did between hope and despair. As the Hebrews were hemmed in on all hands by rocks and sea when the Egyptians were in pursuit in their rear; so, to the fleshly eye, did this good man's case seem hopeless. Still faith said, deliverance will come. How? inquires curiosity. Will God move the hearts of the persecutors by judgments, as he did Pharaoh? Cease vain reasoning, and limit not the resources of the Almighty One to such modes of operation as your imaginations can suggest from your imperfect view of the circumstances.

After a while a gentleman, who was traveller for a firm in the iron trade, as he was on his rounds, happened to visit A——. This gentleman was a truly religious man, and a member of the same religious community to which our friend belonged. The case of the poor persecuted blacksmith was accordingly related to him. Having heard with interest the narrative from his neighbours, he expressed his wish to see him. An interview was speedily arranged. The stranger listened with sympathising interest to the simple tale of woe from the lips of the sorrowing man; and then enquired, "Can you make a plough?"

"A plough? yes, without vanity I may say, as well as any man in my trade," was the reply.

"Why not set to work then, and make some, and take them to the market? Your religion will not prevent your selling them there. If you make them *well*, they will not fail to sell."

"It is all very well for you to give me good advice; but, alas! I cannot carry it into practice, for the simple reason that I have no iron to make them with, nor money to purchase the material," said the blacksmith.

"But," replied the traveller, "I will supply you with iron."

He was kindly thanked for his offer; but "that cannot be," answered the smith once more, "since I am a poor man, and have no credit."

"If you will make the ploughs, I will send you a stock of iron, and trust you till you can pay me for it," was the generous offer.

In due time, the arrival of the needful metal came to hand. The industrious artisan lost no time in finishing his first plough. Now, however, was the time of new trial. "Shall I," he reasoned with himself, "be able to find a purchaser, or will it be left on my hands, in which latter case, I shall be in a worse condition than I was in before. Then I was only poor; but in that event, I should be both poor and in debt, without any means of release."

The next market day he was to be seen in the midst of the hum and business of the market-place, offering his implement for sale, to any who might chance to buy. Nor was he long kept in suspense. Its superiority for strength and utility was soon recognised, and a purchase effected. With silent and tempered joy, he returned to gladden his household with tidings of his success. Again, with additional zest derived from his prosperous beginning, he sets to work until the next market day, when he once more takes his stand in the place of business, and meets with the same good hap he had experienced the week before. He soon becomes known, and establishes for himself a reputation; so that in the course of a few years he is at the head of a considerable establishment, and in the way of realizing for himself a large fortune.

But his path was not henceforth to be all of moss and roses. He must make his way once more over rocks and pitfalls. Still, as he is not a stranger to such roads, he foots them well. Although the travelling agent of the firm we have mentioned proved himself a friend indeed, and was a sincere Christian, the principals of the house which he represented were men of slender principle. Accordingly, either from fraud or gross carelessness, they sent him in a bill for goods amounting to many hundreds of pounds more than was really due to them, thinking, possibly, that he had been too careless about keeping his receipts to be able to offer opposition to their demand. In this, to a certain extent, they were correct; for not having been much used to business habits, and being unsuspicious of those with whom he had to deal, he had been somewhat lax in preserving memoranda of the payments which he had made to them.

Having sought legal aid, his adviser recommended him to deny that he had received the goods.

"I cannot do that," he said, "for I have had the goods and paid for them, all but to the value of a few pounds; and I would rather suffer any wrong than state what is false."

His adviser then said, "If you have not preserved all the receipts, you may have some. Bring me those which you have."

The client returned with what papers he could find, mingled in such confusion as would have required a learned head to reduce them to order. In this respect, he was undoubtedly to blame, for true religion is no friend to irregularity. The cause was eventually tried. Into the particulars of the trial, however, we need not enter; it is enough to state that a verdict was obtained for the defendant, and that instead of being indebted to the plaintiffs, they were found to be his debtors.

His opponents afterwards became bankrupt, but his own trials from that period were over. For many years he carried on a prosperous trade, and by persevering industry and integrity realized a fortune of from 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.* His religion had sustained him, and he had experienced the truth of the divine saying, "The blessing of God, it maketh rich; and he addeth no sorrow therewith."

A VISIT TO MADELEY.

Among the honoured instruments of the revival of religion in the last century, we need but mention Fletcher of Madeley to recall the idea of one whose devotedness and holy fervour were only equalled by his remarkable humility, and singular simplicity of life. Madeley, the scene of the labours of this apostolic man, is a considerable parish in Shropshire, near the foot of the Wrekin, having a population of about nine thousand. Its scenery is characterised by diversities rarely to be met with in an equal space, nature and art holding controversy for the mastery. Here are mines of coal and iron with their attendant furnaces, which at night illumine miles around; a beautiful meandering river (the Severn) with sylvan banks; founderies and potteries rivalling any in the kingdom for magnitude; and, in the midst of all, romantic combinations of verdant hill and dale.

Here was opened the door of usefulness wherein Mr. Fletcher entered to labour for twenty-five years, leaving an impress which the lapse of time has by no means effaced even at this day. Different from his friends the Wesleys, his gift was not that of the evangelist spreading the good seed in a ceaseless itinerancy, but that of patient and untiring toil in one corner of the Lord's vineyard, presenting at first the rugged soil of a population notorious

for ignorance and impiety, but eventually yielding abundant fruit of righteousness.

Nor must we forget his true "help-meet," Mrs. Fletcher, who shared the work of his closing years, and for more than half a century after his decease (1785) remained "a burning and a shining light" in the village. Happily "men like-minded" have been raised up to enter into their labours, so that the spirit of bygone days still animates the hearts of many—may we not hope, of an unusual proportion of the people. Well do we remember going down one of the iron-mines, some three hundred feet deep, sitting in chain slings with several pit men who, as we slowly descended, sang, not, as might be thought, a ballad, but—

> "When I behold the wondrous cross
> On which the Prince of glory died,
> My richest gain I count but loss,
> And pour contempt on all my pride."

With thrilling interest we lately visited the house in which Fletcher dwelt and the sanctuary in which he ministered, and we had contemplated, indeed, the narration of the feelings (not unprofitable we trust) which we there experienced. But our task has been anticipated. A Canadian tourist, the Rev. Aaron Green, has recently been on the spot, and in a transatlantic journal, thus records what he witnessed.

"Our breakfast being over," he writes, "we hastened away to the point of deepest interest—the church-yard. The parish church stands in the centre of the village, about two hundred feet from the principal street, on a small eminence, with grounds sloping off from it in different directions. The church-yard is large, containing, I should think, two or three acres, well filled with graves and tombs, both in front and rear. On the left, as you pass up toward the church, is a walk leading to the rear, with many tombs on the lower side of it. Among them, just opposite the church, and but few feet from it, is a very plain but rich and neat-looking tomb, about four feet wide, and five or six feet high, covered with an iron plate. This tomb contains all that is mortal of the memorable Fletcher, his excellent wife, and adopted daughter. On the lid of this tomb, in embossed letters, is a brief description of its illustrious inmates. We copied the following: 'The Rev. John William de la Flechere, was born at Nyon, in Switzerland, Sept. the 12th, 1729; and died August 14th, 1785. Mrs. Fletcher was born Sept. 1739, and died 1815.' It will be seen that the orthography on this tomb is different from that in common use—the *t* is left out of his name, and the final *e* retained; but in his own signature in the church records he has anglicized the French, and in all places where I saw his name written by himself, it is spelt *Fletcher*.

"I lingered at this tomb, hallowed by so many pleasing recollections, long after my companions had left it; and even then I tore myself away in violence to my feelings, deeply regretting that my time was so limited that I could not linger for hours in a place so suggestive of admonitory thoughts, and so replete with interest to a reflecting mind.

"After taking a brief survey of the yard, in which there are a goodly number of very respectable-looking tombs, we entered the church. This edifice has been rebuilt since Mr. Fletcher's day, but the steps leading both to the pulpit and the reading desk were those used by Fletcher himself in the old sanctuary. I walked up these steps, narrow and awkward as they were, with deep emotions, picturing to myself the probable appearance and feelings of that eminent servant of God, as he ascended the same steps to deliver those powerful sermons which shook the village from centre to circumference, and kindled up a light in that benighted part of the kingdom which has never been extinguished. Behind this pulpit is a small vestry, in which are kept the church records. On examination I found all the entries made during his incumbency in his own handwriting, which is large, open, and legible, nor is the ink much faded. His last baptism was performed on the 29th of July, about a fortnight before his death. On the 5th of June, 1785, he baptized Charles Dyer, who is now living near the place, and who often refers to the fact with delight.

"The Old Barn, which was once used as a depository for the *tithes*, and subsequently for a chapel for Mrs. Fletcher, has long since been removed; a drawing of it, however, is retained.

"The parsonage is in a lovely spot, with beautiful grounds and gardens attached. I noticed many beautiful trees in the grounds, but none which I so much admired as a large shady medlar, venerable for age, but youthful in its loveliness. It stands but a few paces from the house, and spreads out its branches with so much majesty and attractiveness as induced me, while standing in its shade, to believe that I stood where the man of God has often been to meditate, adore, and pray. The parsonage is a very respectable-looking building. We were shown into the library, where I suppose Fletcher wrote his powerful 'Appeal,' a masterpiece of logical reasoning and sound argument which has carried conviction to the minds and hearts of thousands; his unanswerable 'Checks to Antinomianism,' which have turned many a giddy head from darkness to light; his portraiture of St Paul, so instructing in its fine and noble sentiments to the minister of Christ; his address, letters, and many other valuable works, for which he has laid the Christian world under great obligations,

VIEW OF MADELEY CHURCH.

and which will cause his name to be revered and his memory cherished with grateful emotions, so long as sound doctrine and deep piety are felt and valued in the church of God. This room is about 9 by 12 feet in size, and 10 feet in height. I looked for the wall which was said to be stained with his breath, where he kneeled to pray, but these marks of agonizing prayer, if they ever were in this room, are now effaced.

"From the parsonage we went to the bible-class room, a small building erected near the spot where Mrs. Fletcher's chapel used to stand. Next to the tomb of the venerable Fletcher, this room forms the point of deepest interest. Here are carefully preserved the pulpit with its cushion and lamps, the prayer-book and communion-table used by that holy man. The pulpit is small, with plain oaken panels, a velvet cushion and brass lamps, made to slide up and down as occasion required. The prayer-book is a very small quarto, or an awkward octavo nearly square. On the margin of one of its pages are these words, written by himself in an open and bold hand; they are so expressive of the feelings which characterized the author from his conversion to his death, that I wrote them down on his pulpit, while I was kneeling in that holy place, and now give them to the reader, with the capitals and words precisely as they are in the original:—'Bless the lord O! my strength, and all that is within me; Bless him and praise him and magnify him forever! O! how good is the lord and worthy to be praised for evermore.—Amen.' The communion-table is also made of oak, two and a half feet in size, with a plain strip nailed on each end to prevent warping. It was to this table he went after he had, with great effort and in much weakness, preached his last sermon on the 7th of August, the sabbath before his decease, saying, 'I am now going to throw myself under the wings of the cherubim, before the mercy-seat.' He administered the Lord's supper to his flock for the last time, while groans and sobs were heard in every part of the house for their beloved pastor, whose exit was evidently near at hand. After several times sinking on the sacramental table, he still resumed his sacred work, and cheerfully distributed, with his dying hand, the loved memorials of his dying Lord. And then, having struggled through a service of near four hours' continuance, he was supported, with blessings in his mouth, from the altar to the chamber where he lay some time in a swoon, and from whence he never walked into the world again."

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE SOWING AND THE REAPING.

It is said, because it is felt, by many that our needful occupation with the things of time is a grievous hindrance to our interests for eternity. Nor will the truth of this assertion be questioned by those whom experience qualifies to venture an opinion on the subject. The present, with its hosts of claims upon time, and energy, and talent—the visible and real around us, with their manifold demands upon our anxieties and our affections—these do, without doubt, so crowd the mind with thoughts, so burden it with cares, that to look beyond them all, to rise into the higher holier region where the things of eternity expand before us, is found to be difficult indeed. The feeling of this difficulty was probably the origin of monastic seclusion, giving birth to the idea that the life of the cloister must be the perfection of spirituality upon earth. The prayer of our blessed Redeemer for his disciples, however, at once stamps falsehood upon every such notion, by whomsoever promulgated or entertained. "I pray not," saith he, "that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." His wise, loving purpose, therefore, is the engagement of his people amidst the daily and ordinary avocations of their fellow men. And the fact that it is so is in itself a sufficient proof that he has not left them without ample safeguards against the dangers to which, in this admixture with a sinful world, they are unavoidably exposed. One of the most important of these safeguards meets us in the fact that the earthly is designed to be, as it were, a mirror to reflect to us the heavenly—that the objects the best known and most familiar with which we are surrounded in our weekly path along the work-day world, are each of them intended to be the types, the counterparts of eternal and spiritual things. The lordly sun, to take one instance, in his circuit through the heavens, testifies to us of that "Sun of Righteousness" who arises with "healing in his wings." The lowly flower, to take another instance, as it springs beneath our feet, bears inscribed on stem, and leaf, and blossom, the record of a resurrection from the dead. Thus may we go forth from the study of the word of God in the morning, upon our walk of duty for the day, and carry along with us multiplied analogies, traced by the Holy Spirit upon its pages for our instruction, between all that we see around us, and all that we should meditate upon within. In reality, therefore, it is with helps, not with hindrances (would we but use them aright) that we are encompassed; our worldly avocations are designed to further, not to retard, our "growth in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." To furnish us with one of the most obvious and yet neglected of these analogies is the evident object of our text. "Be not deceived," saith the inspired apostle, (the heart is deceitful—Satan is a deceiver,) "God is not mocked;" (he would be mocked were we to reap the opposite of that which we had sown,) "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap; he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." For a refutation of one of Satan's worst deceits, the deceit, namely, that man may earn hell continuously, and yet win heaven at last—that he may choose death and yet inherit life—the inspired writer teaches us that we need only look, as we go forth along our daily walk, upon one of the most ordinary and universal of nature's operations—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Here is a rule to which there is no exception. No prophet, rapt by the Spirit into futurity, has ever foretold the destinies of nations or of individuals with greater accuracy than that with which the sower in the spring can predict the nature of the grain which in each successive field shall greet the reaper in the autumn. He can tell us with a certainty which admits not of a question that here, where nought save the red earth is now visible, shall bend by-and-bye the golden wheat, and there shall wave the silken barley; just because here the seed of wheat and there the seed of barley has been sown. And as with the natural, so with the spiritual—as with the temporal, so with the eternal—as in the field of earth, so in the heart of man—as it has been and it is in the successive harvests of the world, so shall it be in that one wide, universal harvest of which the seed is "the word of God"—of which the reapers shall be "the angels"—the wheat "the children of the kingdom," the tares "the children of the wicked one." "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Not only in the natural world can we trace this unfailing connexion between the sowing and the reaping, and thence apply it to spiritual things; we can also detect a further development of the same principle in the moral and

intellectual creation, and gather thence a still stronger earnest of how rigidly it will subsist hereafter. Is there, for instance, no such thing as our being able to predict the character and circumstances of manhood from the education and the propensities of youth? Does it need a supernatural revelation of the future to forewarn the extravagant of bankruptcy, the drunkard of misery, the dissolute of disease? Or will not the formation of certain habits, the association with certain companions, enable us to trace out with almost geographical precision the downward road, though it be long—to point the mournful goal, though it be distant—of those who in any of these particulars are "sowing to the flesh." There sleeps not an old man, nor a man of middle age, in the graveyards around us, whose history, were it written out before our eyes, would not illustrate and enforce this principle. It is an axiom which we may not only repeat as a prophecy above the infant's cradle; we may also affirm it as a matter of then verified history beside the old man's dying bed. He is reaping then, with failing hand, the last sheaf of its love or of its hatred, of its joy or of its sorrow, which this world shall ever yield him, and *he is reaping then as he has sown.* Now were the connexion between the sowing and the reaping to be less stringent, less manifest, with regard to the things of eternity, than we thus prove it to be with regard to those of time—were it possible in the one instance, although we know it not to be so in the other, to reap what we had not sown—what would be the result? Why, it would be just this, that time would have in it more of stability, more of certainty than eternity; that the life which now is would be superior in its character to that which is to come. Strange notion this, is it not? to be for a moment entertained. Yet it is entertained by many, and the nature of the gospel's plan of salvation is perverted into giving it support. Because the essence of that salvation is the pardon of sin—because that pardon is freely offered through the Saviour's blood to the sinner, however polluted or obdurate he may have been, who is enabled by a self-renouncing faith to take hold upon and to appropriate it—the possibility is therefore believed and acted upon (would that we could say but by few) of living without God in time, and reigning with him in eternity; of being followers of Satan here, and followers of the Lamb hereafter. If so, what, we ask, is the import of our text? If it be possible to go on from youth to age spending time as though there were no eternity beyond it—speaking, acting, thinking, as though there were no God at all, or as though he were a wilful conniver at our sin—and then to pour forth from the dying bed the last dregs of the cup of life, an acceptable offering to him from whom all else had been perseveringly withholden; then there is such a thing as reaping the very reverse of that which we have sown, and the apostle must have been in error when he affirmed that, "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." A brief consideration of the terms which he employs will, however, help us further to the understanding of the truth of his position.

The flesh and the spirit are frequently made use of by St. Paul to denote, the former the corrupt fallen nature which we derive from Adam, the latter the new and holy nature which, if true believers, we derive from the Lord Jesus Christ. Of this use of these terms there are several instances in the first thirteen verses of the eighth chapter of the epistle to the Romans. To sow, therefore, to the flesh is to walk after, to live for, and to mind the things belonging to our fallen earthly nature; to indulge, to pamper, to gratify its propensities and its affections. To sow to the spirit, on the other hand, is to walk after, to live for, and to mind the things belonging to our new and heavenly nature; to indulge in like manner its affections and desires. Now what, according to the estimate of our common understanding, must be the result upon character of each of these sowings of which the apostle speaks? Must not the sowing to the flesh, the fallen nature, make the individual who practises it only fit to be the inhabitant of a fallen world? must it not strengthen and perpetuate within him appetites and inclinations in the gratification of which alone can consist his happiness, the denial of which, rendered, as they have been by indulgence, part and parcel of his very being, must constitute his misery, and yet which could only find a sphere for their gratification in a world corrupt and fallen as is that to which they essentially belong? Must not again the sowing to the spirit, the renewed nature, make him who practices it fit only to be the inhabitant of a world pure and sinless and undefiled? must it not make him "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light"—fit to be a joint-heir with the Redeemer in his kingdom, an associate with him upon his throne? This is all we ask, character the result of conduct; fitness for a certain station, the consequence of qualities and dispositions previously acquired and exercised, and strengthened by the exercise: if this be conceded, then we establish in its fullest import the assertion of the text, "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption," for the flesh is essentially corrupt. He shall carry with him into eternity the propensities and the passions which he gratified and rendered habitual and essential to himself in time. Nor

is this all. Here the sinner could gratify the propensities of his fallen nature, and he did so, little thinking that by so doing he was nourishing the fires within that hereafter should consume him. In eternity he shall reap the ripened harvest of each side which in his life time he had sown. He will have his evil propensities increased a thousand-fold, but with no means, no appliances for their gratification—no gold for the gripe of his avarice, no wine for the thirst of his drunkenness, no sycophants to fawn on his ambition or to pander to his pride. How appallingly tremendous then must be the harvest he shall reap; a flame of corruption within him, more fierce, more pitiless, if such were possible, than the undying worm and the unquenchable fire around! But, blessed be God, there is a contrast to this awful picture: "He that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap everlasting life." He, too, shall carry into eternity desires and affections which have been rendered habitual in time; and the sentence, "He that is holy let him be holy still," having been pronounced upon him, the lover of light shall dwell in light, the seeker of life shall inherit life; eternally fitted for companionship with God, "he shall follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth"—he shall "reap as he has sown," an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

In what we have written we do not by any means intend to deny that there have been, and may be, what are called deathbed conversions. In other words, we do not mean to deny that there have been, and may be, miracles—deviations from the usual operations of grace—any more than we mean to question that there have been such from the ordinary course of nature. We do not mean to question, for instance, that he who arrested by his grace the blasphemy yet quivering upon the lip of the dying thief, and turned it into prayer,* thus bringing forth in a moment from his hardened and uncultivated heart the ripened fruits of the life-giving Spirit, can and may again act similarly should he see fit so to do. This is just as undeniable as it is that he who once fed a mighty multitude in the wilderness with a few small loaves and fishes, could at any moment, should it so please him, bring food convenient for the use of man out of a previously untilled soil. But the truth which we would seek to impress is just this, that the one is as much a miracle—as much a departure from the way in which God ordinarily works—in the economy of grace, as the other is in the economy of nature. The deathbed conversion is as striking a deviation from the rule of our text, "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," as would be a harvest gathered from an unsown field. Were you to see a farmer neglecting to sow his land, or sowing it with thistles in the spring, and relying upon a miracle for his harvest in the autumn, you would at once, and without for a moment meaning thereby to question the miraculous power of the Most High, pronounce him under the influence of infatuation, and affirm that as he was sowing so should he reap. Even so, if you, reader, be living in sin and without God, living only in and for the business and the amusements of this present world, and trusting to a deathbed repentance by and by, you must be pronounced infatuated, and it must be affirmed of you that "sowing to the flesh, you shall of the flesh reap corruption."

Speak, then, and think as you may of the freedom of the gospel's salvation, and of the all-atoning efficacy of the blood of Christ, and you can never speak of them too frequently or value them too highly; yet derive not from them what they never were intended to afford you—an encouragement to mock God, and to deceive your own soul by trifling with a *now* offered salvation! To do so is to "sow to the flesh," from which the only harvest is "corruption." Show, on the contrary, how you appreciate its freedom and its fulness, by *now*, whilst you are called, drawing nigh, *now* while it is offered accepting and embracing it. To do this is to "sow to the spirit," and—he is faithful who hath promised—you shall "of the spirit reap life everlasting."

* Compare Matt. xxvii. 44, with Luke xxiii. 40, 43.

RELIGIOUS PERPLEXITIES OF A PHILOSOPHER.

A BOOKSELLER of Leipzig has lately published a complete edition of the works of the celebrated German critic August Wilhelm Von Schlegel. The first volume contains the author's miscellaneous French productions, and especially two series of aphorisms as detached thoughts on the subject of religion. By way of introduction to these aphorisms the editor has reprinted two letters, which we believe will interest our readers. The first is addressed by Schlegel to a French lady, with whom he was intimate; the other is the lady's answer. What a difference between these two letters! How poor, how cold, how inefficient the world's learning and the world's wit compared with the knowledge of Christ crucified!

From the philosopher's communication we gather that the Duchess de Broglie, touched, as every true Christian would have been, with the melancholy spectacle of a man of Schlegel's attainments, groping as it were in the dark on questions of the highest moment, had frequently

endeavoured by conversation, and otherwise to impart to him evangelical truth. To these friendly efforts the following was his reply:—

"*Bonn, August 13th*, 1838.

"MADAM—After much hesitation, I have at last decided on speaking to you upon a subject which for a long time has weighed upon my mind. The coldness of reserve is always painful to friendship, and especially so when the subject on which it is exercised is important. Though the fear of wounding you has imposed upon me a certain reserve on that religious belief which you have made a point of loudly and publicly declaring on every occasion, you can hardly have mistaken my silent opposition. Nevertheless you continue to speak to me of those convictions which influence more and more your own mind, as if I shared them, or, at least, as if I ought to share them: in nearly all your letters I find indirect exhortations to adopt them. But that does not depend on me, my dear friend. What must I do? My assent would not be sincere, and my silence may be attributed to disdain and indifference. I claim then the right of explaining myself with perfect freedom. Few intellectual travellers have seen so great an extent of country as myself. My manner of seeing has been gradually formed and definitely fixed by experience, meditation, the study of more than half a century of a life devoted to the admiration of the beautiful, and to a search after truth. I was very near imbibing theological scepticism, the atmosphere was infected with it; but when I saw vulgar souls and little minds narrow the spiritual horizon according to their limited views, prohibiting every noble flight of reason, grovelling on the earth, and glorying in their own deficiencies, then I experienced a reaction of mind. I had early conceived an aversion to sensual philosophy and the insipid morality which flows from it. I followed nearly every variety of metaphysical speculation which at the time succeeded each other so rapidly in Germany, but the abstruse method of our metaphysicians wanted the elegance which I found in Plato and Hemsterhuis. At my entrance on a literary career, my friends and myself carried on an active war against the prosaic and negative tendencies of the times. We awakened the remembrance of the middle ages, of those ages so vigorous and at the same time so credulous. We renewed in poetry those Christian themes which had quite gone out of fashion.

"A young person whom I regarded with paternal affection was buried in a distant country whose established religion is Catholic. I went thither on a pilgrimage to his tomb. My heart, unstrung at the time by a variety of sorrows, was open to all kinds of emotion. At an episcopal residence I frequently attended divine worship, and felt great relief and consolation. Is it astonishing that in such a state of mind, the ritual, with all its attendant pomp, should produce a powerful effect upon me? It was the first time I had seen religion clothed in a festive garment, instead of that sombre mourning apparel she always wears in Protestant churches.

"Among my friends, Novalis,* a bold and speculative thinker, in fact a visionary, suddenly devoted himself to the Christian faith, as a bird of passage, fatigued with its continued flight across a trackless ocean, alights on a fertile island, and then forgets the country from whence it came, and that to which it is bound.

"His father was a member of the society of Moravians. He died soon after. I wished also to become acquainted with the mystics, those divers into the depths of feeling, who sometimes bring up pearls from this almost fathomless sea; and the Theosophes, who see the doctrines of Christianity imprinted on every object in nature. There are, indeed, grains of gold in their writings, but encumbered with so much dross, that the attempt to make it pass for pure metal resembles the vain illusions of the alchemists.

"Conversions to the ancient church at this time became more and more frequent: among painters especially the desertions to Rome were like an epidemic. It is incorrect, however, to imagine that I had any influence in this movement. If young people have reasoned thus, 'All the grand painters have been Catholics and ultra Catholics; make us Catholic and we shall become great painters,' is that my fault?†

"It must be acknowledged that the phenomena which we have seen in Europe since the re-establishment of the peace, are not encouraging enough to induce one to form a new union with either of the two Christian communities. On one side frightful reactions, efforts to bring again the human race under the sacerdotal yoke; on the other, intolerance, schism, pedantic morality, which affects the character of holiness; in short, sects each more extravagant than the other. This surpasses belief: but they are well established facts. I only speak of Germany.‡ I have already said, in a work published ten years

* This was a *nom de guerre*. His real name was Hardenberg.

† Even this concession to Romanism we cannot make. That many great painters have arisen within its pale is undeniable, but freedom from superstition, by unchaining the faculties, cannot but be favourable to progress both in literature and art.

‡ It cannot be denied that the neology and other heresies which so lamentably divided the German church furnished ground for these strictures. Such are the stumbling-blocks thrown by the inconsistencies of professing Christians in the way of reflecting men.

ago, 'No progress of science, no perfection of social order, can protect a people from relapse into superstition and fanaticism. Those gloomy subterranean powers, like volcanoes which have been apparently extinct for ages, may suddenly make terrible eruptions and transform a cultivated country into a desert.' Alas! too many facts attest the truth of my assertion.

"I hasten to finish my story, already too long. You see, madam, I have made many attempts, and knocked at many doors; I have sought help from imagination and contemplation to surmount the difficulties I have felt in admitting an incredible story, and dogmas which are repugnant alike to my reason and my heart. I have sometimes persuaded myself that I believed in Christianity, but afterwards discovered it was only an illusion. Faith, to be real, must remain unshaken; a mere counterfeit faith is in fact none at all. I have then at last resolved to be true to myself. I give the reins to my thoughts and resign myself to the doubts and contradictions which may arise. Here then my wanderings have at length terminated, like those of Ulysses; here then is my Ithaca.

"Adieu, my dear friend. I remain, with sincere affection, the devoted admirer of your virtues, as I was of those of your mother.*

"A. W. SCHLEGEL."

Such was the melancholy state of doubt into which a man of acute intellect had found himself. He had knocked at various doors, he says, but he could not have knocked aright, for the promise remaineth sure, that to him that knocketh—to him that sincerely and truly asks for the gift of the Spirit—the door shall be opened. We now present to our readers the reply given to Schlegel's communication, which breathes a truly affectionate, devout, and evangelical spirit.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter interested me exceedingly, and I am very glad that you have felt the same desire as I have to speak openly on the subject which most concerns us, as the only one which will in a short time concern us at all, when the things of this world will have faded from our view. It would certainly give me great pleasure to see you entertain those opinions and convictions which are so deeply impressed upon my own mind, and I am aware that this desire must have appeared in my letters; but surely this could not offend you. Is it possible that I should not wish that those I love should partake of the peace and happiness which I have found? Can I believe myself in the possession of eternal truth without desiring to communicate it to others? But it is true that I have no power that is sufficient to produce this blessed result; indeed, what can I tell you which you do not already know better than myself? I cannot contend with you in point of knowledge, neither can I offer you any new evidence of the authenticity of the gospel. However, there is a species of evidence which the ignorant can understand as well as, and perhaps better than, the learned, and with this I may be better acquainted than yourself, namely, the evidence of experience which we find in our own breast.

"I think, if I could make you understand what is going on in my heart, you would look at faith in a different point of view, and perhaps might be inclined once more to investigate this important subject. You thoroughly understand the doctrines of the different Christian churches —Catholic, Calvinistic, Lutheran, etc.; you have objections to each of these communions, against some of the doctrines and practices of all. I agree with you in this respect. Much as I am attached by birth and connexions to one Christian communion, I cannot agree with all the varied shades of opinion entertained by any. Error has penetrated everywhere; the hand of man is everywhere seen side by side with the Divine work. But this imperfection in every form of worship does not change my condition personally; it does not prevent my acknowledging that I ought to seek to enlighten myself as to my relations towards God, under pain of launching into eternity without a guide and without a compass. I examine, then, the gospel as if it were addressed to me alone, for the question is, after all, between God and my own soul; the errors of others cannot either save or condemn me. The gospel offers to me incontestable characters of truth. Had I found it upon a rock in the midst of a desert, I should have recognised the voice of God in this book, at least as much as I should recognise the workman in the watch; and the example which is used to illustrate natural theology appears to me still more striking when applied to revelation. Not only do I recognise the voice of God in the gospel, but I behold God in Jesus Christ. Divinity strikes my mind as forcibly as light strikes my sight. I believe, then, in him as I believe in the word of a friend. I acknowledge the truth of what he teaches me as I discover in a human face the expression of sincerity. I discern him by that faculty of soul which enables me to approach truth and feel its power.

"As to the doctrine of the gospel, even if there were no external proofs of its genuineness, I would admit it on account of its conformity to the wants of my soul, because I should perceive the moral necessity of it. My conscience con-

* The Duchess de Broglie was the daughter of the celebrated Madame de Staël, authoress of "Corinne," and of the liberal work on Germany, suppressed by the police in 1810.

demns me in the presence of the Divine law. I have transgressed it in many respects; I have not fulfilled any of its commands as they ought to be fulfilled in spirit and in truth. I repeat, in sincerity and without false humility, the confession of the savage chief converted to Christianity, 'I have done much evil and no good,' nothing really essentially good; nothing of which the love of God and my neighbour was the motive, without mixture of vanity and selfishness. With such a sense of sin I would not land upon the shore of eternity without a Saviour; I would not present myself before a holy God whom I have offended without a Mediator, without an assurance of pardon. I dare not consent to lower my standard of holiness, and endeavour to persuade myself that my own works are meritorious, for I should not succeed in the attempt. No sophistry could destroy that perception of real holiness which I have attained by the same faculty of the soul which reveals to me God in Christ. I am, besides, persuaded that those lax and easy notions of morality which we entertain while in life and health, will not satisfy us on the bed of death; then we shall view our past life in its true light, and in such colours as must terrify every soul that has not found a Saviour. I have already experienced this, and no human arguments can remove the impression.

"Now, you will perceive that, in this state of mind, the gospel brings to me peace, for this world and for another. I assent to the truth of all its declarations, and receive with joy and gratitude all its promises. The summary of my faith is simple, but it is immoveable. I believe and feel myself condemned by my own works. Jesus Christ gives a complete and gratuitous pardon. His sacrifice atones for all my sins, and restores me to the favour of God; and his Holy Spirit renews my heart, which, of itself, is destitute of holiness. The Spirit of God, by changing my nature, renders me capable of pure and holy happiness. Could I enjoy heaven with a polluted mind? No; heaven itself would be hell to me. It is not bodily pain that I dread; neither do the demons nor the flames of hell affright me so much, but I know by experience that the mind can suffer far keener anguish than all the tortures of the body, when it is left void, deprived of every object in which it delights, and can find nothing around to love. If, here, I centre my happiness in the world, and the admiration of my fellow-mortals—in the possession of riches, influence, and all the gratifications of sense and vanity—how could I enjoy heaven, where there is nothing but love, obedience, and holiness? There could be no greater punishment than paradise itself, to a soul deprived of the love of God, and of every earthly enjoyment. I seize, then, the hand which is held out to me; the help which is offered me. I pray for that Spirit which must fit me for an eternal future. I ask it with a perfect confidence of obtaining it; for God has solemnly promised to give it to those who ask him. This is my faith. The aspect of the world, the examples which surround me, confirm it more and more; the faith of other Christians fortifies mine; their holiness affects and edifies me. But were I alone in the world—were there no historical evidence of the gospel, no church, no preacher, that gospel would not be less necessary to me to live and die by. I take it for myself, irrespective of what others may think fit to do. I shall be called to account for the truths which I have accepted or refused. This, then, my dear friend, is my confession of faith. I must say, I heartily wish it were yours. I neither condemn nor judge any one; but as I see that there is peace for me only in Jesus Christ, it is natural that I should not feel easy about the state of others, unless I know them to be under his guardian wing. Do not be offended with me; for if I were less desirous of what I believe to be the good of your soul, I should love you less. I have written my thoughts much at length upon all these subjects. If this should interest you, give me the address to which I may direct a parcel for you. But if you do not care about it, it will not at all astonish me. I do not believe that the voice of man can make truth penetrate the heart. The Spirit of God still speaks, and it is him whom we must listen to. Of course, I have not intended here to prove to you the divine origin of the gospel. I know that there are historical and philosophical evidences of a nature to satisfy the highest reason. I perceive near me the most powerful mind I know, that of my husband, unshaken in his belief of the historical and philosophical truth of the gospel. But I am not able to contest these points with you. I have only spoken subjectively, and as St. Peter says, I have 'given you the reason of my hope.' May it become yours one day, my dear friend! Accept the expression of my sincere regard."

THE LEPER'S COTTAGE.

As I was travelling a few years ago through the south of France and into Piedmont, I chanced to spend some hours in the secluded little town of ——, in the outskirts of which place I saw an isolated cottage, before which was a garden so pretty and neatly kept that I drew near, if possible to discover who were its inhabitants. I was soon informed, by a board hung outside the garden rail, on which was written a warning to passers-by, that the precincts were pol-

luted, for a leper dwelt there. I had paused a few minutes on reading this caution; a certain feeling of awe and compassion creeping over me at the thought of one of God's creatures being so grievously afflicted, and I felt a strong desire, if it were possible, to see, and perhaps give some comfort to, this unhappy fellow being.

I did not stand there long, before the poor leper came from his dwelling, and began busying himself with some of his beautiful flowers.

I ventured to speak first, and tell him how I admired his fragrant garden. "Alas!" he replied, "they are my only earthly companions, and even them my touch so contaminates, that I dare not offer you one of my roses."

I thanked him, and said it would be a pity to cull or displace them from where nature had made them so gratefully to blow. The leper sighed, and then said, "Not many, sir, who pass this way, venture or care to stop to give me a few cheering words; but if you feel inclined, you will be safe on the little bench outside the railing, and we may have a few moments' conversation."

I said I should be happy, and asked him some questions relative to his sad position, drawing from him the following narrative. He said, "I and my brother and sister were all three lepers, which dreadful affliction first visited us when we were little more than ten years old. It has pleased God to prolong my mournful existence till now that I am forty. In the last twenty-five years, many severe afflictions have been, in God's wisdom, sent to me, but still until within the last two years I have had the comfort of not being quite alone, for my sister—my much loved sister—was with me, till it pleased God in his wisdom to remove her from a life of sorrow, to one I trust of happiness above. When first seized with our grievous malady, we were sent to a leper-house, where my brother died. Our parents we never saw more, but on their death they left us a small sum, with which we were enabled to leave the hospital and purchase this little house and garden, here to live for God and each other. Years glided calmly by, we never went beyond our tiny enclosure, and few came near us save those appointed to deposit our provisions and other necessaries at the garden gate. With our flowers, and a few books our kind pastor sent us, we were happy, contented, and resigned to the will of God. At last my sister's health seemed more failing, her leprosy became more deadly, and I saw with deep grief that my beloved companion would be taken from me. For some time before she died, she lost all power in her limbs, and in order to cheer and refresh her, I used the little strength left me to carry her to our cottage-door, while a few of those sweet flowers which I picked daily for her, made a smile of joy play peacefully on her gentle countenance. Then I read to her passages from our favourite books, and by her chair I used to pray that God might still spare her to me, or that one common grave might receive us; I prayed amiss, for neither prayer was granted, and my sister grew daily worse, till at last the day came when I had to give her up for ever. Before she died, she called me to her, said farewell, and then asked me to pray with her; when I had finished doing which, I found her spirit had fled, her hands, clasped in supplication, having fallen powerlessly on her breast. And thus I was left alone." "And yet not all alone, my friend," I observed, when the leper had concluded his narrative; "God, I trust, is with you, and as he loves his children so does he chasten them and lead them through deep waters to the haven of eternal bliss. Your tale is sad indeed; you have been sorely tried, but be of good courage, for God has said to them who truly put their trust in him, and love and follow his dear Son, 'I will never leave you nor forsake you.'"

A few other remarks, which it would not interest my readers were I to repeat, followed, and we parted.

On my return some months later, I stopped again at the village of S——, to see if the poor leper were still there, but I heard he had gone from this world of toil and woe. None could tell me of his last moments, for alone and deserted his spirit had fled; and the exact day or hour of his death, no man in the village knew. From the tenor of his remarks to me, however, I trust his end was peace. At all events I hope that the contemplation of a trial such as he had to bear from an awful disease, happily now extinct in this country, may make us more grateful for the blessing of health and the society of our fellow men. Even after death, none had dared to approach to bury the remains of the leper, and the house itself where he resided was burnt.

Strikingly do all the circumstances recall those miracles of mercy performed by our Lord on this unhappy class; miracles that typically yet graphically represent the work by which a sinner is cleansed from the guilt and pollution of sin.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

78. What are angels? and how are they employed?
79. Why were the Levites scattered?
80. How was that curse turned into a blessing?
81. To which son of Jacob was the birthright given when taken from Reuben?
82. Prove that omnipotence is an attribute of Deity.
83. Where do you find this attribute ascribed to Christ?
84. Find some passages in which the pre-existence of Jesus is asserted.
85. What ancient nation was famed for skill in hewing timber?

Page for the Young.

THE HAPPY SPRING.

EARLY in the spring, just when the buds were bursting, and a strange uncertain hue, half green, half purple, was falling on the woods; when the cowslips were scattered over the fields like golden spangles, and

> "The primrose ere her time
> Peeped through the moss that clothed the hawthorn's root;

and the winter torrents had softened into gentle rivulets, rippling pleasantly over their uneven beds with such a lulling sound as if the great Creator himself was whispering to his creatures "Peace;" and there was music from every tree, and freshness in every breeze, and all things seemed beautiful, glad, and happy; just then a little baby first opened his eyes upon this world, and a never-dying soul that was made for heaven became for a while an inhabitant of earth.

That little boy was the child of joyful parents. The day he was born, they had prayed for him; and when God gave him, their hearts were full of gratitude to the Giver, as well as love for the gift. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson had indeed been happy before they received him; how could they be otherwise, for they were Christians? but they were doubly happy now; and when the blue-eyed babe first lay slumbering upon his mother's arm, his father knelt beside her, and in prayer they gave their child to God, and promised to bring him up for heaven.

They never forgot their promise. Their neighbours said that little George Wilson was a wondrous child; that he was "born good," and had none of those evils in his heart that other children show so early. It was a great mistake. His parents saw plainly enough that he was by nature just like every child (with the exception of ONE) that was ever born into this world. But oh! the closeness with which the mother's eye watched him from his earliest infancy, to detect the first budding of evil passion; and the gentleness with which she strove to correct it; and the care with which she guarded him from what was corrupting; and the diligence with which she tried to infuse whatever was good and holy. Truly a mother's is a great work. Mothers! mothers! are you all performing it? Do you remember that you can do that which is scarcely possible to any one besides; you can begin at the very beginning of your child's education.

And has the father nothing to do? Oh yes, a great deal; but he is necessarily absent great part of the day; he is in his shop, or in his office, or in his counting-house, or in his farm, or in his study, or about his parish; *he* is in *his place*, and how pleasant for him to know, while he is thus occupied, that the mother is in *hers*, and that "the heart of her husband can safely trust in her."

Now just think you see a picture of little Georgie's father and mother, when the morning's work is over, and Mr. Wilson sits down to spend a quiet evening with those he loves. With his cheerful partner beside him, and his smiling boy upon his knee, he listens to the history of the past day, and sets his seal to the mother's instructions by his sympathy, his counsel, his encouragement, or his approbation.

Such parents never lose their labour; their Father in heaven never permits it. Year by year, as little Georgie grew up, he amply repaid what was bestowed on him. Not only was he an amiable, docile, affectionate child, but he early learned to fear God and to feel his presence. Everything beautiful was more beautiful to him because God made it; everything bright and glorious reminded him of the glory of God; everything grand and terrible reminded him of his power. The thunder was to him the voice of God, and the lightning was the shining of his eye.

It is hardly necessary to say, with such tastes and dispositions, that Georgie was a happy child. But it was remarked that, as if there were some strange sympathy between his mind and the season of his birth, he was always most happy in spring. Summer was beautiful, he said, and autumn was good, but he loved spring the best. The first primrose, or the first green bud was to him a treasure of far greater enjoyment than the miser finds in his gold.

We have known some persons who have imbibed an unhappy superstition about certain seasons, and had learned to persuade themselves that when those seasons returned some sad event always happened to them. George Wilson's feeling was the very reverse of this, and he used to say that when spring came round something pleasant always happened to him. It might be so, or it might be only the cheerfulness of his own mind casting its light on all that took place; but so it was, that while he loved not other seasons less, he loved spring better every year. He called it "happy spring."

But soon George Wilson was no longer a child; his childish fancies had passed away, and his childish sayings were heard no more. Spring was indeed "happy spring" to him still, but its presence suggested to him thoughts deeper and higher than those connected with the first tender bud or the first pale primrose. He looked around him and he saw multitudes in the springtime of life, human plants running wild on the world's highways, crushed and perhaps destroyed. These he longed to gather, to tend, to water, and finally to transplant into the garden of the Lord.

He began this work as a sabbath-school teacher. On the day when he completed his fifteenth year he first sat down before a group of long neglected ones; his resolution was made, not to be satisfied with imparting knowledge, but to "win souls." "Heaven sells everything to labour," says the ancient proverb, and George laboured in prayer, in study, in self-discipline, in instructing others, and he obtained what he sought. Spring returned again and found him happier than ever in the hope that through him sinners had been brought to Jesus.

Once more his favourite season has appeared; only once more for George Wilson. He is lying on the bed of death. His days on earth are cut short in the morning, but an eternal day is opening before him, and his soul is full of joy. This is indeed his most "happy spring." A father's agony, a mother's tears, are out of place beside him; they can but rejoice in his approaching blessedness; and when the last breath is drawn and the pale clay alone is left, they are consoled by thinking how even *that* is as precious seed, "sown in corruption to be raised in incorruption," and to flourish in the beauty of an unfading spring.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

MY MIDNIGHT COMPANION.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

PART VII.

For many months my existence was a blank. On the death of my late owner I was not suffered to remain in the chamber, but was thrust into a dark closet among a few articles of little worth, and the key of the door was turned upon me.

When I was released from my confinement, the sun was shining brightly into the chamber, and I perceived that many changes had taken place since I last felt the light. The solemnity of death no longer hung around; and the first, as well as every other countenance I afterwards encountered was new and strange to me. I soon discovered, indeed, that an entire change had been effected shortly after the death of my late possessor. His sorrowing widow and daughter had retired from the mansion, to give place to the heir; while old servants had been dismissed, and new ones introduced. I further learned that the conduct of the young man whom I must now call my owner, had been criminally and unnaturally harsh and unfeeling towards those whom he was bound to love and cherish. The father, with the foolish infatuation of too many who do not willingly think of death, had

delayed making a will until it was too late, and had, therefore, made no permanent provision for those whom he best loved; who had been hurriedly compelled to leave their ancient home; and abandoned to comparative poverty and neglect by the dissolute youth who now revelled in his father's wealth.

My first reception by this young man forewarned me of the treatment I might thenceforward expect. He laid hands roughly and irreverently upon me, and laughed sneeringly while he exclaimed that there were Bibles enough in the house already, and that he did not think his old father had been such a saint! He then threw me contemptuously on the floor, into a corner of the room, where I lay for some time unheeded. The features of my new owner, I should add, were marked with traces of degrading vice; and his language, though he uttered but few words, gave evidence of a mind steeped in profligacy.

I saw him no more for many months, and that was on the event of my leaving him, which I shall presently describe. The apartment in which I was, was, as I found, unoccupied, and, indeed, generally avoided as being the scene of its late proprietor's death; and his son, especially, never willingly entered it. Thus I was once more abandoned to neglect.

Occasionally, however, it was made a guest chamber; and in preparing it for the reception of one of my owner's visitors, I was found by a servant-maid, in the ignominious situation into which I had been cast, and covered with dust; of this she disencumbered me, and then placed me in a more honourable position on the dressing-table.

But there I remained equally unnoticed: guests came and went; but they were such as desired to have no acquaintance with me, and they paid no regard to my presence, except by expressions of wonder that such a strange and unwelcome chamber companion should have found place *there*.

Meanwhile, I could but be aware that habits of dissipation were making havoc with the wealth which had descended to my present possessor. Though he dealt out his substance penuriously to those who had such strong claims upon his justice and natural regards, he was profuse in all things which related to his own personal indulgence. He denied himself no gratification which—utterly disregardless of the future—money could procure; and the habitation which had become his, became also the seat of riotous excess. Like the regal voluptuary of whom I tell, my owner seemed to have said in his heart, "Go to now; I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure." But unlike him, he had made no progress in the discovery that in everything short of the love of God, is vanity, sin, and ultimate misery. And I bethought me, in melancholy reflection, of the utterances of his experience and observation which live in my records, when this same voluptuary exclaimed in the bitterness of his soul: "I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun; because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me: and who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? Yet shall he have rule over all my labour wherein I have laboured, and wherein I have showed myself wise under the sun. This is also vanity!"

Surely, thus might my late possessor have bemoaned himself! It was not difficult, indeed, to see how this course of reckless folly would end, unless my young owner should be stopped in his mad career. His wealth, of which he was thus prodigal, though amply sufficient for the true enjoyment of life, was not inexhaustible; and it rapidly diminished.

I have now to tell of the occurrence which restored me to active employment in the service of my Great Master.

It was late one evening that my solitude was interrupted by the entrance of one, younger by a few years than my owner. He was one of a numerous party of guests, and the chamber had been prepared for his use. The day had been spent in idle sports and the evening in noisy revelry, the sounds of which had invaded the quiet that otherwise prevailed around me. It was plain that the young man had, to some extent, shared in these excesses; his countenance was flushed, and his hands, too, as I presently found, were feverishly heated. Yet was there in his looks something that bespoke an openness, candour, and simplicity from which, in the human countenance, I had long been estranged. Fain, as I saw him, would I have whispered in his ear the words of solemn warning with which I am charged, "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away. For they eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence. But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. The way of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble."

It was a bright moonlight night; and the youth threw himself on a chair by the window, which he gently opened, while he looked out upon the pleasant scene. For some time he sat in silence; and when, at length, he closed the window, his brow was cooled with the evening breeze.

"A happy man, H. ought to be," he said to himself; "to be lord of himself, and master of a

place like this. But he does not seem so; and if all be true—— Why! what have we here?" he exclaimed, breaking off from his soliloquy, as his quick eye fell upon me. "The last piece of furniture, almost, that I should have expected to find in this house! It must have been put here for a joke; and a very senseless one," he continued. And he turned away rather indignantly at the thought.

He was in no mood to retire to rest, however. He trimmed his light, and paced the room in renewed silence, still glancing from time to time, as he passed the window, at the moon-lit scene which lay spread below and around. I know not what were his thoughts at that time; but he suddenly stopped short, and took me in his hand.

"Not H.'s, surely?" he muttered to himself, as he loosened my clasps, and turned to the inscription on my earliest page. The readers of my story will not have forgotten that inscription, nor wonder that long before the time of which I speak, it had been blotted with tears.

The young man smiled faintly as he read the bygone record of parental love and hope; and was about to lay me down; but he did not.

"It will not be the first time," he said, mustering courage; "and it will not do me any harm, I suppose; so let us hear what you have got to say to me, friend:" and he turned over my pages.

It was then that, as an arrow from "a bow drawn at a venture," my words found entrance to a careless sinner. "*The fool*," I replied, to his inquiring look, "hath said in his heart, There is no God."

The youth started, and hastily pushed me from him. "Fairly caught!" he said, and he again resumed his seat by the window.

"'No God; no God!'" he repeated to himself: "'THE FOOL hath said in his heart, There is no God.' That fool am not I," he continued, speaking slowly; "but—a bigger fool still—believing and knowing that there *is* a God, I am living as though God, and the soul and heaven and hell, were all a madman's dream!"

He slowly undressed, and threw himself upon the bed; but he could not sleep; or, sleeping, his mind was disturbed and his body restless. Through the night my words again and again escaped his lips: "'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God:' *the fool*; THE FOOL."

"Strange," said the young man, when he rose in the morning, "that I cannot get this nonsense out of my mind. Just as if I had never heard all that before. 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.' Well, we shall see; I know my lesson perfectly, at all events—my text for the day, as my dear, good mother would have said.

"And, by the way," continued the youth, still speaking half aloud to himself, "I wonder if it is true that H. behaves to his mother so unhandsomely? I am afraid it is; I should not wonder at it; but if I had known it before I came, I would not have come at all. I wonder how anybody can treat a *mother* with neglect! If I were sure there were no God, I could not do that, and I would not if I could. But then, my poor mother is dead; and perhaps that makes a difference.

"Let me think, though," he continued, in the same low tone, as he went on with his toilet; "am I not neglecting her now? Did not I promise that, when she was gone, I would not forget and forsake the good old way, as she called it; that I would not leave off reading the Bible, and so forth; and instead of sticking to my promise, here I have been going on as though there were no God."

He took me again in his hands, and, seating himself, held me some moments in silence. Strong feelings seemed to agitate his mind. At length he ventured to unclose my lips; and by a strong effort he compelled himself to receive my justly deserved reproofs. I did not, however, at that time, reproach him; but rather, I addressed him in terms of gentle persuasion; it may be that then he would not have borne the stern and cutting denunciations which otherwise I might have been commissioned to deliver. It was in mercy and tenderness, not in anger, that I appealed to his awakening feelings, and said: "My son, forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind it continually upon thine heart, and tie it about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee. For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; and the reproofs of instruction are the way of life."

"I know it all," he said, heaving a deep sigh, as he gently laid me down; "it is like the memory of sweet music: my mother's voice! I shall never hear it again!" and tears rushed to his eyes.

Then I knew that it had been said of one in old time, "Lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song, of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words, but they do them not." Will it be so with this young man?

He shortly afterwards left the room; and I saw no more of him for some hours. When he returned at mid-day, he seemed thoughtful; but he did not address himself to me. At night, however, when he was once more in his chamber, he seemed disposed to renew our intercourse. He had retired earlier than on the previous evening; and while the sounds of revelry could be

faintly heard, from a distant apartment, he had taken me into his confidence, and communed with me in silence.

The next evening, and the next, he returned to this engagement; and sometimes he was surprised into tears, especially when I reminded him of the long-suffering and patience of God, who is "rich in mercy," and whose invitation to rebellious man, through me, is, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

"I must leave this place," he said, one night after he had been holding communication with me; and I still rested on the table before him, while he leaned over me; "I am daily led into temptation here. God help me!" and once more, tears fell fast upon me.

That night, before he lay down, he cast himself humbly before his God. Had any beside myself been present, they would have heard no sound of distinguishable words; but He who "looketh on the heart," and knows what passes there, whose eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good, witnessed the struggle which was going on, and heard the cry of penitence and grief. Nay, was not he then taking part in that struggle; and, by his Spirit, helping the infirmities of one whose feelings were, "I will arise and go unto my Father!" "the Spirit itself making intercession, with groanings which could not be uttered?"

"Have you any particular regard for this Bible?" the young man asked his host, on the following morning. He had previously announced his intention of returning homeward; and, at the time he spoke, held me in his hand.

My young and profligate owner burst into a loud and scornful laugh, declaring that, in his whole life, he had never had such an odd question put to him before; and asking his young guest where he could have picked me up. "I thought," he added, "that I had put all that sort of thing out of the way."

He found it in his bed-chamber, the young man replied; and then my owner remembered having found me in the dark closet, and thrown me into a corner of the room.

"You do not particularly value it, then?" the young guest asked: "and if so, will you give it to me?"

Once more, my owner laughed boisterously and immoderately. "I do believe," he added, "that is the cause of your having been so glum since you have been here. I have half a mind to say 'No,' to you; but as I don't care a button for all the Bibles that ever were printed, take it, and make what you like of it."

The young guest thanked his host cordially; "But will you," he added, "put another in its place?"

No, my owner declared he would not. "But don't let that make any difference to you," he added; "for I tell you plainly that if you leave the pestilent book behind, I shall put it where it shall not be seen again."

I need not repeat what more passed, it was not much: a few hours later, I was again on my travels; and, for that time, I saw my late owner no more.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE FROM THE NINEVEH MARBLES.

NIMROD, THE FOUNDER OF NINEVEH.

Gen. x. 8—12. "And Cush begat Nimrod: he began to be a mighty one in the earth. He was a mighty hunter before the Lord: wherefore it is said, Even as Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord. And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar. Out of them went forth Asshur, and builded Nineveh, and the city Rehoboth and Calah, and Resen between Nineveh and Calah: the same is a great city."

THIS is an extract from the inspired record which Moses has given of "the families of the sons of Noah, after the generations in their nations; and by these were the nations divided in the earth after the flood." Among "the earth's first fathers," the "mighty hunter" holds a conspicuous place. He was the great grandson of Noah, and although apparently the youngest son of Cush, he soon left his brothers in the rear of his ambitious course. "He began to be a mighty one in the earth." He was probably gigantic in stature, as the Hebrew word we have rendered "mighty" implies, and remarkable for those physical qualities of strength, speed, and courage which are essential to the "mighty hunter." At a time when the earth had "few men in it," and wild and ravenous animals contended with man for its possession, the feats of the "mighty hunter" commanded the gratitude and admiration of his fellow men, who regarded him as their protector and deliverer. It is probable that while hunting down the savage beasts that abounded in the swamps and jungles of Mesopotamia, and gaining the applause and confidence of his companions, he was fired with ambition for higher conquests, and became "a mighty hunter before the Lord." God, whose eyes are "everywhere, beholding the evil and the good," is often described as giving his special attention to particular objects. "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the earth."* Nimrod was in another sense specially "before the Lord," while gaining the ascendency over his

* 2 Chron. xvi. 9.

fellows, and pursuing his course of aggression and conquest.

The tradition which refers to Nimrod as the first man who wore a kingly crown, points (says Mr. Bonomi) to "a fact more significant than the assumption of a new ornament of dress, or even the conquest of a province. His reign introduced to the world a new system of relations between the governor and the governed. The authority of the former rulers had rested on the feeling of kindred; and the ascendency of the chief was an image of parental control. Nimrod, on the contrary, was a sovereign of territory and of men, irrespective of personal ties. Hitherto there had been tribes, enlarged families—society; now there was a nation, a political community—the state."

The sad effects of arbitrary power, on its possessors as well as on its subjects, are seen in the immediate descendants of Noah, and give an air of great probability to the representation which Josephus furnishes of the character of Nimrod, "who excited the people to such an affront and contempt of God (the building of Babel). He was a bold man, and of great strength of hand. He persuaded them not to ascribe it to God as if it were through his means they were happy, but to believe it was their own courage that procured them happiness. He also gradually changed the government into tyranny—seeing no other way of turning men from the fear of God, but to bring them into constant dependence on his power."*

His first dominion was over Babylon and the other cities mentioned in the text, after which (according to the marginal reading) "he went out into Assyria," and "builded Nineveh," which is described as "a great city."

It might naturally be expected that the ruins of Nineveh, so rich in memorials of its great men and their conquests, would preserve some monumental record of its founder, and that if there were any such record, it would furnish the characteristic exploits of the "mighty hunter." "Now there is no reason (as Rosenmüller observes) to suppose the Ninus of history a different person from the Nimrod of Scripture;" and Col. Rawlinson tells us that the name of Ninus frequently occurs in the sculptures, and on the bricks found in the palace of Nimroud, while the hero is supposed to be seen in the heroic person portrayed in the groups of figures engaged in the sport of hunting wild beasts. He is always represented as displaying prodigious strength in his conflict with lions and leopards, and in the chase of wild bulls.

Still older than the ruins of Nimroud are those of Khorsabad, on whose walls, both without and within the palace, we find a gigantic figure, which has been spoken of as the Assyrian Hercules, but which Mr. Bonomi has succeeded in identifying as that of "the mighty hunter."

This figure is found on the great portal forming the centre of the façade, between the colossal winged figures of bulls with human heads; and again in a similar position at the entrance into one of the interior courts. He is represented as of gigantic proportions, holding in his left arm a lion, which he appears ready to strangle by pressing against his side. The artist well depicts the strength of the "mighty hunter," by the contrast between the rage and suffering of the lion, and the calmness of repose of the man from whose firm grip he vainly strives to escape.*

In his right hand this figure holds an instrument which resembles the bomerang of the Australians—a curved stick, which has the singular property of returning to within a few yards of the person by whom it is thrown. This remarkable instrument, which excited much attention in this country a few years since, is in use by the inhabitants of the desert between the Nile and the Red Sea, by the Hunga Munga of South Africa, and was found by Denham and Clapperton in their journey to Timbuctoo, being used by different nations for hunting and for war.

Thus at a period nearly four thousand years after his bold and daring exploits, we can look on the memorial of this "mighty one in the earth," and see the representation of the costume he wore, the weapon he employed, it may be the aspect he presented, and certainly a remarkable illustration of that faithful record in which his history is preserved.

* Antiq. book i. cap. 4.

* This figure may be seen in the Assyrian Court of the new Crystal Palace.

THE SIEGE OF MANSOUL.

CONCLUSION.

THE drawn battle between the forces of Diabolus and those of Emmanuel, stimulated by the promised presence and aid of the Prince himself, is described by Bunyan with much force and energy. But how can any army of doubters, how numerous soever it may be, long withstand the conflict when the Captain of Salvation himself takes the field? The enemy met with discomfiture and disgrace. The doubters were so completely worsted, that "they all fell down slain before the Prince and his royal army; there was not left so much as one doubter alive; they lay upon the ground dead men." And now the victorious Prince makes his triumphant entry

into the town of Mansoul. The gates are set wide open: the most jubilant music greets him; the Captains Credence, Good-hope, Charity, Patience, do him homage; on every hand the cry of welcome is raised; the dignitaries of the fortress salute Emmanuel, and render him thanks for not having taken vengeance of their sins, whilst he marches direct for the citadel (the heart); the people prostrate themselves before him with tears and prayers; whilst the Prince, as a token of the perfect restoration of his royal favour, bestows the richest presents on the Mansoulians, and orders them to wash themselves in the fountain "set open for sin and uncleanness." The favours of Christ are always, however, intended to be stimulants, not opiates. He visits the soul not merely to give it ease, but to excite to new efforts against the fleshly lusts which war within; and Mansoul being thus forgiven, commences with renewed earnestness a search for those hidden Diabolonians who had up to this time escaped unhurt. Foremost in

THE PRINCE ENTERS MANSOUL.

this new enterprise was my Lord Will-be-will, who, animated by the regard shown to him, "pursued the rebels night and day, and did put them now to sore distress."

The aptness of Bunyan's allegory and the skilful manner in which he has carried it out, appear remarkably in this part of the story. We know from too sorrowful intelligence how, in a great siege like that now going on in the East, the remains of the dead add not a little to the discomfort and dangers of the survivors, and how the burial of the slain becomes a sacred duty, prompted not only by the tenderness, but the safety of those who remain in the vicinity of the field. Bunyan, in like manner, represents (how truly!) that the very remembrance of old sins is perilous to those who have been heretofore misled by them. And thus runs the parallel.

"After things were thus put into order in the famous town of Mansoul, care was taken that the townsmen should, without delay, appoint some to go forth into the plain, to bury the dead that were there—lest the fumes and ill savours that would arise from them might infect the air. . . . . So order was given by the lord mayor, that wise and trusty friend of the town of Mansoul, that persons should be employed about this necessary business; and Mr. Godly-fear and one Mr. Upright were to be overseers about this matter. So persons were put under them to work in the fields, and to bury the slain that lay dead in the plains. And these were their places of employment; some were to make the graves, some to bury the dead, and some were to go to and fro in the plains and also round about the borders of Mansoul, to see if a skull, or a bone, or a piece of a bone of a doubter, was yet to be found above ground anywhere near the corporation; and if any were found, it was ordered that the searchers that searched should set up a mark thereby, and a sign that those that were appointed to bury them might find it, and bury them out of sight, that the name and remembrance of a Diabolonian doubter might be blotted out from under heaven, and that the children and they that were to be born in Mansoul might not know, if possible, what a skull, what a bone, or a piece of a bone, of a doubter was. So the buriers, and those that were appointed for that purpose, did as they were commanded; they buried the doubters, and all the skulls, and bones, and pieces of bones of doubters, wherever they found them; and so they cleansed the plain."

But the religion of the sinning man is never in this life complete. Even when the victory is gained, there is the painful remembrance of previous conflicts; and the scarred soil, the conflagrated ruins, the scattered remnants of former destructions remain. Not seldom, also, even in the most successful resistances, some works of use or of ornament have suffered such damage from former encounters as never to recover their first integrity. And besides all this, the foe though driven back is not entirely annihilated.

The army of doubters was slain; but their princes and captains, together with old Incredulity, escaped. They organised another conspiracy, composed of doubters on the one side, and of blood-men on the other. By the last Bunyan means to represent the class of easily besetting sins, which are nourished in the blood and are akin to the infirmities of our nature. Under appropriate names he classes their leaders, as marshalling heat and anger; tyranny and overbearing; mockery and scorn; envy and revengefulness; jealousy; human-glory; hypocrisy and spiritual tyranny. But the last two would be injured by being translated out of the language of the allegorist himself.

"Captain Judas was over two bands, namely, the blood-men that will sell a man's life for money, and those that will betray their dearest friend with a kiss; his standard-bearer bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was thirty pieces of silver and the halter."

"Captain Pope was captain over one band, for all these spirits are joined in one under him; his standard-bearer bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was the stake, the flame, and the good man in it."

And had the allegorist lived in our day, he might perhaps have added that as an inferior captain to the latter, was Sergeant Tractarian, Captain Pope's near relation, whose colours were white, and whose motto was, "he had horns like a lamb, but he spake as a dragon."

When this new army was arrayed and placed under the command of Lord Incredulity, "the blood-men being set down before Eye-gate and Ear-gate, what could Mansoul do but present a petition to its Prince for aid, which was promised." The siege was long: and many a fierce attempt did the enemy, especially those called the blood-men, make upon the town of Mansoul; and many a shrewd brush did some of the townsmen meet from them, especially Captain Self-denial. Who could so well engage them? Yet even he was sometimes severely wounded in the encounter.

The reader of the allegory must be referred to Bunyan himself for this description. Wanting the allegory, every Christian man will find the parallel in his own heart. The doubters are partly slain whilst the rest escape, and find refuge among the outliers of the town of Mansoul; for, adds the author in a note, "the unbeliever never fights the doubters." And from this time they never got an abiding place in Mansoul again, "for if Captain Credence, Captain Good-hope, or Captain Experience did but show themselves, they fled."

There are some good points in the description of the dealings with the blood-men, to some of which we can only make a passing reference; such as that when seized and brought up before the Prince, some of them were ascertained to have come out of Blind-man-shire, and these repented when they found against whom they had ignorantly enlisted, asked mercy, and were forgiven. Others were found to have come out of Blind-zeal-shire, and very few of these could be brought to see the evil of their course. But they who did, were forgiven. Commentary here is needless, the allegory points its own sufficient moral. But a third class, who came from the town of Malice, were bound over till the great assize to answer for their doings.

Again, leaving some other descriptions, we cannot avoid reference to the inquisition made by my Lord Will-be-will, with great Diligence, his man, against the remaining doubters. To the hanging of Fooling, in Want-wit-alley. To the capture of Mr. Let-good-slip, as he was busy in the market, whilst his wealth was given to Mr. Meditation "to improve for the common good." To the apprehension of Clip-promise, by whose dealings the king's coin was abused. To the seizure of Carnal-sense, who escaped again, and of Mr. Wrong-thoughts-of-Christ, who died in prison "of a lingering consumption." To the committal of Self-love, who, because he had many relations in Mansoul, was reserved for judgment, till Self-denial said, "If such villains as these may be winked at in Mansoul, I will lay down my commission;" whereupon he was executed. To the imprisonment of Live-by-feeling and Legal-life, till they died. To the description of Mr. Unbelief as "a nimble jack; him they never could lay hold of, though they attempted to do it often. He, therefore, and some few more of the subtlest of the Diabolonian tribe, did yet remain in Mansoul, to the time that Mansoul left off to dwell any longer in the kingdom of Universe. But they kept them to their dens and holes; if one of them did appear, or happen to be seen in any of the streets of Mansoul, the whole town would be up in arms after them; yea, the very children of Mansoul would cry out after them as after a thief, and would wish that they might stone them to death with stones."

Such was now the state of things in this recovered fortress. It was not entirely without alarm, but it had "arrived at some state of peace and quiet; her Prince did also abide within her borders; her captains also and her soldiers did their duties." Well does this represent the justified and sanctified man, most of whose spiritual enemies are already vanquished; who carries on a daily conflict with those who yet remain; who enjoys habitual communion with heaven; who lives in the favour and friendship of Christ and of God, and whose peace is pure, and, on the whole, permanent, though not with-

out occasional alarms from the presence of temptation or the consciousness of its own inherent weakness.

We must now stay to inquire with affectionate earnestness, to what extent is this state of things realized in the history of him or her who reads these pages. The description given by Bunyan of the defalcation of Mansoul from its first allegiance, and of the dangers and difficulties it is called to endure, is the true representation of the state of every heart, though there may be peculiar features which modify its general truth. But the latter part of the allegory represents the *Christian* alone: it is not every heart which, after much sin and sorrow, has opened its portals to let the blessed Saviour in. Reader, till thou hast done this, thou art without peace—without hope! Thou art but gathering together the elements of a combustion, which a moment's indignation of heaven may kindle. What will be the horrors of a siege in which the city resolutely refuses till the last moment to surrender, but which is at last forcibly entered, and rendered conspicuous by its punishment? When the dread instruments of God's just and righteous indignation shall march through thy impenitent but resolute heart, what will the end be? "Who hath hardened himself against God, and prospered?"

If, however, the representation of Mansoul should convey the true description of what the reader is, he will sympathize with the joy of the inhabitants, when, after having been summoned to his presence by the Prince, he addressed to them the words with which the allegory closes.

"O my Mansoul, thou seest what I have done, and how I have taken thee out of the hands of thine enemies; unto whom thou hadst deeply revolted from my Father, and by whom thou wast content to be possessed, and also to be destroyed. I came to thee first by my law, then by my gospel, to awaken thee and show thee my glory. And thou knowest what thou wast, what thou saidst, what thou didst, and how many times thou rebelledst against my Father and me; yet I left thee not, as thou seest this day, but came to thee, have borne thy manners, have waited on thee, and after all, accepted of thee, even of my mere grace and favour; and would not suffer thee to be lost, as thou most willingly wouldst have been. I also compassed thee about, and afflicted thee on every side, that I might make thee weary of thy ways, and bring down thy heart with molestation to a willingness to close with thy good and happiness. And when I had gotten a complete conquest over thee, I turned it to thine advantage. . . . . And now, my Mansoul, I am returned to thee in peace, and thy transgressions against me are as if they had not been. Nor shall it be with thee as in former days, but I will do better for thee than at thy beginning. For yet a little while, and I will take down the famous town of Mansoul, and I will carry the stones thereof, and the timber thereof, and the walls thereof, and the dust thereof, and the inhabitants thereof, into my own country, and will there set it up in such strength and glory, as it never did see in the kingdom where now it is placed; I will even there set it up for my Father's habitation, and there I will make it a spectacle of wonder, a monument of mercy, and an admirer of its own mercy. And there shalt thou, O my Mansoul, have such communion with me, with my Father, and with your Lord Secretary, as is not possible here to be enjoyed,

THE PRINCE ADDRESSES MANSOUL.

nor ever could be, shouldst thou live in Universe the space of a thousand years. . . . . I charge thee that thou keep more white and clean the liveries which I gave thee. . . . . When your garments are white, the world will count you mine. . . . . Nothing can hurt thee but sin; nothing can grieve me but sin; nothing can make thee base before thy foes but sin. Remember that thou art beloved of me; as I have therefore taught thee to watch, to fight, to pray, and to make war against my foes, so now I command thee to believe that my love is constant towards thee. Hold fast till I come."

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE CHRISTIAN SERVANT.

To Christian servants, born of the Spirit, justified by faith in Christ, and become the servants of God, are in the New Testament addressed clear and explicit directions as to the duties which they are required to discharge. To that class I propose now briefly to address myself.

Obedience to masters lies, I need hardly say, at the foundation of all your duties. This obedience, indeed, is limited to things lawful and right. You are not at liberty, at the bidding of a master or mistress, to violate conscience by doing that which is contrary to the word and will of God. But with this limitation, implicit, cheerful, and unreserved obedience is demanded of you.

Consider that it is your heavenly Father who has placed you in the position of a servant, and that, by a conscientious submission to the authority and compliance with the will of those whom he has set over you, "in singleness of heart as unto Christ," you are doing that which is "well pleasing unto the Lord." Far from you, therefore, be the haughty spirit which shows itself in sullen looks, in a rebellious refusal to obey, or in "answering again."

And this obedience is to be rendered not only to the "good and gentle, but also to the froward." You may think that at times hard words may be unjustly addressed to you, or that kindness of look and manner has not been always manifested toward you. Your situation may have its peculiar trials and grievances, great or small. But where will you find a place where some such grievances do not exist? "There is not," says a good and wise man, "an individual, from the queen in her palace to the lowest servant in her dominions, who is free from those little vexations which try the temper and mortify self-will."

In cases where gross wrong is done, the law of the land is ready to protect a servant; but this should be only resorted to in the last extremity; and better far to depart at once from the house where you have been injured or oppressed. If you are shut up to special trials, endure them with patience, remembering Him who "when he was reviled, reviled not again, when he suffered, threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously." "If," says St. Peter, addressing Christian servants, "ye do well and suffer for it, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto were ye called, because that Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps." Contrast your trials, however severe they may be, with those of the Christian slave in ancient times, over whom his master exercised the power of life and death; or with that of the slave now, bought and sold in the public market, separated from home and dearest friends, deprived of the rights of citizenship, and sometimes beaten to death! Let your obedience, then, be stimulated by gratitude; cherish a thankful rather than a murmuring spirit; and be it yours ever to look up and say:—

> "Father, I know that all my life
> Is portioned out for me;
> And all the changes that shall come
> I do not fear to see;
> But grant me, Lord, a thankful mind
> Intent on pleasing Thee!"

The showing of "all good fidelity" is another of your duties. Property is committed to your charge; you have opportunities and temptations to make free with it, and to rob your master: but let the very thought of such wickedness be abhorred by you. "Not purloining," says the apostle, "but showing all good fidelity." Deal, then, with your master's property as if it were your own; take care not to waste anything, such as food, which might, if saved, satisfy the hunger of a poor family; thus remembering and imitating him who said, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." Hold in detestation those dishonest practices which, alas! are too common, where the tradesman gives and the servant receives the bribe for the custom of a family.

As the disposal of your time is not your own, it is not to be spent in idleness, but in conscientious diligence and strict integrity, as in the very presence of Christ, your heavenly Master. Idleness in a servant is dishonesty. Beware, then, of the temptations that lead to it. Guard against bad company, and against delay when sent upon an errand, or neglect of household duties while professedly attending to them. Cleanliness, punctuality, and order can only be secured by diligence. Shun also books of fiction, and idle tales, which are sure to make you neglect your duties, and to give Satan power over you for evil.

Not long since there was a servant in a Christian family whose work, though not severe, was never done; and even late in the evening all

around her was in disorder. And the cause of this was soon discovered in her being in the habit of taking in low periodicals and novels, which engrossed her time or thoughts. The habit of reading should be cultivated by you; and no right-minded master or mistress will grudge you time for the perusal of proper books. The orderly and honest servant will be sure to find time sufficient for the reading of God's word and other godly and edifying books.

The *spirit*, too, in which you serve, is always to be well considered. Beware that you do not act as "men pleasers," nor with "eye service," as having no further object than to gain approbation or esteem or to acquire some temporal advantage. "Do just the same in the absence of your master as you do when under his eye. Let his absence or presence make no difference in your industry and activity. You may examine yourself by this rule; there is no surer guard against self-deceit: 'Do I labour in the very same spirit at other times as when my master is looking on? If I do not, I am no better than a man-pleaser; I am a vile eye-servant in the sight of God.'"*

Pray, then, earnestly for singleness of heart, so that without any unworthy motive you may be enabled so to serve an earthly master as also to "serve the Lord Christ." For whatsoever is thus done with a single eye, he accounts as done to himself. What an animating encouragement is this to please your master well in all things, and to act with a hearty "good-will" toward him, springing from love to him who gave himself for you! "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men." Do it quickly, with the greatest skill you can command, and in the most excellent manner.

This fidelity, we repeat, is to be done to *every* master or employer. If you serve those who are not the followers of Christ, you are to honour them both in word and action, and you must give them no occasion to lay the blame of your neglect or unfaithfulness on the religion which you profess; you are to "count them worthy of all honour, that the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed." And on the other hand, as many servants as have "believing masters" or mistresses, (and what a privilege is this!) "let them not," says an holy apostle, "despise them because they are brethren." Let them not on this account abate anything of the inward reverence they owe, or of their outward respect and obedience. "Rather" let it be yours "to do them service" more earnestly and exactly, because they are "faithful and beloved, partakers of the benefit;" enjoying as they do the same fellowship as you with God on earth, and looking forward to the possession of the same inheritance in heaven.

In one word, then, make your daily work a matter of conscience—do it cheerfully—and by conduct humble, meek, modest, and respectful, and by a heartfelt interest in the family which you serve, seek to approve yourself both to God and man.

It is always pleasing when a faithful servant remains many years in one household. How often in cases like this, when some providential change in life takes place, is the parting like that of affectionate friends. And where a servant remains till death, how frequently do we find deep sorrow manifested by the family, and the record of long-continued devotedness inscribed on the stone which covers the dust of the departed one.

Besides faithfulness in the discharge of duty, the good servant will give special heed to the necessity of always speaking the truth. Tell no falsehood either to your master or your fellow servants, but let all your conversation be marked by simplicity and godly sincerity. Even if you are overtaken in a fault, use no deceit, or equivocation, or prevarication, to hide it, or to excuse either yourself or any of your fellow servants, so as to prevent anger that might otherwise ensue. Herein, also, Jesus hath left you an example, for he not only "*did* no sin," but we read that there was no "guile found in his mouth." And looking up therefore to him for his grace, let there be no guile found in *your* lips: in spite of all temptations, speak the truth from your heart, and doubt not that whatever inconveniences may result therefrom, God will turn them all into blessings.

By obedience, patience, honesty, and truth, persevered in under all difficulties, you put honour upon your profession, and you adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour. And for the pious Christian servant there is an inheritance, through grace, reserved in heaven, infinitely greater than any portion which this world can bestow. "Knowing," says St. Paul, addressing Christian servants, "that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of your inheritance, for ye serve the Lord Christ."

You know that the day is coming when your common Master will descend in the clouds of heaven; and you are assured in that day that "whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free." It will be "the same;" that is, a reward proportionable thereto in an additional degree of glory. Therefore, let nothing be wanting now. Work your work betimes, and in his time he will give you your reward. Now be honest, be true, be faithful, be patient.

* Wesley.

Now obey your masters with fear and trembling, and do them service with singleness of purpose, with good-will, with your whole heart. Do this for the glory of God your Saviour, for the present good of your own soul, and for the increase of your eternal inheritance.

The duties of Christian servants who have the charge of little children are too important to be passed over without notice. Being with you almost constantly, you have special opportunities of ministering to their souls' welfare. Surely you cannot but mark with deep and tender interest their dawning intelligence, and listen with delight to their innocent prattle and their eager and curious inquiries. Oh, how pleasing the task to direct their minds to God's blessed word, even before they can read it for themselves, and especially to lead them to the cradle of the "holy child Jesus," as well as to the cross on which *he* died who has said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." In seeking to be useful to them, you must add fervent prayer for the Holy Spirit's influence to accompany your labours with his blessing. Let it be your constant aim to discountenance falsehood, to prevent quarrels with each other, to enforce respect and love to parents, and to train to habits of prayerfulness and piety; and be yourself an example to them of what a Christian in temper and conduct ought to be.

In seeking to be useful to her young charge, the faithful nurse or governess is sure to benefit herself. In trying to instruct them, you grow more and more familiar with divine truth. In hearing their last prayer at night, or teaching them to kneel in the morning before their Father in heaven, your own heart will be drawn up with theirs towards the throne of God and the Lamb.

Happy the Christian servant who makes the nursery a training school for heaven! She may soon be separated from these dear children, or she may live to see them grow up and go forth into the busy world, but her "record is on high;" and as the reward of her fidelity and diligence in sowing the good seed of the kingdom, she may meet some of them at the right hand of the Judge, and receive the sentence of "well done" from him.

In the *choice of a situation* by a young female servant, or by one who is seeking for a new engagement, it is needful that much care should be exercised. Make yourself acquainted with the moral and religious character of the family which requires a servant, and keep constantly in view the safety and prosperity of your soul. There are, alas! many houses over each of which might be written the words, "The fear of God is not in this place." No distinction in such families is made between the holy sabbath and the other days of the week, except, indeed, that often the Lord's day is marked by gaiety and feasting, and increased toil to the servant.

In situations like these, where God's name and word may be blasphemed, where his worship is neglected, many young persons carefully brought up have lost all the good impressions left on their minds by pious parents, or by the lessons of the Sunday school; and falling away by little and little, they have ended in entire apostacy from God. Even the experienced Christian is exposed in such a household to special danger. You are in peril also from the example of ungodly fellow servants, as well as from their attempts by ridicule to cause you to give up your profession of religion, or to lead you away by persuasion and argument to attend some place of worship where error is taught.

On the other hand, when you enter a pious family, you have peculiar advantages for the cultivation of personal religion. Preserved from seeing and hearing what is evil, you have a godly example set before you, and the hallowing influence of the morning and evening sacrifice. One of the great ends of family worship is the benefit of children and servants. It is *your* service, therefore, my friends. See that you so profit by your attendance upon it, as to grow in grace and in preparation for glory.

In a Christian family proper time will be allowed to you for attending the worship of God in his own house. How important that you should improve it to the utmost. Beware of attending on an unfaithful ministry. Go only to the place where the pure gospel is preached; and when you repair to the sanctuary, with what solemnity should you join in the public confessions of sin! with what fervent earnestness should you join in the supplications for mercy and grace! and with what thankfulness of heart and holy joy should you unite in the songs of praise, and with what earnestness listen to the glad tidings of salvation!

When you leave the place of worship do not enter into conversation with the thoughtless, but return home, either alone, meditating with your own heart, or taking "sweet counsel" with some pious friend.

The Christian servant, then, ought to be particular in obtaining a situation in such families as fear God. No engagement in any case should be made where liberty of attending on the public worship of God is not secured. Many, it is to be feared, ascertain the wages which will be given and the duties to be discharged, but they omit the most important consideration of all. A request to have such liberty, if respectfully urged, will rarely be refused. "Masters and mistresses,"

as has been well said, "know that it is not religion which makes bad or disagreeable servants, but the want of it, and they must know that in no other way can they place confidence in the fallen heart than by having it changed and made new by the Spirit of God."

But there are some servants who are not Christians. How lamentable is their case! Do these lines fall under the eye of one who is careless and indifferent, a stranger to "repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ?" Are you given to self-indulgence, to intemperance, and extravagance in dress? Do you live without prayer? To what will all this lead? It will assuredly lead to greater hardness of heart, to boldness in sin, to a life of guilt and misery, and an eternity of anguish and despair. Oh, repent and believe the gospel! Alarmed at your condition, exposed as you are to the Divine indignation, fly to the Saviour without delay. His blood is ready to cleanse, his righteousness to justify, his Spirit to renew. By his grace you may become a child of God, and after having discharged the obligations of your station on earth, you will enter into the presence of Jesus, there to "see his face and serve him day and night in his temple."

EMINENT MISSIONARIES.

HENRY MARTYN.

THE university of Cambridge in the year 1801 awarded its highest academical honour to a young man not yet twenty years of age, of weak constitution, of ignoble birth (his father had been a Cornish miner), and of no very eminent previous advantages. Those alone who are aware what the honorary title of "senior wrangler" involves, will be able to estimate the force of this young man's filial tenderness in attempting all this principally to please his father. But alas! before the title was awarded, that father had ceased to be! When this gownsman entered St. John's college, he was, though moral in conduct, ignorant of God and of the distinguishing features of his glorious gospel. But the combined influences of a college friend and pious sister, together with the shock of his father's death, had operated upon his spirit with an effect which, directed by God's grace, constituted him a tender, loving, earnest, and self-scrutinizing Christian. It was a remarkable proof of this that, as he entered the senate-house to submit himself to a competition of unusual severity, he fortified his mind by a passage of Scripture, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not." And it was a natural consequence of this, that when the giddy intellectual height had been attained, he should feel that even this was unsubstantial. "I obtained," he said, "my highest wishes, but was surprised to find I had grasped a shadow." So that though he was characterized by the men of his day as "one who had not lost an hour"—though he had placed himself in a position which dignified himself, did honour to his college, and afforded the best promise of future eminence—he perceived already that the whole was, in the prospect of eternity, an airy nothing; and with the intuition of a mind quickened in its perceptions by vital piety, he caught sight of objects of ambition in comparison of which the acquisitions of learning and the combinations of mathematical lore—though of no little value for the purposes of human life—were counted but as "dross." So did the apostle Paul estimate the treasures of learning in his day! Thus also were they estimated by HENRY MARTYN.

Another year passed over this young man, and brought with it a resolution to which all this mental uneasiness was leading him, though he knew it not. If he had been for a moment elated at the academical triumph he had gained, solitude and self-communion led him as a sinner to the cross. "Not till then," said he, "had I ever experienced any real pleasure in religion. I was more convinced of sin than ever, more earnest in fleeing to Jesus for refuge, and more desirous of the renewal of my nature." Martyn had been at this crisis introduced to that eminent servant of God, the Rev. C. Simeon, in whose society his attainments in divine knowledge became greatly increased. Nor had his academical eminence undergone any abatement. He had obtained the first prize for the best Latin composition, had became fellow of St. John's, and had held the post of examiner during three successive years. But neither classics nor mathematics could win him from Christ. Under the influence of strong convictions, derived from incidents in the lives of Carey and of Brainerd, Martyn resolved, from the highest and holiest motives, to become a missionary of Jesus Christ. He accordingly offered his services to the society—then called the "Society for missions to Africa and the East," now better known by the name of the "Church Missionary Society;" and from this moment, though often suffering much and fearing much, yet unshrinkingly, unwaveringly, and with a fortitude which nothing could surpass, he wrote himself the Lord's servant, and stood in readiness to do his will.

"I was under disquiet," we find him writing, "at the prospect of my future work, encompassed with difficulties, but I trusted I was under the guidance of Infinite Wisdom, and on that I could rest. One, just returned from a mission, observed

that the crosses to be endured were far greater than can be conceived; but none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy." "Had some disheartening thoughts at the prospect of being stripped of every earthly comfort, but who is it that maketh my comforts to be a source of enjoyment? Cannot the same make cold and hunger, and nakedness and peril, to be a train of ministering angels conducting me to glory?" On his being a third time selected as public examiner, he speaks thus of the manner in which its duties were fulfilled. He was conscious of his soul drawing near to God whilst in the hall, and of a sacred impression being on his mind during the examination. Amidst the grandeur, however, of his motives, he found need for watchfulness and humility. "Men frequently admire me and I am pleased, but I abhor the pleasure I feel; oh did they but know that my root is rottenness!" "I see a great work before me now, namely, the subduing and mortifying of my perverted will. What am I that I should *dare* to do my own will, even if I were not a sinner: but now, how plain, how reasonable to have the love of Christ constraining me to be his faithful servant, cheerfully taking up the cross he shall appoint me?" "In my usual prayer at noon, besought God to give me a heart to do his will." "How much better it is to have a peaceful sense of my own wretchedness, and a humble waiting upon God for sanctifying grace, than to talk much and appear to be somebody in religion!" "O my God, who seest me write, and recordest in the book of thy remembrance more faithfully my sins and backslidings, bring down my soul to repent in dust and ashes for my waste of time, carnal complacency, and self-sufficiency. I would desire to devote myself anew to thee in Christ; though I fear I hardly know what it means, so great is really my ignorance of myself." What careful soul-tillage is here! What a laboriousness, by self-purification, by high aims and motives, to be accepted of God! This is the process—the severe and arduous process—by which heaven's highest servants are fitted for their work.

It may be well to remark in this place, that the sacrifices and dangers of a missionary in India, at the commencement of this century, are not to be computed by the state of things as existing now. Efforts for christianizing the natives were at that time regarded as little short of frantic eccentricity, calculated to render their minds disaffected to the British government, without being attended by any substantial benefit; and were censured by the politic, sneered at by the intelligent, and ridiculed by the witty. Nor were the personal dangers incurred by imperfect transit, nor the almost hopeless separation which a voyage to India then involved, matters of slight consideration.

In the year 1803, after a solemn preparation, Martyn received ordination, and became a minister of Christ's gospel, the first duties of which he discharged as curate to the Rev. C. Simeon, in the church of the Holy Trinity, at Cambridge; as well as curate of Lolworth, near the same town. He still kept in view his purpose of missionary labour, though an event, which deprived him and his youngest sister of their pecuniary resources, threatened at one time to interpose an insuperable difficulty to its realization. A period of anxious suspense followed, during which Martyn pursued his ministry with diligence, ardour, and acceptance. "Many an hour," says his biographer, "did he pass in an hospital or an alms-house; and often, after a day of labour and fatigue, when wearied almost to an extremity of endurance, he would read and pray with the servant who had the care of his rooms, thus making it his meat and drink, his rest as well as his labour, to do the will of his heavenly Father, in conformity to the example of Christ:—

> "His care was fixed
> To fill his odorous lamp with deeds of light,
> And hope that reaps not shame."

The delight he experienced in hearing that benefit had resulted from his exertions, proved to him an ample recompence for every sacrifice of time, comfort, or convenience; and it was equalled only by the humility with which he received such cheering intelligence. "I was encouraged," he observes, on receiving a communication of this nature, "and refreshed beyond description, and I could only cheerfully and gratefully offer myself to God's service; but it was at the same time a check to my pride to reflect that, though God might in his sovereignty bless his word by my mouth, I was not on that account less sinful in my ministrations."

During this period, Henry Martyn, with a view not less to his character as a Christian than to his future office of missionary, bestowed great pains on acquiring habits of self-denial and spiritual robustness. "Whenever I can say," he observed, "thy will be done—teach me to do thy will, for thou art my God—it is like throwing ballast out of an air-balloon; my soul ascends immediately, and light and happiness shine around me." The sentiment is as important as the simile is beautiful.

At length, with the immediate prospect of receiving a chaplaincy in the service of the East India company, Martyn felt that the time was come to take leave of his beloved friends—a farewell which the tenderness and susceptibility of

his spirit rendered unspeakably painful, as the following extract evinces:—

"Parted with —— for ever in this life, with a sort of uncertain pain which I knew would increase to greater violence." The anguish of separation from his beloved friends—especially from *one* of them—wrung his heart with agony, but did not shake his purpose. "To God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost," he writes, "would I solemnly renew my self-dedication, to be his servant for ever. Rejoice, O my soul, thou shalt be the servant of God in this life, and in the next for all the boundless ages of eternity." In this spirit he preached his farewell sermon, parted from his flock, came up to London, received the parting counsels of his friends, the Rev. R. Cecil and the venerable John Newton (then ready for his transfiguration), and departed—no more to return. But scarcely in the breast of an apostle could there swell a spirit more worthy of his cause, than that which animated Henry Martyn. There is nothing which so evidently proves the presence of the divine in man as self-sacrifice. "Even Christ pleased not himself!"

The journal of Martyn's voyage is extremely interesting, though we must omit its particulars. When he left London for Portsmouth, in order to embark on board his vessel, such was the anguish of his grief, operating on his tender constitution, that he fainted and fell into convulsions in an inn on the road. Suffice it to say that, as if to increase the force of his sacrifice, the vessel was detained for some time near the shores of Britain, thus causing the pain of his separation from his friends to resemble a lingering crucifixion. But words cannot do justice to the hallowed temper which everywhere characterises the record left of his voyage by this man of God. His unruffled tranquillity when the vessel was in peril—the earnest solicitude he manifested to be useful to the crew amidst an epidemic which broke out among them—his friendly and pastoral regard for the soldiers who were sent out for the capture of the Cape—his faithful proclamation of gospel truth among the passengers, in an age when it required the spirit of a martyr to avow the cross, and the noble temper with which he bore the consequent persecution—his intense sorrow at the first sight of heathenism as his vessel neared India—afford illustrations of a character tender, sublime, and beautiful beyond all ordinary comparison. He had been much impressed with a sentence in Milner's Church History—"to believe, to suffer, and to love was the primitive taste." His life was a commentary upon a text so difficult. Writing to his friends after he had reached India, he said, "Let us not by any means forget one another, nor lose sight of the day of our next meeting. . . We shall meet in happier regions. I believe that those connexions, and comforts, and friendships I have heretofore so desired, though they are the sweetest earthly blessings, are earthly still."

The arrival of Mr. Martyn in India was an event unspeakably grateful to those Christians who were among the few then estimating the spiritual wants of that idolatrous country. But the sight of the heathen practices themselves awoke all his zeal. Once he set off to rescue a poor widow from the pile of her husband—but arrived too late. When, on another occasion, he witnessed a Hindoo festival, he "shivered," he wrote, "as standing in the neighbourhood of hell."

Our limits preclude us from following in detail Mr. Martyn's missionary labours in India—labours which, though witnessed by no human eye, were not unnoticed by Him in whose service they were performed, and will be recompensed at "the resurrection of the just." Much of his time was, of course, occupied in preparatory studies, and after them, in translation of portions of the Scriptures, and of the book of Common Prayer, for the benefit of the native population. To behold one who had competed successfully for the highest prizes of academical distinction, and who might have commanded posts of honour, of influence, of wealth at home, patiently devoting day after day to these unobtrusive labours, amidst physical despondency, but with untiring diligence, and intent only on keeping his heart humble before God, and fixing his eyes on the great ends of his undistinguished ministry, is surely one of the noblest illustrations of Christian magnanimity. "Let me never fancy," was his dying saying, "that I have zeal, till my heart overflows with love to every man living." "How sweet to walk with Jesus—to love him, and to die for him!" "I seem as if I could never be tired, not only of spiritual joys, but of spiritual employments, since these are now the same." "Adored be the never-failing mercy of God! He has made my happiness to depend, not on the uncertain connexions of this life, but upon his own most blessed self—a portion that never faileth!" Let the following sentiment illustrate his humility: "Certainly it is one of the greatest crosses I am called to bear, to take pains to make people hear me. It is such a struggle between a sense of propriety and modesty on the one hand, and a sense of duty on the other, that I find nothing equal to it. I could force my way anywhere in order to introduce a brother minister, but for myself I act with hesitation and pain." And what greediness for usefulness is contained in these words: "My soul is much impressed with the immeasurable importance of my work, and the wickedness and cruelty of wasting a moment, when so many nations are, as it were, waiting till I do my work. Felt eager for the morning

to come again, that I might resume my work." Not only had he difficulties to encounter from the heathen population, but many of a severe kind even from his own countrymen, who, hating the doctrine of the cross, combined against him as its servant. But Martyn could endure. "Let me labour for fifty years, amidst scorn, and without seeing one soul converted, still it shall not be worse for my soul in eternity, nor even worse for it in time; 'though the heathen rage, and the English people imagine a vain thing,' the Lord Jesus, who controls all events, is my Friend—my Master—my God—my All! On this Rock of Ages, on which I feel my foot to rest, my head is lifted up above all mine enemies round about me, and I sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord."

The station at which Mr. Martyn was fixed was Dinapore; and though many reasons had concurred to point to Calcutta as the preferable residence—a location for which his talents and scholarship peculiarly qualified him—his earnest desire had been to be *a missionary indeed.* "To be prevented going to the heathen," he said, "would almost have broken my heart." Yet, though his previous studies might seem to have prepared him for a more distinguished sphere than Dinapore, the habits of industry and of close application indispensable to mathematical success, were in reality the highest qualification for the work to which he had devoted himself. The state of his bodily health, however, rendered the prosecution of his necessary labours exceedingly oppressive. His journal makes continual references to such drawbacks; he complains of "the indolence" with which he has to contend; he refers to himself as being tempted to impatience and unhappiness; he speaks of the heat as being terrible, the nights insupportable; and complains that "all he did was without energy." But the Christian triumphed over the man: "the spirit was strong, though the flesh was weak."

ST. PAUL LOOSING FROM TROAS.

ACTS XVI. 11.

THE orb of day now hastens to his rest,
And paints with brightest hues the ocean's breast;
Th' Ægean glitters in his splendour bright,
And heaven's high arch reflects the golden light;
The deep'ning shades from Ida's misty brow
Gently roll down upon fair Troy below;
The rocky shores of Samothracia rise
In gloomy outline 'gainst the western skies;
While far across the rippling waves, behold!
The heights of Athos beam like burnish'd gold.
Full many a story this poetic shore
Could tell, of wondrous scenes in days of yore.
Revengeful Greece was here with vict'ry crowned
When Priam's throne fell humbled to the ground.
The blood of myriads dyed that fertile plain,
And yonder stream rolled burdened with the slain;
While many a noble chief and warrior brave
Beneath those placid waters found his grave.
The Persian monarch swept across that sea,
When in his pride he sought to chain the free;
And from these walls the Macedonian sped,
Through distant climes his mighty name to spread,
When nations bowed to his victorious sword,
Obey'd his laws, and owned him for their lord.

But downward rolls the sun, and darkness falls
On Troja's far-famed plains and ancient walls.
The night is come, and calls to sweet repose,
As o'er the scene her mantle dark she throws:
The solemn night, that seems as though 'twas given
To calm the mind, and raise the soul to heaven;
For man to cast away all thought of earth,
And contemplate that God who gave him birth.
The silver moon ascends the dark blue sky
And through the azure vault sails silently;
As though she sought the blest abodes above,
And fled from scenes of vice, to purity and love.
Hush'd is each sound, save where the evening breeze
Comes softly whispering through the forest trees;
Or where the murmur sweet of waters near
Like distant music strikes the list'ning ear.
Few signs of life are seen; the busy crowd
Has ceased its clamours and contentions loud;
In silence wrapt the noble city lies,
As though the king of terrors claimed it for his prize.

But see! where through the sombre veil of night
Yon glimmering taper sheds its feeble light,
And as a beacon seems amid the gloom
To guide the wandering outcast from his doom.
What hand has trimmed that flame? what watchful eye
Guards it amid the dim obscurity?
Who can it be, who thus when others steep
Their wearied bodies in ambrosial sleep,
Still shuns repose, and on his humble bed
Refuses yet to rest his wearied head?
'Tis Paul, the champion of the cross, who there
Watches in holy thought and silent prayer:
The servant chosen by the Saviour's hand
To bear salvation to each Gentile land.
He thus for coming dangers, toils, and cares,
Alone at midnight's mystic hour prepares;
He seeks for strength from Him whose sov'reign will
The realms of heaven and earth alike fulfil;
But who in wondrous love will condescend
To step to earth, a sinner to befriend.
Dead to all human cares and worldly things,
Th' Apostle communes with the King of kings,
Till in the east, the sentinels of night
Slowly begin to pale their beauteous light.
But as sweet sleep steals on with gentle tread,
And peaceful slumbers hover round his head,
And whilst perhaps he dreams of lands that lie
Bound fast by sin in loathsome slavery,
He hears a summons loudly to proclaim
Freedom and safety through the Saviour's name;
To preach salvation through each heathen shore
And on the blind celestial light to pour.
A vision strange before his wond'ring eyes
In the pale moonlight slowly seems to rise;
A human form it takes, with lifted hands
Before the sleeper suppliant-like it stands.
The stranger's figure shows, his raiment tells,
That in the plains of Macedon he dwells;
His ever-heaving breast, his trembling frame,
The deep emotions of his heart proclaim;
An aspect strange and sorrowful he wears,
And on his brow the hand of grief appears.
But hark! he speaks in accents of despair,
Forth from his parting lips he breathes a prayer:

"O save! we perish; come, and prove a friend,
And in our mis'ry thine assistance lend;
Deep in the darkest shades of death we lie,
And in the cruel grasp of sin we die;
Come over to us quickly, and impart
Sweet words of comfort to each aching heart."
'Tis thus he prays; a tear is in his eye,
And from his throbbing breast escapes a sigh.
Then slowly sinking from th' apostle's sight,
The vision fades and mixes with the night.

Behold! the morning breaks with tardy hand,
Rolling the veil of night from off the land;
The first grey streaks in yonder eastern sky
Show that the king of light himself is nigh.
The morning mists, still hanging like a cloud,
The mountain tops in floating vapours shroud;
They fill the spreading fields and valleys green,
And shed a cheerless aspect o'er the scene.
The city rises from her slumbers deep,
And slowly brushes off the spell of sleep.
The men of Troas to their toils awake,
And sounds of labour through the silence break.
Now comes th' apostle forth with glad surprise
At the strange message sent him from the skies;
The voice of Jesus in that dream he heard,
And hastens to obey his gracious word.
Three faithful friends, resolved with him to share
Each grief and pain, with him each toil to bear,
Converse together with him, as he stands
With glist'ning eye upon the golden sands.
He views the heights of Europe, dimly seen
Across the glassy sea that rolls between.
Full well he knows the cloud of sin that lowers
In blackest darkness o'er those heathen shores;
He knows that myriads in that distant land
Lie bound in chains by Satan's cruel hand.
To save them from their awful doom he yearns,
To give them life his faithful spirit burns;
He longs the might of Jesus' name to prove,
To tell the wondrous story of his love,
To break each bond, to set each captive free,
And humble Satan's power triumphantly.
Behold he kneels, and through the startled air
The accents sound of deep and earnest prayer,
Wafted along by zephyrs soft, that sweep
With gentle murmur o'er the placid deep;
Like heralds to those distant hills they fly
Telling that succour and relief is nigh.

The day pours in: to catch the trembling gale
Yon feeble bark unfurls its snowy sail;
Onward she moves, and from her glittering side
Proudly she dashes the assailing tide,
As though half conscious of her sacred load,
The ever faithful messengers of God.
And He whose boundless sov'reignty can bind
The boist'rous storm, and curb the raging wind,
Sends gentle breezes from the gates of day,
To guide his chosen servants on their way.

Thus hastes th' apostle, cheerfully to tread
'Mid unknown scenes with gloomy horrors spread;
To combat with the powers of sin he goes,
To grapple boldly with his Master's foes.
The still small voice that whispers in his ear
Dispels each doubt, and drives away each fear;
He trusts the word of God, by faith his eye
Scans the dark pages of futurity.
He knows that soon the blissful hour will come
When the Redeemer's voice shall call him home;
When Christ shall say, "Th' appointed race is run,
The combat's o'er, the prize of vict'ry's won:
Enter, ye blest, the heavenly realms on high,
And dwell amidst the glories of the sky."

E'en now from many a land is heard the cry,
"Come o'er and help us ere in sin we die;"
From many a spirit, panting to be free,
Bursts the loud wail of heartfelt misery.
Go forth, ye faithful few, and gladly bear
The blessings of the gospel message there;
Salvation to each dying sinner give,
Bid him in faith behold the cross and live:
Till all the Saviour's gracious name shall know,
And at his throne with grateful homage bow;
Till all with one consent shall own him king,
And heaven's eternal arches with their praises ring.

JUVENIS.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

62. Ps. i. 1. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." Prov. i. 10, 15. "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. My son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path." iv. 14, 15. "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away." Prov. xiii. 20. "A companion of fools shall be destroyed." 1 Cor. v. 11. "I have written unto you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner; with such an one no not to eat." 1 Cor. xv. 33. "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

63. Of Apollos. Acts xviii. 24.

64. Rom. xii. 1. "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." Phil. iv. 18 "I am full, having received of Epaphroditus the things which were sent from you, an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God." Heb. xiii. 15. "By him (Jesus) let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name."

65. In the time of Josiah. Read 2 Kings xxii. and xxiii., 2 Chron. xxxiv. and xxxv.

66. 2 Kings xxiii. 8, 10. "And Hilkiah the high priest said unto Shaphan the scribe, I have found the book of the law in the house of the Lord. And Hilkiah gave the book to Shaphan, and he read it. And Shaphan the scribe showed the king, saying, Hilkiah the priest hath delivered me a book. And Shaphan read it before the king."

67. 1 Chron. xi. 6. "And David said, Whosoever smiteth the Jebusites first shall be chief and captain. So Joab, the son of Zeruiah, went up first and was chief."

68. Light. Gen. i. 3.

69. 2 Cor. iv. 6. "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Eph. iv. 14. "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

70. Jeremiah xiii. 23. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil."

71. The eunuch of Ethiopia. Acts viii. 27—38.

72. Acts viii. 5, 8. "Then Philip went down to the city of Samaria and preached Christ unto them. And there was great joy in that city." ver. 39. "The eunuch went on his way rejoicing." Acts xiii. 52. "And the disciples were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost." xvi. 34. "When he (the jailor) had brought them into his house, he set meat before them and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house." 1 Thess. i. 6. "Ye received the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost."

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

MARY DUNCAN'S ANXIETY FOR HER BROTHER.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

PART VIII.

THE new sphere on which I entered was more congenial with my spirit than that which I had just quitted. I was still in the abode of wealth; but this was the least of my concern, for I knew that it is often "the poor of this world" who are "rich in faith," and heirs of the kingdom which "my Great Master" has promised to them that love him. I knew too—who should know better than I?—that when he was on earth he found his warmest, dearest friends among the poor, and said of himself that while "the birds of the air had nests, and the foxes had holes" for shelter, he—"the son of man—had not where to lay his head."

My present abode was, as I found, once more in a large and busy city. My new owner's habitation, however—or rather, that of his father, with whom he lived—was comparatively retired; it was commodious also, and abounding in those comforts and luxuries which are the signs of wealth. My young possessor was an only son; but in other respects he was unlike my late owner. It is true, he had been led astray from the paths of wisdom and virtue; had begun to taste, and, it may be, to take deep draughts of

the cup of pleasure, "the pleasures of sin, which are" gratifying only "for a season;" and had commenced a course of dissipation which, unchecked, would probably have terminated in alienation from home, and other bitter and miserable consequences. But, hitherto, he had retained the affection of those whom he best loved, and who found ready excuses for the levities in which he had indulged, in the natural tendency of youth towards questionable gratifications.

And here let me remark, that among men it is not unusual to think and speak of the season of youth as the time for indulgence in those things which I am bound to denominate, in plain and homely terms, "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," and concerning which I am commanded to warn all, that they are "not of the Father, but of the world"—of that world which, "if any man love, the love of the Father is not in him." Men say that youth is the time for sowing "wild oats." Alas! do they not know, or will they not consider, that "whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap?" And am not I worthy of credence when I affirm that "he that soweth to his flesh, shall, of the flesh, reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall, of the Spirit, reap life everlasting?" Do they not know that, even in youth, "the Judge standeth before the door;" that Judge who will, with strictest impartiality, give to every man "according to his works?"

The father of my young owner was a busy man, engaged during the day, as I soon discovered, in courts of law, and seldom seen in his home until evening. He had one other child, a daughter, who presided over his household, and whose affection for her brother was passionately strong. Of her, I shall have hereafter to tell.

Before I proceed to my own more personal history, I must say a word or two more respecting the family of my new possessor. They lived, as I have intimated, in luxury; and I will not say that the gifts of God were abused by them. They enjoyed society, to which the hours of evening were generally devoted; but those whom they received as guests were neither frivolous nor profane; and the subjects which engaged their conversation, as well as the recreations in which they ordinarily indulged, were such as are worthy the attention of rational and immortal beings. In this respect the contrast between my present and my previous places of sojourn was great and manifest. The same contrast did I soon perceive in the companions of my kind with whom I now came, more or less, into contact. If intended to amuse, they did not debase; and those were most valued which offered the most useful instruction on all matters connected with "the life that now is." Must I add to this, that one other thing was wanting? that, engrossed too much with even the more laudable pursuits of time, the man of wisdom, worldly prudence, and varied information, who ruled in that household with much love, to whom the world around looked up with reverence and respect, who attracted within the magic circle of his house numerous and excellent friends, was yet ignorant of that without which all wisdom is folly; and, too well satisfied with laying up treasures on earth—treasures, not of gold only, but of friendship, reputation, and intellectual wealth—was yet neglecting the infinitely better and more enduring treasures of heaven, which it is mine to disclose.

And yet had he had warning and experience of the transitory nature of earthly possessions and enjoyments, in the loss of one whom he had never ceased to mourn: "the desire of his eyes" had been removed "with a stroke."

By my young owner I was taken to his apartment, and placed in an honourable position in the library which he called his own; and from the company in which I found myself, it was not difficult to form some estimate of his tastes and pursuits. But lest I should tire by repetition, I shall pass over the observations I then made, and speak only of what more immediately concerns myself. I must observe, however, that I was placed in immediate contact with one companion like myself in all but outward costume, with whom I was at liberty to compare notes at leisure; and I found, not to my surprise indeed, but in confirmation of the opinion I had formed of the youth, our owner, that other studies had hitherto been more congenial to his mind than that of the law and statutes of his God.

But now, a new era had commenced in his history. No longer estranged from us, but aroused, by the Divine Spirit, whose agents we are, to a sense of our paramount importance to his own eternal well-being, our owner, with trembling earnestness, sought communications from one or other of us daily. And if his choice oftener fell upon me, it was that by my means he had received those impressions which were kindling in his soul emotions which had speedily ripened into the cry of anxious alarm, "What must I do to be saved?"

And now was it seen how the "bread" which had been "cast upon the waters" was to "appear after many days." A mother's prayers had not been offered, nor her tears shed, nor her efforts exhausted, in vain. The instructions which my owner had received, and slighted when he received them, from the lips of her who, dying, had, it may be, seen no fruit of all her labours and prayers, now revived, and shed a hallowed influence over the mind of the once careless son.

"Once careless"—now, indeed, no longer careless, but yet half desirous, though it may be unconsciously, of finding a way of reconciliation with his gracious God, less humbling than that only way which I am appointed to reveal and declare. Sensible of the sin and folly of much of his past course, and convinced by experience, as well as by my honest declarations, of the unsatisfactory nature of all worldly pleasures; alarmed, too, at the threatened consequences—"indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil"—which had followed him and hung over him at every stage and step of his existence; he resolved upon abandoning every indulgence, and entering on a course of rigid self-denial and mortification. Even the proper and laudable engagements of life, and the desirable enjoyments of youth, were almost entirely cast aside; and when, led by the revival of youthful feelings in his breast, or by the entreaties or remonstrances of his friends, or compelled by the ordinary duties of life, to re-enter scenes and resume engagements which had reference only to time and present life, it was to call forth afterwards the stern reproaches of his wounded conscience.

He spent much of his time in the solitude of his own room. This, however, had previously been his custom; for, as I found after some acquaintance with my young owner, he was studying for the profession in which his father had attained wealth and eminence, and had already passed some time at one of the great universities, to which he was, a few weeks later, to return; and the time which yet intervened was expected to be occupied in diligent preparation for this future course. It was not thought extraordinary, therefore, that he abstracted himself from society.

But, when alone in his chamber, after having completed his daily studies, he gave but little time to other subjects. With heedless indifference, he cast aside his former companions in moments of relaxation, taking me into his confidence instead. Sometimes a gleam of satisfaction passed over his countenance, as we went on together; but oftener a gloom of dejection settled there. I could perceive, also, that often this close intimacy with me was rather a part of the self-imposed mortification of a wounded spirit, than the knitting together of soul to soul, spirit with spirit—the drawing with "bands of love" which should characterize all man's intercourse with me. Need I say more than I have, to prove that a veil was yet upon his heart, which must needs be removed before light and "peace from God the Father, and from Jesus Christ his Son," could enter there? And must I say that, in this stage of my young owner's history, he was somewhat like those of whom it is recorded in me, that "they, being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God."

One morning, a gentle knock at my young owner's door, aroused him from a deep reverie. Then the door was as gently opened, and a soft voice inquired, "May I come in, Leonard?" The voice was that of his sister; and when permission was given, she entered, and seated herself by her brother's side.

"Dear Leonard," she said, in a sweet and affectionate tone, "I am sure you have not been well for a good while, and I am come to see what I can do for you."

"Why do you think I am not well, Mary?" the brother asked, rather impatiently.

"Because, dear brother, you look and act so differently from what you used to do. You seem so dull and reserved, and you never now go out into company, and when we have company at home you shut yourself up in this den of yours, as though we had all some strong repulsive quality. Even from me, Leonard, you seem almost estranged; and I cannot bear that, dear brother, when I think that there are but us two. You must be ill, I am sure."

"Have I seemed so unsocial of late?" said the youth; "I did not know that you had noticed it, Mary."

"But, indeed, I have, dear Leonard; you have not been like your old self since you came back from the country."

"I am glad you think so, my sister," said my owner hastily, and I could see—and sorry I was to see it—rather exultingly: "I am very glad you think so," he repeated; "and I hope I shall never more be like my old self, but as far as possible from it."

"Leonard! how strangely you talk!" exclaimed the sister, in much amazement; "now I am sure there is something amiss with you; and if you will not, or cannot take my advice," she added, smilingly, but anxiously, "you must let me persuade you to consult a physician."

"Dear Mary," replied my young owner, "you are, indeed, greatly mistaken; I was never better in health than I am now. Believe me, I speak truly. Feel my pulse, dear sister; examine my tongue: if there were anything the matter with me, I would not hide it; but really and truly, as far as I know anything of myself, I am quite well."

"Then it is as I have feared," continued his sister: "I know that your friend, Mr. H——"

"Don't speak of *him* as my friend, Mary," said Leonard, interrupting his sister; "I hope I have for ever done with such friendships as his."

"Well, I am not sorry to hear you say *that*,

Leonard; for I do not like Mr. H. at all: he is a sad profligate fellow, I fear; and I always wondered how you could like him. But still, though I may not call him your friend, I think he may have led you into trouble. I was going to say that I know—at least, I have heard—he gambles very much; and you may have lost money to him, more than you like to acknowledge; and this has embarrassed you and made you dull. Is it not so? Tell me, dear brother; and I will do all that I can to help you, without our father's knowing it: only tell me."

"My dear sister, you have not come to the right conclusion yet," said my owner, with a smile: "that I have been led into evil by H. is very true; and it is true also that I have gamed; but that is all over, and I am not distressed for want of money. Indeed, I have more than I well know what to do with; so do not be anxious for me on that account, Mary."

"And yet there is some trouble, I am sure, Leonard," the gentle sister urged; "or why are you so dull and unsocial, and why shut yourself up here day after day, and almost all day long?"

My owner was silent for a little while; and then he took his sister's hand, and looked kindly and compassionately on her.

"I might plead," he said, "that I have much lost time to make up, before I go back to college; and, in a certain sense, that would be very true; but not as you would understand it. Mary, you remember our mother?"

"Indeed, indeed I do, dear Leonard," rejoined his sister; "I hope I shall never forget her."

"And, dearest, if you remember her, you remember how she loved the Bible, and tried to make us love it too. Well, Mary, I have lately thought a great deal about this; and I have been reading the Bible; and I have come to a determination to change my way of life altogether. Dear sister, we are immortal beings, living for eternity; and there is nothing but religion that is suitable for us—for me, at any rate; and as for those frivolous studies which have had so much of my time and thought, I wonder how I can ever have been so besotted. I do not know how I shall ever be able to turn to them again."

"And this from you, dear Leonard," said Mary, appearing greatly surprised—"from you who have always been so gay and careless, and have even joined in ridiculing those who have been righteous overmuch!"

"Yes, Mary, from me," replied her brother, gravely. "I will tell you," he added, "how it has come about;" and, bringing me forward, he told her the history of his evening in the country, when I had first attracted his attention; and repeated to her the rebuke which I had given, and which had touched his conscience.

"Dear Leonard," she said, after he had told his story, "this is being too gloomy. It is very proper to be religious, of course; but it does not do to give way to fancies. You have spoken of our mother, and you know how happy and cheerful she always was."

"Yes, yes," he replied, "and I have thought of that; but, dearest, if you knew how guilty I have been, and how much I have to atone for, you would not expect me to be ever cheerful or happy again. I must work out my salvation with fear and trembling, Mary."

Much more my young owner said in this strain; and his sister knew not what to say in reply. Had she been better acquainted with me, she might have told him that he was, as yet, leaning on a broken reed, and hewing out to himself broken cisterns which could hold no water, when he dreamt of atoning for his past sins by self-inflicted mortifications, and of resting on his future imperfect obedience to answer the requirements of the inflexible law of a holy and jealous God. But she had not this acquaintance with me; and wondering at what had fallen from her brother's lips, hoping also that he would soon abandon his strange notions, and be rid of his needless apprehensions, she kissed his cheek, and the conversation ceased.

EMINENT MISSIONARIES.

HENRY MARTYN.

PART II.

In addition to Martyn's labours in translating the Scriptures into Hindustani, a proposal was now made that he should superintend their translation into the Persian language. It was responded to with eagerness. "What do I not owe the Lord," said he, "for permitting me to take part in a translation of his word!" The task was laborious; it was prosecuted amidst bodily weakness. In the midst of it the news of the death of his eldest sister reached him; yet whilst he said, "I feel not the slightest wish to live except there be some work assigned me to do in the church of God," he thought, "how sweet it is to feel dead to all below, to live only for eternity, to forget the short interval that lies between us and the spiritual world, and to live always seriously!"

Simultaneously with a renewed invitation to settle in Calcutta, "a very severe disappointment," says his biographer, "from another quarter succeeded—a disappointment intended, doubtless, like his other troubles, for the augmentation of his faith. Such strong representations had been made by those whose judgment he valued not a little respecting the dreariness of a distant station in India, and the evils of

solitude, that he had deemed it agreeable to the will of God to make an overture of marriage to her for whom time had increased rather than diminished his affection. This overture, for reasons which afterwards commended themselves to Mr. Martyn's own judgment, was now declined; on which occasion, suffering sharply as a man, but most meekly as a Christian, he said: "The Lord sanctify this; and since the last desire of my heart is also withheld, may I turn away for ever from the world, and henceforth live forgetful of all but God. With thee, O my God, is no disappointment. I shall never have to regret that I have loved thee too well. Thou hast said, 'Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thy heart.'" Martyn's subsequent reflections on this occurrence are: "After this last lesson from God on the vanity of the creature, I feel desirous to be nothing—to have nothing—to ask for nothing—but what he gives."

At this time his afflictions were increased by the backsliding and apostasy of one Sabat, whom he had looked upon as a convert to the faith of the gospel, but who cruelly gave the lie to his own professions, and to the belief which had been entertained of his Christian sincerity. To a spirit so tender the shock was severe. Yet, said he, "I feel willing to be a neglected outcast, unfit to be made useful to others, provided my dear brethren are prosperous in their ministry." And, on another occasion: "To have a will of my own not agreeable to God's is a most tremendous wickedness. I own it so for a few moments, but, Lord, write it on my heart!"

Disease had now begun to develope itself in Martyn's constitution. "My danger," he writes, "is from the lungs, though none of you seem to apprehend it. One complete service at church does more to consume my strength and spirits than six days of the hardest study or bodily labour. Pray for me, my dear brother, that I may neither be rash nor indolent." Yet, whatever might be the sufferings of his body, his humility continued to utter terms of self-reproach. "Instead of returning with a more elastic spring to severe duties, as I expected, my heart wants more idleness, more dissipation. David Brainerd in the wilderness—what a contrast to Henry Martyn!"

In the year 1809, Martyn was removed from Dinapore to Cawnpore. He took the journey at a time of the year when the heat in India is intense, and he travelled night and day. His exertion so exhausted him that when he reached the end of his journey he fainted away. At Cawnpore he continued the work of translating the Scriptures into Hindustani and Persian, and obtained the erection of a church. But the climate was most oppressive, and his bodily strength rapidly declined. Mention is made of his addressing a thousand soldiers drawn up in a hollow square, when the heat was so intense, though it was yet early morning, that many swooned. Whilst at Dinapore, the want of a church, and the necessity of maintaining the standing posture during the whole service, led them to request that the clergyman would dispense with the sermon—a demand with which he was reluctantly driven to comply. Notwithstanding the state of his health at Cawnpore, he began his first public missionary labours, addressing crowds of mendicants whom he summoned to receive alms, and continuing these exertions till fever compelled the remission of his work. He was, indeed, physically incompetent to the duties which pressed upon him. "My work last Sunday," said he, "was not more than usual, but far too much for me, I can perceive. First, service to his majesty's 53rd foot, in the open air; then at head-quarters; in the afternoon, preached to eight hundred natives; at night, to my little flock of Europeans. Which of these can I forego? The ministration to the natives might be in the week; but I wish to attach the idea of holiness to the Sunday. My evening congregation on Sunday is attended by twice as many as in the week day; so how can I let this go?" Yet, however reluctant, he was compelled to suspend his labours among the mendicants, who displayed their gratitude by expressing their desires for his recovery. It is probable that his health would have utterly sunk down in this crisis, but for the arrival of a brother missionary, the Rev. Mr. Corrie, afterwards bishop of Madras, who relieved him of a portion of his labour.

A visit to England was urged upon Mr. Martyn, and was, indeed, indispensable for his recovery. But at this period a difference of opinion arose as to the propriety of publishing the Persian version of the New Testament, which he had superintended with so much care; and, true to his uniform principle of sinking all personal considerations before the great objects of the gospel, Martyn resolved upon consulting competent persons in Arabia and Persia on the merits of the version. When this project was submitted to one of his friends, it drew forth the following reply: "Can I then bring myself to cut the string and let you go? I confess I could not, if your bodily frame were strong and promised to last for half a century; but as you burn with the intenseness and rapid blaze of heated phosphorus, why should we not make the most of you?" These were the words of one who knew Martyn well. His *was* a self-consuming fire. The zeal of his master's "house" really devoured him.

To Persia, therefore, this devoted servant of Christ went—ready like an angel to do, whenever he understood it, the will of God, and forgetful that he was not an angel, but a man. Before he left, he preached in the church which had been erected in Cawnpore for the first, and, as all who heard him presaged too truly, for the last time. The late Mrs. Sherwood thus describes his service: "He began in a weak and faint voice, being at that time in a very bad state of health; but, gathering strength as he proceeded, he seemed as one inspired from on high. Never was an audience more affected. The next day this holy and heavenly man left Cawnpore, and the society of many who sincerely loved and admired him. He left us with little hope of seeing him again, until, by the mercy of our Saviour, we meet with him in our Father's house." When Martyn appeared among the friends he had left at Calcutta, after an absence of four years, they could not fail to prophesy, from his broken and enfeebled frame, that, however glorious his course, it would be brief. The Rev. Mr. Thomason thus wrote to Mr. Simeon: "This bright and lovely jewel first gratified our eyes on Saturday last. He is on his way to Arabia, where he is going in pursuit of health and knowledge. You know his genius, and what gigantic strides he takes in everything. He has some great plan in his mind—of which I am no competent judge; but as far as I do understand it, the object is far too grand for one short life, and much beyond his feeble exhausted frame. Feeble it is indeed! how fallen and changed! His complaint lies in his lungs, and appears to be a lingering consumption. But let us hope the sea air may revive him, and that change of place and pursuit may do him essential service, and continue his life many years. In all other respects, he is exactly the same as he was; he shines in all the dignity of love, and seems to carry about him such a heavenly majesty as impresses the mind beyond description. But if he talks much, though in a low voice, he sinks, and you are reminded of his being but dust and ashes." But what wonders for God have been accomplished by men whose bodies have been hopelessly broken down by disease. "Out of weakness they have been made strong." And exhausted as Martyn was, he preached each Sunday during his stay, and took his farewell in a discourse in which, with faint articulation, but with surprising energy, he uttered a last protest for God. "I am perhaps leaving India," said Martyn, "to see it no more; but the will of God be done; my times are in his hand, and he will cut them short as shall be most for my good; with this assurance, I feel that nothing need interrupt my work or my peace."

Five months were consumed in the passage from the mouth of the Hoogly to Shiraz, to which point this servant of Christ was now bound. Sickness, exhaustion, and unrest were during the voyage his familiar companions. Whilst he was on board ship he reached his thirtieth birthday. "I am now at the age," said he, "when David Brainerd finished his course—when the Saviour of men began his ministry—when John the Baptist called a nation to repentance. Let me think now for myself and act with energy. Hitherto I have made my youth and insignificance an excuse for sloth and imbecility; now let me have a character, and act boldly for God." On May 20th, the crew was landed at Bushire, whence Mr. Martyn proceeded to Shiraz, under a heat so insupportable as to endanger life. The journey occupied seventeen days.

"The thermometer still rising," says the journal, "and the moisture of the body being quite exhausted, I grew restless, and thought I should have lost my senses. The thermometer at last stood at 126°; in this state I composed myself, and concluded that, though I might hold out a day or two, death was inevitable. Captain ——, who sat it out, continued to tell the height and hour of the thermometer; with what pleasure did we hear of its sinking to 120°, 118°, etc. At last the fierce sun retired, and I crept out more dead than alive." "At sunset, rising to go out, a scorpion fell upon my clothes; not seeing where it fell, I did not know what it was; but Captain —— pointing it out, gave the alarm. The night before we found a black scorpion in our tent."

One of the first occurrences which happened after Martyn reached Persia was characteristic of the man. As the persons with whom he lodged were Armenians, he was introduced to their priest, who took occasion, in the course of the service at his church, to fume the clergyman with incense, and he bade Martyn observe that he had fumed him four times whilst the others did it only once. Martyn thanked him for his well-meant civility, which he little valued, and immediately turned his remarks on the awful responsibility of the office they held, though without success.

As soon as he had arrived at Shiraz, Martyn started at once on the direct objects of his mission. He was suitably introduced, and his appearance and aim excited attention and provoked inquiries among the Mohammedans. Many debates took place between them—debates characterized by the spirit of the oriental philosophy on the one hand, and by the calm and clear statement of gospel doctrine—especially of the divinity of Christ—on the other. Some vexatious and false reports combined to weary

the man of God. Among other things it was asserted that he had come to Shiraz as the leader of five thousand men, with whom he was to take the city. In truth, the spirit of investigation had become so vigorously excited by these disputations, and by the interest taken in the fact that Martyn was engaged on a version of the New Testament into the Persian tongue, as to seem to demand that Mahommedanism should put itself upon its defence, and a treatise appeared in Arabia, written with considerable pains, upon this unusual topic. To this, of course, the missionary was bound to reply, which he did with much clearness, candour, and temper. The public feeling, however, rose to a height which exposed Martyn to not a little obloquy, and to some personal danger. The freedom with which he had spoken of Mohammed caused one of the princes of the blood royal to observe, "that the proper answer to it was the sword." To the missionary this was but an exemplification of what the apostle calls "the offence of the cross;" he comforted himself by the sentiments of a well-known verse :—

"If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me."

Speaking of the divinity of Christ—which was in the eyes of the Islamites one of the most objectionable features of his system—Martyn said, "I trust I would sooner give up my life than surrender it!"

It will not fail to have struck the reader that one main characteristic of Henry Martyn's religion—which demonstrated how much his piety was founded upon principle of a high order—was the recognition of the supreme authority of the will of God. Thus, he says in the commencement of the year 1812: "The present year will probably be a perilous one; but my life is of little consequence, whether I live to finish the Persian New Testament, or do not. I look back with pity and shame upon my former self, when I attached importance to my life and labours. The more I see of my works, the more I am ashamed of them. The least of God's works *here*, it is refreshing to look at. A dried leaf or a straw makes me feel myself in good company; complacency and admiration take place of disgust." "But," he says in another place, "I hope I have not come to the seat of Satan in vain. The word of God has found its way into Persia, and it is not in Satan's power to oppose its progress if the Lord have sent it." And in the commencement of this year Martyn saw the translation of the New Testament completed. It was his desire to present a copy of this work to the king, but some difficulties of royal etiquette prevented the completion of his purpose, and it was necessary to obtain a letter of introduction from the British ambassador, to secure which he resolved on a visit to Tebriz. His journey led to new encounters with the Mohammedans, whilst he comforted himself with his favourite verse—

"If on my face, for thy dear name," etc.

An attack of fever prevented Martyn from presenting his translation to the king of Persia. It was presented by the British ambassador, Sir Gore Ouseley, after the translator's death. The seizure of illness was attended by the farther affliction that Martyn was cut off from pecuniary supplies, and could not obtain even the loan of a piastre. At this point in his history he says: "We had now eaten nothing for two days. My mind was much disordered from head-ache and giddiness, from which I was seldom free; but my heart, I trust, was with Christ and his saints. To live much longer in this world of sickness and pain seemed no way desirable; the most favourite prospects of my heart seemed very poor and childish, and cheerfully would I have exchanged them for the unfading inheritance." A third day passed, still without any supply; "but," says he, "at the moment when I seemed to sink into a long fainting fit, I was summoned to mount my horse, and I set out, rather dead than alive." His sufferings after this became terrible; he was seized with ague, yet still kept journeying on. His fever made him almost delirious, yet, in his calmer intervals, the consolations of the gospel were his support. "This short and painful life," he remarks, "would scarcely be felt, could I but thus live at heaven's gate." During two months after his arrival at Tebriz he lay in a state of utter prostration.

Yet from this attack, by a strange tenacity of life, he experienced a temporary recovery. "My daily prayer is," he observes, "that my late chastisement may have its intended effect, and make me all the rest of my days more humble and less self-confident. In three days I intend setting my horse's head towards Constantinople —distant about 1300 miles!" Was ever such energy of mind united to such feebleness of body? Thus he resolves upon a journey, the object of which was to reach his beloved England. But this was not to be. After achieving a small part of this intention, he died at Tocat, whether of the plague or of fever is unknown, and reached, instead of England, a better land, where sickness and sin and death are unknown, on the 16th of October, 1812.

Thus terminated a life which may possibly have been exceeded in the palpable tokens of direct usefulness—for Martyn's successes will never be computed till the grave shall give up its dead—but which has probably never been

surpassed in that moral grandeur which consists in high motive, purified by constant communion with God, and triumphing daily over physical weakness and constant mental depression. Even among those who have witnessed for Christ amidst torture and the flames of the stake, few have been comparable to him, whose every day was a fresh sacrifice of self, and who understood, to an extent known not to many, the import of the motto—"I die daily."

SCRIPTURAL BOTANY.

THE ROSE.

This plant, which is universally admitted to excel all others in beauty and odour, frequently attains the height of fourteen feet in eastern countries. In the gardens of Constantinople, it hardly suffers itself to be overtopped by the buildings among which it is interspersed; and it is worthy of remark that its Hebrew name is compounded of two roots, signifying "to hide" and "to overshadow." The Greek poets were fluent in its praises, and the comparisons in Ecclesiasticus show that the Jews much delighted in it. The rose, especially that of Sharon and Damascus, being peculiarly the favourite of orientals, is with them the constant emblem of love and beauty, and a profuse offering of these flowers seems to be considered an agreeable and lively manner of welcoming the traveller. "Poetry and flowers," says one, "are the wine and spirits of the Arab; a couplet is equal to a bottle, and a rose to a dram, without the evil effects of either." "In Persia," writes a celebrated traveller, "the gardens and courts are crowded with this plant, their rooms ornamented with vases filled with its gathered bunches, and every bath strewed with the full-blown flowers, plucked from the ever-replenished stems. In the delicious garden of Negauvistan, the eye and the smell were not the only senses regaled by the presence of the rose; the ear was enchanted by the wild and beautiful notes of the multitude of nightingales, whose warblings seemed to increase in melody and softness with the unfolding of their favourite flowers."

From time to time, we find the scene of Mr Layard's laborious researches enlivened by the presence of our "garden's queen." "While investigating the ruins of Wan," he writes, "I pitched my tent about a mile from the village of Amikle, near a transparent spring, in a small glade shelving to the water's edge and embowered in white roses."

But the highest honour conferred upon this favourite of nature is by its great Creator himself, who, in his wonderful condescension, anticipating "the days of his flesh," shows us his own likeness in it: (Canticles ii. 1) "I am the Rose of Sharon;" or, as some read it, "the Rose of the field," not confined to a garden, but accessible to all. Christ's salvation is a *common* salvation, not confined to Jew or Gentile, but "a free gift abounding unto many." Then again, in Isaiah xxxv. 1, this fairest of flowers is made to represent the beauty of holiness, with which the church of Christ shall be adorned on the day of her espousals. "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." What a cheering view is here spread before us of the renovated state of the church, when the great gospel plan shall receive its full development, and the gospel be made to spring up in the spiritual deserts of the world, like the rose coming to its perfection in a soil by nature unadapted to promote its growth and beauty.

Weep, banish'd Judah! "land of sadness, weep!"
Still o'er thy soil God's angry judgments sweep;
Oft hast thou felt the terrors of his rod,
His dread anathema has curs'd thy sod.
What now avails that, once by heav'n carest,
Thy scenes were fair, in sylvan beauty drest,
That once thy dreary wastes bloom'd fair around,
And peace and plenty hill and valley crown'd;
See now a heap thy ruin'd city stands,
A monument of God's avenging hands;
The noisome weeds in rank luxuriance grown,
And thorny wreaths investing ev'ry stone.
Yet shall the harp of praise again awake,
And make a merry noise for Judah's sake;
And where rude brier and bramble flow'rs prevail,
Shall Sharon's Rose its sudden bloom unveil;
For God shall yet again assert his right,
And claim the land once pleasant in his sight.
Then shall the wilderness, uncloth'd and bare,
The beauteous garments of salvation wear.
Oh, speed the time, make haste the blissful hour,
When desert soils shall wear the sacred flow'r;
When far and wide its savour shall be shed,
Its leaves of healing thro' the nations spread.
The dawn of the expected day draws near,
The Bridegroom for his church will soon appear;
The weary bride, impatient of delay,
Now hurries forth to meet him on his way.
See how she dresses in her best attire,
While all around her growing charms admire.
See wond'ring nations at the signal throng,
And join their voices in the nuptial song.
Blest Rose of Sharon, in our hearts take root,
Displace the thorns and make wide room to shoot;
There let thy gracious blossom, day by day,
New fragrance shed—unfading tints display.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE FALL OF THE MIGHTY ONE.

"Be still and know that I am God!" The impressive utterance of these words by the Omnipotent Ruler has recently stirred the hearts of the inhabitants of Europe down to their lowest depths. Long had we expected news from Russia, and we well knew that the intelligence might affect the well-being, and possibly change the destinies, of nations. Our eyes were fixed on the seat of war, and we were prepared for fatal events in that quarter. But it is not alone amidst the thunder of artillery and the processes of a protracted siege that death does its work. It can not only find its victims among the commanded—it has darts even for the commander. And now it has gone to the palace of him by whose ambition this mad war was occasioned, and striking down the proud one to the earth, has taught us that the "breath" of man—even of the greatest—is but "in his nostrils."

To-day and to-morrow! The periods seem near and closely related to one another: so near that the interval between their extreme edges appears imperceptible; so related that one instantly suggests the other. Yet the chasm between them may be eternity. Never was the contrast more marked than in the last chapter of the history of Russia's late emperor. If pomp and power could have set up a rampart against death, who was more impregnable? If resolution could have daunted the king of terrors, whose will was stronger? How many envied his day—how many longed for his physical constitution, or the stability of his absolute rule. To him were given vigour, "the pride of place," an unquestioned throne, and, what is allotted to few men, ability to occupy that throne advantageously. The name of Nicholas recalls a potentate—resolute, self-possessed, approaching (in so far as regards power), as nearly as man is ever permitted to approach, the confines of Omnipotence; a master of millions, not of wealth alone, but of men, and of minds as well as bodies; a being whose impulses were laws to the mass of his unresisting subjects; who ruled as men govern lions and tigers, by an iron will and an unflinching purpose, often overstepping justice, policy, and pity. We follow his keen eye as he watched with penetrating glance the movements of European courts, till he saw, or thought he saw, the moment come when he might fire his long prepared train, and dare the explosion which was to shatter the peace of Europe in ruins. And what is his to-morrow?—our to-day. Where is he—the great, the noble, the commanding? A helpless piece of wreck drifting on the mighty surge of death; a poor slave bound to obey without resistance every law of corruption; reduced to a condition below that of his meanest subject; his throne forsaken; his kingdom in amaze; himself returning to the dust out of which he was made. Where is the eye which yesterday shot forth its lightnings? where the frown at which the serf trembled as at that of deity? where the determination to tread "the sick man" down? All, all are gone. We turn away from the thought of the corrupted remains which alone represent the czar—the king—the autocrat—"the emperor of all the Russias"—and we feel how miserable is man's best realization of great ideas. One alone there is in whom such conceptions meet their counterpart. Know that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves. "He bringeth the princes to nothing." "As for man, the wind passeth over him and he is gone, and the place thereof shall know him no more."

Never surely was a more affecting lesson read as to the uncertainty of life than that which is presented by this solemn occurrence. Man at his best state is altogether vanity! If death never came but amidst common connexions, the frequency of its return would cause it to lose most of its force. It would soon cease to receive even ordinary attention. It is when it becomes a family event, or a public event, or, as it is in this instance, a royal event, that it rouses us from insensibility and compels reflection. In this case death prints its message in the largest capitals before our eyes. In view of such an illustration, who shall presume to think himself safe? If the palace be no protection, surely the cottage can be none. Who carries not within him the seeds of decay which any moment may ripen for its fatal harvest? And let us remember that though our death may be attended by no circumstance of public notoriety—though the news of it may not arouse men as by a trumpet blast—though our exit from the world may be almost unnoticed—yet the departure of even the emperor of all the Russias was not more momentous to him than our own departure will be to us. How little do we know what that event comprises? Its thick veil discloses no secrets. We have some dim imaginings of enlarged consciousness, of recognitions pleasing or fearful, and of contact with other beings than ourselves, but we cannot turn these imaginations into facts.

This alone we know, that then we shall meet God—meet him for our last reckoning, and meet him without any further opportunity of completing what has been deficient, or of rectifying what has been amiss. That critical moment is advancing rapidly to us all; like some approaching locomotive engine, its vicinity becomes more apparent at every instant. We trifle, we loiter, we forget, but on it comes; and oh! well will it be if an event so public and startling as this, which has agitated the courts of Europe, shall remind us that none of us are safe. Whatever our other changes, *that* change is sure. Whether we travel much or little on "the world's highway," we must take that journey. How important is the question whether we have made any preparation for it; whether we have any certificate of final acceptance—any materials which will outlive the last great shipwreck. We are only safe when we possess a heart purged by faith in the blood of atonement and sanctified by the operation of the blessed Spirit. We must undergo that process or be undone.

Impressively does this event remind us of the comparative worthlessness of all human distinctions. Far be it from us to look contemptuously on the social arrangements of life. We believe that power exhibited in personal forms awakens sympathy and promotes security. We do not now stay to inquire into the merits of the absolute form in which the deceased sovereign found it and wielded it. But after all, how short the tenure, how unsatisfactory the possession of the highest powers of earth! He whose prompt resolution, with sanguinary decisiveness, checked in a critical moment of his life the rising riot which threatened his throne, could not protract his own reign for one brief day; nor—though his slightest wish was obeyed by his subjects from the frozen shores of Lapland down to the stormy ones of the Black Sea—could he offer the least effectual resistance to the king of terrors. Whatever his pride, whatever his power, he has now appeared before his God naked and alone. And if his enlarged possessions afforded him no real security, why should we value so much that which is but the faintest fraction of such a prize? Let us remember that a personal interest in the favour of God is alike to prince and to peasant, the only true riches—that neither fame, nor honour, nor power, has of itself currency in the world to come—and that the only wealth worth possessing is that which shall retain its value in eternity. "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And if the enjoyment of the whole will not prevent the bargain from being a losing one, what will be the case with those whose highest ambition is to secure a few fragments only?

It is, however, impossible to regard this startling event without feeling thankful that we have not been entrusted with the vast responsibility which belonged to the departed. Whatever may have been the faults of the late emperor, it is possible that they were not greater than our own would have been had we been placed in a situation precisely similar. We look indeed with consternation on the fatal consequences of that invincible will, that insatiate ambition which urged him forward with frantic velocity, hanging Europe in mourning; we tremble at his arbitrary and often cruel course—at his disregard of rights, liberties, and treaties—at the images which must have haunted his dying bed, of distracted empires, wasted resources, paralyzed commerce, a name stamped with ignominy, and crowds hurried through his fatal fault into eternity. It is well that censure should follow such things; for by such censure power is warned from its licentiousness. But how few are they who, placed on such a summit, beyond the reach of human law, would not have become more giddy still. Many a humble Christian will sincerely thank God, superfluous as it may seem, that he was not born a Russian autocrat, and that he is in no danger of committing crimes on a grand scale. But let us remember that if in one respect our responsibility be less, in another respect it may be more—that if we have less power, we may have more knowledge—and that whatever our scale of action may be, if we have known our Master's will and have done it not, we shall be "beaten with many stripes." Let us be concerned that of what kind soever our stewardship may be, we use it well; and let us be assured that only to the faithful servant will be ultimately awarded the crown of life.

Nor let us forget that amidst all those changes which alter empires and affect the face of Europe, there is another king. We turn with disgust from the catechism in which the Russian peasant was taught to say, "I believe in God in heaven and in the czar on earth;" and we feel that the associated notions are not only blasphemous but preposterous. There is one absolute will only; only one which *can* be absolute, only one which deserves to be absolute. The rightful ruler often proves powerless; the most daring minds cannot execute their own wishes. Nicholas even living had greatly survived himself, and dying has probably left to his successor a legacy of losses and sorrow. But the Great One watches and can over-rule all. The wrath of man may rise, but He can restrain it from overflowing. He can apply checks and dams to its swelling current; can hold back the Pharaohs, and Xerxes, and Napoleons, and Nicholases of this world; can make the current of

public transactions tributary to the promotion of his people's welfare, and to the higher honours of his spiritual church. God alone is great, as a celebrated preacher said on a similar occasion. And sad, sad indeed would this scene be, did we not believe in the guiding influence of a Power as good as he is great! Upward, then, let us lift our eyes—even to Him that dwelleth in the heavens. Let us look higher than these commercial disasters, higher than the suffering, desolation, and death of which we hear so much. Let us rejoice to believe that God can stay this tumult, and that when man shall be sufficiently humbled he will. "Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord." When he giveth quietness, who can give trouble? and when we shall meet that everlasting and rightful Sovereign whose subjects we all are, and "every knee shall bow and every tongue" confess to him, may we find a Saviour in our Judge, and not be ashamed before him at his coming.

LAST DAYS OF OLD HUMPHREY.*

Years passed away in active literary engagements until Mr. Moggridge became a *real* "Old Humphrey." But with advancing age came weakness and affliction; chiefly from the effects of a sprained ankle. He thus describes the occasion of his inconvenience and pain: "I was returning home late, (sadly too late for one of my years, for it was eleven o'clock at night, but I had been unexpectedly detained,) when suddenly I set my foot on a broken flag-stone. Something gave a snap, but at the moment so intense was my agony, that I knew not whether it was my leg, or a piece of wood on the flag-stone. A deathly coldness came over me, and I thought that my senses were about to leave me; so, steadying myself against a closed shop-window, I awaited the crisis. A cold perspiration having somewhat relieved me, and being near my abode, I hopped to some palisades by the road-side; and with the assistance they afforded me, contrived to reach my own habitation. What a blessing it is to be calm and collected in bodily affliction! This has hitherto almost always been the case with me, and it was so on the occasion to which I have alluded. I succeeded in getting off my boot, and perceiving how much my foot and ankle were bruised, swollen, and inflamed, immediately applied to a surgeon: happily no bones were broken."

This painful casualty elicited the sympathy and kind attentions of all to whom Mr. Moggridge was known; which he acknowledged in his own cheerful and agreeable way, in the two pieces, "On a Sprained Ankle," and a "Little Gossip about a Lame Foot;"* pieces which, it is known, have afforded profitable instruction to some similarly afflicted. It soon became evident that the effect of the injury was an impaired state of health. From that time, he was unable to visit his favourite localities, and but seldom to enjoy the society of endeared friends. Instead of revelling in the meadows and among the hedgerows of the country, his study was now the chief scene of his meditations. Here he continued to pen those "Addresses," and "Observations," and "Appeals," which were welcome to thousands of his admiring readers. He sat from hour to hour at his little table, his books spread around him, the Holy Bible in the most conspicuous place, and a large card before him, on which were written, in a bold style, the three words, Allure—Instruct—Impress, to remind him of his work, and the way in which it was to be done.

In the spring of 1854, the health of Mr. Moggridge became weaker; and though medical aid was promptly sought, and all the care that the most affectionate solicitude could give was tenderly and perseveringly rendered, yet it became increasingly evident that his labours were drawing to a close. He thus wrote, under date April 20, 1854:—

"For more than three months I have been under the doctor's hands, and am, as it were, as weak as water: my hand shakes and my frame shrinks away. Under these circumstances, just for the present, I am able to do very little with my pen, and at times I cannot write ten minutes in the whole day. I am purposing to set my face towards the country or the sea, with the hope that God, in his goodness, will send abroad the breezes with healing on their wings."

The summer, however, was spent in the chamber of sickness, in much languor and painfulness. He who had often cheered a weary pilgrim in the decline of life, had now to apply to his own heart the rich consolations of the gospel. There was the same happy and devout frame of mind; there were the same humility and faith which had distinguished him in the buoyancy of life. Through the grace of the Holy Spirit, he was enabled to manifest that submission to the will of his heavenly Father, to which he had so often exhorted others; though sometimes in the greatness of his pain, the plaintive cry of the patriarch was forced from his lips: "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me." Job xix. 21.

The confidence of the beloved sufferer in

* From a Memoir of Old Humphrey, just published by the Religious Tract Society.

* "Old Humphrey's Friendly Appeals," pp. 109 and 294

the Divine faithfulness was undiminished. In the strength of faith he not only adopted the apostle's words, but entered into a realizing conviction of their truth: "For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." 2 Cor. iv. 16, 17. "Though I know not the measure of my days," he wrote, "I well know there is but 'a step between me and death;' and though I cannot tell what yet remains for me to do, willingly would I have my last act to be a deed of kindness, and my last breath to be a Hallelujah."

It was in his nature to look at the bright side of every event. He saw an oasis in every desert, and a glittering star in the darkest sky. Not only was he hopeful himself in the season of sickness, but he sought to make all in his family circle hopeful also. When he spoke, his eye was lit up with animation, and his words were full of encouragement. "The blackest night will have a day;" "Many a broken ship gets safe to land;" "Give it up? No, never!" and "Hope on to the end," are words that were frequently on his lips.

The ground of his hope for eternal life had long been before the world. "Without reservation, I renounce all other hope, and look to the Saviour, and the Saviour alone, for salvation. That Christ has died for me, is my hope and my joy, the Rock on which I stand, the boat in which I hope to pass the swellings of Jordan. I have no other plea than this for justification at the judgment day, and no other claim to enter the kingdom of glory." In this confidence he reposed to the end. The lowly and contrite state of mind which he cherished are also exhibited in a brief fragmentary paper he penned a short time before his decease.

MAKE HASTE TO HELP ME.

"Hasten to help me, O heavenly Father, for without thee I am as nothing, and can do nothing. 'Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation.'

"Help me to believe that thou hearest me when I pray unto thee. 'Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications: in thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness.'

"Help me in subduing my stubborn will, and in humbling my pride, so that I may offer thee an acceptable sacrifice. 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.'

"Help me to confess to thee freely my transgressions. 'Lord, I acknowledge my sin, and my iniquity. Deliver my soul; oh save me for thy mercy's sake.'

"Help me to believe that thou lovest me: help me to love thee. 'God is love.' Thou sayest, 'I love them that love me.'

"Help me to see that Thou art ever with me. 'Fear thou not; for I am with thee. The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon him.'

"Help me to be patient under trials and afflictions. 'The Lord will not cast off for ever: but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion, according to the multitude of his mercies.' 'Ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise.'

"Help me to forgive injuries. 'If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.'

"Help me more diligently to read the sacred Scriptures, and better to understand their gracious contents. 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.'

"Help me to value more highly the means of grace, and to encourage more steadfastly the hope of glory, through the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. 'Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him, and bless his name.'

"Help me more clearly to discern that Jesus Christ is my only hope and my all: having him, I possess all things. 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.'

"Help me, at all times, to know and to do Thy sacred will:—

> To love and serve the Lord on high
> With earnest best endeavour;
> Then will I praise and magnify
> Thy holy name for ever."

The smallest offices of Christian friendship, and the humblest acts of kindness, called forth expression of gratitude. The churlish temper of "Farmer Grumley," which he has so graphically described when it was soured by sickness,* never brought discomfort into Mr. Moggridge's dwelling. The loving care of his wife enkindled the tenderest emotions in his heart; nor were the most ordinary attentions of his domestic servant (who had been one of his household for more than thirty years—a fact alike honourable to both parties) received without some word of thankful acknowledgment.

But whilst susceptible of the most grateful feelings for human kindness, his breast glowed

* "Old Humphrey's Observations," p. 19.

with loving adoration to God for the support and comfort he found in the season of trial. "Put me into your prayers and put me into your praises," he said, with much earnestness, as he grasped the hand of a friend after a profitable interview. His chamber was indeed illumined by the hope of eternal life. "I never think of death," he said, "but I think of heaven:" they were so connected in his view, that the gloom of the one was irradiated by the glory of the other.

"A good and excellent thing it is," he thus expressed himself, "in the midst of the manifold changes of the world to have our hearts fixed where alone true joys are to be found, and to be able to say, in deed and in truth, 'My times are in Thy hand;' 'I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.'"

In the same Christian spirit he wrote: "Even now I am indulging in an imaginary scene: I am looking onward to the time when I shall have been called away from the world; when this hand of mine shall be mouldering in the grave, and some reader, in a contemplative mood, shall be pondering my humble writings. I am neither ambitious, nor solicitous on other points, but I do wish him to believe that Old Humphrey had a warm desire ever glowing in his heart for the welfare of his fellow men, and an ardent anxiety to extend the glory of the Redeemer." Those who best knew the writer of these sentiments, will not regard them as the language of egotism, nor of an undue estimate of the influence of his writings, but as the utterances of a sincere and loving spirit.

A visit to Hastings was suggested as likely to prove beneficial to the poor sufferer. The account of his journey thither, and of his last days, is touchingly recorded by his heart-stricken widow.

"An hour before his happy spirit took its flight to glory, the Rev. John Cox, of Woolwich, called to see him; he accompanied me to my beloved husband's bed-side. It was a solemn season; we all knelt down, and the pious servant of God offered up a sweet and fervent prayer for the poor sufferer, then in his last agony. We afterwards stood around his bed in perfect silence. In a little time his countenance became unusually calm; his mild blue eyes were turned towards heaven, and the expression of his dying face was sweet in the extreme—so calm and peaceful. It appeared to me that he was gazing on what we could not see; that he had a glimpse of the happy spirits who were already hovering around him, and waiting to convey his freed spirit to glory. There was a look of rapturous surprise in the eye, and a transient smile passed over the lip, that seemed to say, 'I am coming, I am coming.' Not till his under lip began to fall, were we aware that the soul had departed. We again knelt down, and the kind minister earnestly prayed that support and consolation might be granted to the poor survivor who had lost her dearest and best earthly friend."

Mr. Moggridge departed this life, November 2, 1854, aged sixty-seven.

Many are very anxious about the resting-place of the body, when the spirit shall have departed to an eternal world. At one time, Mr. Moggridge expressed an indifference on this point, as the remains of those he loved while living had been entombed in widely distant lands; but in his last visit to Hastings, he selected a spot where he wished to be laid. He had often sat on the slopes of the East Hill, amidst the blackberry bushes, furze, and heath, looking on the outstretched expanse of sea, the ruins of the ancient castle on the West Cliff, and the deep ravine below, meditating on those subjects which he afterwards embodied in the papers he has given to the world. Behind him was the pathway to his beloved Fairlight Downs. Beneath him, on the lower side of the hill, lay the picturesque graveyard of All Saints; and there in the upper part of the ground, against the upper wall, at present a spot almost untenanted by the dead, he desired that he should be interred.

His wish was faithfully regarded. The two sons of the deceased, with two old and attached friends, and a gentleman from the Religious Tract Society, as its representative, followed the body to the grave. A considerable number of visitors and towns-people were also present, watching with deep interest the last ceremony.

It was a fine day at the close of autumn, when the brambles and heath on the hill above the churchyard were tinged with a golden brown, and when the leaves of the trees were falling into the opened grave, that they bore the remains to their resting-place. The sun was shining in the sky with unusual brilliancy for the season of the year, and casting its rays on the wide waters. The heavens and the earth were bright and beautiful. It was a fitting time for such a burial; for it was on such a day as the departed enjoyed when living that the mourners followed his body to the tomb, in sure and certain hope that it would attain, through Christ, to the resurrection unto eternal life; and as it was lowered into the ground, they thought of his own pleasant words: "Now another harp is heard in heaven! Another shout of thanksgiving has resounded above the starry pavement of the skies! Another burst of hallelujahs has welcomed an aged servant of the Redeemer to the mansions of the blessed."

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

JUDEA'S LAST FORTRESS AND ITS DEFENCE.

"Then shall be great tribulation, such as was not seen in the beginning of the world to this time, nor ever shall be." *Matt.* xxiv. 21.

THOUGH the words of our Lord just quoted received their primary fulfilment on the capture by Titus of the metropolis of Judea, yet they, with appalling accuracy, depict other events connected with Jewish history which happened about the same period—one of which we now propose to record.

The fall of Jerusalem, and the burning of the temple by the Roman army under Titus, in accomplishment of prophecy, had been gradually followed by the surrender of the few remaining fortresses of Judea. One fortress, however, still held out. MASSADA, as it was termed, was manned by those wild zealots who had so long and so ardently dreamt of liberty, and of death to the Romans. The leader of these defenders of the last stronghold of Judea was Eleazar, a man well fitted to sustain the part assigned to him in this harrowing scene of the war. Of all places, indeed, Massada seemed most capable to resist an enemy. For three or four miles the road to it (from its narrow winding, called "the serpent") led over steep and inaccessible rocks, and along fearful precipices, which became more and more impassable the nearer the fort was approached, but terminated at last in a fertile plateau, covered with rich and well-cultivated fields, capable of affording sufficient support to the garrison. On this plateau was erected the fortress, surrounded by a wall eighteen feet high and eight broad, defended by thirty-seven towers, each seventy-five feet high. Herod the First had reared the fort as a place of retreat in case of extreme danger, and adorned it also with a palace, the beauty of which rivalled that of Jerusalem. Within it great stores of oil and corn had been laid up, sufficient for a siege of many years, and the cisterns contained plenty of water, in addition to a continuous supply derived from the valley. The arsenal, like another stronghold of our own times, was full of ammunition of every kind, and the garrison was animated by zeal and courage. To add to the strength of the place, it was protected on the east by the Dead Sea, whilst on the west a second rocky way to it was commanded by a high tower. Captured at last it was, however, under circumstances which we shall presently relate. The siege of Massada, indeed, has been declared by competent authority* to be unsurpassed in point of arduousness by anything in modern warfare, while it exceeded that of Jerusalem in the harrowing details of its termination.

* Chev. Follard, Comment. Polyb. Attaq. et Defense des Places. T. iii., p. 65.

The Roman general, Sylva, to whom its attack was committed, first surrounded his army with a wall, in order to protect their labours from sallies. He next took possession of a rock on the west side of the fortress, immediately beyond the tower which commanded the approach—this rock, though 450 feet lower than Massada itself, affording the only possible point for commencing operations. On it he reared a mound 300 feet high, and on that, again, a stone platform 75 feet in height. Thus the besiegers were only 75 feet from the top of the fortress. A tower with iron gratings was at this stage of the proceedings placed upon the platform just referred to, and the Roman machines began to hurl stones and darts against the fort, immediately on this being completed, so as to drive the defenders from the wall, which they at the same time battered with a prodigious ram. It soon gave way, but lo! the besieged had reared within it another wall, consisting of a kind of wooden framework, filled up with earth. The Roman machines had no other effect on this barrier but that of strengthening it, their blows fixing the earth more firmly. Sylva at last commanded that burning arrows and pieces of wood should be thrown upon it, in order to set fire to it. He succeeded, but an adverse wind threatened to carry the flames against his own tower and besieging machines. This danger was not of long duration; the wind veered round and carried the flames past the defender's last hope, and into the palace. The Romans raised a shout of joy at the sight, and retired to their camp, intending on the morrow to storm the dismantled fort. All was now silent in Massada, and despair settled on the stoutest heart. Certain and fearful death stared the devoted garrison in the face. Evening began to throw its shadows on the scene around. The stars twinkled calmly over the burning walls of Judea's last fortress, while below rolled heavily the Dead Sea, itself a monument of woe and wrath. Opposite them was the camp of the Romans, watching with eager anxiety for their prey. Silence reigned in unhappy Massada, broken only by the crackling of burning timbers, and the ill-suppressed moans of the wives and children of its brave defenders.

Then it was that Eleazar their leader, for the last time, summoned his warriors. In language such as only fierce despair inspires, he reminded them of their solemn oath to be free, or die. One of these alternatives, he said, now alone remained—to die. His appeal was received by his hearers without any other response than a low murmur here and there, betokening that these men of war, who had quailed before no enemy, shrunk from the thought of immolating themselves and their families. Then flashed their fiery leader's eye. Pointing over the ram-

parts to the enemy, and in the distance towards Jerusalem, he related with fearful truthfulness the fate which awaited them on the morrow —death now, or in the arena at Rome; their wives torn from them; their children devoted to torture or slavery. An awful scene followed. The soldiers brought forth into the open place their wives, their children, and their chattels, and ranged themselves each by the side of all that was dearest to them in the world. The last faint glimmer of hope had died away, and, with appalling firmness, they prepared to immolate themselves in the flames that enveloped their country. First, each heaped together his household gear—associated with the pleasures of other days—and set fire to it. Then a pause; and once again they pressed in their arms their wives and children. Bitter, bitter were the tears that must have been wrung from these iron men, yet the sacrifice was made unshrinkingly, and each (we shudder as we write the words) plunged his sword into the hearts of his wife and children. Then they laid themselves down beside them, and locked them in their tender embrace—now the embrace of death, while they unhesitatingly presented their own breasts to ten out of their number, who had been chosen by lot to put the rest of their brethren to death. Of these ten, one again had been fixed upon to kill the remaining nine. Having accomplished this bloody work, the last soldier looked round to see whether any of the band yet required his service. All was silent. The last survivor then approached as closely as possible to his own family, and fell upon his sword. Nine hundred bodies covered the ground!

Morning dawned upon Massada, and the Romans eagerly approached its walls; but within reigned the silence of death. A stratagem was apprehended, and cautiously they advanced, raising a shout, as if the shock of the battering-ram had led defenders on the wall to call for help. Then two women, who, with five children, had concealed themselves in vaults during the murderous scene of the preceding evening, came forth from their retreat to tell the Romans the sad story. So fearfully strange did it sound that they could not credit the statement. Slowly they advanced, then rushing through the flames, they penetrated into the court of the palace. There lay the lifeless bodies of the garrison and their families. It was not a day of triumph even to the enemy, but one of awe and sorrow. Admiring (for the act was one to commend itself to heathen minds) the obstinate agreement of so many men in the contempt of death, they buried the dead and withdrew, leaving a garrison.

Thus terminated the war of Jewish nationality. None, we venture to say, was ever carried on with more zeal, fortitude, or determination. Had there not been treason in the Jewish camp, or had there not been faction and bloody revenge among themselves, or had their eastern allies made a diversion in their favour, all human probabilities point, if not to a different termination of the war, at least to a greater measure of success in the defence. Often did the balance seem to turn in their favour. The Roman emperor was in imminent danger of life—the Roman engines of war were destroyed—the legions were panic-struck—the Jews victorious. Yet the sceptre passed from Judah; not by man's decree, though by man's instrumentality, but evidently by a Divine judgment. True indeed is it that "the history of the world is the judgment of the world." And that nation which had typified the right relationship between religion and life, even to its climax in the incarnation of the Son of God, now sunk; for it was no longer a religion that pervaded the world, but the world that pervaded religion, and the union had gradually become an amalgamation. True religion was now to go forth to regenerate the world and to reanimate it. The Jews had rejected the task which had been committed to them, and the soul that had animated that body politic rose from out of it and left it a lifeless corpse. Yet, though time has bleached its bones, we who weep in the valley of the slain may yet witness that soul returning, and Judea rising once again to present the perfection of beauty. Israel is not dead; it but sleepeth.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

86. To whom was early death promised by God as a special favour?

87. Where were the brazen vessels for the temple of Solomon cast?

88. Give examples from Scripture of the ancient use of seals.

89. In what passages are Christians said to be sealed?

90. Who is called "the Light of the world?"

91. What titles are given to Jesus which convey the same idea?

92. What relationship existed between David and Joab?

93. What text shows the interest felt by angels in the work of creation?

94. What passages of Scripture would illustrate the great humility of Christ's first advent?

95. What proofs can you give that his second coming will be in great glory?

96. How was the timber used in the building of Solomon's temple conveyed to Jerusalem?

97. From whom and in what words did St. Paul receive his commission as an apostle?

98. What illustrations can you give showing the contempt felt by the Jews towards the Gentiles?

99. Give prophecies from Scripture relating to the restoration of the Jews.

100. Prove that *praise* is especially pleasing to God

101. Prove that joy is a Christian duty.

Page for the Young.

BIBLE PICTURES.

THE KIND LADY.

To be read by an elder brother or sister to the little ones who cannot read.

HAD you been in Joppa one day, a great many years ago, you could scarcely have helped crying, and especially if you had been a poor child.

"What for?" do you ask? Because a good, kind lady had just died; and you would have felt, as many did feel, that the poor had lost a friend.

When she was dead, they laid her body in the best room in the house, and then, as soon as the poor people heard that God had taken away their friend by death, they came to her house and wept.

Then some one mentioned the name of Peter. You have all heard of Peter—good, kind Peter—who could not bear to hear Jesus talk of having to suffer. Well, they sent for him, for he was staying at a place which was not far off.

They knew that he was a good man, and they hoped that he might speak words of comfort to the poor widows, who were crying as though they had lost all joy when they had lost the rich lady. Well, Peter came, and no sooner had he come into the house, than the poor widows crowded round him, and began to show him the nice clothes that Dorcas used to make for them, when she was alive. Yes, many a good coat had she given to a widow for her little boy or girl, till they had all learned to love her name.

If Peter asked what sort of a woman she had been, they would show him the coats, and perhaps they would say, "These will tell you; instead of spending her money on herself, or saving it up, she used to buy things for us; and instead of spending her time in pleasure, she used to sew these clothes for us."

Then Peter felt very sorry for them, but he could do nothing for them while there was so much noise, so he told them to leave him alone in the room. Would you like to know what he did there, all alone by himself?

He knelt down and prayed to Jesus. He remembered the time when Jesus took him and two more of his disciples into a room where a little girl of twelve years old lay dead, and he saw Jesus raise her to life; and I dare say he asked Jesus to help him to raise Dorcas. Then he turned to the body, and said, "Dorcas, arise!" Oh! if you had seen her open her eyes and sit up, as she did when Peter spoke, you would have been glad. And I dare say you can guess who *were* glad to see her, and to have her amongst them once more.

Now let us learn a lesson from this true story. If you only read the story and learnt no lesson, it would be as if a little bee were so silly as to go out some fine morning and look at the flowers, and think how pretty they were, and not take the trouble of going down deep, deep, into their bells to get the honey.

This story teaches us, that, as the Bible says, the memory of the just is blessed.

Did you ever gather any violets? They were very pretty, but they soon died. Yet there was something left in them that kept you from throwing them away as worthless. It was the scent that made you keep them, and put them by in some little drawer; and whenever you opened the drawer you said, "Oh, my violets are here; they never let me forget them."

So, when those die who love God and do good, we think of them with pleasure, and we say that their memory is fragrant.

I am sorry to tell you that some people are so useless or so unkind while they live, that they have no one to speak a good word of them or to be really sorry when they die. But do *you* ask God to help you so to live that your name may be as the violets, pleasant and sweet, whenever it is mentioned.

THE FIRST PRAYER.

WHEN was it I began to pray?
Was it when on my mother's knee
My infant hymns I learnt to say,
While she caress'd and fondled me?

Or was it in the days of youth,
When I first bent my will to rule,
And heard the words of sacred truth—
Did I first learn to pray at school?

Or was it on a suffering bed,
When in my chamber sick I lay,
That by the hand of chast'ning led
I first began in heart to pray?

Or, in the days of health and mirth,
When scenes of life were fresh and gay,
And all was sunshine on the earth,
That *then* I first began to pray?

Or was it when my brother died,
And weeping to his grave I went,
While chok'd with grief for help I cried,
As over the cold earth I bent?

I know upon my knees I knelt,
And struggled hard for words to say;
My heart in sorrow seem'd to melt,
But did I then, in earnest, pray?

Ah! if I have not yet began,
I'll go to God without delay;
For if I wait to be a man,
I may not then have grace to pray.

ELLEN ROBERTS

THE INFANT'S PRAYER.

OH God of mercy! deign in love
To hear an infant's prayer,
And to a wand'ring feeble lamb
Extend a shepherd's care.

Oh, wash me in my Saviour's blood,
And make my garments white,
That I may stand before the throne,
Accepted in thy sight.

Dear Jesus, take my sinful heart,
And fit it for the skies;
A tiny flow'ret in the bud,
My only sacrifice.

Then whilst I fold my little hands,
Oh list unto my prayer,
And when in heav'n thou count'st thy gems,
Oh may my soul be there!

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

MY NEW CONVERT BANTERED BY ONE OF HIS COLLEGE COMPANIONS.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

PART IX.

The time came when my young owner was to return to college, and he chose me to accompany him. I was, by this time, used to travelling, and after the short imprisonment in darkness and silence which the removal involved, I was released uninjured, and found myself in a small room, overlooking a spacious square or quadrangle, formed by the buildings of which my owner's rooms composed a part.

For a short time nothing material occurred to disturb the quiet in which we seemed to be immured; and no alteration took place in the bearing of my owner towards myself, except that as he was now obliged to give more attention to my learned associates, I had, perhaps necessarily, somewhat less of his time. I had no ground, however, to complain of neglect.

And yet, it was not difficult to perceive that my owner derived less satisfaction from my communications than at our first acquaintance. I could find a reason for this, though he could not: he had not yet been brought to "receive the kingdom of God as a little child:" convinced of sin and of the need of pardon, he would not renounce self-dependence and self-atonement.

No. 52—Published April 26, 1855 Price One Penny.

He had not yet resolved to trust himself entirely to him who alone is "mighty to save;" and to throw away every expectation of *earning* the mercy of God, by receiving it as his free gift. With others, who in like manner have sought to clothe themselves in their own righteousness, which I am commissioned to declare is "as filthy rags," but who, at length, have been convinced by the Spirit of the worthlessness and folly of such vain refuges, my young owner might, afterwards, have written thus of himself:—

"Long did I seek to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain:
Fasted, and prayed, and read thy word,
And heard it preached in vain.

Oft did I with th' assembly join,
And near thine altar drew;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.

I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design;
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height of love divine.

To please thee thus, at length I see,
Vainly I hoped and strove;
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love?

I see thy perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

But I of means had made my boast,
Of means an idol made;
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade."

How he was rescued from this perilous condition of self-trust, I shall presently tell. In the meantime, he was exposed to danger from another and an opposite source. Not many days after his return, his solitude was interrupted by a young man of showy exterior and much freedom of manner and speech, whom I immediately understood to have been, not long since, one of my owner's chosen companions and close friends. As this youth garnished, as he supposed, but defiled, as I must say, his language with much that was indecent and profane, I shall not transcribe his conversation at large, but simply rehearse some parts of its substance, which bore more particularly on my connexion with his friend.

"What is all this I hear, Leonard?" he asked, with a friendly smile, as he somewhat boisterously entered the room, and shook my owner heartily by the hand. "They tell me that you are turned saint, all at once; but I don't believe it."

"You may very safely say that," said my owner, gravely; "believe me, I am no saint. If they had told you that I have not long since discovered that I have been a very great sinner, you would have been told the truth."

The young visitor broke into a hearty laugh, for which he presently apologized: "Pray forgive me for being so rude," he said; "but this from you! and with such a grave, sanctimonious face, too! Now, do say that again," he added, in a bantering tone. "It is the best thing I have heard this long while."

"I do not see why it should amuse you," replied Leonard: "but you must be amused if you will. I tell you only the truth."

"The truth! Oh, no doubt of it. Do we not all say every Sunday that we are miserable sinners?" He said this in a tone of mockery. "It is no such grand discovery that you have made," said he.

"It is a discovery, however," said my young owner, "which has brought me, I hope, to my right mind; and made me resolve that the time past of my life shall have sufficed for 'walking in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, revellings, banquettings'——"

"Hold! hold! before you choke yourself, my dear fellow," rejoined the visitor, greatly amused, as it seemed, for he again laughed heartily; "why, this is ranting madness, Leonard. But come, it is all a joke, I see; though I did not know you were such a capital mimic. Do let us have a little more of it."

My owner declared—and so earnestly that his friend at length believed him—that he was never more serious than now.

"Then I must take you to task more gravely," said the visitor; "for this sort of thing will not do, you know. What will our set say to it, do you think?"

"They will all say as you do, Charles," returned my owner, "that I am mad. I cannot help it. It will be nothing new or strange, that. But, after all, of what am I accused, my friend?"

"Accused! Oh, you are accused of nothing more than you have let out already to me. The first and the worst things I have heard of you are, that you have taken to sulking; have cut our club; refused an invitation to a wine party; declared that you will not enter a billiard-room again; have——"

"In other words," said Leonard, "that I intend to be more obedient to college regulations than I have previously been; not much harm in that surely."

"Pooh, pooh! that is not all. They tell me that you put on such a sanctified face in chapel, and look so devout, that there are already a dozen caricatures of you in as many prayer books. You, who used to make fun of it altogether, and call it a farce from beginning to end."

"I know it all," said Leonard, sadly; "but what if I have seen the sinfulness and profanity

of my past life, and intend no longer to make a jest of everything serious, but to treat religion as not only worthy of respect, but as 'the one thing needful;' what then, Charles?"

"Why, then," retorted the other, with a smile of disdain, "I think you would make a capital parson, at all events. A pity you are not going to take orders."

"As if none but ministers of religion could know anything of its value," rejoined my owner.

"Come, come, this will never do," said the other; "you have got into queer company, I can see, while you have been away; but we shall soon get all this stuff out of you."

"By God's help, no, I am sure you will not, Charles; I would rather hope that you might have some of it put into you. Queer company, indeed, I did get into not long ago, but not such as you suppose. I have had only my Bible to 'convince me of sin, and righteousness, and judgment to come.' Listen to me, and I will tell you how this came about." And he forthwith told how and where he had fallen in with me, and the effect my words had produced on his mind.

The young collegian listened with some impatience to my owner's narrative, and then, starting up, he said that he had heard quite enough. "You are farther gone than I thought you to be," he said, "but the fit will be off before long;" and adding that "such notions were only adapted for miserable sneaks," he hastily took his leave, and I saw him no more.

If it were necessary, however, I could tell here how others of my young owner's former companions endeavoured to shake his resolution, and to draw him back into the vortex of dissipation from which he had escaped; how, by some he was assailed with ridicule; by others with abuse; by others with flattery; and by all with contempt for the new notions he had embraced. I forbear to mention the opprobrious names which were heaped upon him, which he bore with patience, and the misconstruction which was put upon his simplest actions and plainest declarations by those who thought it strange that he no longer ran with them to the same excess of riot as formerly—speaking evil of him. All this he endured.

But it was harder for him to stem the torrent of his own passions, which struggled to regain their power over his soul. Not yet had he gone, in full confidence and entire self-renunciation, to the STRONG for strength; not yet had he found that there was One only who could "subdue" his iniquities. Like one of whom I tell, who walked too confidently in his own power on the waves of the sea, and forgot by whom he was upheld until he found himself sinking; so was it with my young owner.

Will he, while memory lasts, ever forget the conflicts through which he passed when "sin revived" within him? Does he not now remember the "wormwood and the gall" of one season, above many others, when the battle was maintained with stubborn force, till, exhausted in mind and body, he exclaimed bitterly, "I shall one day fall by the hand of this mine enemy;" how he applied to me in his despair: and how, then—as it seemed to him—in cruel mockery of his distress, I repeated the awful warning, "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest and finding none. Then he saith, I will return into mine house, from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept, and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first."

"It will be so with me," he exclaimed, with an exceeding bitter cry. "'When I would do good, evil'—only evil—'is present with me.'"

Well was it for him that then the Unchangeable One was watching over the pathway of his soul, and that words like these are recorded in me:—"I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them."

Through many scenes of mental anguish did my owner pass without sensible relief; meanwhile he practised many austerities, and increased the number and extent of his religious observances; he shrunk from society—from the society of his equals; but after nights spent in lonely and painful vigils, he might, as often as he could escape from his studies, have been found in the hovels of the destitute, and by the bedside of the sick and dying, pouring in upon them lavishly of his substance—that which in other times he would have squandered on his own pleasures; and striving to convey those consolations to which his own soul was a stranger.

I was his constant companion. By his mouth I warned the impenitent of their transgressions, and invited them to return to him who would have mercy on them, to him who had promised abundantly to pardon the returning and repenting sinner; by him, I spoke peace to the broken-hearted and cast-down; and brought to the steadfast believer's mind more vividly, impressively, and delightfully, thoughts and visions of a Father's home, and of a Saviour's love, who had gone to prepare a place there for them. Beneath his voice, reiterating my words, hard hearts and guilty consciences have, at such

times, trembled; and tears of penitential grief and Christ-imparted faith have awakened the triumphant rejoicings of the angels of God.

And yet, his own strong consolations—where were they? Alas! they were far from him. His days were days of anxious solicitude, striving against "the strong man armed," who would not yield possession of his soul; and his nights were nights of spiritual darkness. He "sought water, but found none; and his tongue cleaved to his mouth for thirst."

He had taken me one day, as was his wont, to the chamber of a dying man. Little was there in that chamber, or in the promise of it, to make life seem desirable. The sick man was aged, infirm, and full of pain; but in his soul was peace—"peace in believing"—peace, the legacy of a dying, the unspeakable gift of an ever-living Saviour. To him, to live had been Christ, and to die was gain.

Let me say that this was not the first visit my owner had paid to this dying saint.

"Thank you, thank you, sir, for all your kindness in coming to see a poor feeble brother like me," said the dying man; "and for setting before me, in his own words, the everlasting love of the blessed Lord; and now you will not be offended if an old disciple of the Lord Jesus, though a very ignorant and unworthy one, asks you, whether you yourself, sir, enjoy the blessedness that David spoke of when he said—in the thirty-second psalm, I mind me, it is—'Blessed is he whose trangression is forgiven, whose sin is covered: blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity.' Tell me, dear young man, do you know a good deal of that blessedness?" and he fixed his eyes lovingly, but searchingly, on my owner's countenance.

That countenance fell, and the lips of my owner trembled as he answered, that it was not for him to speak of blessedness; that he had not long begun the Christian life and warfare; that he had yet much—oh, how much!—to do before he could dare hope that his offended God would lift up upon him the light of his countenance; so much holiness to attain, before he could hope to be received into the full favour of heaven, that his soul was sad within him. He knew not how it would end.

The aged, dying disciple looked fondly and anxiously at my poor young owner when he heard such words as these; then he painfully raised himself on his hard pallet, and leaning towards his visitor, who was drooping over me with eyes laden with tears, he gently repeated the following words of mine: "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." Then, as he fell back exhausted with his effort, and gasping for breath, he whispered:—

> "Not the labour of my hands
> Can fulfil thy law's demands:
> Could my zeal no respite know,
> Could my tears for ever flow;
> All for sin could not atone;
> CHRIST must save, and CHRIST ALONE."

"*WHEN* YE FAST."

I AM almost afraid of having headed my remarks with this quotation, lest some, when they read it, should turn away, saying, "Oh, we don't want to read about fasting. It is a popish practice, or at least a tractarian one, and rather dangerous." Well, but it is scriptural, and although papists and tractarians may use and even abuse its exercise, are we not bound to reverence an ordinance of God, whenever and in whatever company we meet with it? Have we not discernment to separate a part from a whole?

"When ye fast." Let us ask, *When* do ye fast? We seldom hear much about this "lively oracle," and yet the precept, illustrated too by its practice, stands engraven with the iron pen upon the Bible rock for ever. Qualify it as we may, it must mean something: what is it?

May it not be a suitable time when the national conscience has so recently prostrated itself before the God of the whole earth, let us hope in true humiliation, to draw this old-fashioned injunction from its obscure corner where it seems to be lying, and bring it to the light of day? When we have shaken it from the dust with which neglect on the one hand, and superstition on the other, have defaced it, let us try to look at it simply in the way in which our Lord spoke of it and the fervent Paul practised it. The opponents of fasting, and they are many, seem to me to divide themselves into two classes. The first say, "It is quite inconsistent with the spirituality of the gospel, which asks for the heart, and not the dinner. The difficulties of restraining our passions and keeping a clear conscience towards God and man are not met by fasting. God requires a far higher kind of self-denial. It is easy enough to fast." Do you think so? Try it: you may not find self-restraint quite so easy a matter as you imagine, even with respect to "the meat which perisheth:" you might find, too, that the habit of self-denial in the *easy* things of every-day life is no bad preparation for higher and holier service. It is the "faithful over the *few* things" that God makes "rulers over the many." Do you ask, "Does God legislate for meats and drinks?" Surely he has shown that he has sometimes done so, and the ceremonial law stands as an everlasting record that nothing that concerns his people is

indifferent to his own heart. Do not say, then, "Does God care when and how I eat?" Ah! he loves you, and therefore cares for your obedience to the precept which he has thought it worth while that the Spirit should teach you. Remember that it was God who selected the simple fruit of a tree for the test of Adam's obedience.

The other class of opponents whom I have chanced to meet with are not so in name, for they say, "The Scriptures certainly enjoin fasting, but then this simply means fasting from sin." If I had not heard this miserable logic and still more miserable doctrine advanced more than once, I should have been ashamed to have met them with a refutation, and should have looked upon such an attempt as upon the pitiful process of setting up a man of straw just for the pleasure of knocking him down again. What do such interpreters of *a fast* understand by its converse, *a feast?* Would they read, "On such a day thou shalt fast" (from sin), and afterwards "On such a day thou shalt feast" (indulge in an abundance of sin)? Surely fasting is a temporary suspension of the lawful enjoyment of the creatures which God has given us, and not a temporary abstinence from those things which he hates altogether and for ever. Else we might paraphrase the commandments thus, "Thou shalt *fast* from murder, theft, idolatry, and the like." Enough, however, and too much of this.

But if Scripture approves and the early church practised fasting, what is its use? I have often heard this question asked by those who have never tried it for themselves. Those who have, will be at no loss for a reply.

It helps to keep the body in subjection, thereby strengthening and hardening the new man, and fitting him to do battle valiantly with the old man, the mortal enemy who will be ever seeking to resist him till death. It leads to habits of temperance and simplicity, habits which will tell, with advantage, upon *all* the concerns of life, and enable us to increase our treasury for the poor. It teaches us how to sympathise somewhat with the multitude of our fellow creatures, whose frequent fasts, alas! are not voluntary ones. It helps us to prayer, and prayer is the key which unlocks the treasury of God's infinity.

Finally, we do not fast *for* the kingdom, but because we are *of* it, and desire to follow our King, even in one of his least commandments. We do not fast in a spirit of will-worship, but because he has enjoined it, nor carry it into an excess, in a spirit of ascetic vainglory, but as remembering that fasting was made for man and not man for fasting, and that its intended result is the nourishing and not the stunting of the powers of the whole renewed man. "When we fast," then, let it be such a fast as God has chosen, a *fast* for ourselves, but (according to our means) a *feast* of gladness for the poor—Christ's poor—his own legacy bequeathed to the tender compassion of those who love him.

Oh, England! see to it in your future fasts, that you reverse not this legacy. See to it that the days which you appoint be not ushered in by the curses instead of the kindly sympathies of the poor. If you withhold from the labourer, on that day, his accustomed wages, are you not robbing your brother? robbing him, while you mock him with a cruel mockery, because you profess to *give* him a day on which to meet his God. Will not the cry of the oppressed come up before God, and cause that the prayer of the oppressor be not heard, perhaps cause that "his prayer become sin?" While you ask for mercy, be merciful. While you ask for blessing, be liberal.

ANECDOTES.

How to put down Slander.—It is related in the biography of the Rev. Lemuel Haynes, that some of his students having been slandered for their religious activity and zeal, went to him with their complaints, expecting his sympathy and protection. After a pause, Mr. Haynes observed, "I knew all this before." "Why, then," said one, "did you not inform us?" "Because," said he, "it was not worth communicating; and I now tell you plainly, once for all, my young friends, it is best to let the devil carry his own mail, and bear his own expenses."

There is much wisdom in this remark, and it is capable of a variety of applications. When assaults are made upon any one, in points where he is sustained by a consciousness of right, in a vast majority of cases silence is the most effective defence. For, to formally refute slander, he must first extend the publication of it; that is, must sustain the expense of carrying the devil's mail, and convey to many the information which they would not otherwise have had, that he has been subjected to imputations of wrong. And as a lie will travel faster than truth, there is little encouragement to run down a falsehood by an earnest refutation. And yet, with rare exceptions, it is not needful; a little faith and patience will serve one quite as well as laboured vindications. Habitual integrity is the best defence. Let a foul breath be breathed upon a diamond, and it will soon regain its lustre.

Mr. Haynes once practised on this principle as follows:—An unprincipled man overtook him in the road, and said, "Mr. Haynes, have you heard the scandalous reports that are abroad about you?" He calmly replied, "I have heard nothing." The man proceeded, in profane and

abusive language, to give the details, and allege that they were true; and that they would ruin his character. Mr. Haynes walked on in silence till he reached his own house, when he turned to the slanderer, and said, "Well, Mr. ——, you see what disgrace my conduct has brought upon me, according to your own account. I want you to take warning from me, to forsake your evil course, and save your character from disgrace." They parted; but the next day, the man came with an humble acknowledgment, asking forgiveness. Thus did assaults give new lustre to his character.

"Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forged, and he that drew the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart."

AN UNSUCCESSFUL MINISTER. — A worthy minister of the gospel was the pastor of a flourishing church. He had been a popular preacher, but gradually became less acceptable to his hearers, and his congregation very much decreased. This was solely attributed to the minister; and matters continuing to get worse and worse, some of his hearers resolved to speak with him on the subject. A deputation was accordingly appointed to wait upon him for that purpose. They did so; and when the good man had heard their complaints, he replied: "I am quite sensible of all you say, for I feel it to be true; and the reason of it is, that I have lost my prayer-book." They looked quite astonished at hearing this, but he proceeded: "Once my preaching was acceptable, and many were edified by it, and numbers were added to the church, which was then in a prosperous state. But we were then a praying people. It was this, by the blessing of God, that made us prosper. But as prayer began to be restrained, my preaching became less acceptable, the church declined, and things became as they now are." They took the hint. Social prayer was again punctually attended to. The result was, that the minister became as popular, and the church as flourishing as ever.

PIETY UPON A THRONE.

SINCE the quarrel between the first two brothers on earth, poor humanity has been engaged in almost unceasing warfare. Declared in Scripture to be one of the divine scourges on a disobedient people, it has yet, like all other chastisements in the hand of a gracious God, been often converted into a blessing. An excellent Christian body, whose members have been largely distinguished by acts of benevolence, are opposed, it is true, on conscientious principles, to war in any form; but while we are bound to respect such opinions, they have not, as is well known, been those held by the church at large. Even the occupations of a soldier, and the scenes he is obliged to witness, though calculated to harden the heart, have occasionally developed the noblest traits of pure Christianity, and it is well known that some of the most devoted and faithful Christians which the world has seen have been found among the military ranks.

Among distinguished Christian warriors, if that name may be permitted, Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, holds a prominent place. He was born in Stockholm on the 9th of December, 1594; crowned king of Sweden at Nykoeping, 26th of December, 1611, and fell in the battle of Lutzen, the 6th of November, 1632. Born—crowned—fell! these three words record the history of the great man. His grandfather, Gustavus Vasa, had introduced the reformation into Sweden; his father, Charles IX, had completed the work; and it remained for Gustavus Adolphus to become one of the most distinguished defenders of protestantism against the attacks of its enemies. It is written in the book of life, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;" and not one promise of that blessed book has ever been found to deceive those who trust in it. In choosing tutors for his son, Charles IX selected only those whom he knew to be godly men, and who would not forget that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. John Skitte and Otto de Moerner were the names of the men to whom this charge was committed.

Gustavus Adolphus seems from a very early age to have been under the influence of vital religion. Even as a child he never commenced any new undertaking without first committing it to God in prayer; and when he was become a man, he saw no reason to give over the practice. How wondrous is the influence of prayer! It gives such clearness to the conceptions, and such firmness to the whole character! At ten years of age, this youth took his seat regularly in the council of state, and two years later important commissions were intrusted to him. In his fifteenth year we find him giving audience to foreign ambassadors, mustering the army, providing for the wants of the soldiers, undertaking a successful embassy to Denmark to prevent the outbreak of hostilities, and taking an active part in the deliberations of the council of state; we know, also, that it was his regular communion with God which gave the lofty and pure tone to his whole character.

Many years later, in the tumults of the camp, he used to say, "I try to keep away the temptations of the devil by keeping near to the word of God." He often retired, and remained for hours alone in secret devotion, and would not suffer himself to be disturbed. On one such

occasion a messenger arrived at the camp with news of importance; the business could bear no delay, and on entering the tent, the messenger found the king bathed in tears and on his knees before an open Bible. The intruder was about to retire, when the king, rising slowly from his knees, bade him remain. "You may, perhaps, think it strange," he said, "to see me thus occupied, when I have so many to pray for me, but no one has so much need of prayer as the man who is responsible to God alone for his conduct. When I first seek counsel of God, and obtain the divine approbation, I may then venture fearlessly to carry out my plans."

It was well that Gustavus Adolphus had early learned the efficacy of prayer, for the decease of his father brought him at a very early age to the throne of Sweden. He had just completed his seventeenth year, when on the 17th of December, 1611, he was proclaimed king, and nine days later was crowned. He may have felt at that time as king Solomon did, and his prayer was the same: "And now, oh Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of my father, and I am but a little child. Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people."

His natural fiery disposition required much grace to subdue it, and though his general character was subject to the law of God in a pre-eminent degree, still he was not free from many and grievous failings. He had grown up at a court where duels were common, and where the polish of later times had as yet not entered. Shortly after he became king, an incident occurred which shows something of his character. A Scotch officer, Colonel Seaton, who was at court, had at one time made some mistake in the discharge of duty. The king, in his usual manner, gave him a severe reprimand, when the colonel attempting to palliate the offence, received from Gustavus a smart box on the ear. Seaton at once surrendered his commission, and hastened to offer his services to the king of Denmark. Gustavus Adolphus soon repented of what he had done, and, taking a few companions, he mounted his horse, and galloped after the Scotchman, overtaking him just as he had crossed the Swedish frontiers. "Colonel," said the king on coming up, "I have done you injustice, and have insulted you, for which I am very sorry; and knowing you to be a man of honour, I have come to offer you satisfaction. Here are pistols and swords, choose which you will, for beyond the frontiers Gustavus Adolphus and Seaton are equals." Seaton sprung from his horse, fell on his knee before the king, and begged to be again taken into his service; for such a king he would gladly live and die. The offer was accepted, and on returning to court, the king stated publicly what satisfaction he had offered, and what reparation he had made for the insult. This, although displaying honourable traits of feeling, was yet a concession to the false notions of the age.

A little more experience, however, changed his views of duelling, and in the laws which he wrote for his own army, it was classed among the crimes to be punished with death. Many years after the event above recorded, two officers having quarrelled, and having asked leave to be relieved from the army regulations about duelling, inviting the king at the same time to be present at the "affair of honour," were somewhat astonished on arriving at the appointed place to find the king and all his staff waiting for them. Their astonishment was increased on seeing the public executioner take his place with the axe beside them. "Don't be alarmed, gentlemen," said the king, "you have invited me to witness a breach of the law which you and I have sworn to obey, and I have given orders to the headsman that whoever strikes the first blow shall be immediately beheaded." The duellists laid down their swords, and the king retired, having thus publicly vindicated the majesty of the law.

Gustavus Adolphus was peculiarly happy in his choice of councillors. When a post was vacant he adopted a plan, which has often been found very efficacious in such circumstances, and which is yet somehow not very popular. He went into his chamber, shut the door behind him, and prayed to his Father in secret, expecting an answer. Very seldom indeed was he disappointed.

Foremost on his list of councillors was Oxenstjiern, who combined the offices of chancellor and field marshal. He presided at the council in which Gustavus Adolphus was proclaimed king, and on the decease of his sovereign at the battle of Lutzen, he took the command of the army and carried on the war. Of a singularly dignified and placid character, he is said to have completely learned the mystery of casting his cares upon one who had undertaken to care for him; and of God's ability and willingness to do so he had so little doubt, that during a long career of the utmost activity, the concerns of the nation only twice deprived him of a night's sound sleep. His advice was very influential in filling up posts of trust; and the principle which he adopted was to ascertain that the candidate for preferment was not only fitted for his work but was also a man of piety. "He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house; he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight," or some other expression from the hundred and first psalm, was, in the mouth of the king and his prime minister, an evidence that the term of service of some official was completed.

GUSTAVUS MAKING REPARATION TO AN INSULTED OFFICER.

Gustavus Horn, Hermann Wrangel, the two Brahes, the three Bauers, Jacob de la Gardie, and Torstenson, were among the most distinguished foreigners whom Gustavus honoured with his favour. Piety, prudence, integrity, and valour, were among the qualities which he sought and found in them. Gentle as a child was the last individual, Leonard Torstenson. He loved the society of simple earnest Christians, and his great joy was, like the beloved disciple, to rest on his master's bosom in sweet communion with his God. By long imprisonment at one period of his life, in a damp cell, his health had been injured, and he was subject to excessive pain, but in the midst of the worst paroxysms he preserved a placid countenance, saying, "It is the Lord! if I should give thanks for *all things*, then surely for this too, so I will give thanks till I forget my pain." No cloud of passion ever crossed his brow, no unjust reproof was administered, no meritorious act in the meanest of his dependents forgotten. When at the head of his troops, and about to engage in battle, he used to uncover his head, and kneel on the green sward before the ranks, pouring out an affectionate prayer to the God of armies, till the hardened cheek of the soldier would be wetted with a tear. When he gave the command to charge, the torrent was irresistible; and when the lines of the enemy began to yield, his silvery voice was heard in the thickest of the fight, crying, "For the defence of pure and undefiled religion! For the salvation of our souls and the souls of our children! For the word of God against popish bigotry!" None of his charges was ever known in such case to yield. The enemy are said to have been more dispirited by hearing that he had reached the camp, than if they had been informed that a reinforcement of thousands of troops had arrived.

Alas! for war. Alas! that such noble spirits must exhaust their strength on the battle field. A popish power was then threatening to deprive Germany of the Bible, and with it, of civil and political liberty. Protestants had either to stand still and see the word of life torn from their children, or they had to defend their rights on the battle field. It is terrible to be obliged to protect one's self from the midnight assassin, and to have no other means of escape than by taking the assailant's life; but more terrible by far is it to be obliged to contend for years against those who would seize the Bible and hide it from present and coming generations.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE MANNERS OF A CHRISTIAN.

When the God of nature enthrones his majesty on everlasting mountains, when he flies upon the wings of the storm, when he fetches the lightnings out of his quiver, the soul, reminded of its sterner attributes, trembles with fear, or adores with awe. When the same God clothes the sloping hill with verdure, or makes the ridges of the valley soft with the drops of rain, or fills the atmosphere with the warm breath of spring, or makes his sun shine on the smooth stream, then the soul delights itself in the gentleness of God. In the same way, when, at the word of Jesus, death lives, raging demoniacs become tranquil saints, and liquid waves are made firm as adamant beneath his feet, we admire the wonder-working Jehovah, and are amazed. But when the gentleness of Christ stretches out his hand to touch a leper in consultation of a leper's feelings; when the considerateness of his love makes him, though in dying agonies, commend a mother's weakness to the care of the beloved disciple; when the delicacy of his tenderness, after his resurrection, directs his earliest visit to disconsolate Mary and desponding Peter, then our affections kindle, and we love Him whose gentleness is thus touched with the feeling of our infirmities. Now, as regeneration is the renewal of the soul by the Holy Ghost after the image of God, after the pattern of the mind that was in Jesus Christ, not only will the renewed heart resemble the divine character in its firmer and more austere, but also in its softer and more attractive, attributes. Its decision, in all things holy, true, just, honest, and of good report, will be attempered by gentleness. The same who, if consistency required, would not hesitate to walk into the mouth of a burning fiery furnace, will be affable with a little child. Such is the suavity which the soul learns of Jesus Christ. The delicate tenderness and consideration of his love, when really felt by the power of the Holy Ghost, constrains to imitation. The tenderness of Christ, when understood, suffers not to remain in the heart that pride and self-love and morose exclusiveness, which makes men high-minded, rough, uncourteous, unkind, inconsiderate, and inaccessible. The compassion of Jesus has a softening and subduing property; on the tender contrition of soul, which it fails not to produce, the Spirit easily stamps the impression of God's gentleness. We perceive, then, whence this excellent grace proceeds; like all others, it has its root watered by the fountain of Christ's blood; and has the stream, by virtue of which it lives, conducted to it by God's most Holy Spirit.

Gentleness is the only source of true politeness. The well-bred man of the world is often coarser than the most untutored clown when it does not suit his convenience, or appear worth his while, to be polite. The same man, who is all finish in his manners when youth, or beauty, or fashion attract, can be insufferably rude when the object offers nothing congenial to his taste, interest, or humour. The few whom he condescends to favour with his attentions must take good heed to repay him well with selfish gratification, or they will soon suffer all the ignominy of his neglect. In short, the good-breeding of the world is a well-dressed selfishness. How opposite to this the politeness of the Christian! Its principle is a desire of pleasing others for Christ's sake, and as Christ's representatives. Accordingly, it is equally extended to superiors, equals, or inferiors. Its objects are, all with whom the believer has intercourse in the occupations or recreations of life. Its preferences are guided rather by regard to the wants than the agreeableness of those to whom its offices are extended. Let me not be mistaken to mean that the Christian, under the influence of this grace, will pay attention the same in kind to all ranks. Such a conduct could not consist with the distinctions God has appointed, and which are by that appointment rendered sacred. No; its actions will vary with varying circumstances; but a considerate and self-denying spirit will govern its attentions to all. The Christian man would be as careful in his offices of politeness to a Lazarus whom he was conveying to the ward of an hospital, as to a nobleman whom he was welcoming to his table.

The principle of Christian gentleness gives no encouragement to a harsh and uncourteous demeanour towards those with whom we cannot hold Christian fellowship and communion. A gentle, conciliating, liberal, obliging spirit can very well consist with the most unpromising separation from the company and habits of the worldly. The conduct of some well-meaning but not well-instructed Christians would lead

you to think that there was a necessity for quarrelling with all with whom you cannot be intimate; that there is no medium between an intercourse which might prove a source of temptation, and such an acquaintance as might open an opportunity of usefulness. If the Christian repels, it should be by holiness, not by asperity. Light should keep the entry of his gate rather than the sword. The gentleness of Christ tends to produce a suavity of manner, and courtesy of behaviour towards all. It disposes us to do our utmost to preserve a good understanding with all into whose society we may, by circumstances and events, be thrown, for the purpose of improving it to their everlasting good. It was in this spirit that the divinely-courteous Paul parted with king Agrippa: "Would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds."

The grace of Christian gentleness makes us peculiarly guarded as to wounding the feelings of others either by words or actions. The man of the world is always displaying, the Christian concealing, his superiority. The one is bent on making those with whom he associates feel his own importance; the other, on setting them at ease in their own circumstances. To make a dull man smart under the lash of his raillery; to depress the poor man under the weight of his purse; to eclipse the already obscure man under the splendour of his titles; to contrast the extent and merit of his good fortune with the calamities of the unfortunate—this is the delight of the worldly-minded. If they speak to those beneath them, it is with a condescension intended to be visible; if they confer a favour, they brandish it first; they never heal a wound without first probing it to the quick. Would that there were no remains in the new man of this worst feature in the character of the natural man. I have sometimes been led to think that the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ whose lot is cast in this mighty metropolis of the world, have need to be especially on their guard against the exaltation of the heart in opposition to the influences of this tender and considerate grace. The vast scale on which all things around you are conducted; the standard of value so generally respected, success; the overweening importance attached to talent, wealth, and rank; the luxurious mode of life which commonly prevails; these, together with the engrossing nature of your secular occupations, have all a natural tendency to draw you off from that simplicity of mind, without which the gentleness of Christ, in considering the feelings, consulting the wishes, and condescending to the infirmities of others, can be but feebly exhibited.

The grace of gentleness disposes also to active, cheerful, and self-denying obligingness. The Christian, who really bears about the sweetness of the mind of Christ, is continually aiming to add, by his gentle offices of kindness, to the comfort and happiness of others; and yet appears unwilling that they should know to whom they are indebted for them. He is endued with a wonderful sagacity in discerning the unexpressed wishes of those with whom he converses, and delights in anticipating their wants. This heavenly grace props up the trembling step, and ministers to the numberless infirmities of age. It nurses, with unwearied attention and exhaustless patience, at the bed of sickness. It does not despise the helpless cry of infancy. It endures the boisterous mirth of youth. It lessens, by sharing, the cares of all. It makes, as far as possible, the concerns and employments of all its own. When self-denial is to be exercised, the gentle Christian is foremost in his offers; when self is to be gratified, then he hesitates or declines. To see the full excellence of religion, you must observe the Christian, eminent for this grace, moving in and blessing the quiet circle of domestic happiness and peace. It is in home's sacred retirement that this divine flower blooms in greatest beauty and sheds its sweetest fragrance.

It is not the least praise of this same heaven-born principle, that it very much promotes the Christian's usefulness, by making his character attractive and accessible. Many, of whose attainments in grace we have the most undoubted evidence, and from whose society we might expect great improvement, we know not how to *get at*. We fear intruding on their leisure. Interruptions seem to annoy them. A sort of reserve shuts them up within a circle, which it requires more than ordinary courage to enter without express and formal invitation. Now it is to be confessed, that the very defects of such characters arise from the excess of some most valuable graces—the love of order, a steady principle of redeeming the precious moments of time, and adherence to stated occupations. But still the gentleness with which our condescending Lord has treated us—the access which we have by Him into that grace wherein we stand—his willingness, at all times, in person to receive our petitions, will, if duly considered and realized, throw around the man of God an inviting attractiveness, which will draw towards him in season (yes, and often out of season, too) those who wish to enjoy his communion, to be directed by his counsels, to be aided by his support, or to participate in his bounty. How weary was the blessed Saviour—weary and fainting with hunger and thirst—when the woman of Samaria presented herself before him; and yet with what power and animation did he un-

fold to her the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven! How few moments did the gentle Saviour reserve to himself! To a mountain or a desert he would retire for communion with his heavenly Father (his only luxury on earth); but even there the multitudes followed him. It was only by adding the night unto the day that he redeemed leisure and privacy for prayer.

This same principle would, if duly cultivated, extract that intemperateness which is the poison of religious controversy. The gentle Christian dips the point of his pen, not in the gall of asps, but in the balm of Gilead. He can argue without abusiveness; and can remember that though violence may suit a Goliath from the ranks of the Philistines, it does not become a David, who steps out a champion from the hosts of Israel. The weapon which he is to wield against error is the word of God, which is sharp and powerful, and quicker than any two-edged sword, and never pierces so deep as when handled by gentleness.

In general, then, this blessed fruit of the Spirit gives a peculiar delicacy and propriety to the whole behaviour of a Christian in his intercourse with others. It graces rank with the true dignity of considerate charity and lowly condescension. The poor it makes respectful, cheerfully obedient, grateful for kindness, patient under reproof. To the teacher it imparts meekness of wisdom; and to the instructed, a teachable simplicity. The aged it invests with a sober gravity; and the young with an unobtrusive modesty. It strips genius and acquirement of ostentation and pedantry, and gives to dulness of capacity the advantage of a humble docility. Amongst chosen friends it is unreserved and freely communicative; and towards the world, urbane and courteous. Its consideration and careful consultation of others' feelings commands the respect of an adversary, and the love of friends. In private and domestic life it is distinguished by the activity, and delicacy, and self-denial, with which it administers to the comfort of others; and in public life it adds to the sterling qualities of integrity, the embellishment of a graceful and winning refinement of manners. Such is gentleness. If the natural man can contrive an imitation of a small part of its actions, he does not even pretend to claim the principle which gives it all its value in God's sight—the principle of imitating the gentle consideration of Christ's love in his gracious dealings with our own souls.

While some need to be exhorted to exemplify this grace more fully, others quite as much need to be cautioned against its abuse.

The operation of this grace in a naturally affectionate disposition requires jealous watchfulness, lest a mistaken extreme beguile into inconsistencies and compromise. The gentleness of the gospel, like its wisdom, is first pure, then peaceable. A wrong application of this grace may do much mischief, by inducing us to fall in with all that others praise and others do, contrary, perhaps, to the convictions of our judgment, merely because refusal or remonstrance would give us, or cause others, pain. From needless difference of opinion, indeed, or contention about trifles, this fruit of the Spirit will make us shrink with a generous horror; but, like the well-polished blade of steel, though it knows how to bend, yet there are times when it can show the most unyielding firmness. Gentleness is to temper and direct, not to destroy, decision of character. It should hang on the more severe and exact graces of the Christian life as the flower or verdure of spring upon the bold prominence of the rock, blending beauty and majesty together. More particularly, it is no part of this Divine principle to blind us to the imperfections and infirmities of those with whom we familiarly converse. On the contrary, if permitted to perform its office, it will distil its gentle wisdom from our lips into the hearts of those we love most dearly, as the dew of heaven falls upon the mown grass. It will reprove and correct, but at so seasonable a moment, in so delicate a manner, with such tender consideration, as to make the correction resemble rather the embrace and support of some friendly arm than the stroke of a chastising rod.

Husbands, wives, friends, brethren! Remember that the formation, or rather the improvement of the characters of those who are dearest to you, the God of all grace has been pleased, in some measure, to intrust to you. He has also intrusted to you the fruit of the Spirit, which will enable you to fulfil this delicate office of true love. In the fulfilment of it, make still the gentleness of Christ your pattern. He never humoured you in your faults, but healed them with fingers that dropped balm into the wound they disclosed. You bless him for this. Let others have occasion, through you, to bless his faithful gentleness.

Such is Christian gentleness. Wonderful principle!—unknown to the world! It is not in the power of the most refined civilization to produce it; the most cultivated education cannot bestow it. It makes its habitation in no other than the regenerate soul, and blesses only the society of Christ's saints. With them it dwells, whether their lot be fixed in polished society or wildest deserts. Amid the snows of Greenland, in the ice-built hovel of the Esquimaux, this plant of grace cheers with its lovely flower and heals with its medicinal virtue. The North American Indian bears it, in his once savage bosom, to his wigwam, to bless his wife

and children with the tender sensibilities it has awakened. In New Zealand, such power has it exerted on hearts harder than adamant, that the sucking child now plays on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child puts his hand on the cockatrice's den. The hearts of the children by it are turned to the fathers, and of the fathers to the children. Instead of ferocity and tyranny, gentleness has, in many homes, introduced the bond of peace and the rule of love.*

A PARISIAN SUNDAY.

It is well known that many efforts have been made lately, and not altogether without success, for the purpose of obtaining throughout France a better observance of the sabbath. But still, how much remains to be done! As I was preparing one Sunday morning to sally forth from the hôtel Sinet, faubourg St. Honoré, the officious waiter, who had just cleared the breakfast things, reminded me indirectly that the Parisians, at all events, have not yet learnt to keep the fourth commandment. Pointing to a large bill printed, containing a variety of miscellaneous intelligence for the benefit of foreigners, and which was hung up neatly framed and glazed under the door way: "Monsieur," said he, "will have a very pleasant Sunday; the weather is beautiful, and the waters are to play at Versailles. Then there is a new piece at the opera this evening, and—by the bye—does monsieur hear the drums? I had quite forgotten the review!" The waiter seemed rather astonished at my not appearing to relish any of these entertainments; I thanked him, however, went out, and reached the place de la Concorde with some difficulty in consequence of the crowd.

But if pleasure-seekers are met at each step they take through the streets of Paris by fresh temptations, which seem to increase a hundredfold on the Lord's day, let it not be supposed that the Christian need be at a loss to spend the sabbath most profitably. On some future occasion I shall tell my readers how I managed to do so, whilst confined at home by the inclemency of the weather; for the present, I would just ask them to accompany me as I wend my way towards the French Protestant church situated in the rue Saint Honoré, nearly opposite the Palais Royal. The reformed presbyterians, or Calvinists, acknowledged by the state, and whose pastors receive a yearly stipend from government, have three places of worship in Paris; the Lutherans meet in two handsome edifices; there are, besides, a number of smaller *réunions*, held by various denominations of dissenters, not to reckon two chapels in which English clergymen minister to large congregations, and another one belonging to our Wesleyan friends. The mother church of the French Calvinists is the *Oratoire*, where I was then going, and so called from its having, previous to the Revolution, been the property of the Oratorians, a well known Roman Catholic fraternity. Behold me walking down the rue Saint Honoré, amidst the noise, the bustle, the excitement which seems everywhere at its height. A few shops are shut, here and there; but these form the exception. Domino-players crowd the cafés, politicians pore over the newspapers, itinerant merchants set up their stalls at the street corners, and railway omnibuses, laden both within and without, dash past us in anticipation of the excursion train. We go on, elbowing our way as best we can along the narrow pavement; the noble structure of the Louvre, now nearly completed, meets our eye; a few yards further on stands the church of the Oratoire, to which we are bound, recently repaired, and contrasting pleasantly, by its unpretending architecture, with the grandeur of the neighbouring palace.

It was about half-past ten when I entered, through a little back door, the house set apart for the service of the Lord. A large curtain of green baize, extending throughout the whole breadth of the building, divided what was formerly the chancel from the body of the church. Within the smaller space about seventy or eighty children, with their Bibles open before them, were listening to a familiar exposition of the word of God, delivered by one of the pastors. The recollection of days long gone by rushed to my mind as I took my seat; for twenty years ago I, too, was enrolled in the band of Sunday scholars; twenty years ago I used to sit in this very room, under the green baize curtain and in front of the minister's table.

The Bible-class lasts one hour; it is conducted on the plan usually adopted in England, and therefore suggests nothing particular in the way of remark. But I shall never forget the earnest, the simple, the striking manner with which the teacher enforced from Scripture the duty incumbent even upon young children of surrendering themselves to God. Theirs, he said, was the season of hope; they had not yet formed habits of iniquity, the world had not engrossed all their thoughts, and they were free from a multitude of anxieties which beset in a peculiar manner the path of those more advanced in life. Children who, like Samuel, make an early choice for heaven will never live to lament it. They are providing themselves with the most precious consolations towards the days of darkness; they are sowing the seeds of their everlasting happiness, and laying up treasures which shall never fade away.

* From "Thoughts on the Fruits of the Spirit," by Rev. H. Vaughan. London: Wertheim, 1848.

By the time the Sunday-school had dispersed, and the temporary partition, the table, forms, etc. had been removed, the congregation began flocking in for the morning prayers; every available seat was speedily occupied, and long before the minister ascended the pulpit, it had become impossible to admit several hundred persons who were anxiously inquiring for places. In the French Protestant churches all the seats are free; instead of pews, and, by way of contrast, dismal-looking forms appropriated to the poor, the sitting accommodation consists of straw-bottomed chairs, arranged in long rows, accessible to all, and to secure which the only condition is coming to the service in good time. The whole staff of the Protestant clergy in Paris do duty alternately in all the churches, so that no minister occupies the same pulpit on two successive Sundays. This arrangement is not a very good one, and it would seem that it has not been found to work well, for according to a new organization which is speedily to be enforced, each clergyman will have a special district assigned to him, and over which he will exercise solely a pastoral supervision. In France, as in Scotland, the Protestant liturgy is extremely simple. Preaching, chiefly extemporaneous, takes up the greater part of the service, and the singing is confined to three psalms set to some of those fine old tunes composed and used at Geneva as far back as the sixteenth century.

How delightful it is to see a compact crowd of more than two thousand persons listening with the most eager attention to the minister as he unfolds before them the plan of salvation! An eminent preacher, it is true, was occupying the pulpit, and it might be feared that in the large assembly congregated within the Oratoire many had come merely out of curiosity to hear one of the most eloquent men of the age; but still no one could tell whether God had not that very day a message for one of those careless souls, and he who had entered the church merely for the purpose of satisfying an idle curiosity might, perhaps, go home weighed down by that godly sorrow which worketh repentance not to be repented of.

When, at a few minutes past one, I found myself once more in the street, what a contrast! there again was the world with all its heedless gaiety, its bustle, and its vanities. It is a curious study to compare the appearance of a Paris crowd with that of those multitudes which throng Cheapside, Cornhill, or Lombard-street. One might fancy that our neighbours have not a single care preying upon their mind, and that they never knew what it is to be anxious. The Bible certainly cautions us against allowing ourselves to be taken up too much with the business of this transitory life; but as I went along, I thought that there is a certain degree of seriousness becoming the being who is travelling towards eternity.

I had nearly five hours disengaged before dinner time (which in Paris is seldom before six o'clock); so I resolved upon paying a visit to two excellent institutions which have already attracted, and deservedly so, the notice of foreigners. Every one who knows anything of the events connected with the French revolution will recognise as familiar names those two terrible denominations, the faubourgs Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau. Divided from one another by the Seine and the zoological gardens, or *Jardin du Roi*, the hotbeds of sans-culottism are pretty much in the same state as history reports them to have been fifty years ago. Barracks constructed so as to resist a *coup de main*, and capable of holding several thousand men, are the only improvement which kings, dictators, and emperors have bestowed upon the revolutionary faubourgs, and from those dirty streets, from those alleys, those courts, those ruinous houses, hosts of outlaws thirsting for plunder would no doubt, as soon as a fitting opportunity offered, rush down and renew the saturnalia of 1793 and 1848. But the Paris Protestants have established themselves precisely in the heart of the formidable districts; the gospel is now preached where not long since the "rights of man" composed the only creed known, and amidst the most awful spiritual darkness two institutions have been organized which may be considered as rallying-centres around which we hope, by the blessing of God, to see a true church gradually developing its wholesome activity.

From the Oratoire to the faubourg Saint-Antoine the distance is rather a long one, and it was past three o'clock when I arrived at the Protestant Deaconesses' institution, the first I purposed examining. This valuable establishment, which has been in existence for already fourteen years, is, I was glad to find, high in the affection of the whole faubourg. Adult and infant schools, an infirmary, a house of correction, and an asylum for fallen but penitent females—such are the various labours of love in which the deaconesses are employed, under the superintendence of a committee of pastors, laymen, and ladies. If we bear in mind the wretched state of the surrounding population, composed almost exclusively of workmen who, when in the receipt of good wages, soon squander away in the haunts of profligacy and vice the money they have earned; if we think, moreover, that although for the most part nominal Roman Catholics, they are sunk in the lowest depths of infidelity; we shall see at once that the Dea-

conesses' institution fully deserves the support of all those who are anxious for the real prosperity of the working classes in Paris.

I have often heard persons express themselves as if any attempt to reform the French multitude must needs be useless; it would appear that a French ouvrier is an exceptional being, surrounded with a triple breastplate of wickedness, and who is proof against the strongest appeals of the word of God. Besides asserting indirectly that Divine grace is incapable of subduing the stoutest heart, persons who thus think simply show how utterly ignorant they are of the national character. Far from being inaccessible to either counsel or reproof, the Paris workmen are just the reverse; they will be led about too easily by the first babbler who comes to them with fine words and specious theories on liberty and equality. This is what revolutionary leaders are perfectly aware of; consequently they lose no time in deluding their unhappy victims; and when the minister of the gospel comes forward with the message of salvation he generally finds the ground preoccupied. If the working population in Paris is still sitting in the darkness of the shadow of death, the fault lies at our own door, and we may to some extent judge of the results which our earnest endeavours might obtain, under the blessing of God, by a glance at the congregation which assembles Sunday after Sunday in the chapel of the Deaconesses' institution. Here the visitor must not expect to see fashion, rank, or wealth. Poverty has marked its stamp upon most of the individuals present, and the minister is addressing his heart-searching and affectionate appeals to a crowd of street-sweepers, scavengers, and costermongers. But this is just what we want; the path of influence amongst the lower classes is quite as great, perhaps greater than in the higher walks of civilized life, and one workman brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus may be the means of rescuing many more from ruin, both temporal and spiritual. The work carried on so prosperously by the deaconesses in the faubourg Saint-Antoine had left still untouched another part of Paris, equally interesting, equally destitute. On the opposite bank of the Seine is a district which, comprising the most ancient part of the metropolis, has long been surrendered by *ton* and business to the veriest scum of the population. Between Saint-Marceau and Saint-Antoine there had always reigned, so to say, a confraternity of wickedness; now another little oasis, comprising schools, an infant asylum, and a spacious chapel, has sprung up in the former locality, in holy emulation of the institution belonging to the latter. The deaconesses' house is more especially supported by the French reformed Protestants; our brethren of the Lutheran confession are the chief originators of the *œuvre évangélique du Quartier Saint-Marceau.* I could easily fill pages with most interesting particulars about both establishments, such as they were related to me in the course of the afternoon; but time will not admit of my doing so; and I can only, in bringing this short sketch to a conclusion, recommend any person who may feel interested in the progress of evangelical Christianity, and who would spend profitably a Sunday afternoon in Paris, to undertake the little peregrination I have just been describing.

It was late when I reached the hotel; for, on my way home, I had dined at a restaurant at the Palais Royal, and as an appropriate finis to a day thus spent, I had attended a small meeting which is held every sabbath evening in the upper room at the Oratoire. The waiter, on seeing me return after an absence of twelve hours, asked me whether monsieur had enjoyed himself. "Yes," replied I, "very much, indeed; and you?" "To be sure, sir; I have been to the review, and then to see the waters play; but," continued he, with a yawn, "I am horridly tired." The text naturally recurred to my mind: "The end of *that* mirth is heaviness."

THE LINGERER.

"And while he lingered, the men laid hold upon his hand; the Lord being merciful unto him." *Genesis* xix. 16.

WHAT a description is contained in this chapter! What a picture of nature—destitute, alas! of nature's God! What a forcible delineation of a most important crisis in patriarchal history! but oh, how much more striking the description drawn of that more momentous crisis that occurs once, at least, in the history of every human mind—the great crisis of decision!

The last hour of loveliness and serenity had dawned upon the cities which were "as the garden of the Lord" for beauty. Nature's peace was at an end; the long-suffering of the Lord had ceased to be salvation; and the missioned angels, whose retiring footsteps were to prove to the victims of a divine and just indignation the very knell of doom, were already standing on the threshold of the only habitation wherein dwelt righteousness. And Lot was there—he to whom the message of mercy had been sent. "Just Lot," whose soul was continually vexed by the wickedness around him, to whom the impending fate of the plain had been graciously made known—he was there, and lingered. Lingered? What! could *he* linger, for whom alone the pent-up fire delayed to pour forth its igneous deluge? for whom alone the impatient earth still remained quiescent under the very feet of the idolaters? Could *he* linger? Yes. We are told "he *yet* lingered;" and fatal

indeed might have been that one moment's dereliction; momentous the consequences, and ruinous the price, of that one "longing, lingering look" at his doomed yet beloved Sodom, had not that irresolute hand been seized by those whose hearts, though tender, were not human, and who, though sympathising with his feelings, partook not of his weakness.

Thus was he "brought forth; the Lord being merciful unto him."

The cities of the plain have long lain beneath the calm asphaltic waters; no trace remaining of the famed fertility of that once lovely valley. Lot has been gathered to his fathers, no account having been transmitted of his journey to the heavenly Zoar. But though his *name* has perished (save in sacred writ), his character has not. There are many Lots still resident in the plains of the world—many lingerers. May their danger be as happily averted as his!

There are some who, like Lot, find nothing congenial in Sodom, and yet are reluctant to quit it. Their guardian angel has long stood by them, but the links are strong that bind them to familiar scenes, and the eye is still turned lovingly and regretfully to the sweet vale of Siddim. Many, indeed, are their dangers. See that fair and favoured maiden, bright and blooming in the noon of youth, with every promise of future excellence already budding from the seeds of pious education and religious training. There are, in that soul, aspirations and desires that this world's Sodom knows nothing of—an earnest longing to flee from the avenging hurricane, from the "wrath to come." But her friends are all in that heedless city; the home of her childhood, the scenes of her youth are within its walls. "Escape to the mountain" seems a hard command; the eye regretfully is turned upon the spots to be left for ever. She *yet* lingers! But, ere the moment for decision is for ever past, a hand is stretched forth to the halting one. The hand of Providence kindly severs some link, too strong for that weak spirit to break, and the hand that brought Lot forth out of Sodom leads *her* by a way that she knew not, to the everlasting hills, even to that "rock which is Christ." "The Lord being merciful unto her."

> "When heav'n would kindly set us free,
> And bid the' enchantment end,
> It takes the most effectual way,
> And robs us of a friend."

But this is not the only instance. Approach that silent chamber—draw near that sick bed, where the vigour of youth and manhood, unaided by the weeping friends around, are combating alone, and oh! how vainly, the one great leveller, death! Struck down in the heyday of prosperity, life just opening around him, every pleasure shared by the wife of his choice, every grief soothed by the innocent endearments of his first-born—even thus, in the midst of hope came the summons, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee!" Though surprised, he is not unprepared. Death, though far from his expectations, has not been wholly absent from his thoughts.

But life and love, ambition and fortune, were a vale of Siddim to him; and, amid these "cities of the plain" his righteous soul would soon have ceased to vex itself with the sins of others. "Just Lot" would soon have been "just" no more. But the Angel of the Covenant, who has hitherto redeemed him from all evil, has entered his gates, now on a mission of mercy, and already lays hold of that pale and languid hand. He lingers! The world is bright; domestic ties are strong; his wife and child, dear as his own soul, are still inhabitants of the city he is called to quit; the mountain-path seems dark and steep; "the sun has not yet risen" on that land, still robed by the shades of futurity. But the Angel is there. There is no hesitation in that celestial guide; and by that hand which has, unknown, led him all his life long, is he brought forth. "The Lord being merciful unto him." The last breath drawn on that earth whose very atmosphere is woe, dies in a sigh of mingled regret and ecstacy. Friends may hang, in tearful grief, over what once was theirs; but he is already far on his upward way. The flesh lingers a while with those it loved, and ever *must* love, but the spirit "lingers into life."

THE SABBATH.—A stream from the river of the water of life, in which the Christian laves his travel-stained feet. "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The glory of heaven shining through the veil betwixt time and eternity. A pause amidst the din of life, in which is caught faint echoes from the songs sung in the upper temple. The sky, from which the dull heavy clouds have rolled back at the golden touch of day. The shade of a green olive-tree from the scorching heat of noon. A view of Canaan from the top of Pisgah. A painting by faith, in which are grouped forms clothed in flowing white, whose brows sparkle with rare jewels; of a city whose streets blaze with gold; of a throne dazzling to the eye, set with the hues of all precious things, around which is hung crowns of light inscribed with the motto, "To him that overcometh." The rainbow in the clouds. A breeze from paradise laden with perfume from the tree of life. News from home to the exile. A palm-tree beside a fountain in the desert. The day on which the freshly-watered garden of the Lord sends up its fragrance on high, diffusing sweet odours in the courts above. A courier by which God sends messages of cheer to his sad and weary ones. Hope shaking the dust from her white wings, and soaring towards the azure sky. A look into the "holy of holies." Yea it is the very "gate of heaven," which death will eventually open, when the full glory of the eternal sabbath will burst upon the astonished vision of the believer, overpowering him with speechless rapture.—M. L.

Religious Intelligence.

March, 1855.

WHILE there are so many events of a distressing character connected with the present painful state of things in the East, we occasionally hear of others that are gratifying and encouraging; among which we may notice the interesting Bible meeting which has just been held in Constantinople. It took place in the Hotel d'Angleterre, the proprietor of which, though a Roman Catholic, not only allows such meetings to take place in one of his saloons, but also gives the use of the room gratuitously for that purpose. The audience, consisting of between two and three hundred persons, was presided over by the American ambassador, and, during the proceedings, captain Benson related that a very dear friend of his, an officer in the British army, collected his men around him the night before the battle of Alma, and read to them the 91st Psalm; adding, that a few hours afterwards he was no longer in the land of war and turmoil, but, as far as human cognizance could judge, in heavenly mansions of peace and love. Mr. Bracebridge, on the same occasion, related that he had been written to by a fond mother, to beg of him to ascertain, if possible, some particulars of the last moments of her beloved son, who fell in battle. He did so; but the circumstances were so affecting that he feared to communicate them lest he should augment her sufferings. He therefore intimated to her the simple fact that, when the young officer's garments were loosened to examine his wounds, the Bible was found reposing on his bosom.

Constantinople has just been visited with a most alarming earthquake, which lasted for about half a minute, and which, had it been prolonged, must have converted the city into a mass of ruins. The inhabitants, who, for the most part, are ignorant of the true medium of access to the throne of grace, were seen in the streets performing their vain devotions, and deprecating the Divine wrath. In the midst of such alarming scenes the Christian can give utterance to his hope and confidence in that 46th Psalm, which so often cheered the heart of Luther and his companions in their trials: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." It is delightful also to know, that in the city thus mercifully spared, "there is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God," and whose waters are irrigating the moral desert around. Colporteurs and vendors of books go in and out, carrying off large parcels of Scriptures for soldiers and sailors in the hospitals, as well as for sale in the city. Notes arrive at the depôt from missionaries, chaplains, and other good men, for different kinds of Bibles and Testaments; orders are constantly sent, from different missionary stations, for the Scriptures for the native Protestant Christians and their schools; while supplies to meet these demands are arriving from England, Malta, Smyrna, and Athens.

The twenty-first day of this month has been observed throughout the country as a day of humiliation and prayer. There is something very impressive and affecting in the spectacle of a whole nation, moved by one common feeling, supplicating the Almighty to avert his judgments, and send down alike on themselves and their enemies the blessings of peace. In the metropolis, both houses of the legislature suspended the business and discussions of parliament that they might seek God by prayer and fasting, and unite with the people of all classes in the solemn entreaty, "Mercifully forgive the sins whereby we have provoked thy chastisement, and grant that we may learn righteousness from thy judgments which are abroad. Take away from us all pride, and hardness of heart, and contempt of thy word. . . . . Overrule this strife for the renewal of kindly brotherhood amongst nations, and enlargement of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the union of the world in Christian faith and love, that all may unite together in striving to exalt and magnify thy glorious name, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

A vigorous, but, we are happy in being able to add unsuccessful, effort has just been made in the House of Commons to destroy the sanctity of the Christian sabbath, and to assimilate it to the Sunday of Paris and other continental towns. Sir Joshua Walmsley has endeavoured to bring the House to the opinion that "it would promote the moral and intellectual improvement of the working classes of the metropolis, if the collections of natural history and art in the British Museum and the National Gallery were open to public inspection after morning service on Sundays." The motion was stated to be introduced at the earnest request of numerous bodies of workmen engaged in various districts of the metropolis, mechanics and artizans, who had presented petitions to the House in favour of the measure. The proposer of this resolution urged the notion, that in the galleries of the British Museum and similar places, the working classes would find objects that would deeply interest them, and the contemplation of which would elevate and improve their minds, and *imperceptibly* raise them from the beauties of creation to the love of the Creator. These and many other ingenious sophisms failed to convince the House of Commons that the benefit of the working classes would be promoted by the further desecration of the Lord's day; a proposition which was sustained by no more than 48 votes, while it was condemned by 235, leaving against the measure a triumphant majority of 187. In the course of a most interesting discussion on this question it was shown that the generality of the people are not, as it is affirmed, anxious to convert the Lord's day into one of mere intellectual recreation or holiday amusement; in proof of which the important fact was adduced, that the petitions in favour of the opening of the Crystal Palace were 127, signed by 24,249 persons, while those in opposition were 835, signed by 186,948. It was also most gratifying to hear the noble premier state his conviction that "the religious observance of Sundays was a practice highly desirable and necessary to encourage, and that in proportion as that observance prevailed we might expect to see the conduct of the people such as it should be." It may be hoped that this important decision will have its proper weight with those who have been, we believe at great expense, endeavouring to manufacture public opinion in favour of the opening of the Crystal Palace.

Let it not be forgotten, however, that the work is but half done when so many other sources of desecration remain unstopped; and that while closing up the avenues of temptation, an obligation is laid upon Christians to carry the gospel more fully to the neglected masses of society.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE DISTRESSED FATHER.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

PART X.

"A WORD spoken in season, how good is it!"—My sad-hearted owner retired from the chamber of the dying pilgrim, and hastened to his room in college. He shut himself in, and fastened his door, to assure himself against interruption. He was greatly agitated, yet not entirely with sorrow: a new light seemed to have broken in upon his soul — faint and glimmering as yet; but it was the light of truth.

"'Being justified by faith,'" he exclaimed:—"'being justified by faith, we have peace with God.' I have heard these words before: I have read them; they are familiar to me as a nursery rhyme; but there is—surely there is deeper meaning in them than I have ever found or sought. Let me think—let me pray!"

He knelt before his God. Did he utter many words? It may be that he did not. The struggles of a soul after peace, and peace, and peace — sin-convicted, weary, heavy-laden, and agonizing for rest and peace — are not told, cannot be told, in words.

He rose, and walked across his room with unequal steps, now hurrying to and fro, now lingering. Twilight was falling over the face

of nature, for it was evening; but one cloud after another was rolling away from his soul. It was morning there; and "the Sun of righteousness" was rising, "with healing in his wings."

"I never saw it so before," he said. "Foolish, and blind, and ignorant, and self-righteous that I have been, to think that my own obedience could help me!" and then the words of the old disciple came to his mind:

> "Not the labour of my hands
> Can fulfil the law's demands:
> Could my zeal no respite know,
> Could my tears for ever flow,
> All for sin could not atone;
> Christ must save—and Christ alone."

He threw himself into his chair and wept tears of penitence and gratitude.

An hour later, and he had lighted his lamp, and, with a throbbing heart, was listening to my words, while, from time to time, exclamations of hope and joy, and quick, lively, spiritual intelligence broke from his trembling lips. The veil, of which I have before spoken, was taken away from his heart, while the truth wherewith Christ makes his people free, in such assurances as these, poured in upon his soul.

"Therefore, by the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in his sight; for by the law is the knowledge of sin. But now, the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ, unto all and upon all them that believe, for there is no difference; for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

"I have heard this before," said my owner, in self-communing; "but my foolish mind was darkened."

After a short pause I proceeded: "Being justified freely—"

"Freely!" he exclaimed: "and I had thought to purchase—to earn free justification!"

"Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time, his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus."

"I do believe," said he; "Lord, help my unbelief!"

Then, after a long pause, I recounted to him the experience of one who, like himself, had, in the days of his ignorance and unbelief, gone about to establish his own righteousness, and who afterwards declared: "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law; but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith: that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death."

Then, I again returned to that message of mine, which the old dying Christian had faithfully quoted: "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom we have access, by faith, into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God; and not only so, but we glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us."

"Oh that is what I want," sobbed my young owner: "the love of God, the love of God! I have learned to *fear* him, and tried to love him; but mine is not that love, that 'perfect love,' which casteth out fear. Oh that the love of God were shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost which he hath given!"

Even then was the process going on: pride and unbelief were departing; faith and love and humility were dawning there.

Another pause; and I went on: "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet, peradventure, for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love towards us, that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life: and not only so; but we also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement."

"It is what I have wanted — all I have wanted," exclaimed my owner, with glad amazement. "Strange that I should never have seen this—understood it—rejoiced in it before."

More could I tell of that eventful night. But what need for more? New life and vigour were infused into his soul then. More could I tell, also, of other interviews which my owner held with the departing saint, resulting in a deep and abiding conviction that all and everything beside an utter renunciation of self, and an

entire dependence on Christ alone, is but as the "wood, hay, and stubble," upon which, if a man build, he shall suffer loss; because other foundation can no man lay than is laid, which is Jesus Christ. But I must hasten on.

Very marked and astonishing to those who knew not the hidden cause, was the change in my owner from that time. Joy was lighted up in his heart, which beamed in his countenance, and showed forth in every action of life. Very marked, too, was the difference with which I was regarded by him. Before, he had come to me as under the influence of some strong, uncontrollable impulse, to go away gloomy and perplexed. Now, he was drawn towards me by powerful attractions of faith and love, to go on his way again rejoicing—ay, "as one that findeth great spoil."

It had wanted only this meek docility, which had brought him at length to become as a little child at the feet of Jesus, to fill his soul with "joy unspeakable and full of glory;" but wanting this, all comfort was wanting.

Do men say that such teaching as my young owner then received give licence to sin "that grace may abound?" They can know nothing of the "constraining" love of Christ who think this. Not till he had been thus brought to discard all trust in his own imperfect performances was my owner brought to a willing and loving obedience of that law, his former breaches of which he had thought, by self-sacrifices, to repair. But now was a new law written in his heart, and a new song was put there, too, even of praise to my Great Master: and now was he able to take my language on his lips—because it was the language of his soul, "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy. He will turn again: he will have compassion upon us: he will subdue our iniquities: and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depth of the sea."

Many weeks passed away after this; and had the newly kindled emotions of my young owner's soul been put into my own words, he would have said, "Oh, how I love thy law; it is my meditation all the day. Thou, through thy commandments, hast made me wiser than mine enemies, for they are ever with me. I have refrained my feet from every evil way, that I might keep thy word. How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth! Through thy precepts, I get understanding; therefore, I hate every false way. Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light to my path."

And now the time came when the exceeding value of my friendship and a right acquaintance with me was to be proved, in an unexpected way. My young owner entered his room one morning in evident sorrow, and continued long in earnest prayer for one who was grievously sick, and who might be nigh unto death.

It was his sister for whom he thus prayed: and while supplicating, in agony, that her life might be spared, he prayed yet more earnestly that she might be made a partaker of the "like precious faith" with that which had beamed in upon his own soul.

Other days came and passed away in apprehension and distress; and then came a summons which my owner willingly obeyed; and he hastily prepared for a journey to the home which disease had invaded.

Let me pass lightly over the mournful greeting which awaited him, and the constant heaviness of heart which it was mine to witness while life hung trembling on the balance, and my owner retired many times a day to his chamber, to pour out his soul before his Maker and Saviour in groans and tears and broken petitions. At length came some slight relief: disease was partially rebuked, and death, for the time, warded off.

Then came another change in my history; and it happened thus.

My owner was busily writing in his own room in his father's house when the father entered. Care had strongly marked his countenance; and it was plain to see in him how profitless riches had been in the day of trouble. He loved his daughter with strong affection; and the dread of separation by death had stricken him with misery. Like one whose confession I record, he had said in his prosperity, "I shall never be moved;" but when God's face was hidden, then he was troubled. But, unlike him, he had not made God his strong refuge and fortress, nor could he echo the cry in his heart, "When my heart is overwhelmed within me, lead me to the rock that is higher than I!"

"This is very terrible," said the heart-stricken father, sinking on to a seat by his son's side, and speaking in sorrowful accents. "It is very terrible, Leonard."

"Dear father, but there is hope, now. Our dear Mary may recover: let us be thankful."

The unhappy father shook his head despondingly. "I know too well what these flattering appearances mean, Leonard. Once I have been deceived by them. Your mother died, Leonard, as your sister will also, too surely, die;" and as he spoke, big tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks.

"There is surely hope," said my owner, in much agitation.

"None, none," exclaimed the stricken man. "What can I have done to deserve this fearful punishment? It is very cruel."

"Dear father," replied the son, "God 'does not willingly afflict, nor grieve' us. 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.' 'He is a very present help in every time of trouble.' Let us pray to him."

"I cannot pray, Leonard," said the father, gloomily; "and if I could, and were to pray, would prayer call back the bloom and vigour of health to our dear Mary? The time for miracles has ceased, if ever miracles were wrought, Leonard. But we will not talk about this. You know my sentiments, and I yours. I do not blame you for believing the Bible, nor wish you to give up your faith, if it gives you any satisfaction; and I do not say that I reject it altogether; but I cannot argue about this now."

My young owner was unspeakably distressed. His father, then, was in his heart an unbeliever in my mission, and treated my most assured and solemn verities as unworthy his serious regard! And, now, in the day of adversity, where was *his* resting-place? He had none.

"I do not say," said the son, in a tone of subdued grief, "that the prayer of faith would call back health and strength, but even this, if it were needful, would not be too hard for the Lord. He who could raise Lazarus from the grave, and restore him to his sorrowing sisters——"

The father uttered an exclamation of impatience. "Do not speak of it, Leonard. I came to consult you on something else; you shall pray, if you please; but I must act. I have said"—and he once more spoke as in hopeless despondency—"that our poor Mary's doom is fixed. I know that she cannot recover; but the physicians flatter, you know, and say that there is yet some hope, if we take proper means. They say that your sister should have the benefit of a warmer climate. In other words, they do not wish her to die under their hands," he said, bitterly.

"Oh, father, do not say so," exclaimed Leonard; "it may be that they are right."

"Right or wrong, I will, for once, take them at their word. I shall leave London and England next week, with poor Mary."

"Will you not let me go with you, too?" asked the son.

"No, Leonard; your prospects must not be destroyed by absence from college. I can give my time: you cannot give yours."

My owner endeavoured to shake his father's resolution; but in vain. "I know why you wish to be with your sister," he said; "but it cannot be: her mind must be kept cheerful; and your gloomy religious notions——"

"Dear father, religion gloomy! I never knew what true happiness and peace was before I found them here;" and he laid his hand fondly on me. "Did religion make my mother gloomy?" he asked, affectionately.

It was ineffectual. "Your sister must be amused and kept from fancying herself dying: it is the only chance of saving her life; and a very slender chance it is," said the father.

A week later, and the household was broken up. The father and daughter embarked for the warmer climate of which he had spoken; and my owner returned to college. Before this sorrowful parting, the brother had prayerfully placed me before him, and diligently placed marks on many of my pages. He wrote also a brotherly epistle of anxious solicitude and overflowing affection, which he placed between my leaves; and then, folding me in wrapper, sealed with his own seal, he delivered me into his sister's hands.

WILL MY CASE BE CALLED ON TO-DAY?

I WAS engaged in my study one morning, when a client of mine, a Mr. B., was introduced; he was in a state of great excitement, having heard that the lord chancellor was to pronounce judgment on his case that day. "Are you sure," he inquired of me, "*nothing is left undone.* If judgment is given against me, I am a ruined man; all my hopes are centred in its result; on the issue hang the prospects of my darling wife and children. Oh! tell me can anything further be done to, if possible, ensure success?"

I endeavoured to calm him by saying that we were fully prepared, and that counsel's opinion was in his favour. This assurance having appeased him a little, he left me, appointing to meet again in an hour at the court.

The chancellor had just taken his seat as I entered, and was proceeding to give judgment in my client's case. Casting my eyes around, I observed poor Mr. B. seated on a bench immediately opposite his lordship; he did not recognise me, for his entire attention was riveted on the oracle from whence was to proceed the eagerly wished-for yet dreaded decision. To look upon that man was painful, indeed, and although many years of professional experience had familiarized me to such scenes, yet I could not behold him without emotion, and trembled to think the awful effect an adverse decision would have on a mind sensitive as his, and wrought to the highest degree of painful suspense. Unhappily my fears were too soon realized. After an elaborate and carefully considered review

of the case, a final decree was awarded against my client. Never shall I forget the agony of despair depicted in his countenance at that moment, as, rushing from the court, he hissed into my ear the fearful words, "Oh! I am undone."

It was a damp November day on which the circumstance above narrated occurred; the gloomy pile of buildings which surround the court appeared doubly gloomy through the mist that enshrouded them, and tended to fix more deeply on my mind the sad scene I had just witnessed. Wending my way homewards through Chancery-lane, the words of my unfortunate client recurred to me. "Will *my* case be called on to-day?" thought I; "and is nothing left undone to ensure me a favourable decree at the hands of that eternal Judge before whom I must stand, sooner or later?" Dear reader, you and I have both a case of vital importance, in which judgment may be given any day, any hour —judgment irrevocable, and which will consign our immortal souls to eternal happiness or eternal damnation. Our hearts (like the opinion of counsel to my unhappy client,) are too apt to lead us into a false sense of security, and day after day, month after month, year after year is allowed to pass away without our taking the necessary measures to ensure a favourable judgment. Yet, thanks to a merciful Redeemer, we are left in no uncertainty as to the means by which to attain that glorious verdict, and if unhappily a decree is given against us, we ourselves are *alone to blame*. Unlike all earthly prospects, the object of the salvation of our souls is *certain*. Poverty may grind us down, sickness and pain may rack our frames, friends may desert us, death separate us from those we dearly love, but who can rob us of our eternal inheritance? None—save ourselves alone. Let us but rest our souls, in faith, on the Lord Jesus Christ, who came on earth to call not the just but sinners to repentance; look to him whose redeeming blood flowed for us on Calvary—evidencing all this by a life of love and holy obedience in the strength of his Spirit so freely promised; and we may rest assured that when summoned to the bar of his eternal justice, it will be to hear the joyous sentence, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you."

At night when, after the toils and troubles of the day, we lay our heads on the pillow to seek that refreshment in slumber which is necessary to our animal life, does the thought ever present itself to our minds, "Will my case be called on to-night?" We close our eyes in sleep, that sleep which is but the image of death, trusting in the mad presumption that our case cannot be called on; yet that it is in the list we dare not deny. How many thousands have lain down to rest under a similar fallacy! Doubtless, they were in the possession of health and strength, and expectation of many years of life, yet ere morning dawned they were numbered among those whose spirits had fled this mortal coil to receive at that dread tribunal the decree which was to consign them to endless happiness or endless misery. "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." Matt. xxiv. 42. "And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." Matt. xxv. 6.

The suitor engaged in prosecuting his claim to some ancestral estates leaves no means unaccomplished by which he may hope to attain the darling object of his ambition. He deprives himself even of the necessaries of life; he foregoes all its pleasures, all its enjoyments, in the hope that soon he may become the possessor of those vast estates which of right belong to him. The merchant successful in trade increases his energies in proportion, and toils incessantly while in the sunshine of fortune, to realize the means that may at least place him in an independent and respectable position when old age, declining strength, or his own inclination makes him desirious of withdrawing from the more busy scenes of life. And have we a less powerful motive for which to labour? a more unworthy cause for which to suffer? Is the object of our ambition undeserving of the self-denial, the toil, the resignation which we willingly undergo in order to secure an earthly blessing, which at best is but transitory, even as the flower we see blooming in our garden to-day, and which to-morrow will be withered and dead? What avail it to a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own immortal soul? What consolation will he find on his deathbed in being the possessor of large estates, the holder of accumulated wealth? Would he not give all, and ten thousand more were he master of it, to purchase but *one hour* of the many years spent in struggling for riches and earthly honours which now vanish like a dream?

Reflect, dear reader, on the case of my client. Now is your time to ensure a crown of eternal glory. Delay not, I beseech you. Time, which you squander away now in empty frivolities, oh! what will you not give for it at your dying hour? but then it may be too late. Like the foolish virgins in the gospel, who slumbered until the bridegroom came, the door of mercy will then be shut, and to all your cries for forgiveness the only response will be, "Verily, I say unto you, I know ye not." May such a decree never be pronounced against us; but, standing among the number of the elect, may we be joined to the righteous unto life everlasting.

"I WAS WOUNDED IN THE HOUSE OF MY FRIENDS."

"And he shall say, I am an husbandman; . . . . and one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." *Zech.* xiii. 5, 6.

'Twas the church's great festival day,
And desiring, in faith, her increase,
Like the exile of Patmos, I mused
On the things which belong to her peace.

When lo! to the eye of my faith,
As to his, was a vision displayed,
Not clad in the garments of death,
Nor in terrible brightness arrayed.

His mien—oh, how godlike it seemed!
Yet a shepherd's rude vestment he wore;
The form I a husbandman deemed,
And a staff was the emblem he bore.

But still as I looked with delight—
For oh, there was heaven in the gaze—
I glanced with dismay on a sight
That turned all my joy to amaze:

For while I all wond'ringly knelt,
Nor knew who the stranger might be,
Yet a sweet thrill of ecstasy felt,
That the stranger should come unto me.

The hands that so lovingly then
To accept my devotions were held,
All bleeding, and pierced as with nails,
With terror and grief I beheld.

My eyes tears of sympathy run,
While my heart with amazement demands,
Say, who hath this violence done?
Ah! what are these wounds in thine hands?

He replied, with a look all divine,
While his eyes all day's brightness eclipse—
His voice liquid sweetness divine,
And compassion was poured from his lips—

"From these wounds, which with grief thou dost see,
A stream of salvation descends;
Even wounds which I suffered for *thee*—
In Zion, the house of my friends!"

PIETY IN A CAMP.*

About six years after the coronation of Gustavus, the Thirty-years' War broke out in Germany. The Roman Catholic league, under Maximilian of Bavaria and his general, the notorious Tilly, devastated the Protestant kingdoms, and plundered their inhabitants in a most inhuman manner. Among the Protestant princes of Germany, none was capable of taking the lead, and petty jealousies between the Lutheran and reformed princes prevented their making common cause against the common foe. The king of Denmark was invited to join them, but after one campaign he returned home. Some one must be found around whom the Protestant forces should rally, and, in despair, all eyes were turned towards the king of Sweden, as the instrument providentially raised up for the purpose.

Long and earnestly was the proposal discussed. Sweden was a poor country, and this war would be very expensive. Besides, Sweden was not yet attacked, and why should the Swedes mix themselves up with the wars of their neighbours? Even Oxenstjiern opposed the movement. The king insisted that it was the cause of the church, and that all members of that body should sympathise with one suffering member; it was also the cause of justice, humanity, and civilization, against injustice, oppression, and priestcraft; besides, if Sweden did not meet the forces of the league in Germany, it would soon be compelled to receive them on its own defenceless coasts. The chancellor yielded, and the council voted the necessary supplies. Gustavus hastened to inform the Germans that he hoped soon to join them on the battle-field.

Bringing his little daughter Christina, then four years old, to be acknowledged as his successor in case he should not return, he took leave of the States in an affectionate address. He urged his subjects to abide in the fear of God; the judges faithfully and fearlessly to discharge their duty, without respect to persons; the authorities to watch carefully that the schools and churches did not suffer by the war; and then closed with a solemn and affecting prayer. He appointed the first Friday of every month as a national fast, made provision for protecting the coasts from invasion, set sail with thirty ships, and landed with his little army on the coast of Germany on the 25th of June, 1630. The whole army amounted to something less than 15,000 men.

Just as they were landing, a thunderstorm burst over them, and the terrific peals rung round and round the heavens, while for a long time not a drop of rain fell. Awfully majestic was the scene. The king was among the first to reach the shore, and, kneeling down on the beach, he uncovered his head and prayed: "Lord God Almighty! thou rulest over sea and land. The wind and waves obey thy command. Storms and tempests go before thee. I adore and praise thee that thou hast brought us safely to land. Oh, Searcher of hearts! thou knowest that I have not undertaken this work for my own honour, but for thy glory. I entreat thee, therefore, good Lord, to give me grace and strength to do thy work till the appointed time arrive that I may enter into thy rest!" The thunder and the booming cannon answered, as it were, with a deep and long Amen!

Seeing his companions moved to tears by the whole scene, he said, "The more prayer the more victory; an earnest believing prayer is the half of the battle." In fourteen days he was ready to attack Stettin, but the wind hindered the operation of his ships. He put his men and ammunition on board while the wind was blowing strong and right ahead. Then kneeling down in

* See "Piety on a Throne," in No. 52.

prayer, he committed his case to God, and asked a favourable issue. Scarcely had he risen from his knees when the wind veered round, and in a few hours the ships lay at anchor before Stettin. It was a singular coincidence, some will say, but Gustavus Adolphus did not see anything singular in it. To him it was quite as reasonable a result as the explosion of the cannon on the application of the burning match. He had been told that the application of the match caused powder to explode, and, on trying the experiment, he found, under ordinary circumstances, that that effect took place. He had also been told that when the Lord Jesus was still on earth, and before he ascended to heaven, he had said to all who loved him, "If ye shall ask anything in my name, believing, ye shall receive;" and having, in like manner, tried the experiment of asking blessings of God in prayer, he found it generally to succeed. True, sometimes the powder was damp and would not explode; in a similar manner, other causes occasionally hindered answers to prayer being received, or at least perceived, but as a general principle he could place in both results the same confidence.

It was quite a new picture which his soldiers presented in Germany. The Pomeranians could scarcely trust their senses. To see thousands of foreign soldiers standing on their territory, and yet not a single act of plunder! What was with so much truth said of the Puritan soldiers in Cromwell's time, might with equal veracity be asserted of Gustavus Adolphus's troops. They paid for all they wanted. No complaint was heard of any insult being offered to the most unprotected. On entering Stettin, two soldiers ventured to break into a garden and steal some apples. Even this could not escape the vigilant eye of the king, and the two men were hung up on the spot, as a warning to all others that military discipline would not be trifled with. Apartments were provided for the king in the palace, and a splendid dinner was prepared; but he merely partook of the first course, and then went to attend to the comforts of his soldiers. He declined sleeping in the palace, remarking that he had come to Germany to do an important work, which did not admit of much ease, and if the king were known to be content with a hammock on board the ship, the officers would not complain of bad beds. Such is the mode in which Christianity penetrates the life and regulates all actions.

The description which a master has given of the king is worthy of being copied: "All Germany was astonished at the discipline of the Swedish army at its first appearance on German soil. Every immorality was severely punished, and no crime more heavily than blasphemy, theft, gambling, and duelling. Temperance and moderation were the order of the day in the Swedish camp, and not even in the tent of the king was silver or gold to be seen. The commander watched as carefully over the morals of his soldiers as over military discipline. Morning and evening each regiment formed a circle around its chaplain in the open air, and engaged in prayer. In all this the lawgiver was the best example of obedience to the laws. An unfeigned and real piety elevated the courage of his great heart. Equally free from that infidelity which unchains the passions of the barbarian, and from cringing superstition, he was, in the hour of his most glorious victory, a man and a Christian; in his secret devotions, when alone with his God, a hero and a king. He shared with the meanest of his soldiers, and was always to be found in the thickest of the fight." Such a testimony can even Schiller, a man of the world, give to the power of that living faith which he affected to despise.

It would be easy to collect facts to corroborate every statement here made. Perhaps there never was an army in which the word of God was more honoured—no, not under Moses, or Joshua, or David. On the banners stood texts of Scripture and biblical devices. Even in close contact with the enemy, a portion of every Sunday was spent in public worship, and they never lost anything by the respect thus paid to the Lord's day. Their prayers were not mere idle sounds.

The army regulations, which Gustavus Adolphus had himself written, were read once a month before each regiment. No one could then plead ignorance of the law as an excuse for disobedience. Every investigation of alleged misconduct was public, and the judges generally acted in the spirit which Jehoshaphat gave to his judges. (2 Chron. xix. 6). No whipping was allowed in the army, but a far heavier infliction was to dismiss the offender from the ranks, and proclaim him unworthy of serving in the Swedish army.

No duelling was permitted, and instead of that sinful practice a court of honour, consisting of the highest officers, was appointed to investigate cases which did not directly come under the cognizance of the law, while the person condemned by this court had still the right of restoring his character by some distinguished act of valour.

The punishment for plundering, even in the enemy's country, was death—a severe, but perhaps unavoidable penalty. Cards and drinking parties were not tolerated, while the men were provided with some occupation to prevent the consequences of idleness. Conjugal infidelity was also punished literally and inexorably, according to the word of God. No unmarried woman was suffered in the army under any pretence whatever; but every married man might, if

THE LANDING OF THE SWEDISH ARMY IN GERMANY

he chose, have his wife with him on the march. The children were as carefully trained as if they were at home; and a separate tent for the school and schoolmaster was the first pitched at each encampment. Except on the march, the school was regularly kept up.

It is, however, a very natural inquiry, how it was possible to maintain such strict discipline; and here we see the direct and indirect influence of vital godliness. To the real Christians in the army these laws were no burden. It was only what they wished. To many others also, who, without knowing the secret springs of Christianity, merely saw the beauty of outward order and propriety, the army regulations of Gustavus Adolphus were no heavy yoke. In others, the force of example led to compliance. But something more was done to ensure cheerful obedience. Every man in the army knew that the king was deeply interested in his welfare, and that he was thoroughly acquainted with his state—both with what he was doing and suffering. The pay was never in arrears. Every man was sure of clothing suited to the climate and the season, and of food as good as circumstances would at all permit. At least he knew that his king fared no better than himself. The interest taken by the king in his army gained him their hearts.

A constant sense of the presence of God gave firmness and kindness to every word and tone of Gustavus; and his own spirit animated his whole army. While Germany manifested a pitiable spectacle of jealousy and delay, he and his army were as one man, driving back the scourge from the land. The day that he met with his death, he had a presentiment of what was coming, but, undaunted, he engaged in prayer in the morning with his soldiers as usual, although with more than usual fervency. It was his last prayer on earth; for he fell that day.

Such was the end of Gustavus, the champion of Protestant truth. Whatever we may think of war in the abstract, all must acknowledge that even in that appalling school the Christian principle of the subject of our biography shone forth, mitigating evils that would otherwise have run to greater excess, while his prayerfulness, his dependence upon God for aid, his jealous care to repress evil and foster good, make him an example in these respects fit even for private imitation.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE CHRISTIAN MASTER.

THE right discharge of duty on the part of masters implies and demands the possession of personal piety. To fulfil any relative or social obligation properly, we need the guidance of Christian principle, springing from a living faith in the Saviour, and from the teaching of the Divine Spirit. It is written, "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God." This is true, not of rulers and nations only, but of heads of households, masters, mistresses, and employers also. They are all required to give to those who are placed under them, that which is "just and equal." A true sense of responsibility to "a Master in heaven" can only be realized by those who are constrained by the love of Christ, and who feel that they are under law to him. The duties of masters are numerous and difficult, and they have respect to the souls as well as the bodies, to the spiritual as well as to the temporal welfare of their dependents. Surely, then, it becomes all such, each to say to himself, "I am a man in authority, and have servants under me; but am I myself in subjection to Christ? Do I believe on him as my Redeemer? Do I wait upon him as my Teacher and Guide? And because 'he loved me, and gave himself for me,' am I desirous to 'walk within my house with a perfect heart,' and do I seek in his grace to carry out the resolve, 'As for me and my house we will serve the Lord?'"

Every Christian should feel himself called upon uniformly to act towards servants on the principles of justice and equity. "And ye masters," is the apostle's injunction, "do the same things unto them." Eph. vi. 9. "Give unto your servants that which is just and equal." Col. iv. 1. "If it be the duty of servants to be faithful, honest, and just; and if integrity, uprightness, and good-will should pervade all their services—as unquestionably every employer considers ought to be the case—it is equally the duty of masters to be actuated by similar principles. 'That which is just and equal:' let this be the motto of masters and mistresses, in all their dealings with their servants; and let their standard of equity and justice be fixed by the perfect and universal rule, 'As ye would that they should do to you.'"

This principle of equity indicates that authority should be exercised *with mildness*. It is true that servants are enjoined to be obedient, "not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward," and are assured that if they "endure grief, suffering wrongfully," that "this is acceptable with God." But on this account is the harsh, unkind, and "froward" master less guilty before him? Is it not written that "he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong that he hath done, for there is no respect of persons with God?"

Christian masters! beware of the temptation arising from the possession of absolute authority (so dear to the proud heart of man) to treat your servants with harshness and severity. "While," says Archbishop Leighton, "religion binds children and servants to be most submissive and obedient, even to the worst kind of parents and masters, *always in the Lord*—on the other side this does not justify, nor at all excuse, the unmerciful austerities and unbridled passions of masters. It is still a perverseness and *crooked ness* in them (as the word 'froward' signifies), and must have its own name, and shall have its proper reward from the sovereign Master and Lord of all the world."

"It is," he adds, "a more deformed thing to have a distorted, crooked mind, or a froward spirit, than any crookedness of the body. How can he that hath servants under him expect their obedience, when he cannot command his own passion, but is a slave to it? And unless much conscience of duty possess servants (more than is commonly to be found with them), it cannot but work a master into much disaffection and disesteem of them when he is of a turbulent spirit, a troubler of the house, embittering his affairs and commands with passion; upon every slight occasion, real or imagined, flying out into reproachful speeches, or proud threats, contrary to the apostle St. Paul's rule: 'Forbearing threatening, knowing that your Master also is in heaven; neither is there respect of persons with him.'

"Think, therefore, when you shall appear before the judgment-seat of God, that your carriage shall be examined and judged as well as theirs, and think that, though *we* regard much those differences of masters and servants, they are nothing with God; they vanish away in *his* presence."*

These solemn and weighty words apply with equal force to mistresses as well as masters, and from the constant superintendence over servants required from them, where masters of households

* Leighton on 1 Peter ii. 18.

are absent during the day, are worthy of special attention and remembrance. Mothers, too, should guard their sons or daughters against the display of a spirit of harshness or severity towards servants. If young persons, instead of winning the hearts of servants by gentle kindness, are accustomed to treat them with haughtiness, and to gall their feelings by rude and bitter language, and if parents suffer this to be done under the secure shield of their authority, then the guilt of such parents is very great. When that youth becomes a master, and that girl a mistress, how probable is it that, becoming the tyrants of their respective households, they will inflict both on their servants and themselves the miseries which arise from a "froward," a crooked and distorted "spirit!"

But justice to servants extends to the *matter* as well as the *manner* of a master's requirements. If you would give unto your servants that which is just and equal, you *must not oppress and wrong them.* "If," says Job; "I did despise the cause of my man-servant or my maid-servant when they contended with me, what then shall I do when God riseth up? And when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?" Job xxxi. 13, 14.

And in how many ways may the wrong be inflicted! Surely there is wrong done when there is neither the approving look or word where long and faithful service is rendered. If day after day our domestics maintain a course of steady industry; if we see before our eyes the reality of the eastern tale which arrested our fancy in childhood—when, without personal toil, we find each morning the fire lighted, and the breakfast spread by unseen hands; if, in short, from morning to night, and night to morning, cleanliness, order, and neatness are ours, it becomes us to remember those who have obtained them for us. When "hunger is beaten back, light, warmth, food, and sleep (the necessities of our animal existence) are all provided without our stretching a hand for ourselves; surely the agency by which such great things are secured is worthy of the earnest regard of all who are born to be served."

But what if the wages paid be inadequate to the service rendered? What, if a young woman in humble life is compelled to submit to terms which are not just and equal, or otherwise starve? What if the well-educated girl is engaged to instruct the children of the high-born or the wealthy for a miserable pittance? What if employers are guilty of "withholding more than is meet" from their young men; and what if, on some frivolous pretext, one or another youth is suddenly and heartlessly dismissed when his services are no longer profitable? What saith the Scripture of such oppression as this? "I will come near to you to judgment, and I will be a swift witness . . . . against them that oppress the hireling in his wages, and that turn aside the stranger from his rights, and that fear not me, saith the Lord of hosts."

"Thou shalt neither vex the stranger nor oppress him.

"Thou shalt not oppress an hired servant that is poor and needy."

There are other forms of oppression against which Christian masters are bound to guard. Among these may be mentioned the dealing out of food to servants in such stinted and insufficient measure that the victim of this cruelty, deprived of abundant nourishment at a time of life when it is most required, is injured in health and incapacitated for labour, or else is placed under urgent temptation to steal that which has been so heartlessly denied.

Sometimes, too, "a servant of all work" may have imposed on her an amount of labour far beyond her strength. There are many cases also where the hours of toil are protracted so long that all opportunity of mental and spiritual improvement is lost, and many sink into premature graves. In many houses, too, servants sleep in rooms where cold, damp, or want of proper ventilation, undermine the health and emperil the life.

As to the sudden dismissal of servants, it involves a very serious responsibility. It ought not to be decided on hastily and inconsiderately in a moment of irritation, or for some trifling fault. Before you come to the resolution of parting with a servant, look back and reflect whether you have done all you could to improve the character and to save the soul. Consider also how serious a thing it is to cut off the servant from the privileges of a Christian household. These privileges may, it is true, be enjoyed elsewhere, or *they may not.* Besides, when from cold suspicion or a slight fault a *female* servant is dismissed, let it be remembered that this (as has been often the case) may be the first step to her ruin. It may be repented of, but pride may forbid the making of reparation, or it may be followed by no compunction. But, oh! if dismissal leads to abject poverty, and this to vice and ruin, how great the guilt on the soul! If masters and mistresses were aware of the dreadful consequences that often flow from rigorous severity, such dismissals would be less frequent.

To discharge a servant, unless for some aggravated offence is wantonly to expose her to very great danger. A few reproving words, a little timely admonition, might, in many cases, prevent the repetition of faults, and save many a female from a life of sin and a death of horror.

But, if masters would fulfil their obligations, they must add to justice and kindness direct

efforts for the spiritual improvement of those who serve them.

As essential to success in these efforts, there must be the eloquent example of a godly and consistent life. If you would enjoin upon servants self-control, sweetness of temper, a contented, humble, and thankful spirit, and if you exhibit not these in your own walk and conversation, you need not expect that your teachings will be very successful.

Again, it is your duty to preserve them from scenes of temptation. A desire to visit fairs, races, tea-gardens, and similar places of sinful amusement, must be checked at once by the firmness of your resistance. They may consider the frequenting of such scenes as harmless, but you are bound not only to point out their evil tendency, but also to give them a taste for purer enjoyments, and to afford them facilities for innocent recreation.

Some servants are so ignorant, their education has been so neglected, that they cannot read, and are utterly unacquainted with the first principles of true religion. Are these to be allowed to remain in your house for months, perhaps for years, without an attempt to enlighten their minds? Many such, entering into the service of pious families, have had pains taken with them, so that they have been taught to read the Holy Scriptures, and, through the blessing of the Holy Spirit applying the truth, have been made wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus. Is there no member, dear reader, of your household who would undertake such a task. It is true it will require much faith and perseverance. But let love to Christ, pity for a soul perishing for lack of knowledge, and a solemn sense of responsibility, prevail in your heart, and for the instruction of the ignorant, or the reclaiming of the vicious servant, you will not grudge either prayer or pains. If these dark and erring ones have been neglected by their parents, or if they are orphans, be it yours to impart to them Christian education as fully as is in your power. For this purpose converse with them, read to them, and explain portions of the word of God, and encourage them also in any effort they may make to acquire spiritual knowledge. Urge upon them "repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ," and show them the need of "the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost."

There have often been hopefully inquiring servants, who, if masters or mistresses had spoken with them about their souls, and had opened up before them the way to God, through faith in his Son, might long ere this have been like the pilgrim who cast his burden at the foot of the cross, and might have been far advanced on the path to heaven. There are seasons also, in which, without any sacrifice of their relative position, masters and mistresses might sow good seed in the hearts of their servants. Amongst these are the quiet evening hours, when the work of the day is over. There is the time set apart for family worship, morning and evening. Masters, employers, do you gather your household thus around you? Do you, with devout solemnity, read and explain the Scriptures? and with stated regularity do you, with holy earnestness, not with a cold and heartless formality, offer up the morning and evening service? Can that be called a Christian household where domestic worship is neglected? And should not every servant, if possible, be present when it is observed?

As to the sabbath, let the law which demands rest from labour, not only from the master, but from "thy man-servant and thy maid-servant within thy gates," be deeply pondered. Alas! in how many families is the Lord's day so desecrated by feasting and self-indulgence that it is to the servant a period of the severest toil. In many Christian families also there is so much unnecessary work done in cooking and other matters, that domestics are deprived of the rest which is due to them. It is surely worthy of consideration whether such preparations might not be made on the day previous, as to avoid what seems to be a growing evil.

Unless under special circumstances, every servant should have secured to him or to her the opportunity of attending the house of God *once* every sabbath. And let masters see that they direct their servants to those places where the gospel is faithfully preached, and take care also that the time assigned for the purpose be not employed in idleness or in bad company, while it is pretended that it has been spent in the sanctuary.

There are peculiar facilities at the present day for furnishing to servants in families suitable religious books. And if a present be made to a servant or apprentice, how important that it should include at least the useful volume, and that it should not minister to the love of dress and display!* Masters, we may add, may likewise do much to foster habits of providence in their domestics, by encouraging them to make some small deposit, in savings banks, against a day of sickness.

Christian master! your responsibilities are great. By earnest prayer, by consistent example, by strict equity, by kindness and patience

* A small library for servants, in a little book-case, can be had for a very moderate sum at the Religious Tract Society. "The history of Ruth Clark," an interesting and cheap tract, is also admirably adapted for circulation among servants.

towards your servants, as well as by direct efforts to instruct them and do them good, seek to be found faithful. The day of reckoning hastens on; you shall meet these dependants in the presence of the common Judge. May you now sow in faith, and, if need be, with tears; and *then* may you reap a harvest of joy!

THE TRAVELS OF THE CROSS.

"Away with legends! Truth must sway;
Jesus the truth, the life, the way."—SOLWIN.

THE cool effrontery, the unholy audacity, and the amusing credulity, with which the unhappy church of Rome and its adherents have broached, sustained, and received, the fable of the finding and undiminishable quality of the cross of Christ,—that very cross on which our adorable Redeemer paid the penalty of human guilt, and ransomed his church with his all-atoning blood—must shock the feelings of a Christian. I purpose in the present article to state this fable, and also to show the improbability of the story, and the impossibility of the later figments added by papal chroniclers to the original "invention of the cross."

But let me first admit a reflection. St. Paul bursts forth (Gal. vi. 14) into that noble saying, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!" Did his manly soul say this of the *wood* of the cross? No; when *he* gloried in the cross of Christ, he meant such grand ideas as these: "I glory in the *doctrine* of the cross, in the *blood* of the cross, in the *grace* of the cross, in the *persecution* of the cross, not in the wood; for that saved not my Divine master, nor can it save me." In this lofty sense, I say with Dr. Watts:—

"Christ and his cross are all my theme:
The mysteries that I speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem
And folly to the Greek.
But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

Let us now look at the legend gradually manufactured by the papal church, in reference to the pretended true cross of Christ. It presents a saddening picture of ghostly imposture, offensive to truth, and helpful to infidelity; for painfully true it is that often—

"To Louis, Borgia, Becket, Laud,
We owe the men who slight their God."

The authorities I shall draw from are mostly original and very ancient; among whom are the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, Muratori, Dugdale and Lord Lyttelton; to which I may add Jortin's Remarks on Ecclesiastical History; whence the reader may infer that the following statements are, I say not truthful, but really the fictions of Romanist writers. Not that *all* my authorities are such, but those that are Protestant draw their facts from Papists.

Under the year A.D. 199 of my Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, I find a notification that the true cross, on which our Lord expired, was found in that year. This event is fitly called, "The invention of the cross," by papal authors; for a more real invention the monkish venders of ideal relics scarcely ever before palmed on the credulity of ill-used humanity. The person said to have found this cross was Helena, daughter of Coel, a king of Wales, and mother of Constantine, the first Christian emperor of Rome. This lady, it is the pleasure of monkish chroniclers to tell us, went on pilgrimage to Jerusalem when almost eighty years of age, as she wished to rescue from its long oblivion the cross of our Redeemer. As usual in monkish chroniclers, "a vision" pointed out the spot where it had lain buried ever since Christ died upon it; that is 166 years, if we follow the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, but of necessity much longer than that, for Helena must have died about 280 years after the incarnation.

"Those writers," remarks Ingram, "who mention this grand discovery, disagree so much in their chronology, that it is a vain attempt to reconcile them to truth or to each other."* Helena was rich, zealous, and old. In all ages the Levantine monks have grossly imposed on such pilgrims; and what more easy than for some sly rogue to get a cross made, and secure a princely guerdon for his imposture? Soon rose a church over the spot where it was fabled this true cross had lain; the greater part of the wood was gorgeously enshrined, to adorn "and sanctify" the altar of that church; and the remnant, Helena (who of course becomes Saint Helena) sent off to her imperial son Constantine.

As all papal churches are jealous of each other's popularity and success, especially those pertaining to the rival monkish orders, or papal sects, the immense treasures heaped upon this new church at Jerusalem—for gaping, misguided pilgrims now flocked to it from all parts of papal Europe, thereby "to obtain the forgiveness of all their sins"—suggested to the wily monks of the west that *they*, too, might as well get a piece of this cross, and thus draw devotees and gold to *their* church or churches. We shall soon see the humiliating result.

Rich laymen also bought lumps of this mystical "invention;" and wealth that might have purchased a princely estate was sometimes given for the merest fragment. The profound igno-

* Note to year 199 in Anglo-Saxon Chron.

rance of that and of subsequent ages, forgetful, or not knowing, that salvation flows from the *crucified*, and not from his wooden cross, fancied this a palladium of safety from all evils, like the statue fabled to have "fallen from Jupiter," (Acts xix. 35). But how, alas! could it be otherwise? for the crafty priesthood and the mendacious friars did all in their power to cherish this appalling delusion. As one may say of the pagan church, "like gods, like priests;" so of the church papal, "like priests, like people."

At length several churches had "the whole real cross of Christ," found by Helena; while scarcely a monastic pile, abbey, or convent of nuns, was unable to assure its supporters and worshippers that it could boast the possession of a portion of the original cross. It has been said, and I deliberately assent, that at one time there was as much of the true cross among the churches as would have built a small king's navy; just as several popish churches in our own day actually pretend to have "the real holy coat of Christ," and several others "the real head of John the Baptist."

But the papal priesthood, and the Greek also, soon invented an amusing solution of this difficulty. It was dexterously fabled, by St. Cyril, that the cross was a miracle in itself, inasmuch as, whatever splinters you take from it, it always grows again.* In the nature of things, however, this figment still leaves a very obstinate difficulty; it cannot account for a plurality of true crosses. Is it not a very melancholy thing that after man "has forsaken the fountain of living waters," to trust in "a broken cistern," his fall leads him to invent a fresh falsehood in order to bolster up his first departure from the simple, saving truth of the Christian Scriptures?

But where is the true cross now—the major portion, I mean, left by Helena in the church of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, some fifteen hundred years ago? Its history is singular; let us trace it.

1. For about three hundred years this invented jewel and enshrined relic reposed securely on its original altar in Jerusalem. But in the seventh century, Kosru, king of Persia, a pagan sovereign, invaded the holy city with a powerful force, and carried off this valuable prize, together with the Christian patriarch or bishop of Jerusalem himself. It was now in possession of the Persians.

2. Fourteen years afterwards, the oriental emperor, Heraclius, made peace with Kosru, and by one of its stipulations the cross was restored to its original altar. The anniversary of this event is still a festival of the oriental church, called "The exaltation of the cross." Oh! how vastly wiser, did the eastern pale preach rather the exaltation of the atoning victim that bled upon it!

3. This cross of Helena, after all, is for the present no longer at Jerusalem. In the year of Christ 636, soon after its travels to and from Persia, Jerusalem was invaded and taken by an army of Arabs, when Heraclius had this cross and its valuable shrine of gold and gems carefully stowed away. It was now sent off to Constantinople, to be out of peril from Mohammedan warriors, and set up in the Greek church of St. Sophia. Bede, I believe, mentions this fact, but I have carefully searched my copy of his very interesting, but most bigoted, ecclesiastical history in vain, as also Roger of Wendover. The fact, however, is certain, as certain at least as not very reliable chroniclers can make it, and is received as true historic detail.

4. We next, with certainty, find Helena's cross at Monte Casino in Italy.* In Constantinople it had quietly reposed for about 440 years, owned by the Greek church, not the papal; but in the year 1078, at the sorrowful overthrow of the Byzantine or oriental empire by the ruthless Turks, this singular relic was seized by a man named Amalfi, who very honourably conveyed it to the monastery of Monte Casino, and left it there with all its ornaments of gold and jewels.

5. Did it find rest there? Not long. At this time the bishop of Rome, ever on the watch to violate the apostolic independence of the four oriental patriarchs and their character, roused the western pale to undertake those singularly wild and useless enterprises called the crusades. One of the rabble of armies that marched into the East carried along with it, from the Monte Casino monks, this same Helenic cross, as a charm against the flashing steel of the Othmans. Better the feeble should trust in the might of the Lord; "He is their help and their shield;" a wooden cross, however rich or old, is a broken reed. But man is "slow of heart" to confide in God's methods of safety.

6. Now we find the cross again in Palestine, but how fared it this time? I here find myself somewhat perplexed, for Vinisauf says that at the fatal battle of Tiberias, between the crusaders and Saladin, in 1187, the Turks carried off the *entire* cross; but Muratori informs us that only a *part* of it was lost.† Had it *all* gone, the genius of popery, or of the Greek monks,

* Baron. An. Eccl. A. D. 326, No. 50.

* Chron. Casinense, lib. iii., c. 55.

† Galf. de Vinisauf, lib. i. c. 5. Murat. Dissert., 58 vol. v., p. 10; edit. 1741.

could soon have replaced it by another "invention." The learned annalist, Muratori, states that on this occasion, or soon after, the capture was recaptured from Saladin's troops by a native of Genoa. He had, we learn, a perilous enterprise of it, but we are gravely assured that this pious Genoese, having got hold of the cross, was miraculously enabled to cross rivers, and even walk over the sea with it. But monks rarely boggle at a miracle when the fable serves their turn.

7. We next find this same true cross in Hungary. In the thirteenth century it appears once more, in spite of Saladin, as the sacred palladium of the king of Hungary and the duke of Austria. It thence fell into the possession of the Byzantine emperor Baldwin II, who sold the relic, in 1238, to Louis IX, king of France, who, as a supple devotee of Rome, but an able monarch, was canonised, in 1297, by Boniface VIII. Louis erected a fine ecclesiastical edifice to receive this cross, in which it long reposed in quiet, except that it had much business in working miracles. Perhaps, however, the greatest miracle of all is that the inventors of these "lying wonders" should so long have cozened intelligent men, made in the image of God. But we now reach the last voyage of the true cross.

8. And this last is the most mysterious of all. Louis IX died in the year 1270 in Africa, leaving the holy rood of Calvary, as this jewelled wood had so long been called, hard at work in sundry miraculous cures; but in 1575 it vanished in a most mysterious and unedifying way, and has never been heard of from that distant age!

And now, reader, what are thy thoughts? Mine I will freely tell thee. I have no faith in the legends of the true cross. An old lady of eighty, with the lavish purse of a princess, might have found the wheels of king Pharaoh's chariot in the Red Sea, had she sought for them among mendacious monks. In every age since, Helena's devout credulity has met the same sort of impositions; witness St. Paul's teeth in Malta, the annual imposture of the holy fire at Jerusalem, and a thousand other frauds at Rome, winking Madonnas, bleeding pictures, letters from souls in purgatory, and the recent insane virgin of Salette.

Doth the Bible say anything about the cross—the wood, I mean? No more than about an interceding virgin Mary, a mother of God, or a woman born without the fatal, or rather federal, original sin of our fallen race; and we must venerate the *silence* of holy Scripture as much as its plainest statements.

Oh, let us cease from man, and humbly seek truth at the fountain head—God's revealed and written, holy, infallible Testaments. There *is* a cross, however, at which I would ever gaze with holy love and humiliation; but that cross is not of wood, nor is seen but with the eye of faith. Yes—

> "When I survey the wondrous cross
> On which the Prince of Glory died,
> My richest gain I count but loss,
> And pour contempt on all my pride."

THE RESULTS OF A NATIONAL FAST.

THE Rev. Dr. Wisner remarks that the destruction of the French armament under the duke d'Anville, in the year 1746, should be remembered with gratitude and admiration by every inhabitant of America. This fleet, consisting of forty ships of war, was destined for the destruction of New England. It sailed from Chebucto, in Nova Scotia, for that purpose. In the mean time, the pious people, apprised of their danger, had appointed a season of fasting and prayer, to be observed in all their churches. While Mr. Prince was officiating in Old South church, Boston, on the fast-day, and praying most fervently that the dreaded calamity might be averted, a sudden gust of wind arose, (the day had till then been perfectly calm,) so violent as to cause a loud clattering of the windows. The reverend pastor paused in his prayer; and looking round upon the congregation with a countenance of hope, he again commenced, and with great devotional ardour supplicated the Almighty to cause that wind to frustrate the object of their enemies. A tempest ensued, in which the greater part of the French fleet was wrecked. The duke d'Anville, the principal general, and his second in command, both committed suicide. Many died from disease, and thousands were consigned to a watery grave. The small number who remained alive returned to France, without health and without spirits, and the enterprise was abandoned, never again to be resumed.

With reference to this and other similar instances, the late President Dwight remarks, in a discourse on answers to prayer: "I am bound, as an inhabitant of New England, to declare that, were there no other instances than the above to be found in any other country, the blessings communicated on the occasion now referred to would furnish ample satisfaction, concerning the subject of answers to prayer, to every sober, much more to every pious man."

FAITH doth not, especially at first, so stay the soul as to take away all suspicion and fears; yet the prevailing of unbelief is taken away. The needle in the compass will stand north, though with some trembling, and the ship that lies at anchor may sometimes be tossed, yet it will remain so fastened that it cannot be carried away by wind or weather.—WILCOX.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

73. Miriam. Exod. xv. 20. Deborah. Judg. iv. 4. Huldah. 2 Kings xxii 14. Anna. Luke ii. 36. Philip's daughters. Acts xxi. 9.

74. Joshua vi. 26. "Joshua adjured them at that time, saying, Cursed be the man before the Lord that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho; he shall lay the foundation thereof in his firstborn, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it." 1 Kings xvi. 34. "In his days (Ahab's) did Hiel the Bethelite build Jericho; he laid the foundation thereof in Abiram, his firstborn, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son, Segub, according to the word of the Lord."

75. 1 Kings xxi. 25, 26. "There was none like unto Ahab, which did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord."

76. He refers to the second person in the Trinity, as is proved from verse 14—"The Word *was made flesh* and dwelt among us."

77. Isa. xliv. 28. "That saith of Cyrus, He is my shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure: even saying to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built; and to the temple, Thy foundation shall be laid." For the fulfilment of the prophecy see Ezra i. 1—4.

78. Heb. i. 14. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

79. On account of their cruelty to the Shechemites, as recorded in Genesis xxxiv. See Genesis xlix. 7. "Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce, and their wrath, for it was cruel: I will divide them in Jacob, and scatter them in Israel."

80. See Numbers xviii. 6. "And I, behold I have taken your brethren the Levites from among the children of Israel: to you they are given as a gift for the Lord, to do the service of the tabernacle of the congregation." v. 21. "And, behold, I have given, the children of Levi all the tenth in Israel for an inheritance, for their service which they serve:" or 23, 24. "It shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations, that among the children of Israel they have no inheritance. But the tithes of the children of Israel, which they offer as a heave offering unto the Lord, I have given to the Levites to inherit." See also Joshua xiii. 14, 33.

81. 1 Chron. v. 1, 2. "His birthright was given unto the sons of Joseph the son of Israel. . . . . For Judah prevailed above his brethren, and of him came the chief ruler; but the birthright was Joseph's."

82. Gen. xvii. 1. "The Lord appeared unto Abram and said unto him, I am the Almighty God." Daniel iv. 35. "He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?" Matt. xix. 26. "With God all things are possible."

83. Matt. xxviii. 18. "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." Rev. i. 8. "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty."

84. John i. 1. "In the beginning was the word." John iii. 13. "No man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven." John vi. 62. "What and if ye shall see the Son of man ascend up where he was before?" John viii. 58. "Before Abraham was, I am." John xvii. 5. "Now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was."

85. 1 Kings v. 6. "There is not among us any that can skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians."

86. To Abijah the son of Jeroboam. 1 Kings xiv. 13. "He only of Jeroboam shall come to the grave, because in him there is found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel in the house of Jeroboam." To Josiah. 2 Kings xxii. 19, 20. "Because thine heart was tender, and thou hast humbled thyself before the Lord . . . . . I will gather thee unto thy fathers, and thou shalt be gathered into thy grave in peace; and thine eyes shall not see all the evil which I will bring upon this place."

87. 2 Chron. iv. 17. "In the plain of Jordan did the king cast them, in the clay ground between Succoth and Zeredathah."

88. 1 Kings xxi. 8. "She (Jezebel) wrote letters in Ahab's name and sealed them with his seal." Neh. ix. 38. "We make a sure covenant, and write it; and our princes, Levites, and priests, seal unto it." Esther iii. 12. "In the name of king Ahasuerus was it written, and sealed with the king's ring." viii. 8. "The writing which is written in the king's name, and sealed with the king's ring, may no man reverse." Dan. vi. 17. "And a stone was brought and laid upon the mouth of the den; and the king sealed it with his own signet, and with the signet of his lords; that the purpose might not be changed concerning Daniel." Matt. xxvii. 66. "So they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch."

89. 2 Cor. i. 22. "Who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts." Eph. i. 13. "In whom, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise." iv. 30. "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." Rev. vii. 3. "Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads."

90. Jesus. See John i. 9; viii. 12; xii. 46.

91. *Sun* of righteousness. Mal. iv. 2. "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings." *The morning star.* Rev. xxii. 16. "I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star."

92. Joab was David's nephew. See 2 Sam. ii. 18, and 1 Chron. ii. 16.

93. Job xxxviii. 7. "When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

94. Luke ii. 7. "She brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn." ix. 58. "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." viii. 2, 3. "The twelve were with him and certain women, ... which ministered unto him of their substance." Matt. xvii. 27. "Go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money; that take and give unto them for me and thee." 2 Cor. viii. 9. "For your sakes he became poor." Gal. iv. 4. "God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law." Phil. ii. 7. "But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men."

95. Matt. xxv. 31. "When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory. xxvi. 64. "Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." Mark viii. 38. "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me, ... of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of the Father, with the holy angels." 1 Thes. iv. 16. "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, with the trump of God." Rev. i. 7. "Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him," etc. etc.

96. 1 Kings v. 9. "My servants shall bring them down from Lebanon unto the sea, and I will convey them by sea on floats unto the place that thou shalt appoint me, and will cause them to be discharged there, and thou shalt receive them."

Page for the Young.

WILLIE.

A REMINISCENCE OF A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

"DEAR Willie, how are you to-day?"

"I feel better at present, thank you, teacher; I think this sun does me good. What beautiful flowers you have there!"

"Yes, and they are for *you*, Willie."

"Oh, thank you! I am so glad, for I do love flowers."

"Why do you love them so much, dear?"

"For one thing, they are so pretty; and then I have *such* thoughts about them."

"What thoughts, Willie?"

"About their Maker."

"I suppose they make you think how *great* he is?"

"Yes, that, but far more than that. The sun, and the moon, and the stars, the wind and the storms, tell me *that*; but the little flowers whisper so lovingly."

"What do they say, Willie?"

"Oh, teacher, you must be *trying* me, to see whether remember all that you have said to me about them; for was it not you who taught me that beautiful piece of poetry which commences with—

"'God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For medicine, luxury, and food,
And yet have made no flowers!'"

You will have found out by this time that Willie is a sick boy, and that his teacher has come to see him; and you are quite right in your guess. Yes, there he sits in the great chair, supported by pillows. His widowed mother has drawn it to the cottage window, that he may look out on their little garden, and up to the clear blue sky, above which Willie will soon be. He has been ill a long time, and his sickness has made him very thoughtful for one so young. Oh! what would Willie have done during the long weary months of sickness, had he not been taught to think the good thoughts which were his companions! But the Saviour, who carries the little lambs in his bosom, and sends a gentle warm wind for them when they are shorn of their fleeces, so that they may not feel their loss, made up to Willie for the loss of health, and freedom, and companions, and boyish sports, by sending his Spirit as THE COMFORTER.

His teacher *was* trying him, as he said, and rejoiced to find how deeply her lessons had sunk in his heart.

While I have been telling you this, Willie has been saying the rest of the verses which we heard him begin. Now let us listen again: he is just saying,

"'To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith grows dim,
That he who careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him.'

"I love that verse very much," said Willie; "I think of it often, and I say it to my mother when *her* 'faith grows dim,' and she 'wonders what she will do when I am gone.'"

As Willie's teacher looked on that young face, so full of peace and trust, she said to herself, "Dear Willie! it is not the first time that a child has been a teacher. May I learn of you now!"

Then she said, "Willie, can you tell me nothing that the Bible says about flowers?"

"Oh yes," said he; "and that is another reason why I love flowers, because this dear book speaks of them. I could tell you a story about the good of that, shall I, teacher?"

"Do, Willie."

"Well, one week, when mother was ill, and unable to do any sewing, we had no money coming in, and so she began to grieve, and to tell me how sorry she was that I should have to be without the nice things which she manages to buy for me, and how, if her illness continued, she would not be able even to get bread. Then I said, Mother, when the Lord Jesus was hungry, and did not know in *what way* he was to get his next meal, he told Satan that 'man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God;' so let *us* see whether we cannot find some promise in that word to do us good. So then I found that beautiful sermon of Christ's where he speaks of the lilies. Will you read it, please, for I begin to grow tired?" said Willie.

His teacher then read, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, oh ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we be clothed? (for after all these things do the Gentiles seek) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, *and all these things shall be added unto you.*"

"Ah! there is the promise," said Willie, "and it did my mother so much good that she said, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust him.' And God made her well soon after."

"I thank you, Willie, for your nice story, and I am glad that you remember so well the lessons you have received, and that the Great Teacher, the Holy Spirit, has taught you to make use of them for your own good and that of others. We will not talk much more to-day, my boy, but I will just say to you before I go, that our Saviour himself has directed our attention to flowers, for when speaking of them, he chose the very strongest words to express his admiration: 'EVEN SOLOMON in ALL his GLORY was not arrayed like one of these.' And do you not think, dear child, that the same lessons of faith, and hope, and trust which he taught to others by their means, sustained and refreshed his own soul? Let us never forget that the Lord Jesus was man as well as God, and that he, who had not where to lay his head, and to whom some Galilean women ministered of their substance, was cheered in his poverty by the sight of even a wayside flower."

Willie's eyes were filled with tears, and with clasped hands he earnestly said, "Oh! may I love him more!"

"That you may, dear Willie, is your teacher's fervent prayer. And now, good-bye. I hope to be able to come again soon to see you."

[To be continued.]

my dear Mary, is, that God would be graciously pleased to restore you to perfect health and strength. And if it does not come so soon or so completely as we all desire, do not be discouraged, but trust yourself in his hands who is the giver of every good and perfect gift. In his all-wise dispensations, he often deals with us, not exactly according to our wishes, but as is best for us, if we will but think so, and trust in him; be sure of this.

"I give you my pocket Bible, Mary; not because you have not one of your own, but because I know you will like to have one that has, of late, been much in my hands, and has, by God's blessing, been the means of pouring into my soul such happiness and comfort and joy, as can hardly be understood by any who have not experienced the same; for 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' Such, in some measure at least, has been my experience since God has been pleased to open my eyes, that I might behold wondrous things out of his law. And there is no greater blessing I can wish for you, dear sister, no, nor any half so great, as that you may have the same joyful hope and prospect.

"Well, this Bible has done so much for me that I think you will prize it and read it for my sake; and, besides this, I have ventured to mark some passages in it which have been very useful to me in dispersing many of my erroneous opinions. I should wish you to read them, that you may see by what processes I have been led to the conclusions at which I have arrived, and what have been the means of happiness to my soul. You know, dear sister, since your illness, I have not been able to say much to you, only to pray with you sometimes, and for you often; and now you are stronger and better, we shall be far apart; let this dear friend of mine, then—this pocket Bible—be the bond of union and communication betwixt us.

"But you will think that I am gloomy, and that I wish to make you so, too. Indeed, perhaps, you have reason to think so, if you remember a conversation we had together some months ago. And you do remember it, I dare say, because you came to me and charged me with an alteration which you had remarked in my general conduct. I confessed then that I was not happy in what I thought to be religion; and you reminded me that our dear mother, who loved the Bible above all other possessions, was always cheerful and happy in *her* religion. Well, I have found out the cause of this great difference. I was unhappy because, though convinced of sin and danger, in having broken God's just and perfect law, I had not at that time discerned the only way of deliverance and eternal safety. I saw that God was infinitely just and infinitely holy; but the more I saw of this, the less could I discover how he would be 'the justifier of the ungodly.' It seemed to be incumbent on me to work out a righteousness of my own, to fit me to receive the mercy of the gospel. I believe this to be a common mistake, but it is a very sad one; and while it bewilders the mind, it is impossible there can be peace.

"Let me tell you how I came to discover my error. I visited a poor dying man. I believed him to be ignorant; and so, indeed, he was in much that it is of small importance to know; and I thought, because he was poor in this world, that he must needs be unhappy. My object and I think my sincere desire was, to teach and comfort this poor old man—for he was old as well as infirm, and suffering from a painful and incurable disease.

"Never was I more mistaken. Instead of needing to receive instruction from me—(from me! I smile sometimes, now, when I think of my presumptuous folly)—he became my teacher; and a kind and loving and humble, as well as a wise, teacher was he. Instead of needing comfort, his soul overflowed with happiness and peace. It seemed as though he had realized, in their fullest intent, the Saviour's own words: 'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' I was curious to know the cause of this heavenly repose of soul in one so unversed in philosophy, so destitute and so afflicted also; but I could not venture to ask it of him. Perhaps he saw my perplexity, for he put a question to me which led me, naturally, to speak of the foundation of my own hopes of acceptance with God. And then did he gently direct me to such passages in the Bible as precisely met my case. Now, I had many times read these passages before, but it was with a dark mind and many preconceptions; but by the grace of God, new and divine light seemed to be cast upon them, when I read them again with an earnest desire to learn what is really his will; and I then discovered that I had been building my hopes—such as they were—on a sandy foundation, instead of on the Rock, Jesus Christ.

"I took up a hymn-book a few days ago, and alighted upon a hymn which so correctly and forcibly depicts my past uncertainty and distress, and the means of my deliverance from it, that I am tempted to copy it for you. Here it is:—

"Dying souls, fast bound in sin,
Trembling and repining,
With no ray of life divine
On your pathway shining:

Why in darkness wander on,
Filled with consternation?
Jesus lives; in him alone
Can you find salvation.

"Worthless all your righteousness;
You the law have broken;
Flee you then to sovereign grace:
Mercy thus hath spoken.
Why in deeds that you have done
Seek for consolation?
Jesus lives; in him alone
Can you find salvation.

"Guilty, helpless, and distressed,
Ruined, and despairing,
Toiling for deceitful rest;
Rebel, heaven daring!
Prostrate bow before his throne;
Take the lowest station:
Jesus lives; in him alone
Can you find salvation.

"Prostrate bow, confess your guilt,
Own your lost condition;
Yield to him whose blood was spilt
Unreserved submission.
Then no more in anguish groan—
Seek his mediation:
Jesus lives; in him alone
Can you find salvation.

"Linger not in all the plain—
Vengeance is pursuing;
'Mid the dying and the slain,
Save your soul from ruin;
Flee to Him who can atone,
Flee from condemnation:
Jesus lives; in him alone
Can you find salvation.

"It was this 'unreserved submission' which I had not before yielded, and I found myself struggling to overcome, with unassisted strength, the evil of my own heart. It was a vain struggle, my dear sister, for 'who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?' But God, who is rich in mercy to all that call upon him, gave me *this* mercy—to see that while there is no hope for the self-trusting and self-confident, there is every certainty of salvation, both from the penalty and the dominion of sin, to him that believeth on Jesus. Oh, my beloved sister, there is indeed, there is 'a strong consolation' for those 'who have fled for refuge, to lay hold upon the hope set before them.'"

A considerable time elapsed before I was released from the confinement in which I was placed; and when the light of day again shone on me, it was in a distant land—the land of olives and myrtles.

My new and fair owner's countenance was greatly altered; and her thin white hand trembled exceedingly as she broke the seal which enthralled me, and found within my covers her brother's letter.

The apartment was a pleasant room, overlooking a broad placid lake, which lay far below, for the house which was my owner's temporary residence, was high up on a mountain's side. The scenery around was beautiful to human eyes and hearts, and the warm rays of the sun glowed in the glorious valley.

"What have you there, Mary?" asked her father, who had entered the room unperceived, while my owner was reading with moistened eyes the letter of which I was the unresisting bearer.

"A kind note from dear Leonard, father," she replied, placing it in his hands.

"Perhaps it is not intended for my eyes," he said, kindly; "if it contains any secrets—"

"Oh no, father; what secrets can we have which you may not share? It is a kind letter; but, poor Leonard! he has been very odd of late."

"Very odd!" said Mr. Duncan, as he rapidly glanced at the contents of the note. "Poetry, too, I declare. Why, I never should have suspected Leonard of being so sentimental," he added with a slight sneer, when he had turned over to the last page; and he returned the letter without further remark.

"Poor Leonard," said the invalid, in a tender, compassionate tone; "if it makes him happy —"

"Oh, by all means, he must be happy in his own way. He will soon get this methodism rubbed out of him; that is one comfort. These hot fits of religion do not generally last long, I suspect."

"My mother loved the Bible very much, father," Mary Duncan ventured to remark.

"Your mother, Mary, was worthy to be an angel, if ever there were one," said the widowed father, with strong feeling; "she was the noblest, and kindest, and loveliest of her sex; do not let us speak of her."

"Yes," he added, after a short pause, as though he had combatted and overcome some strong disinclination, "your mother was an excellent woman, Mary, and she deserved all my love; but, you know, she had very peculiar notions about some things; indeed, she was herself, in some respects, very peculiar. I cannot exactly blame Leonard for falling into the same track, especially as he is, in every other way, all that we could wish. Besides, opposition always confirms young men in religious vagaries, when they unhappily fall into them. The best plan always is to let them alone. You will see by and bye that Leonard will write in a very different strain."

"Poor Leonard!" sighed the sister, once again. "I wish he were here; he must feel very lonely, now we are so far from home."

"It is better as it is," replied Mr. Duncan,

hastily. "In his present state of mind, he would be a very unfit companion for you. I did think of his accompanying us; but it would never have done; his dreadful gloomy superstitions would have thrown a shade over your spirits and impeded your recovery. No," he added, after a short pause, "he is better where he is."

"Father," said Miss Duncan, after a longer interval, and in a tone of deep seriousness, mingled with that of shrinking apprehension, "do you think I shall recover?" and she fixed on him her eyes with an earnest gaze, till they swam with tears; and still she looked as though her fate hung in suspense on his verdict.

"Recover, dearest!" exclaimed he, with an expression of gaiety which was distant—ah! how distant—from his heart, "Recover! Undoubtedly, my dear girl. What should put it into your dear whimsical brain to think otherwise? Have we not come hither on purpose that your health may be restored?"

"Many come to this country, dear father," whispered the poor invalid, "and come for health, who never find it, and never return home."

"Very different cases from yours, dear Mary; you may rely upon it that it is so. Did not the physicians say that it only wanted this little change to set you up again completely?"

"They do not always speak the truth, father," rejoined the anxious sufferer, still in a low tone of earnest solicitude, and never once letting drop her eyes from her father's countenance. He shrank for a moment beneath their piercing, touching, agonized gaze; but he rallied.

"Recover, dear Mary!" he repeated; "why, are you not already on the high road to recovery? You are much stronger now than when we came hither, only a week ago. I am sure you must know this yourself; and it is very evident to all besides."

"I do feel better, father; but, you know, I am very, very weak. A little exertion—how it fatigues me! I shall never be strong again, I fear;" and suffering her eyes to droop, she laid her burning flushed brow on her nerveless hand, and tears fell fast upon the letter which lay open before her.

"You are nervous to-day, my dear child," said Mr. Duncan, soothingly. "You must not let such thoughts distress you. There is no foundation for your fears, if—if we are but careful; but these painful fancies will throw you back again. You know we are not to expect any very rapid amendment; we must have patience. Your brother writes as much to you. I am sure he would be quite surprised to see you now. I could be very angry with him, though, for writing so nonsensically about his religious fancies. I think you had better let me have that letter, and the book."

"Oh no, no, father," Mary replied, rousing herself, and hastily brushing away her tears; "it is very foolish of me, I know. I will not behave so again, if I can help it. But it is not Leonard's letter exactly that has made me dull. Poor Leonard! No, I must keep his letter, though it is an odd one, as I said. But, father," she added, and then suddenly paused.

"Yes, dearest Mary."

"I have been thinking, not now particularly, but very often since my illness, and sometimes before—I have thought that if I were more like my mother, as she was——"

"You are like her, dear girl, in all her admirable qualities," said her father.

"No, no, not in religion; if I were but more like her in that."

"It was the only thing in which there was ever the slightest shade of difference between us, Mary; I do not wish you to imbibe the notions she held."

"And yet it made her happy at the very last, father," rejoined the anxious invalid; "and I have sometimes thought that if I should die —"

Mr. Duncan again interrupted his daughter with assurances of her speedy recovery. "You are low-spirited to-day, Mary, and you think a great deal too much of your slight—comparatively slight—indisposition. Depend upon it, we shall soon return home with quite another story to tell. Cheer up, dearest."

Then he proposed a drive in the warm sunshine; and a few minutes afterwards a carriage waited their bidding, and I was conveyed to the invalid's chamber. Let my readers make their own reflections on the conversation I have narrated.

SAINTS IN NERO'S HOUSEHOLD.

If ever there were an atmosphere hostile to Christianity, it must have been that of the Roman court, with Nero at its head. We could not have been surprised had the religion of Jesus striven in vain for admission. Yet, nevertheless, converts were made, and that too without any extraordinary agency, since it was not the preaching of St. Paul, but only of subordinate ministers. Certainly such an instance as this would show the worthlessness of an excuse with which men would sometimes palliate their neglect of religion; that they are exposed to such temptations, surrounded by such hindrances, or liable to such opposition, that it is vain for them to enter on the great duties of religion.

Surely no man could ever be placed in more disadvantageous circumstances than the members

of Nero's household. Where could he be exposed to greater danger, more obloquy, or severer loss, for the cause of Christianity? And, while we have full evidence that even Nero's servants could overcome every obstacle, and shine as lights in the Redeemer's church, we can never admit that the temporal circumstances of any man disqualify him for being a true Christian.

We will not at present discuss whether it be a man's duty when he feels his circumstances unfavourable to personal religion, to endeavour to escape from them; we now only say that the case may be often one in which there is no escape, and in which the duty of remaining may be just as evident as that of contending against the evil. We will take, for example, an instance most naturally suggested by our subject, that of a servant in an irreligious household. We have great sympathy with persons so situated; it is one of no common difficulty. Their superiors set them bad examples, and they have, perhaps, few opportunities of joining in public devotion, or in cultivating any religious tendencies; these would bring on them the displeasure of the master, and probably the ridicule of their associates.

We repeat that we have great sympathy with an individual so circumstanced; but be his difficulties what they may, they will not fail to disappear before the earnest resolve "to set the law of the Lord alway before him."

We have great pleasure in contemplating the moral power with which God has invested the meanest of his people. The power of consistent example is wonderfully efficient in silently acting upon others, and assimilating them to itself. Let the irreligious master perceive that there is no one in his household so trustworthy as the professed disciple of Christ; no one on whose word he can place such dependence; no one who serves him with equal industry and conscientiousness, and it can hardly fail that this master will receive an impression favourable to religion, whatever may have been his prejudice and opposition.

There is much highly ennobling in this; for the meanest in a household, whose days are employed in the lowest offices, is thus represented as invested with the power of gaining triumphs for Christianity, and turning many to righteousness. There may be families to which the preacher can gain no access; they will not come to hear him on the sabbath, and would scowl on him as an intruder in the week. And what instrumentality is there which can act on such families, barred up as they are against both public and private ministrations of the word? Nothing would be more hopeful than the instrumentality of pious domestics, and therefore God forbid that such should hastily withdraw themselves from households such as these. We send that servant as our missionary into the very centre of that inaccessible family; not to deliver messages with the lips, but through his life; and we can almost venture to predict that if he do indeed "adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour," it will gradually come to pass that religion will conciliate in some measure the respect of those around him, inducing them perhaps to seek for themselves what they see working so beautifully in another.

Let no man think that he cannot be expected to make much progress in religion, because his calling is one of great moral danger, keeping him associated with those who hate good, and employed in what tends to increase worldly-mindedness. It will be probably from situations such as this that God shall gather into his kingdom of heaven the most eminent of his servants. It may not be from cloistered solitudes where piety had but little to contend with, that the distinguished ones shall advance when Christ distributes the prizes of eternity. It may be from the court where worldliness reigned; from the exchange where gold was the idol; and from the family where godliness was held in derision. There may, indeed, be exalted piety where there has not been extraordinary trial; but the greater trial, met in God's strength, will be almost sure to issue in such prayerfulness, such faith, such devotedness, as can hardly be looked for where there is but little to rouse, to alarm, and harass.

Therefore let those be of good cheer who, if pious at all, must be so in spite of a thousand hindrances and disadvantages. Let these only make them more earnest in prayer and diligent in labour, and they will prove their best helps in working out salvation.

Witness those to whom the apostle refers: "chiefly they of Cæsar's household." There were none in Rome in whom the flame of Christian love was so bright as in those confined to the most polluted of atmospheres. God appointed them their stations; they submitted in obedience to his will; and the result was that the lamp, which you would have thought must go out in so pestilent an air, burnt stronger and clearer there than in any other scene.

Christians! of whom God asks most in asking you to be his servants, for you he reserves most, if indeed "ye be faithful unto death." The "chiefly" of the text may again be heard. They who have been first in godliness shall be first in glory; and when the words are heard, "Come, ye blessed of my Father," they may be with this addition, "chiefly they that were of Cæsar's household."*

* From a discourse by the Rev. H. Melville.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ROMANISM IN IRELAND.

HOLY WELLS, NO. I.

BEFORE sitting down to write this paper, we have been gazing with deep and renewed interest on a picture which has been in our possession for some years, and which vividly recalls one of those forms of superstition which have long prevailed in Ireland. This picture is a copy from a celebrated painting by an eminent Irish artist, engravings from which, issued by "the Irish Art Union," are regarded as very precious by their owners. The subject of the artist is "The Blind Girl at the Holy Well." Let us try to describe the picture to the reader.

The scene before us is of that wild and desolate character which so frequently presents itself in the west of Ireland. Towering aloft in the back-ground is a heath-clad mountain, its summits crowned with the grey mists of the morning. Westward, the mountain slopes descend gradually to the margin of a lake embosomed in the hills, and over whose waters and "gloomy shore" there seems to reign a solitude unbroken, save by the cry of the pee-weet or the scream of the eagle.

But it is the foreground of the picture which speedily absorbs our attention. Before us is the deep gorge of a mountain pass, down whose side runs a stair of rude stones, in order to facilitate the descent of way-worn pilgrims. From beneath a granite block covering its top, in arch-like form, and from between two pillars of stone, issue the waters of the "Holy Well." Behind and above the well stands an ancient stone cross, massive in its proportions and curiously carved. At its base lies a horse-shoe, which some pilgrim has picked up on his journey, and which he has here deposited as an emblem of "good luck," and as a votive offering. Over the front of the well, in its emerald freshness and beauty, hangs a large three-leaved shamrock, that "green immortal shamrock" which, like the rose to the Briton and the thistle to the Scot, is peculiarly dear, as a national emblem, to the Irishman's heart, and which, tradition records, was employed by St. Patrick as a symbol and illustration (when he preached to the early pagan population) of the doctrine of the blessed Trinity. And now look at this group at the well. In the front kneels a peasant mother, her shoulders covered with the blue cloak of the country, and her head with the cap peculiar to Irish females of the humbler class. Behind her, and on her knees, is "the blind girl," her daughter—the very emblem of meek, unmurmuring, patient beauty. And before her stands her young sister, ancle deep in the sacred waters, which have overflowed the margin of the well, holding up a small wooden dish, filled to the brim, into which her poor "*dark*" sister has dipped her hand, and is about to apply the water to those sightless eyes. And see how that fond mother, as she counts her beads, and recites the prescribed prayers, while the big tear stands on her cheek, turns her eyes on her darling suffering child, watching, with unutterable anxiety, not unmingled with hope, the result of the application of the waters.

A scene like this would deeply affect and interest us, even were it only the creation of genius. But it is invested with a greatly increased attraction, when we know that it depicts an historical reality, and is eminently illustrative of what has been often witnessed in the sister isle.

Ireland for many centuries has been the land of strange superstitions. The banshee, the fairy, the fetch, still retained their hold of popular credence within the memory of persons still living. But as early in their influence, and, indeed, probably much more early, holy wells were recognised in Ireland as possessing peculiar virtues.

The cleansing and healing properties attributed to water, under the Old Testament dispensation, as a symbol of the "washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost" under the New, will be familiar to every reader of Holy Scripture. That symbolic illustration of divine cleansing is still preserved in the sacrament of baptism, as instituted by the Great Head of the church; and whilst it is to be regarded as a symbol only, an "outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," it has been divinely associated with the ordinance of baptism alone. To attribute spiritual virtue and efficacy to what Romanists call "holy water," used as it is in their churches, and to associate cures of bodily distemper or the cleansing away of sin to the influence of "holy wells," or waters regarded as sacred, is not only unscriptural and unwarranted, but is opposed to the teachings of a pure and primitive Christianity; such practices can be directly traced in their origin to paganism itself. It is very true that practices like these were introduced into the church at and after the times of Constantine the Great, but such a carnal policy was fatal in its influence upon the cause of spiritual religion. The adoption of heathen rites and festivals was resolved on with "the groundless hope that, by such sympathising with the pagans, they (Christians) would gain them over to embrace the Christian religion, which vain attempt," says a learned writer,* "was so far blasted of God that it proved but a door to let in Antichrist and all his train."

* Gales' Court of the Gentiles.

Of the pagan origin of the holy wells of Ireland, there can be no doubt entertained. The deities of paganism were supposed particularly to delight in streams and fountains of water, who, resorting thither to disport themselves, rendered the locality sacred by their presence. In these places, such of the people as wished to secure their protection and favour used to hang garlands on the trees, and leave offerings of wine, milk, and honey. Believing also that any sudden misfortune or sickness, either to themselves, or their families, or their cattle, was produced by the anger of these inferior deities, they hoped, by attendance at their favourite place of resort, and by the offerings they made, to appease their wrath, and thus to induce them to remove the visitation.

Now, to these various particulars, we find an exact counterpart in the proceedings which have taken place at the holy wells of Ireland. The trees around these are constantly covered with rags and ribbons, offerings to the tutelary saint. Thither also, at particular seasons, numbers of persons might be seen driving their diseased horses and other cattle, in the hopes of their being restored to health by the intervention of the saint. Thus, in reference to a holy well, at Castle Connel, near Limerick, a well known writer and traveller says:—

"I went as far as a holy well, dedicated to St. Senanus. Judging from what I saw, it must be in high repute, for hundreds of little wooden vessels lay heaped in and above it, the offerings of those who had come to the well to drink, and the trees that overshadowed the well were entirely covered with shreds of all colours, —bits and clippings of gowns, handkerchiefs, and petticoats — remembrances also of those who drank. These, I believe, are the title-deeds to certain exemptions or benefits, claimed by those who thus deposit them in the keeping of the patron saint, whose penances might otherwise be overlooked. I noticed among the offerings some strings of beads and some locks of hair."*

Mr. Hardy, in his "Holy Wells of Ireland," says of another: "The place called Tubbermacduach, or *Tobar Mhic-Duach*, the well of Duach's son, is situate about a quarter of a mile from Kinvarra, in the county of Galway, on the Loughrea side. Here is a small spring of water, neatly walled in, and shaded by a few hawthorns, in blighted contrast with the verdure of which, there appears in the background the remains of a blasted and withered ash, whose aspect indicates that it has long stood companion to the holy fountain. The upper wall, apparently of recent erection, is in form a square of about seven feet to the side, having a small stile for the more easy admission of pilgrims. Beneath the square wall is another of a circular form, fencing in the whole, as represented in the annexed cut. On the left-hand side, as you enter by the stile, you find in the interior of the upper wall a small niche, intended for holding a cup, and also serving as a receptacle for the offerings of devotees. Unfortunately for the guardians of the place, however, such tributes now consist of nothing more than a few worthless rags, brass pins, and the like."

THE WELL OF DUACH'S SON.

The pagan origin of these practices has been very clearly traced in a learned Essay on the Holy Wells of Ireland, from the pen of the late Rev. Charles O'Connor, an Irish ecclesiastic, who says:—

"From my earliest days, I recollect having expressed my wonder at these customs of our countrymen; and our good Dr. M'Dermot, of Coolavin, will recollect a conversation on this subject, in which he agreed that they are of Phœnician origin, and contribute, with many other proofs, to demonstrate the progress of population from the east to the west.

"A passage from Hanway's Travels leads directly to the oriental origin of these Druidical superstitions. 'We arrived at a desolate caravanserai, where we found nothing but water. I observed *a tree with a number of rags* to the branches. These were so many charms, which

* Inglis' Journey throughout Ireland in 1834, pp. 318, 319. See also Crofton Croker's account.

THE BLIND GIRL AT THE HOLY WELL.

passengers, coming from Ghilaw, a province remarkable for agues, had left there, in a fond expectation of leaving their disease also in the same spot."

This author afterwards refers to St. Scelig's well on the coast of Kerry, "visited annually, on the 29th of September, by a great concourse of people; some of whom bring their blind, sick, and lame friends to be healed by this miraculous water." He traces the origin of this to the *Baal* worship of the Druids, which, together with human sacrifices to the devil, were abolished by the introduction of Christianity, "and the worship of St. Michael Archangel was substituted on these lofty Sceligs in their stead, he being considered the chief of the heavenly spirits, in opposition to the Baal of the Druids." But did it never occur to Mr. O'Connor, or the Roman Catholic clergy and people of Ireland, that it is as unlawful to worship an angel or an archangel as Baal himself? Was it in this way that the worship of Baal was extirpated from the land of Israel, in the days of the prophet Elijah? Nay, was there even a whisper heard of the substitution of the loftiest of the "sons of light," and of the "angels which excel in strength," in the room of Baal? No, the God of Israel was and is a "jealous God," and "He will not give his glory to another." And the true faith of the true Israel now, as in the days of old, must be that which gives supreme exclusive honour *to him alone*, such as echoed over the heights of Carmel on that memorable day, when a penitent, reclaimed people made the noble confession, "Jehovah! He is the God: Jehovah! He is the God! (1 Kings xviii. 39). When one apostle fell at the feet of an angel to worship him, he said, "See thou do it not!" and when another, with prophetic forebodings, warned the church against the seductions of a heresy which was beginning to appear, he said, "Let no man beguile you of your reward in a voluntary humility *and worshipping of angels*, intruding into those things which he hath not seen, vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind, and NOT HOLDING THE HEAD." To worship angels, to adore saints, to expect blessings through their intercession, is to deny "the Head," even Christ; it is virtually to ignore the sufficiency of the ONE Mediator; and, as we shall speedily show, it is to bring in upon a people a flood of demoralization, such as superstition has always occasioned.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

PROFITABLE FORETHOUGHT.

"She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet." Margin, "double garments." *Proverbs* xxxi. 21.

THE chapter containing this passage is a remarkable one, whether we consider the matter of which it treats, or the manner in which it is set forth. The sacred writer here describes a virtuous woman, and shows what are the qualities which constitute an excellent wife. Various illustrations are used, which a little acquaintance with eastern manners and customs will show the propriety and beauty of. A perfect pattern is thus presented to us, and it is worthy of the observation of all Christian females that there is not a word in commendation of those things which are most highly esteemed in fashionable life; nothing is said in praise of dancing, or frivolous amusements; of "putting on of gold and costly array," by which time is wasted, pride fostered, envy and various other hateful lusts encouraged. Nor is she commended for her beauty merely, for any natural endowments, or artificial acquirements; but it is for her industry, her early rising, her prudence, her benevolence, her chaste affection to her husband, her domesticated habits, her gracious speech, and above all for her heavenly principles, that she is thus praised.

"Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." Such, with many other things, are said of this virtuous woman.

This description is delivered in a remarkable way. "It consists," says the pious Henry, "of twenty-two verses, each beginning with a letter of the Hebrew alphabet in order, and perhaps was commonly repeated among the pious Jews, for the ease of which it was made alphabetical." It has been a matter of much enquiry whether there is any spiritual meaning belonging to this description: some have supposed that, as in other Scriptures where the relationship of husband and wife is introduced, that here also is a description of Christ and his church. Eph. v. 22, 23. It has been thought by others, that this passage contains a figurative description of faith; and that the important sentiment taught is, that true faith is all that to the soul which this virtuous woman is here said to be to her husband. Without attempting to decide on these points, we shall proceed to consider the words at the head of this article as furnishing us with an important sentiment, which is alike applicable to old and young, to married and single, and which may be brought to bear on time and eternity, namely, *that provision against a time of extremity will be a preservative from fear.* "She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with double garments." She is not in terror about future troubles, because she has made a sufficient provision against them.

The Bible contains the best directions for the things of this world, as well as for those belonging to the next. It directs us in the right way respecting every subject, and exposes to us the extremes of which we are constantly in danger. Thus we are cautioned against carelessness on the one hand, and over-carefulness on the other; we are sent to the ant to learn industry (Prov. vi. 6), and to the fowls of the heavens to learn dependence on Divine providence (Matthew vi. 26.) Extravagance and improvidence are much spoken against in God's word, while diligence in business and industrious habits are highly commended.

But there are many to whom no blame can be attached on these points, "who rise up early, and sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness," in order to provide against the winter of old age, but who are very blameworthy as regards any forethought about the soul—any provision for eternity. Often have they been told to prepare for eternity, to "lay up treasure in heaven," to "seek those things which are above," but they will not hearken. They still go on gathering straws and heaping up pebbles, while "gold tried in the fire" and jewels of incalculable and eternal value are despised. They accumulate fuel to destroy their souls, and neglect the eternal portion to which God invites them. But does this provision which they have made prove "a preservative from fear?" Certainly not. When sickness and pain oppress them, worldly riches can afford no ease; when death points his spear at their bosoms, and eternity rolls its dark and cheerless billows before their eyes, then gloomy and foreboding fears oppress the heart, and the terrible question intrudes itself, "Who can dwell with the devouring fire and everlasting burnings?" Oh! that such would consider now that "riches profit not in the day of wrath, but righteousness delivereth from death."

Come, thoughtless soul, think on "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." There

is a time of extremity hastening on—a wintry time, when earthly joys, possessions, and hopes will all wither and die; when everything sinful, vain, and earthly must perish, as the fragile flower sinks beneath the frosty northern blast. That holy book, which you perhaps have been familiar with from your infancy, speaks to you much and often of that great day—the day of the Lord, "the day of the wrath of the Lamb." It tells you that day will surely come—shows you the Judge enthroned—brings before you the process of judgment—and declares who it is that will sink into the lake of fire, and who will rise to share the Saviour's throne. Perhaps you are afraid of that day; you do not desire it; you rather wish that it would never come; what is the reason? It is that you are not provided for it. You may read in the word of God of some who were looking for and hastening unto the day of God; who said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" How is this? Were they not sinners? Certainly they were, and many of them very great sinners; but they were "washed, justified, and sanctified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." The name of Jesus was their hiding-place, his blood their cleansing fountain, his righteousness their glorious apparel, his promises their treasure; and to tread in his steps their great business. Their treasure was in heaven, and their hearts were there also. Having the Saviour for their friend, they had nothing to fear. True, they feared to sin, and "worked out their own salvation with fear and trembling," but this fear arose from love, and produced holiness; whereas the other we have warned you of arises from guilt, and produces distance.

Recollect that in order to be safe and blessed in the day of God, and to be the subject of joyful hope now, you have nothing to provide by your own efforts, but simply to accept what God has provided. "To as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." John i. 12. "We joy in God through Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." Romans v. 11. Think of the man who came to the feast without the wedding garment, and tremble at the thought of not being found in Christ.

If by faith in, and love to, Christ you are prepared for the great day, you will be also prepared for whatever else you may have to meet. If for you "to live is Christ, then to die will be gain." And if this is our happy case, how should we feel for those who are altogether careless about eternal things. If they are not afraid for themselves, we should be afraid for them, and use all the means in our power to warn them, and to induce them "to flee for refuge, to lay hold upon the hope set before them."

ONE WHO TROD IN THE STEPS OF HENRY MARTYN.

"If it were possible for men, amidst the smoke and fogs of this lower world, to see things in the light in which they will one day appear, in how high an estimation would the office of a Christian missionary be held! Its elevation above all other posts or employments may, even now, be correctly discerned by a very brief consideration of many plain declarations of Scripture." Such is the opinion of an able writer, and who will attempt to disprove it? This quotation may serve as a fitting introduction to the sketch of a true-hearted missionary, which we desire to lay before the reader. In it he may discern the features of a higher type of humanity than is, alas! often to be met with, and its contemplation ought not to be fruitless.

Henry Watson Fox—the individual to whom reference is made—was born at Westoe, in the county of Durham, on the 1st of October, 1817. Of his childhood and boyhood we have nothing to tell the reader. He enjoyed the inestimable benefit of religious training at home; when eleven he went to the Durham grammar-school, and when thirteen he was transferred to Rugby. Special religious impressions were made upon his mind, chiefly, as it appears, through the instrumentality of a schoolfellow and of a brother and sister. The following is an extract from a letter, dated November 10, 1833: "We have lectures from Mr. Price on a Sunday evening, and partly from what he said, and partly from my own thoughts, the following idea arose, which, though new to me, has undoubtedly occurred to most persons, namely, that an additional reason for turning to God early in life is, that, as the faculties of the body are more developed by exercise, even to the last period of one's life, so a person, the longer he lives in the fear and love of God, the more righteous and more fit for heaven he becomes." We shall soon see that his fitness for heaven was not based upon human merits, but upon the chief corner-stone of the church. But the idea does credit to a schoolboy of sixteen, although it obviously requires limitations with respect to the faculties of the body. "I may here observe," says his brother, who is his biographer, "how greatly they err, who mistake naturally amiable dispositions for Christian principle. My brother, as a boy, was of a very kindly and endearing temper; but for all this, his heart was as thoroughly alienated from God as other persons."

Again, writing in March, he says: "I derive very great comfort from reading the Bible every day. I understand it better and better, and see the meaning of the various passages in it, in a more forcible light. I always find the Sunday too short for what I want to do on it. I, there-

fore, intend to make some other day during the week like a second Sunday, and except my lessons, read and think of nothing save God only. Many others here think, as I used to do formerly, that Sunday is too long, and therefore spend two or three hours longer in bed than usual, and waste the rest of the day in listlessness, or perhaps worse, never thinking what a blessing they are throwing away. I feel now, as you told me you did, that the sabbath is quite a rest from the worldly thoughts of the other parts of the week. Last Sunday was a most beautiful day, and I took a walk by myself into the country, and never felt so happy before. I continued for more than an hour, praising and praying to God, and thanking him. I shall never neglect it again. I felt it as a preparation for heaven."

In August, 1835, he writes to his sister: "I have been reading the life of Henry Martyn, (for which I have to thank George, as being a means both of great profit and pleasure), and I have derived the most instructing lessons from it. I found how much the enjoyment of things of this world have hold on me, and when I considered his state of giving himself up to be a missionary, and asked myself, Could I give up home, and the pleasures and happiness I enjoy from worldly objects, to do this laborious work for the Lord's sake? I found the weakness of my love to God, and my need of constant prayer that I may set my affections on things above and not on things below; that I may confide my present as well as my future happiness to my heavenly Father, and make God my all in all, my desire, my happiness, and my hope."

In 1836, a meeting for the Church Missionary Society, which he attended, fanned the spark which the life of Martyn appears to have kindled.

Here we must make a brief pause. If these lines should fall under the eye of any schoolboy, we request his attention for a few moments. Did the piety of Henry Watson Fox destroy or diminish the happiness of his school days, or was it not just the reverse? What was the source of his joy when, as he tells us, he "never felt so happy before?" And yet few boys are so favourably situated with respect to the present world. Take a lesson, then, my young reader, and ye older ones also, from the example of this Christian school-boy.

We must now pass onwards and witness a partial obscuration of the piety of this youthful Christian. Still he was kept from vice, and was outwardly moral and religious.

In October, 1836, he commenced his residence at Wadham College, Oxford. Here several causes contributed to injure his spiritual growth. He was not sufficiently select in the choice of his companions, he became inordinately fond of boating, and he was deficient in regularity both in his studies and his devotions. But he did not drift heedlessly down the stream, for he felt his condition and deplored it. Nor was he entirely inactive, for he became both a Sunday-school teacher and a district visitor. In his third year, in particular, he appears to have battled more successfully with his spiritual foes. In December, 1839, he took his degree, and in the same month of the following year he was ordained and married.

When he left Rugby, in 1836, thoughts of a missionary life had a chief place in his plans for the future. For a time these aspirations withered, but in 1839 they revived again, and in this year he consulted a clerical friend about his future ministerial life. An appeal from Madras, in behalf of ten millions of Teloogoos, was placed before him by his friend, who was unconscious of his missionary impulses. It was a last effort of some pious residents in India who had waited long for a missionary, and now made their final appeal. At this time too—if we read rightly—another providential coincidence occurred. A fellow-labourer for this mission field, and one of a right spirit, was brought under his notice. In March, 1840, he came to a decision. He consulted friends; he visited the vast parish of Whitechapel, to gaze upon and to balance the claims of home; and he set apart a season for prayer. Every doubt evaporated, to return no more, not even when disease arrested him in his career, nor when death smote him down into an early grave.

We will pass over the time preceding his departure, as well as the voyage to India.

In July, 1841, he landed at Madras. After a short stay here, he proceeded with his fellow-labourer to Masulipatam, the chief town of the Teloogoos. Its population is eighty thousand, and its locality three hundred miles north of Madras. There is nothing in his early labours for which we can spare room; so we must pass onwards. Though in vigorous health, the climate soon told upon him, and indeed the strongest English constitutions frequently suffer more in this country than persons of consumptive tendency or of slow circulation. After trying a change of air, in January, 1843, he went to the Neilgherry hills. Whilst here, he made an extensive and valuable tour in South India, and thus inspected with his own eyes this important missionary field, and formed friendships with its labourers. In October, 1844, he returned, with renewed vigour, to Masulipatam. The following is an extract from a letter dated from this place in January, 1845: "I am alone in the work of preaching and general evangelizing in the town and villages: and what can I do? I am lost and bewildered in the multitude of work: I

am yet very imperfect in my knowledge of Teloogoo, and a considerable portion of my time has to be devoted to the study of it; and when I go among the people, it is with a stammering tongue and a misunderstanding ear. There lies before me the crowded population of this large town of sixty to ninety thousand inhabitants: these are to be preached to, to have an impression made on them. If I go to one part one day, and to another part another day, my time and labour are dissipated. If I keep myself to one portion, my labour is swallowed up in the great flood of heathenism: it is like trying to clear a spot of ground in the centre of a luxuriant jungle; the roots of the surrounding trees fill up the spot I am at work on faster than I can clear it. Again, there are the villages in the suburbs—fine populous villages. Again, there are the numerous villages and still more numerous hamlets studding the country all round about. Where I am to begin, I know not. Then there ought to be schools to be looked after, to be established, to be watched and taught: I cannot so much as begin them. And so, though I may be preaching continually to the adults, there is the rising generation growing up in their heathenism—the most hopeful portion untouched. Besides this, I have my servants to talk to daily; many cares and calls upon my time; and, above all, it is only a very limited portion of the day that I can be engaged in out-of-door work. . . . Who is sufficient to unite in his own person these multifarious duties—preacher, teacher, superintendent of schools, translator, not for hundreds, but for tens and hundreds of thousands? As far as man is concerned, does it not seem hard that our old school-fellows and fellow-collegians should refuse to come and share our burden, and make that easy which is now bewildering and crushing? Who ever heard of two or three men being sent to storm a strong fort? and I am sure that Masulipatam, with all its idolatries and wickedness, is a very stronghold of Satan's. I know that our dear Lord has sent us here about this work of attacking the town, and we often bless him that he has done so; but I do not think that he has intended us to be sent alone. I cannot help thinking he is calling others, and that they will not hear, the more so because it is his revealed plan not to send so small force for so large a work. Our dear Lord sent at first twelve, and then seventy men through the little country of Palestine, which is not bigger than this district of Masulipatam by itself." But we must stop short in this missionary appeal, lest space should fail us.

Towards the end of the year 1845, the health of his wife gave way. He conveyed her to Madras, with the intention of sending her and his children to England; but here he was advised to accompany her. She was taken on shipboard, and died not many hours afterwards. She was called away early from her labours, but not before she had given evidences of her devotion to the cause of her Saviour.

Mr. Fox buried his wife, and sailed shortly afterwards with his three children for England. The youngest died some days after, and the stricken widower had a painful voyage; but it appears to have conduced considerably to his spiritual benefit. He remained about six months in England. In a letter to his fellow-labourer in India, speaking with respect to the "chilly deadness" of missionary self-devotion, he says: "I have pressed the subject *individually* on at least one hundred young men, but every one has got some good excuse.

He arrived at Madras again on his return on the 10th of December, 1846. His plans now appear to have been to spend six months under the shelter of a roof, and six months in his tent in evangelistic tours. His first tour commenced in February, and terminated in March, on account of the heat. In August he started again for a month's tour, and the following is an extract from a letter written during this excursion: "I know how difficult it is, even for self-denying Christian men, to remove out of a sphere which seems very important, and betake themselves to another; and I suppose that, at first sight, at least the head of a house, and perhaps even a college tutor, or the rector of a large parish, would throw aside the idea of personally engaging in missionary work, because, as they say, they are already engaged in a more important sphere, being placed there by God himself. I wish that you might be permitted to dissolve such a fallacious obstacle in the mind of some in high places. 1. The argument that God has placed a man in such or such a position is no proof that he intends to keep him there all his life: indeed, this first post may be intended in God's wisdom *only* as the place for preparation for a second and more important one, such as a missionary field. 2. It sounds strange in my ears—though I dare not affirm that what jars in mine ought to jar in the ears of other men also—to hear of any place or post in the wide earth spoken of as greater in importance, more honourable or glorious, than that of a missionary. St. Paul, I think, felt as I did. His apostleship to the Gentiles, or mission to the heathen, was, in his eyes, a higher office than that of either a bishop or a king; and to me it seems that there is not a bishop who might not doff his lawn sleeves and take to the white jacket of a missionary, and acknowledge that, though lowered in the eyes of the world, he was set in a more prominent and important post than that which he held before. Before,

he was but a pastor, or pastor of pastors, in a land where Christ's parting command has long been fulfilled; now he stands at the head of Christ's army, going forth to conquer fresh kingdoms for his Lord." But we can only give the reader a fragment of the appeal of this earnest and devoted missionary—this faithful soldier of the cross.

Towards the close of 1847 his health again failed, and his constitution was declared to be unsuited to the climate of India. "This first letter to you from me in England," he writes, in April, 1848, opens again the wounds of separation: I daily feel more and more, instead of decreasingly, the sorrow of having left you all, and having been separated from the work of a missionary." Again, in May: "How little do men know the real state of the case, when they think that the trial consists of *going* to be a missionary; for with all its palliations of returning to England, to home, friends, family, and children, it is the *coming* from being a missionary which is the real sorrow"—a beautiful and a just sentiment. His health appeared to return, and he became assistant secretary to the Church Missionary Society. He also took a part in ministerial duties at Hampstead. But his race was now nearly run, and the prize was almost within his grasp. His ardour in the glorious cause led him to efforts beyond his strength, and in September he reached the home of his family in a feeble state. Still death was not anticipated, and he did not immediately cease from his work. But in a few days he was confined to his bed, and he never quitted it more, though it was not till the second week in October that his life was despaired of. The story of his death is, indeed, a touching and—for the word is not inappropriate—a beautiful one. His sun set without a cloud; his faith in his Saviour never wavered. His mother asked him if he repented having given his life to missionary work. "No, never! if I had to live over again, I would do the same," was his answer. This was a day or two before he died. Thus calmly he passed away to be with his Lord, whom he served so well, when he had but just completed his thirty-first year.

Such a life as this is rich in precious lessons. How nobly it contrasts with that of those whose aims are all centred in the selfish interests of this world. How many of the so-called wise and great are dwarfs indeed, when placed by the side of this lowly missionary. His honour but began on earth, where theirs has miserably ended. Let every reader of this sketch ask himself, Are the objects which I am living for such as will bear the meditation of a dying pillow and the omniscient glance of God? Is my mind grovelling over the fleeting things of time, regardless of those immeasurably grander aims which Christianity unfolds? Wealth—power—fame—what are they but glittering bubbles, that burst and leave nothing behind them! What a wretched shrivelled thing is a mind uncheered and unmoved by the glorious conceptions of Christianity, and undirected towards those imperishable objects which are alone worth striving for! May all our readers be preserved or delivered from such a miserable condition.

REES PRICHARD AND HIS GOAT.

THE Scripture says that "man is like the beasts that perish." In some respects, he is worse. Did you ever see a horse that was a drunkard—or an intoxicated spaniel? Listen, and we will tell you a little story, as true as it is instructive.

Rees Prichard was a Welsh gentleman, born to a considerable fortune, and educated at Oxford. When his studies were completed, he returned to his native place, and, having entered the church, became vicar of Llandovery, the little town near to which the property he possessed was situated, and which might have yielded him some 400*l.* a-year, or so. He had, however, during his life at college, contracted very bad habits, and was anything but what a clergyman ought to be. He indulged very freely in drink, and was almost daily to be seen in the inn of the place, giving way to his evil propensity.

He had a pet goat, that followed him everywhere; and one day, in a wanton and mischievous frolic, he poured a quantity of ale down its throat. The consequences were painful, but the poor animal recovered, and continued its constant attendance on its owner. But no coaxing, entreaty, or force, could ever make it enter that inn again. It came with its master to the door—there it waited till he came out—but not a step within would it ever go!

This circumstance became the turning-point in Mr. Prichard's history, and led him to reflection. "If an irrational beast can act thus," thought he, "should not I do the same, who have both reason and a conscience?"

A change of conduct followed. Mr. Prichard was a reformed man, and never again was seen within the public-house. Not only so, but he began to apply himself to the business and duties of his sacred calling, and became not only a sober and steady character, but a diligent and exemplary pastor. He was appointed chaplain to the good earl of Essex, and was both highly esteemed by the dignitaries of the church of England, and extremely popular throughout

Wales. During his life he appropriated part of his lands for the erection of a school, and the endowment of a teacher in Llandovery, where at last, in a good old age, he was buried; but no memorial remained of the exact spot when the celebrated bishop Bull, charmed with his character and usefulness, desired that, at his death, he might be laid beside him.

At the period when Mr. Prichard lived, darkness prevailed throughout the Principality. There was great ignorance and much indifference about all religious concerns. Education was not prized, and teaching was not practised. He had, therefore, many difficulties to struggle with in his desire to do good. But he endeavoured to adapt his labours to the condition of the people and the taste of the times. Among other means which he employed, being fond of poetry, and having himself a turn for versifying, he composed a great many pieces on moral and religious subjects, which he circulated extensively throughout the country, and these soon found their way into the memories and mouths of the people, became the staple of their talk, being everywhere received with incredible avidity and delight. Instead of the foolish and wicked ballads, and other miserable perversions of the art of poetry, of which the Welsh had become extravagantly fond, scarcely a thing was to be heard, in any house, street, or field, but the godly carols of Mr. Prichard, which soon effected a remarkable change in the morals and behaviour of the whole population. After the author's death, these divine songs were collected and translated into English verse by the Rev. William Evans, vicar of Lawhaden, and were published about eighty years ago in the town of Carmarthen, in a goodly octavo volume, which has now become very scarce.

The method which Mr. Prichard adopted, in communicating instruction to his countrymen, has been found, in many instances, singularly suited to its purpose, for—

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies."

It is besides of great antiquity. Not to mention the song of Moses, that of Deborah and Barak, and the divine compositions of the royal psalmist, which, with many of the most sublime parts of the sacred Scripture, were all written in Hebrew verse, it has been found most powerful in after times. About the period of Edward the Confessor there was a man, who, for the age in which he lived, had a great vein of poetry, and by this, and the art of singing, wrought such wonderful effects among the people, that he was afterwards canonized as a saint. The Protestants in Germany substituted for the loose ballads that were so much in vogue, the hymns composed by Luther and other pious men, and to a great extent superseded them. In his commentary on the fifth chapter of Isaiah, Calvin tells us, "that remarkable and illustrious transactions used to be described in verse, so that they might be in the mouths of all, and that a perpetual memorial of them might be established;" for by these means," he adds, "a point of doctrine becomes better known than if it were delivered in a more direct manner." Grotius composed his famous treatise on the truth of the Christian religion in his own language, which was the Latin, but it was in verse; because, as Dr. Patrick, his translator, says, "it was the ancient manner of delivering the most useful things; and precepts of wisdom so taught are exceedingly charming to the minds of youth, being not only more easily imprinted on the memory, but more powerfully touch the affections—going more to the quick than when otherwise spoken." Nor can Isaac Watts ever be forgotten in our own country, for his invaluable services in this walk of usefulness.

In Mr. Prichard's "Divine Poems," or "The Welshman's Candle," which is its other title, we are not to expect any high flights of imagination—any of the embellishments or elaborate refinements of modern poetry—having been professedly composed for the instruction and edification of the common people. Yet are there in them many fine and original thoughts, as well as much which, at the time, must have been most practically and extensively useful. The following will serve as a specimen:—

"From the fraudulent fiend, that still without end
Most mortals trepans and beguiles,
Who would hook us all in, to do every sin—
God shield us, I pray, from his wiles!

As our shadows appear, when the weather is clear,
And follow wherever we go;
Like a thief, so he steals, hanging close at our heels,
And trying to bring us to woe.

May God keep us all from Satan's sad thrall,
(I pray from the depth of my soul!)
And Christians secure from vices impure,
And hell and the tempter control.

Intemp'rance in drink is the chief, as I think,
Of his wiles; for it is from this vice,
Theft, gluttony, strife, and uncleanness of life,
With swearing and cursing, take rise."

Then follow several stanzas, describing in detail the miserable life of a drunkard, which we need not here quote.

Before quitting the subject, however, we surely cannot but be struck with the marvellous providence of God, which can make even a dumb animal the messenger of his mercy. Balaam was rebuked by his ass, ravens fed Elijah, and in our own day, too, the ministration of animals does not cease. A goat leads to the conversion of a faithful servant of Christ.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM JONES.

DIED at his residence at Stockwell, London, on the 5th of April last, Mr. William Jones, the corresponding secretary and superintendent of the Religious Tract Society.

The death of this gentleman is an event which will be mourned over as the loss of a personal friend, by many in all parts of England to whom he was known through his journeyings in the cause of Christ, and by numbers on the continent, as well as in other parts of the world, who had made his acquaintance in the course of their visits to the metropolis. It is hard indeed for those who knew him to realize the fact that we shall see no more on earth that countenance which was always irradiated with Christian cheerfulness, and hear no more those accents in which kindness and wisdom were so happily blended.

Mr. Jones was indeed no common man; and what was said by Lord Melville of Mr. Pitt, that he possessed "powers rare in their separate excellence, and wonderful in their combination," might, although of course in a more limited sense, have been asserted of our departed friend. The post of usefulness which he had to fill was one demanding peculiar qualifications, and he was providentially raised up to occupy it. As a man of business, his qualities (developed in the course of a previous training for the legal profession) were of a high order, and the onerous concerns of the vast institution over which he presided were superintended by him with eminent wisdom and skill. His catholic spirit, too, was admirably adapted to win the confidence of the Christians of various denominations with whom he was brought in contact. In Mr. Jones minor distinctions were merged in the grand essentials of Christianity. Men saw in him the grace of Christian love, without being able to tell the particular portion of the Lord's vineyard in which that precious fruit had been produced.

He possessed also, in no common degree, a sound judgment, and a moderation of spirit admirably adapted to guide harmoniously the institution with which he was connected through any difficulties or perplexities that might arise. To this we must add, that he was skilful to detect opportunities of usefulness for the Society, as well as ever on the alert to watch the religious necessities of the age, and prompt to meet them by some new and well-timed publications.

As a public speaker, Mr. Jones had the power of chaining the attention of his audience. Possessed of a pleasing and flexible voice and a fluent delivery, he carried his delighted hearers with him, and could be impressive, pathetic, or lively, by turns. In the relation of an anecdote, or of some telling incident connected with the triumphs of the truth, he had few equals. Each minute particular of the narrative received full justice from his lips, while his expressive countenance supplied every void, and gave emphasis and animation to the whole.

In private society also, Mr. Jones appeared to great advantage. For him to enter a house during his journey, and partake of its Christian hospitality, was to make the inmates of that house his friends for life. To know Mr. Jones indeed was to love him, and those who were privileged to hear him open up his rich and varied stores of recollections, will not easily forget the happiness which such moments afforded. His intercourse with the excellent of the earth had been extensive, and he had been an attentive observer of the times in which he lived. Old and young accordingly were charmed with his conversation, which was singularly winning and attractive.

Connected, as Mr. Jones was, with the Society for thirty-five years, he was privileged to see more extensive results from his labours than falls to the lot of most men. Becoming acquainted with it at a time when its capacities were very imperfectly developed, he watched over the Religious Tract Society until the slender streamlet gathered strength and volume as it rolled along, becoming eventually one of the great evangelizers of the earth. In one hundred and ten languages have the works of the institution which he superintended, appeared. Their circulation may be estimated by millions and tens of millions. How vast, then, the field of usefulness which our departed friend occupied! How deep the obligations to him of the church and the world at large!

Mr. Jones has not long survived his personal friends, the late William Freeman Lloyd (one of the editors of the Society), and Mr. Mogridge, the well-known Old Humphrey. These three excellent men have now passed to their reward. It remains for us to tread in their footsteps, and to follow them even as they followed Christ.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

102. In Old Testament times what was usually the symbol of God's presence? Give examples.

103. What instances are recorded in Scripture of death by stoning?

104. What examples can you give of early decision in religion followed by eminent piety and great usefulness?

105. Give texts showing how dark were the views of Old Testament saints regarding a future state.

106. Can you show that they had some knowledge of a happy hereafter?

107. How long was the ark preparing?

108. How long was Noah in the ark?

109. Where is our body compared to a tabernacle, or tent?

Page for the Young.

WILLIE.—Part II.

Miss Merrick (that was the name of Willie's teacher) was soon at the cottage again to see her dear sick pupil.

"The doctor has just been here," said Willie, in answer to Miss Merrick's enquiry as to his health, "and he says that I am much weaker since his last visit."

"And what do you think yourself, Willie?"

"I believe that I shall not be long now; I shall soon be at home. There is only one thing I might have wished to stay for," said Willie, thoughtfully.

"What is it, dear?"

"When I was well and strong, I looked forward to one day working for my poor mother, but now all that is over, and I must leave her."

"You leave her in good hands, Willie; for He who called your father away knows how lonely the widow feels, and so he makes her some special promises, and takes her under his sheltering care. Can you not trust him?"

"Oh yes! I do, for is he not my friend? I was reading the twenty-third Psalm when you came in, and when I got to the last verse I said, 'Surely goodness and mercy *have* followed me all the days of my life.' Oh, Miss Merrick!" said Willie, his face lit up with joy and gratitude, "when I think of the kindness of the Lord Jesus in dying for me long before I was born, and afterwards watching over me when I knew nothing about him, and then sending his Holy Spirit to teach me, and guide and comfort me; and, last of all, giving me hope of living with him in heaven, what can I do, what can I say?"

"You may say the words of the hymn, Willie—

> 'The best return for one like me,
> So helpless and so poor,
> Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
> And ask him still for more.'

Do you not think so, dear?"

"Yes, those are beautiful words."

"There is one thing I should like to know, Willie, before you become too weak to talk: what led you first to be in earnest in seeking God?"

"Ah! that brings our last talk upon flowers back to my mind," said Willie.

"How can that be?" said his teacher.

"Perhaps you have forgotten; but one day, before I began to be ill, I went to your house with the eggs. You were in the garden, and you had just been cutting some flowers, and I remember what you did and what you said as well as if it had been yesterday."

"What were they, Willie?" said Miss Merrick, with increasing interest.

"You took up a beautiful convolvulus, and you said, 'Look at this delicate flower, Willie, what could it do without a support? Would it not soon be lying on the ground soiled and fading? But what does it do? It clings to its little prop, and fears no storms.' I shall never forget how you then said, '*You* are that little convolvulus, Willie. Weak and helpless by nature, how are you to live through the storms of this troublesome world? There's only one way, Willie; make the Lord Jesus your support. Cling to him, for every human soul, like that flower, must have something to lean upon. But God is the only refuge in time of trouble, and the only soul-satisfying portion at any time.' Then you pointed to a little rose-bud. I remember it was a very pretty one; there was just a little pink tip peeping out from the midst of the green moss round it. 'This looks very fair,' you said, 'does it not?' But we may be disappointed yet in the full-blown flower. A little worm may be eating into the heart of this little bud, and the flower may have its petals spoiled by the holes it may be making in them. *You* are that rose-bud, Willie.' You then told me childhood is lovely, but who may say that its promise will be fulfilled in manhood? 'Pray that the destroyer may not be allowed to do his work of injury in your soul, my boy, so shall you bloom to the praise and glory of the great Husbandman.' In one of the beds was an early flowering plant. There lay its clusters of flowers all faded on their stems. As we passed them you said, 'The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever. Make that word your guide, Willie; and when your flesh and heart fail, God will be the strength of your heart and your portion for ever.'"

Here Willie sank back on the pillow, and closed his eyes, as if resting, and a tear glistened in Miss Merrick's eye as she thought how the little flower before her was fading; but it was not a very sad one, for she could rejoice in the assurance that he *had* known God, or rather had been known of God; for, after all, Willie's good thoughts and words were His work.

"You see I have another reason for loving flowers," said Willie. "I scarcely understood you at the time, but I could not forget the words; and so, when I began to be ill, they, and the others of which you spoke in the Sunday school, all came into my mind, and with a meaning such as they never seemed to have before."

"God himself has taught you, Willie, and when you hold the golden harp and wear the crown of righteousness, you will praise him, oh, so heartily!"

Miss Merrick then bid Willie good-bye, for she saw that he was very weak, and as she did so he said, "God bless you, teacher, and reward you for your kindness."

Willie's mother, who was busy in another room, burst into tears when she saw Miss Merrick. "Oh, my poor boy!" she said, "he will soon be gone. He it is who has brought to my mind the lessons learnt in my childhood, but forgotten in my poverty; he it is who chides my wavering faith, and leads my hope to brighter times; he it is who chooses the best pastures in the word of God to feed in; in short, he is *all* to me."

"And now God means to make himself *all* to you," said Miss Merrick, gently, yet reprovingly.

"You say right, ma'am," said Willie's mother, "and I may some day bless him for it, though it seems hard at present."

"Doubtless you will; for though

> 'The bud may have a bitter taste,
> Yet sweet will be the flower.'"

"I thank you most heartily, Miss Merrick, for your sympathy, and for your kindness to my child."

With a hope that God would comfort the poor woman, Miss Merrick left the cottage. As she walked home she blessed God for so teaching Willie, and she prayed that the rest of the scholars in her class might learn to value the Bible as he did, that they might be seen to be Christ's.

Willie went home to heaven soon after.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE INVALID RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

PART XII.

For a few weeks it seemed as though the hopes which were either indulged or expressed, of the recovery of Mary Duncan, were not destitute of foundation. As some degree of strength returned, her spirits rose more than proportionately high, and she gradually dismissed from her mind the apprehensions which had caused her exquisite alarm.

The baths of —— were gay with visitors, by whom resort was had to many modes of dissipation; in these, as she was able, the poor invalid was urged to indulge, as the surest mode of banishing any uncomfortable thoughts which would impede rapid and effectual restoration. Thus it came to pass that the salutary impressions made by her brother Leonard's letter were effaced, and I was treated with comparative neglect.

Comparative neglect, I say; for there were times when Mary, in the retirement and solitude of her chamber, placed me before her, and seemed half-desirous of opening with me a more familiar intercourse; but once and again she laid me aside with the plea, too familiar, alas! in my experience, "Go thy way for this time:

when I have a more convenient season, I will call for thee."

Then, when at other times she might have listened to my remonstrances, and heeded my warnings of approaching danger, and responded to the invitations which I am commissioned to announce to souls thirsting and panting for satisfaction and repose—then was she exposed to the allurements of pleasure placed before her by her parent, who dreaded, more and more, the influence I should exercise over her soul.

"You want something to amuse you, Mary," said he, one evening when she had expressed her wish to remain at home, instead of accompanying him to a party at which they were engaged. His quick, anxious eye had detected my presence on the sofa on which his daughter reclined. "If you will not venture into company, I will stay with you, and read to you." And then he brought forward some "last new novel," and I was for that time also thrust aside: the momentous verities of eternity being disregarded and contemned for the passing frivolities of a day; and for one whose days the unhappy reader in his heart believed to be numbered and drawing fast—fast—to a close! while yet, all the while, did he dare to inspire her with false expectations of lengthened life and re-animated vigour.

One morning a visitor was announced, who entered the room in which my owner was seated alone. The poor patient was, or appeared to be, unusually cheerful. Her malady seemed to have yielded more decidedly to the efforts which were made to arrest its progress: she felt only weakness, and this—this too, might be removed, she thought.

Mary Duncan uttered an exclamation of surprise, not unmixed with pleasure, when her visitor entered. "This is, indeed, unexpected," she said, when the first greetings were over. "I did not expect to meet Lady D. in a place so gay as this."

"Like you, Mary," the visitor replied, speaking somewhat sadly, "I am travelling in search—a vain search, I believe—of health. My child is ill—"

"Not little Margaret?" said Mary.

"Yes, my little Margaret; God has been pleased to lay this burden on me. There is but faint hope of her recovery; but such hope as there is, we must not throw away, and our physician has sent us hither."

"A wise physician," responded my young owner, with a pleasant smile; "the place has done wonders for me. I shall soon be quite well, and so will little Margaret. Do not fear, my dear Lady D.; I had not much faith in these waters, and this fine climate, before I came; but I have now."

"I do not fear, my dear young friend," said the visitor: and let me, before I proceed with this conversation, explain that the lady to whom I was thus and then introduced, was one of those "honourable women," who, while rich in wealth and high in station, are lowly in heart, and of whom my great and glorious Master has declared, "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." I further learned that Lady D. had formerly been a friend of my poor invalid owner's mother; and that it was by accident, as men would call it, that she had learned that Mary Duncan and her father were visitors at the place of resort for health or pleasure, to which she had been recommended for the benefit of her sick child. Call it not accident, however. Reader, in the universal government of Him who, while he guides the destinies of kingdoms and worlds, yet watches the fall of a sparrow, accident is not known. Let me rather say that, following the directions of his unseen hand, the lady of whom I now speak, "must needs pass that way."

"I do not fear," she said, calmly and soberly; "but neither do I think that my child will recover, though I take these means to parry the stroke which will soon fall."

"Is she so very ill, then?" asked my owner, with sympathy. "And you, who love her so very dearly and fondly, how can you bear the thought of parting with her?"

"I could ill bear it in my own strength, Mary: it would be too painful; yes, even the thought would be too painful: how much more the reality! But there is One, you know, who has said,"—and the speaker repeated my own words, with a softened, gentle, touching pathos—"'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.' It is my happiness to know, dear Mary, that these are not vain words and empty, deceitful promises; but the declarations of him who cannot deceive, and who, 'like a father, pities them that fear them.'"

Mary Duncan did not immediately reply. The words sounded pleasantly and soothingly in her ears, but they met with no warm and unfettered response in her heart. "And yet," she presently ventured to say, "for one so young and so lovely as your little Margaret *to die!*" and Mary slightly shuddered.

"It would be terrible, indeed, to contemplate," said the afflicted but divinely supported mother; "if life and immortality had never been revealed to us in the gospel. But, Mary, there is One who has conquered death, and deprived it of its sting; permitting and enabling us to say, 'Thanks be to God, who giveth us

the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ:' and to my beloved Margaret, he is lighting up with his smiles the dark valley of the shadow of death."

"But is there, indeed, no hope of her recovery?" asked my owner.

"Very faint and feeble hope of it, my dear friend: but I am not here to speak of my own sorrows; you, also, are being called to pass through deep waters. I have not seen you since your illness commenced, Mary; and you have been very ill, have you not?"

"I have, indeed," said the invalid; "but I am so much better now. It is only weakness that I feel."

A shade of compassionate concern flitted across Lady D.'s countenance, as she remarked, "You are much altered since I saw you last, certainly." To an ordinary observer, indeed, there might not have been much in the appearance of Mary Duncan to excite alarm; but her friend could not be so easily deceived.

"I am rejoiced to see," she continued, pointing to me—for I yet lay, though idly, alas! on the invalid's sofa—"that you know where to have recourse for instruction and comfort, even though flesh and heart should fail."

"Oh, do not think too flatteringly of me, my dear friend," said my owner; and she blushed and looked, as she felt, embarrassed: "I am afraid I do not pay so much attention to religion as I ought. Indeed, I—I scarcely know how I came to leave the Bible there; but it was not to make a show of being good, believe me. I brought it down one evening to read; but I was hindered, and since then, I have been so occupied that——"

"That the Bible has been forgotten and neglected," said the visitor, in a sorrowful tone: "it is then, as I feared—and yet I hoped it might be otherwise—you have not yet found time, Mary, to fix, like that other Mary of whom your neglected Bible speaks, your choice on that 'better part which shall not be taken away?'"

"I believe I must plead guilty to the charge," replied my owner, with a faint languid smile: "at least, I know, my dear friend, I do not think so much of these things as I should. But I do hope and intend to give attention to them some day."

"Have you never thought, dear Mary," whispered her monitor, "that the time may be near when these things which you now thus put off, may be 'hidden from your eyes?' May I be permitted?" she asked, as she stretched out her hand, and laid it on me; and receiving a tacit permission, she drew me towards herself.

"You have placed marks here and there, I see, my dear friend," she observed, as she slowly turned over my leaves.

"Oh no, I have not. It was my brother, poor, dear Leonard; you will like to see a letter he wrote, and which I found in the Bible, after he had given it me." And she placed the letter in her visitor's hand.

"Dear Leonard!" she said, when her friend had read the letter, not without emotion; "it seems a strange letter for him to write; and our father is vexed with him, I know, though he does not show it. Yet, I *am* glad that he is able to write in that way."

"Why are you glad?" asked Lady D., kindly.

"Because," replied Mary, "I know he feels and thinks just as he writes; and I can well believe that religion—the religion of the Bible—makes him happier than he would be without it. It was just so with our dear mother."

"And yet, Mary," rejoined the visitor; "you deliberately put from you that which was the foundation of your mother's peace and joy, and which gives happiness to your brother. Is not this strangely inconsistent? or is it that you feel sufficiently happy and safe without it?"

"Oh no, my dear friend; it is not that. I would that I were only half so peaceful and joyful as I remember my mother to have been, or half as happy as Leonard is: and, indeed, I would not have you think worse of me than I deserve: I do not deliberately put from me—" and here my young owner seemed painfully confused.

"You mean, Mary, that you only dally and trifle with the things which make for your peace. Is this wise?" asked the friend, gravely.

"Dear Lady D.," exclaimed the invalid, in agitation, while tears stole down her cheeks, "it is kind in you to come and see me, and I will tell the truth. I am not happy. Sometimes I feel as though the whole earth were sinking from beneath me, and I—poor I—left alone in darkness and indescribable wretchedness. Then again, I strive against the feeling and keep it down, and can laugh with the loudest, and who so happy, say they, as Miss Duncan? And so, if forgetfulness is happiness, I am happy."

"My poor young friend," sighed Lady D., "do you not exemplify, in your own experience, the description given here—" and she glanced at my pages—"of those who 'have no hope, and are without God in the world?'"

"It may be so: I do not know: I cannot tell: I am not sure that it applies to me," said the young lady, hesitatingly. "But I have not told you all. You know my father; he is wise and kind and honourable. It is not till lately that I have thought much about it. It may be this; or it may be that he has lately become more firm and settled in his opinions, and more free in speaking of them. I thought once, indeed, that he believed in Christianity, in a

general way; not as my mother believed; but that he admitted its truth, and acted on its precepts. But now he tells me plainly that the religion of the Bible is a delusion, that there is no hereafter, that Christianity is priestcraft. He is vexed with poor Leonard for being a Christian, and would not let him come here with us, lest he should infect me with what my father calls his dull and gloomy superstitions. He does not like to see me with the Bible in my hand, though he says nothing. Now, what can I do? If the Bible is true—and I cannot bear to think it false—I know well what my position and his must be; but while I have any doubt on the subject, how can I be a Christian? and how can I help having doubts?"

The visitor did not immediately reply; and when she did, it was gravely, yet kindly.

"When the Lord was on earth, Mary, he met with those who would not believe on him. Their unbelief was not the result of insufficient evidence: his works, which were open and manifest, proved the truth of his words, and his words formed the key to his works; while, by the correspondence between both words and works and the Scriptures they had in their hands, the reality and divinity of his mission and person might have been clearly established. But they did not believe, because they '*would not come unto him that they might have life.*'

"I shall not attempt to remove your doubts by argument, my dear friend," continued the visitor, "for—pardon me, if I seem to speak harshly—this would only gratify the pride which lurks at their root. It is not evidence that you need, Mary, to prove the Bible to be true; it is your disinclination to give up your whole heart, and mind, and will to his, which keeps you from Christ, and prevents your believing in him. You love the world, though it has often disappointed you, and though you may soon have to leave it for ever; and you will not loosen your hold upon it, to lay hold on the everlasting hope of the gospel. You are like some of those who lived in our Saviour's day, you *will not* come unto Christ that you may have life. Is not this the truth, dear Mary?"

My owner said but little in reply: she seemed half-displeased, half-distressed; and the visitor soon departed.

"We shall meet each other again and often," she said. "We are staying there," she added, placing a card in Mary Duncan's hand; "and if you can bear it, my little Margaret would like to see you."

My poor young owner threw herself back on her couch when her visitor had departed, and smiled; but it was not a happy smile that played for a moment or two on her pale, tremulous lips.

A LIFE.

I. THE VILLAGE.

In a well cultivated valley in Fifeshire, there is a pretty sheltered village called Kilmany; its name is well known in Scotland, and many a stranger looks with interest upon the church and the manse, for there preached, and there lived, Dr. Chalmers; and there his soul passed from death unto life. It is not of him, however, that we are about to speak at present. In a little cottage of Kilmany, fifty years ago, lived an old man, familiarly called "the shepherd;" his hair was silver-white, and his head was bent, but he did not, like too many in old age, forget that he had once been young, or that he had still a work to do for the youthful. In the long evenings of winter he used to collect around him the boys and girls of the village, and many a tale of old martyrs, many a Bible story, many a question in the beautiful Scotch catechism, did he repeat or make them repeat. One of his most regular listeners was a little herd-boy, who was well known in the village for the small, but alas! uncommon, acts of kindness which he used to perform; such as the garden cheerfully weeded for the infirm neighbour, the stocking knitted for the old and the blind. His seat at the shepherd's fire-side was never empty, his attention never wandered. He was learning useful lessons there—the child from the old man:

> "A pair of friends, though he was young,
> And Matthew seventy-two."

The little boy's name was Alexander Paterson.

II. THE LOOM.

We find the herd-boy next at the loom, but the rosiness of childhood has passed away, and he is pale and thin, and people call him consumptive. He is bravely earnest in his work, notwithstanding; none of his young weaving companions work so much, or so well, as Alexander Paterson. He puts his whole heart into the shuttle and the thread while he is at work. There is a stack-yard close by, however, and there, whenever he is missed at the loom, he may be found with young Robert Edie, a friend who was to him as a brother, reading to him poems and striking sentences which, in the course of his reading, he had met with, and copied into an extract book. The young minds were awaking to the higher needs, the unfilled vacancies of the inner life.

III. THE MANSE.

A little study in a village manse—the village still Kilmany. Seated there is the man whose name is to spread to many far lands, the man of genius the orator, the mathematician, as well as

the divine. To what audience is he speaking with such energy, such absorbed interest? What subject moves him to such strange eloquence? A sickly young ploughman and a farmer's son are his companions. They are asking the question, "What shall we do to be saved?" and he is answering it. These two are Alexander Paterson and Robert Edie. So long do their evening conversations with Dr. Chalmers last, that it is often two in the morning before they separate, and then Alexander Paterson has barely time to hurry to his distant place of work, and commence the early ploughing labours of the day.

IV. THE PLANTATION.

From a plantation of firs, not far from the village, every sabbath arise sounds not usual by the way-side—sounds having a close connection and beautiful harmony with the midnight questionings and answerings in the manse study, which have brought peace and joy to the souls of the ploughman and the farmer of Kilmany. This is the scene described. "When the service was over, Robert Edie generally conveyed Alexander Paterson part of the way home. About one hundred yards from the road along which they travelled, in the thickly screened seclusion of a close plantation, and under the shade of a branching fir-tree, the two friends found a quiet retreat, where, each returning Sabbath evening, the eye that seeth in secret looked down upon these two youthful disciples of the Saviour on their knees; and for an hour their ardent prayers alternately ascended to the throne of grace. The practice was continued for years, till a private footpath of their own had been opened to the 'trysting-tree.'*

V. THE BOTHY.

Perhaps some of my young readers may not know what a "bothy" is. They must picture to themselves a large comfortless room or outhouse belonging to a farm in some district of Scotland. All the unmarried men servants feed and sleep there, and it is generally the scene of much disorder, folly, and irreligion. But a light arose in the Fifeshire "Bothy of Cruvie:" amidst the swearers and drinkers and scoffers was to be found a man of God—one who followed the plough on earth, but who was an heir of God's promised glories in heaven. Regularly did he read the Bible, although it was but seldom, at first, that he had any to listen; sometimes he succeeded in raising the voice of morning and evening prayer among the wild and careless lads of the Bothy. One of them frequently interrupted or prevented these exercises, by singing profane ballads, of which he had a large collection. He was so struck, however, by the simple and solemn words of Scripture, read by Alexander Paterson, that he became a changed man; the worthless ballads were thrown into the fire, and he began to learn and to sing the beautiful psalms of David.

VI. THE NIGHT JOURNIES.

Some time afterwards we find Alexander Paterson in another path of life, where part of his work was to drive a cartload of meal to a distant village. That he might arrive at the required time, he left home about midnight in an open cart; but happy journies they were, "for in the bright moonlight he was able, by the help of an uncommonly fine sight, to study the word of God. The retailer to whom he carried the meal, confined to his bed from the effects of a fall, and consequently prevented from attending religious ordinances, longed for the morning when he was to arrive; for he came to him as an angel of God: they never parted without having "tasted and seen" that the Lord was with them. It was the evening, before he again reached home. Instead of refreshing himself with sleep, he set out to hold prayer-meetings at a distance of several miles. . . The people flocked to them in great numbers. The Lord signally owned them. Fruits of them, we are informed, still survive.*

Nor were his sabbaths without their diligent and ungrudging labour; he had morning and evening classes, the first for children, the last for young men and women; of whom, in the course of nine years, many were plucked as brands from the burning. The following extract from a letter written by Alexander Paterson to his steady friend Dr. Chalmers, will give some idea of the inner feelings which prompted the outward activity in one who at this time, and during all the years of his life, suffered from constant illness and bodily weakness.

"Oh how delightful it is," he wrote, "to be justified by faith! then we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Yes, I can feel in some measure that I am dead with Christ. I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. My spiritual life is hid with Christ in God. I know that when he shall appear I shall appear with him in glory. Oh, the love of Christ! It passeth knowledge and all understanding."†

VII. THE WORK.

Not long, however, was the Fifeshire ploughman to remain in his humble position. God had

* Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers, vol. i. p. 429.

* The Missionary of Kilmany. A Memoir of Alexander Paterson, by the Rev. John Baillie, p. 21.

† Memoir, p. 32.

still higher work for him to do. In the dens and cellars and narrow wynds of the Canongate of Edinburgh, there were masses of heathen, for whose souls no man had cared. In 1827, a benevolent lady offered to support—what was then rarer than now—a home missionary to take light into the thick darkness. Dr. Chalmers immediately bethought him of Alexander Paterson, whose labours of love had hitherto been so blessed, in spite of the many interruptions by his daily toils. Though it was an office after his own heart, Alexander refused. He feared to intrude presumptuously into the special vineyard of the Lord.

"I'm no fit to be a missionary; I daurna tak' upon me such a post," he said. It required much argument and much persuasion, grounded upon the Scriptures, before he could be convinced that "the thing was of the Lord." For the remaining twenty-four years of his life, he was a deep-digging labourer in that portion of the vineyard where the soil seemed hardest, and the rubbish thickest. He strove to win the most depraved, he hoped for the most hopeless. From ten in the morning, often, till eight at night, with but an hour between, he laboured bravely on; often weary, but never despairing. "In some of the worst parts of the district, a number of wretched creatures were collected together who had lost all sense of moral decency, and whom nothing could induce to come out of their wretched hovels, that they might hear the word of life. To these hovels he went once a-week, taking a candle in his pocket that they might have light, for the hovels were generally in dark storeys or in cellars, and the inmates were so poor that they could not afford a light of their own."* His aptitude for the work was singular; his books and words of love won love in return, and this "love was power." There were few cases in which his words were not directed by a heaven-taught and loving wisdom, straight into the soft spot in the hard heart. "I'll fight you," said an enraged scoffer to him one day. "Stop, then," replied the missionary, "stop till I get out my sword." He took his Bible from his pocket. "This," he added, "is my sword, I never fight with anything but this." The man was subdued in a moment, and listened attentively to the word. A doubting and desponding enquirer said to him one day, "I have no love to Christ." "But, my dear friend," he replied, "Christ has love to you."

VIII. THE FRUITS.

And what were the results of this labour? did the gracious Master refuse to own his servant? No, the sown seed sprung up vigorously, and though disappointed in some cases, and in others not permitted to rejoice in the sight of the fruit, yet there was a sufficiently glorious harvest to prove who had been the heavenly husbandman, under whose direction the missionary of Kilmany had sown, and watched, and watered, and reaped. Hardened sinners were brought to weep and tremble, and afterwards to find peace. Infidels laid down their weapons, crying, "Lord, we believe; help thou our unbelief." Complacent professors were shaken in their strongholds of self-righteousness. Backsliders sought again the ways they had forsaken. The preaching of the cross, though not in words of men's wisdom, or in sentences dictated or polished by the learning of schools or colleges, was mighty in its effects, through the instrumentality of the Fifeshire ploughman.

* Memoir, p. 43.

THE TWO DEATH-BEDS.

Lovely and pleasant in their lives had been the two friends of the stack-yard, of the plantation "tryste," of the manse study, of many a varied scene of sorrow and joy and spiritual communion, and in their deaths they were not long divided. On the 14th of August, 1851, Robert Edie was at an evening prayer-meeting. It was his turn to offer up the concluding prayer; immediately after doing so, he fainted, and died in about ten minutes, thus "going home," without pain or struggle, to the God whom he had served consistently, and with joy, ever since those early days of seeking and finding him according to the promise. Four months afterwards, "whilst visiting in a wretched hovel a case of malignant typhus, Alexander Paterson caught the disease by which he was to be taken to his heavenly home. When he first lay down, he said to his wife, "This is death; if I should be delirious and be led to say anything which might make you doubt of my state, never mind; it's all settled with me long ago; I know in whom I have believed."

After arranging a few matters, he said with admirable sweetness, "I am not tired of life; I have enjoyed life more than most men; I liked my work and I liked my home. But the will of the Lord be done."

His sufferings were most acute. But not the slightest symptom of impatience was observed. Once and again, in a low whisper, such expressions as these were uttered: "Oh, Lord! I am oppressed; undertake for me." "Perfect peace!" "Oh death, where is thy sting?" "Who shall deliver me?" "Thanks be unto God, who giveth me the victory through my Lord Jesus Christ."

He expired on the 29th of December, 1851.*

* Memoir, p. 117.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

THE DIMENSIONS OF NINEVEH.

"Now Nineveh was an exceeding great city, of three days' journey." *Jonah* iii. 3.

THE inspired statement respecting the size of ancient Nineveh has frequently been made the ground of opposition to the Bible by infidel objectors, while it must be confessed that many sincere believers in the inspiration of the sacred Scriptures have not known how to harmonize the statement, that the city was "of three days' journey," with what they knew of the dimensions of modern cities. The difficulties connected with this statement have been augmented by the hasty conclusion that the "three days' journey" necessarily signified three days' journey in one direction, and nearly in a straight line. A modern writer has indiscreetly given his sanction to this assumption, when he says, "that spirit of concession to infidel objectors, which has so often indicated the timid, doubting temper of many modern expositors of holy writ, has led not a few to suggest that it was not three days' journey in length, but in circumference; as if they feared that the statement that Nineveh was forty miles in length, would never find credence." The suggestion that the "three days' journey" was not intended to apply to the length of the city, is attributable not to a "timid, doubting temper," but to a wish not to encumber the sacred narrative with difficulties arising from a misinterpretation of the text, which it is enough for us to justify and illustrate, without having, in addition, to defend the construction which has been put upon it very extensively indeed, but very hastily and gratuitously.

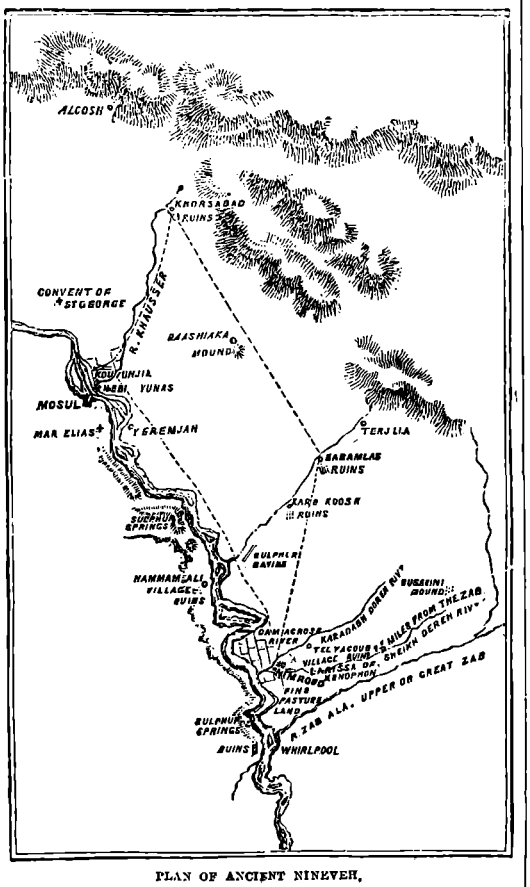
To understand the expression "three days' journey," we must picture to ourselves the prophet Jonah travelling on foot, and proceeding along the principal roads, not in one direction only, but in every direction, visiting the open squares before the various palaces, and occupying the time necessary for the faithful denunciation of the divine wrath. It was requisite that the people in all parts of the city should hear the warning which the prophet had to deliver, and in visiting all those public scenes in which the proclamation of the "King of kings" had to be made, this herald of woe would have to perambulate the city for three days, while an ordinary traveller might pass through in a single day, or a mounted courier in a few hours.

If we adopt this interpretation of the "three days' journey"—and we believe its reasonableness cannot be denied—we shall find a perfect agreement between the statement of Scripture, and the extent of Nineveh as furnished by ancient writers and shown by modern discovery. According to Diodorus Siculus, the dimensions of Nineveh were 150 stadia on the two longest sides of the quadrangle, and 90 on the opposite, making the square about 60 miles. An area of this size, traversed in the way we have supposed, would fully occupy the prophet the period assigned to his journey. Now Dr. Layard, in his first work on Nineveh, states that taking the four great mounds of Nimroud, Khorsabad, Kouyunjik, and Karamles, as the corners of a square, the four sides will correspond with the sixty miles of Strabo. A trigonometrical survey of this vast area has recently been made by an English officer, the result of which confirms the statement made, that by measuring its four sides, it is very nearly a perfect parallelogram of about sixty miles.

The vast extent thus assigned to the ancient Nineveh creates much difficulty to a mind accustomed to form its notion of a great city from what may be seen in this country, or on the continent of Europe. London, with a population of more than two millions and a quarter, covers an area of 114 square miles, while the area of Nineveh is estimated at 216 miles. We cannot, however, judge of oriental cities by those of Europe, which are thickly covered with human dwellings, with little more of open space than is necessary for thoroughfares, while the dwellings are horizontally divided into floors, in some cases as many as six or seven being piled one above another. The ancient eastern city had, besides its palaces and various public buildings, its gardens and orchards, its fields and its extensive accommodation for the "much cattle" maintained for the use of the inhabitants. Layard states that, at the present time, "in Asia, gardens and orchards, containing suburbs and even distinct villages, collected round a walled city, are all included by the natives under one general name." He gives Ispahan and Damascus as illustrations, and after several careful excavations of the ruins, and of the spaces enclosed by the ramparts of earth, he repeats his former opinion that they were "royal dwellings, with their dependent buildings, and parks or paradises, fortified like the palace-temples of Egypt, capable of standing a prolonged siege, and a place of refuge for the inhabitants in case of invasion. They may have been called by different names, but they were all included within the area of that great city known to the Jews and to the Greeks as Nineveh." Colonel Rawlinson gives a concurrent testimony, when he speaks of the Nineveh of the prophet Jonah as being formed of a group of cities.

These remarks will apply to the objections raised against the population ascribed to Nineveh at the time of the prophet's visit; "wherein there were more than six-score thousand persons

that could not discern between their right hand and their left hand." This expression is generally understood to represent young children, whose numbers one writer assumes to be a fifth of the population, which would thus amount to about 600,000 individuals. Another makes the proportion of children to the adults only a tenth, thus raising the whole population to 1,200,000. We have not the elements of any very accurate calculation as to the population of the "great city" in the time of Jonah; but, taking into consideration the facts already noticed, there is a very satisfactory agreement between the estimated population, and the dimensions already given.



PLAN OF ANCIENT NINEVEH.

How impressive is the vision which rises up before us, as we contemplate the vast plain whose ancient ruins are now being revealed to the light of day, and catechised as to the long silent past! Behold the Hebrew messenger, who had vainly tried to go from the presence of the Lord, repentant of his sinful cowardice, after he had been "cast into the deep, in the midst of the seas," when the "floods had compassed him about," and one of whose great monsters had been charged to convey him miraculously to the dry land! With what earnest solemnity, "knowing the terrors of the Lord," does this messenger from Jehovah enter the "great city, and cry against it!" How he obeys the Divine injunction, "Preach the preaching that I bid thee." How does his piercing voice resound through the streets and squares of the city, and find its awful echoes in the sculptured palaces of the king, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown!" But not in vain does the prophet cry. The spirit of repentance falls on the people of Nineveh, for "they believe God, and proclaim a fast, and put on sackcloth, from the least of them even to the greatest of them." The haughty monarch, whose proud figure we see depicted on the marbles, attended by his officers of state, with his vanquished foes stooping to kiss his feet, now rises from his throne, and has "laid his robe from him, and covered himself with sackcloth, and sat in ashes." "Neither man nor beast, herd nor flock, may taste anything, nor feed, nor drink water;" while all the people are crying to God in articulate prayer, "Who can tell if God will turn and repent; and turn away from his fierce anger, that we perish not?" The wailing and lamentation are rendered the more impressive and distressing as if by the sympathy of the "whole creation" around them, which "groaneth and travaileth in pain together." There is a moral sublimity in this spectacle which no pen can describe. God himself beheld it with pity and with grace, and "repented of the evil that he had said that he would do unto them; and he did it not."

When we read this wonderful history, we should remember that it has a lesson for us, and we should listen to Christ as he says, "The men of Nineveh shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for they repented at the preaching of Jonas; and behold a greater than Jonas is here." We have no occasion anxiously to ask, "Who can tell if God will turn and repent?" "We may have a strong consolation if we flee for refuge to the hope set before us." "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

To keep the heart in communion with God is the highest task of a Christian. Good motions are not frequent, but the constancy of good disposition is rare and hard. This work must be continual, or else it speedeth not.—*Bp. Hall.*

CHRIST was bound that we might be free; the cords of Christ were so full of virtue, that they loosed the chains of our sins, and bound the hands of God's justice, which were stretched out against us. He was bound for us, that so he might bind us to himself.—*Ambrose.*

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

CHRISTIAN GROWTH.

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing. *Psalm* xcii. 12–14."

THE Bible has many and peculiar attractions; and not the least of them is the frequent reference to natural objects which brighten its pages. Most persons admire nature, and its objects of beauty and grandeur leave their impressions upon the mind from the earliest period. These impressions form a prepared medium, through which spiritual thoughts can be agreeably transmitted to the soul, and permanently fixed there. The sacred writers constantly use the analogies of nature to convey spiritual truth. Do they wish to exhibit the joyous and useful progressions of the religious life? "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Would they present, in contrast, the misery and danger of ungodliness? "The way of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble." If the object is to show the flourishing and permanence of what is religious, the illustration is by "a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither." Would the Saviour teach us an unfaltering dependence on the living God? The lilies of the field, and the fowls of the air, without toil or spinning, storehouse or barns, preserved and fed by his bounty, and adorned by his hand, furnish the appealing illustration. When the prophet would present us with a picture of the blessed and glorious changes produced by the gospel, "the wilderness and the solitary places are glad for them, and the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose. It blossoms abundantly, and rejoices even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon is given to it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon." If this characteristic did not belong to the Divine book, it would not display that wisdom in its *form* which shines in its *truths;* but the presence of this element adapts it to our nature in many accessible points. It comes to us with its lessons through the medium of all that is pleasing, and familiar, and arresting. It teaches us through all the forms of that lovely nature with which we are daily conversant; and thus engrafts its divine principles on that in us which is ever active and awake in the presence of those forms. Hence the Bible is the book from which the child learns with gladness; which the artist reads with delight for its beauteous pictures from which the poet culls some of his choicest fancies; and over which the profound naturalist pores in admiration of a wisdom that links the forms and laws amidst which he is engaged, to truths far beyond mere human discovery. Moreover, the singular harmony which the Bible shows to exist between the natural and spiritual worlds, is one of those evidences of their common authorship which waits but for profounder study to stand forth in the mind as a token of strength in the fortress of the Christian evidences.

Our text presents us with a beautiful and fertile instance of this adaptation of nature to illustrate spiritual truths. It suggests, under appropriate and striking forms, the blessedness of early religion. With this view, we shall call attention to—

I. The character described; and

II. Their blessedness.

The character is first described as righteous. Now, there is no truth more clearly expressed in Scripture than that no man is righteous by nature. In Romans iii. 10, the apostle declares, "There is none righteous, no, not one," quoting from Psalms xiv. and liii. where it is said, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." A universal sinfulness is thus declared by the repeated voice of God. But we must not therefore interpret it as if it referred to every possible moral and judicial state of man; for this would render unmeaning those numerous portions of Scripture which speak of the righteous, such as Isa. iii. 10, "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him," and our text. The Scripture doctrine is that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," Rom. iii. 23; and, therefore, men in their natural state are not righteous. But yet the mention of the righteous in the same book would lead us to think that God has devised some method, and provided some means, by which the naturally unrighteous may undergo a change of condition and character, which shall make it possible to speak of them as righteous, without contradiction of the previous utterance. This leads us to a rapid glance at the great saving designs of God, and the principles of his gospel.

In Rom. iii. 24, immediately after the apostle has concluded all under sin, he writes: "Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus," teaching us that to be justified, or made righteous, is of God's grace, not of man's merit; and also that

it is "through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." Man is a sinner, and deserving eternal punishment. God is a just and holy Being. Man needs forgiveness. How can a just being forgive? It is true "God is love;" but how can he show that love, in forgiveness, without forgetting to be just? The work of Christ harmonizes all. "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God. To declare, I say, at this time his righteousness, that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." Rom. iii. 25, 26. God would remit (forgive) sins in his forbearance, and this is harmonized with his justice in the cross of the Redeemer; for in the sufferings of Jesus, the righteousness or justice of God was awfully and amply displayed. In them, he showed that sin was unutterably hateful to him, and his law unspeakably dear. He proved that his throne was established in judgment and justice; while his heart was free to love and pardon sinners believing in Jesus. Thus for the unrighteous there is opened up, in God's infinite compassion, a way by which they can become righteous, *i. e.* be treated as righteous. "Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man to whom God imputeth righteousness without works, saying, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered." Rom. iv. 6, 7. Oh, how rich the grace which devised and executed such a plan of salvation from the guilt of sin! "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" Rom. viii. 32.

But every soul that believes in Jesus, and obtains forgiveness through him, becomes righteous also *in character*. The source of man's sin against God is want of love to him. Love to God should be the law of man's being; but it is not, and hence all his transgressions. If ever he shall be conformed to the will of God, it must be by having a heart that loves him; and hence the design of God in the cross of Christ was, not only to display his justice, but also the riches of his love for the attraction of human hearts. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16. And the apostle John exclaims, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." 1 John iv. 10. While the dark thunder-cloud of justice wrapt itself around the suffering Saviour on Calvary, the love of God shone out in brightest lustre there. Like that Shechinah which could be, at once, a pillar of cloud and of fire, so the frowning aspect of justice awes the sinner, and prostrates him in the dust; while the love exhibiting itself to his subdued heart, by contrast, all the more brightly, lifts it up into an answering affection, and the believer, gazing on Jesus, exclaims with rapture, "I love him because he first loved me." 1 John iv. 19. Thus "the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us;" and the heart brought into such communion and inward harmony with God, delights in his will, and, being enlarged, runs in the way of his commandments; thus, by a holy obedience, proving the genuineness of its affection. This is the test the Redeemer gives: "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me," John xiv. 21; while the beloved disciple presents the same truth: "This is the love of God, that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grievous," 1 John v. 3; and again, "He that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous." 1 John iii. 7.

Thus, when man, conscious of his sinfulness, believes, through the Spirit, in the atoning blood of Jesus, he receives forgiveness of his sins, is treated as righteous, and having his heart brought into harmony with God by love, he is renewed in righteousness, after the image of him that created him. Eph. iv. 24.

The second expression descriptive of character is, "planted in the house of the Lord," ver. 13. The house of the Lord to a saint of the Old Testament was a place of peculiar sanctity and pre-eminent privilege. Hence the language of David respecting it: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple." Psa. xxvii. 4. When necessarily absent, his appeal is, "I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thy honour dwelleth." Psa. xxvi. 8. The general belief was that "God loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob." Psa. lxxxvii. 2. Thither the males of Israel, from twelve years old, went three times yearly, to appear before God. In that house God manifested himself. There the sacrifices were offered. There the high priest entered, with blood of sacrifices, into the awful presence in that inner sanctuary; and God communed with him, from above the mercy-seat, from between the cherubim, of all things which he gave him in commandment to the children of Israel. Exod. xxv. 22. Praise waited for God in Zion; there, to him, the vow was performed. It was the perfection of beauty; out of it he shined. No wonder that character stood associated with attendance on the sacred rites and services of

that house; and that, in the midst of those solemn engagements, character was deepened, and piety took on a type of greater elevation; and that it came to be a characteristic of the eminently pious, that they were "planted in the house of the Lord;" like Anna, who departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers, night and day. Luke ii. 37.

Nor does the New Testament omit to inculcate the importance of the privilege of public worship, and an acknowledgment of God. The promise of the Saviour is, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Matt. xviii. 20. The early disciples loved thus to assemble, and there was no need of commanding them. To those Hebrews who were shrinking from that public avowal of their Master, through fear of persecution, the apostle wrote: "Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another, and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." Heb. x. 25. In the public assemblies for religious worship, instruction is imparted, and stimulus given to the soul; and through the general mass of similarly engaged minds, an exalting sympathy is communicated, as it were, from spirit to spirit, by which each individual benefits, as the mere solitary worshipper cannot. A public testimony, too, is borne for God, in the midst of a world forgetful of his mercies; many a wandering one is guided to that Father in heaven, against whom he has been in rebellion; and thus the church becomes the birth-place of souls.

The word "planted" particularly suggests *youthfulness*. Trees are not generally planted when they have grown old; and if any are, they do not flourish like the young. That this is meant is further seen from verse 14, "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age." They that are planted in youth shall flourish in old age. Some persons, through the grace of God, have been brought to know him, late in life; but while, in a very few instances, they have shown some striking characteristics, yet they never present that full, rounded, beautiful, and harmonious character, which those present who have been early devoted to God, and whose whole development of every faculty has been under the influence of that grace, which is as potent to refine, and elevate, and expand, no less than to preserve, whatever comes under its influence.

The idea of planting also indicates *steadfastness*. When the Psalmist in the 1st Psalm contrasts the righteous and the wicked, the former is described by the tree planted by the rivers—green, vigorous, firm; the latter, as the chaff, which the wind drives to and fro—withered, dead, and tossed. What a beautiful sight is a steadfast Christian! one, not tossed to and fro, and driven about—ever in uncertainty and unsteadiness; but firmly fixed amid all the changes of time and the vicissitudes of human affairs—rooted deeply in a Saviour's grace, with purposes firm and unalterable: like the sturdy oak, which, while its arms are tossed by the winter's blasts, strikes wide its roots, and clasps them round the rocks, and stands immoveable as the foundation of the earth. They "are planted in the house of the Lord."

Our text leads us now to consider,

II. Their blessedness. "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree. He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon."

They shall "grow" and "flourish." The laws and processes of growth in the natural world are beautiful. There is no growth without organization and life; and the action of life is a constant selection and assimilation of all the elements adapted to the nature of the organization, and, at the same time, expelling from it whatever would hinder its progress. There is no plant or animal that is not constantly acting thus on all the material around it. The tiniest flower that sends forth its modest fragrance on the breeze, is, at the same time, disengaging the portion of carbon contained in the surrounding atmosphere for its nutriment, and assimilating it to itself; while it disengages the oxygen, and returns it to the air again. So in the animal system; the deleterious carbon is expelled, while the oxygen purifies the blood, and vivifies the whole organization. The process of growth, then, is a constant round of selection, assimilation, and rejection, under the influence of the principle of life. So is it in the growth of a Christian soul; there will be the rejection of the evil which hinders the formation of a pure and vigorous character. The influences of education and habit, the tendencies of innate depravity, will be progressively dismissed; while every element and influence of good will be taken up by the spirit of life within, and made to contribute to a healthy spiritual vitality. The word of God will be studied with an ever-increasing pleasure, and its principles of sanctity made the aliment of a growing holiness. Prayer will bring the soul to breathe the upper air of heaven, and infuse into it a life still more divine. Public means will be to the heart what the breezes are to the vegetable world—provocatives of growth; and under all these influences the soul will grow in spiritual knowledge, in love to God, in strength to serve him, and in patience to endure; while, as the flourishing tree, rising from the soil towards heaven, it will become daily more aspiring to that upper region, and catch its brighter sunlight.

[To be continued.]

ROMANISM IN IRELAND.

HOLY WELLS.—PART II.

The consciousness of guilt, and a corresponding desire to escape from the punishment which transgression has provoked, are facts worthy of peculiar notice in the moral history of our race. Hence it is that (as Archbishop Magee and other writers on "The Atonement" have shown) in all ages, and almost in every land, nations unenlightened by a divine revelation have practically recognised the doctrine of SACRIFICE; sometimes by a hecatomb of human beings, as in the worship of the Druids; sometimes—as in the early days of ancient Rome, in Greece, in Africa, in India, in the Feejee and Tonga Islands, and generally among the groups of the islands in the vast Pacific—the child or the man has perished, an expiatory victim for the guilt of his fellows. And even where religious terror, and the cry of an awakened conscience, have not prompted to such shocking expedients for deliverance and relief, there have been ways and means devised by which, in full accordance with the pride of self-righteousness, and under the alleged sanction of Christianity and its professed ministers, men have been lulled into a false and fatal spiritual torpor, through bodily macerations, by penances, pilgrimages, and last, but not least, by the imaginary virtues of holy wells, whose waters, as believed by multitudes, wash away the blackest stains. Such, indeed, have been the peculiar tendency and teaching of Romanism, and of its priesthood, of whom—denying the grand doctrine of justification by faith in Christ's merits, without any addition of man's performances or sufferings—it may, in strict harmony with truth, be said, that they "have healed the hurt of the people slightly," and that "they are physicians of no value."

As to the sanction given by the Romish church to pilgrimages to holy wells in times past (however qualified that sanction, through the influence of Bible circulation, and a Protestant press and public opinion, may now comparatively be), there can be no question whatever. Limiting our range of observation to Ireland, however, the following extract points to a period not yet removed from the memory of many.

"In the parish of Marmalane,* near Monkstown, county Cork, and situated in the lands of Lachane, there is a spring, the waters of which were consecrated about the year 1795, and under the following circumstances, according to the general testimony of the inhabitants now residing in that neighbourhood. The parish priest having dreamed that the well would prove of miraculous efficacy in certain cases, and being strongly impressed with the dream, awoke his servant, and required his attendance on the spot. The man instantly obeyed, and witnessed the solemn benediction of the fountain. The morning was the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, and to the tutelage of these saints the place was committed, and it still bears their names. The usual observances followed on the part of the surrounding peasantry, by whom the well is now resorted to, and by whom also it has been furnished with memorials of the benefits pretended to have been derived, similar to those described in other places. The above act of gross superstition was performed, we are assured, by a gentleman who was afterwards for many years a bishop amongst the Roman Catholics, a man not wanting in abilities and literary attainments."

The festival of St. Declan at Ardmore, county Waterford, is held on the 23rd of September of each year. Within the old chapel or ruin is a holy well, on going to which at one of the annual festivals, a Protestant visitor says: "I was obliged to turn out of the road, and pass by a bye-way, in consequence of more than a thousand people being on their knees in the vicinity of the chapel, where the priest was celebrating mass, for on that day they have three masses." The degrading character of the practices which thus received the most solemn possible sanction by the celebration of mass on the spot will be sufficiently estimated when we find that pilgrims were required to pass under the holy rock of St. Dunstan, the devotees moving forward as if in the act of swimming, and thus squeezing or dragging themselves through. Upwards of eleven hundred persons were observed to go through the ceremony in the course of the day. The holy stone, the object of superstitious veneration, and believed to be endued with miraculous powers, is said to have been wafted from Rome, upon the surface of the ocean, at the period of St. Declan's founding his church at Ardmore, and to have borne on its top a large bell for the church tower, and also vestments for the saint himself! A human skull being placed at the head of the tomb, the people bowed before it, believing it to be the skull of St. Declan; the visit to his grave completed the devotions of the festival, held to be more sacred than the sabbath itself. Then followed the reaction from superstitious observances, in scenes of profligacy, such as we said in our first paper invariably attended these pilgrimages, and all, be it remembered, with the tacit sanction of a priesthood who grew rich by the tribute of the so-called "penitents." "The

* Quoted in Mr. Dixon Hardy's "Holy Wells of Ireland," p. 36. Dublin, 1856. From a correspondent of "The Roman Catholic Expositor."

* Hardy, p. 37.

sanctity of the day," we are assured, "marked even by the most humiliating exercises of devotion, did not prevent its night being passed in riot and debauchery. The tents, which throughout the day the duties owing to the patron saint caused to be empty, at evening became thronged with the devotionalists, and resounded till day-break with the oaths of the blasphemer, and the shouts of the drunkard." At the extremity of the village were numerous tents, with food and liquors of all descriptions, nor were amusements wanting, such as cards, dice, the wheel of fortune, &c., such as are commonly to be seen at Donnybrook fair.

On the western borders of Lough Neagh, a district known to us in the county of Tyrone, a holy well of great celebrity, in the parish of Ardtrea, with its stone cross, has long been a scene of popular resort. In the same neighbourhood is a "holy river," a stream running into the lough, on whose banks a festival was held once a year, the day being called "Pattern Sunday." After washing away their sins in the waters of the holy river, the tents were filled, and whiskey, drinking, dancing, riot, and obscenity wound up the scene.

Among these Irish festivals, none have been more famous or more largely frequented than those at Croagh Patrick, a lofty mountain, rising in a conical or sugar-loaf form, on the borders of the Atlantic, in the most western part of the county Mayo. The supposed sanctity of this beautiful mountain is derived from its being the place where St. Patrick is said to have driven all the venomous animals which he banished from Ireland into the sea. A pilgrimage to it, therefore, is believed to be of powerful efficacy to atone for and wash away sin. The penances and practices of the people here are thus described.

"They begin their station at the sign of St. Patrick's knee, and there say seven paters (the Lord's prayer) and seven aves ('Hail, Mary, etc.,') and a creed. After going about four perches on their knees over the rocks to a little altar, they say fifteen paters, fifteen aves,* and a creed. After this penance they descend to what, we presume from its tranquil clearness, is called 'the well of glass.' Here they sit up all night, and bring with them the blind, the halt, and the maimed, presenting them to the saint of the well, and cry to him to heal them. The pilgrims then sit up three nights, after which they proceed in succession to two wells and a holy lake. The first well is at Aughawale, where they go through a station; they then enter the well, in which are three trouts: if by baits they can tempt them to come out and eat, it is the most lucky omen in the world; but if not, they cry to St. Columbkill to send them out; for otherwise some terrible misfortune will befall them. They next proceed to Aughagour, where both men and women cut off and deposit their hair, also horse-shoes, broken nails, pins and needles, and even portions of their best clothes, and fasten them to the trees. Then comes the usual finale. Here parties, and families, and parishes come to fight and quarrel; here also all manner of debaucheries are committed. In the end they bring home bottles of the lake water, and shake it among the cattle; and if any person becomes sick, some of it is spilled into his ears."*

Speaking of the union of superstition and profligacy, a clergyman, who had visited the same place, says: "Of the first station at the altar, every knee-print is marked with blood. At the second, I have seen four persons go round in this manner, and three of them women; and although at every step fresh streams gushed out from their lacerated knees, not one word of murmuring escaped them. But when all is over, those who have paid off their debts take a room for themselves, where they have both a fiddler and a piper to play for them. There you may behold men and women, with their lacerated feet and knees as swollen as a loaf, leaping like mad folks to the sounds of the instruments. In another corner of the room you may behold men rolling drunk, and swearing as if there was no God. In one corner are to be seen old women drinking tea with a cup-tosser, (a person who pretends to read fortunes from the grounds and leaves left in the tea-cup,) deciding the destiny of their daughters at home. In fact, the whole seemed as if planned and fostered by the father of lies himself. All this I have witnessed, or certainly I could not credit it."†

Similar penances have been wont to be performed at "Holy Island," in Scariff bay, on the western coast, at Whitsuntide. According to popular legends, this is the place where St. Patrick stopped the first night he spent in Ireland, and here the Virgin Mary came down to meet him. Here, too, the sound of the vesper bell ("which sounds in heaven every seven years") is heard at stated intervals. Hither the people come to make atonement for their sins, or the sins of their friends, either living or departed—the latter being delivered by their penances from purgatory. The worst class of characters

* In those prayers "vain repetitions" abound; the Virgin has an equal number addressed to her as are to God himself; and all these devotions are regarded as *penal*, and therefore atoning in their character, than which nothing can be more unscriptural.

* Hardy, p. 31.

† "Ireland: its Evils traced to their source." By the Rev. James Page.

repair to this place, and after being cleansed, as they believe, from their sins,

"Even in penance planning sins anew,"

they commence at once to run up a new score of wickedness.

These, then, are some of the results of Romanism in "the island of saints," where the system has had fair scope for its development. Under the shadow of this upas tree have grown up the vile and revolting weeds just described. It is well, surely, when the church of Rome comes to us veiled in picturesque mediæval garments, and wearing the mask of poetry, painting, and sculpture, scattering as she goes fragrant incense, and chanting old cathedral music, that we should view her under a more homely and more truthful aspect. Woefully have we neglected our duty to Ireland in not striving more earnestly to purify it from these abominations by the diffusion of the gospel, and a deep claim on our sympathy have those societies which now aim at the accomplishment of this long-neglected work.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.*

In the spring of the year 1801, about a fortnight after the assizes, an application was made to the author of this narrative, by a gentleman of respectability, who had just arrived from the country upon business, which he stated to be of great importance. "There are," he said, "two men left for execution at Huntingdon, for sheep-stealing; they are to be executed early to-morrow morning; some circumstances have lately transpired, with which, if the judge is acquainted, I am sure they will be pardoned; may I beseech you to wait upon the judge?" After having heard and deliberated upon his statement, I was satisfied that every exertion ought to be made on their behalf. I immediately went to the judge's house. He had not yet returned from Norwich, which is the last town upon the circuit, but he was expected in the course of the day. I went to the Secretary of State's office; I was there informed that the Secretary of State could not interfere, unless a favourable report were made by the judge. It was now three o'clock, and the execution was to take place early the next morning, at a distance of sixty miles from London. At eight o'clock the judge had not arrived. To meet him on the road appeared to be hopeless. At nine, almost in despair, I called again; the judge, without having stopped at his own house, had gone to a relation in the city; he immediately granted me an audience; and having most kindly and most patiently heard me, he answered nearly as follows:—"There is much weight in what you say; but I do not sufficiently recollect the circumstances of the trial to enable me to make any report, and my papers are not yet unpacked; they are at my house. I would go and search for them, were it not now too late effectually to examine them this night. Something, however, ought to be done; but I am fearful of exciting expectations which may not be realized." I was well known to the judge. "If your lordship will intercede for a respite for one week, and can confide in me, I will deliver it at Huntingdon, and will take care that no improper expectation shall be excited." Upon this assurance, the order was signed. Instead of applying at the Secretary of State's office, I went instantly to the Secretary of State, who was in the house of lords. I wrote a note to the Duke of Portland; Lord Clare was speaking with great animation in a very full house, and I feared that my note would be disregarded. The duke, however, instantly rose from his seat, and came to me, anxiously waiting at the door in the antechamber; he heard my representation; he read the judge's letter. "The poor men are much indebted to you," he said, "and happy am I to be able to assist such kindness. I will sign the order—take it to the office, and you will receive the mandate."

The Horse Guards clock struck eleven as I entered Whitehall: before twelve o'clock I, with the respite in my pocket, was in a post-chaise, on my road; between five and six in the morning, just at the dawn of day, I was within fourteen miles of Huntingdon. The sun rose in all its splendour; and it was not, I thought, the last time that it would rise upon these poor men. The clock had not struck eight when I heard the wheels of the carriage safely passing over the streets of Huntingdon. Upon my arrival at the gaol, I did not inform the gaoler of the object of my journey. "A reprieve might have echoed through the prison, and I should have violated the trust which the judge had reposed in me. I requested that, in the presence of the gaoler, and in a private room, I might see John Taylor and John Burton, the two prisoners who were ordered for execution. They were immediately called: I heard them, loaded with irons, coming towards me; I saw, when they entered the room, that they mistook me for the sheriff. "It will be better," I said, "that you should have another week." One of the men instantly felt as if dead: I involuntarily ran up to him. He clung round me, and with a look which I shall never forget, he cried, "Oh, God! a week is a long time to live." This man, I afterwards learnt, had eight children.

Soon after I had quitted the prison, and had

* This interesting narrative may be had for circulation in a separate form.

reached my inn, I saw the people flocking in all directions. A friend of mine soon called, and suggested that it might be advisable for me not to be seen in the town, as the mob, many of whom had come from distant parts of the county, were not pleased at their disappointment. The pity which I felt for these poor men, and the horror at the want of feeling shown by the crowd, have made an impression upon me which no time can efface.

Now, my reader, are you sure that, in the perilous situation of these two men, there is not a great similarity to your own situation? Nay, what if yours is the more serious, and affecting, and dangerous of the two? Be persuaded to reflect for a few moments.

1. These men were arraigned and tried, and so will you be. You are already not only on the road to your grave, but to the judgment of the great day. "Behold, the Judge standeth before the door!" James v. 9. At that bar must appear for trial, men of all characters—of all states and conditions—of all nations, and kindreds, and languages—and of all ages of the world. The quick and the dead, the small and the great, will be there, not as spectators; and there, my friend, you must stand, for "God will judge the righteous and the wicked."

2. The judge, in the preceding case, did not at once "sufficiently recollect the circumstances of the trial." How very different is the character of your final Judge! He needs no information to be lodged against you, no witnesses to prove your guilt; for all your crimes have been committed immediately under his own eye. You cannot escape his notice; "neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight; but all things are naked and open unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do." You may, if you will, palliate your sins, excuse your self-indulgence and neglect of duty, by various frivolous and feigned pretences; but, at the last day, to plead these will be vain—all in vain; for then the mask will be stripped off, and then you will know who it is that bringeth to light the hidden things of darkness, and who followed you, while here below, in all your secret and open transactions. Yes, reader, it is a fact that, with regard to you, in particular, yes, even you, "he will bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing."

3. In the dispositions of the disappointed crowd, you perceive something truly shocking. One should have thought, that they would have returned with joy; but no, oftentimes

> "There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
> It does not feel for man."

Ah, my friend, it is a matter of small concern to the world around you, whether you are saved or lost; and not only so, but there are those also who have fixed on your guilty spirit an evil and a malignant eye. There is, believe me, a spirit which now worketh in the children of disobedience — Satan, the enemy of God and man, who goeth about not only blinding the minds of men who believe not, lest the light of the knowledge of the glory of God should shine into them; but who rejoices in the delusions, and thoughtlessness, and profaneness, and eternal destruction of the souls of men. You should not delay, for one moment, the most anxious inquiry after those means by which you may be delivered from the power and malice of the wicked one, that you may be translated into the kingdom of the Son of God.

4. You admire the pity and disinterested sympathy of the deliverer of these men. You followed him with eagerness and admiration, every step of his journey; and if you possess much sensibility, you were almost breathless till you found that he was successful. Does not this remind you of Jesus, that kind, powerful, and successful intercessor and deliverer? Why is it, then, that you have not been as much, nay, much more, affected by the pity of your justly offended God? Do you forget that God so loved the world as to give his only begotten and well-beloved Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life? Do you not hear an apostle of his saying: "As though God did beseech you by us, we pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God: for he hath made him who knew no sin, to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him?"

5. But have you not observed the joy and gladness with which these men received merely a reprieve? and though even the sound of pardon might afterwards salute their ear, what could their life be at the longest, but only "a few poor added days?" And is it true, that you have rejected, hitherto, the pardon and endless life offered to you, through the obedience and blood of Jesus Christ—through his shameful and accursed death on the cross? Then, assuredly, whatever be your personal accomplishments, or your family connections, your domestic felicity, your state of health, or your prospects in life—then is your condition deplorable and melancholy: you are a sinner under the condemnation of God's holy and righteous law. And who is a sinner, if it is not the man who continues unmoved under the Divine command to repentance—the man who neglects the salvation of his soul, and who receives not the record which God has given of his Son? "And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son."

Page for the Young.

LITTLE MARY AND THE STRAW BONNET.

(*From the French of Malan.*)

A good and gentle child,
Named little Mary Brown,
Lived in a cottage on the road
Not very far from town.

She loved to go to school,
And in her hours of leisure,
Reading the Lord's most holy word
Was her chief joy and pleasure.

One morning her mamma,
Who brought her up with care,
When kneeling near her humbly said.
"O Father, hear my prayer.

"Grant that my little girl
May choose the better part,
And early let thy heav'nly grace
Put zeal into her heart.

"O teach her, blessed Lord,
To follow, day by day,
The faithful Shepherd who now calls
Young children to his way.

"A lamb of thine own flock,
By her thy will be done,
And ever may she love to spread
The kingdom of thy Son."

"Oh! tell me, mother dear,"
Cried Mary, full of love,
"What can a little helpless child
Do for the Lord above?"

"Mary," her mother said,
"The very meanest thing
Will be, if offered up aright,
A worthy offering.

"There only wants the will
To labour for the Lord,
Who every little help accepts
To circulate his word.

"And if you would but try
These worthless straws to plat,
You soon might learn to make and sell
A bonnet or a hat.

"And then the little sums
Of money you would get,
You might with humble, grateful zeal
To Jesus dedicate.

"And so the Bible sent
To distant heathen lands,
Would tell men of God's wondrous love,
And teach them his commands."

With pleasure Mary heard
The good that she might do,
And earnestly resolved to try
This labour to pursue.

So scarce a week had passed
Ere little Mary knew
To choose the best and finest straws,
And plat and sew them too.

Her little fingers worked
With industry and care,
And to her pious task she gave
Each moment she could spare.

Soon she had done enough
For something to be made,
And then she to her mother came,
And kneeling by her said:

"Oh! may my dear mamma,
Who prays so much for me,
Henceforth with joyful heart, O Lord,
Daily delight in thee.

"I humbly offer now
This bonnet that I've made,
And oh! how thankful shall I be
If by my humble aid,

Thy book, more widely spread,
To some poor sinner given,
May teach him truly to repent,
And lead him up to heaven."

THE REV. J. HEALE.

THE MISSIONARY BRIDGE.

THREE little boys were once at a sea-bathing place in Yorkshire, where the children find great amusement in digging in the sands. They sallied forth one fine morning with their spades, and finding a stream, left by the ebbing tide, rather too wide and too deep to be agreeably crossed on foot, they built a bridge of stones and sand, over which many persons, taking their morning walk, were glad to pass, and smilingly asked the little builders if they did not take toll; to which they civilly replied, "No." But the next day the idea was suggested that the bridge might be called a missionary bridge, and a toll of one half-penny requested of any who were willing to aid the missionary cause. The little boys were delighted to find their pleasant employment might assist in carrying the precious gospel to heathen lands.

The bridge built, and a stick and bag reared up in the sand at one end of it, some of the company kindly encouraged the little boys, and slipped their half-pence into the bag. One lady, though quite a stranger, gave them such kind looks and words, that she won the hearts of the little boys at once: they were sure she loved Jesus and the missionaries. The whole of their work, however, was not quite so smooth and pleasant. Some were quite indifferent; and one spoke so disrespectfully of the cause in which they were engaged, that the hearts of the little boys were wounded; but the kind lady had told them never to be ashamed of the missionary work, for it is the work of Christ; and that, whether young or old, all must expect to meet with some difficulties, if they would serve him who took up his cross to serve and save us.

The varying tides, and other circumstances, only allowed of the missionary bridge being built three times during their stay, on which occasions they received the sum of 5*s.* 1*d.* from those who passed over it. Small as this may appear, if it help over one precious Bible, who can tell what glorious things may be accomplished?

Children! do you wish to do good? If so, this anecdote shows you that where there is a will there is a way.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE POOR INVALID FIRST APPRISED OF HER DANGER.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

PART XIII.

MANY days passed away, and I saw but little of my young owner, who seemed too much occupied by the ceaseless amusements of a gay watering-place, to have time for serious retirement. When Mr. Duncan and Mary were not engaged abroad, they received visitors in their drawing-room; and the intervals were filled up with those constantly recurring cares which deserve so little, but receive so much, of the attention of men, and which I have observed to be by no means confined to the poor of this world; those cares, I mean, that are comprised and expressed in the anxious questions, "What shall we eat? and what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

My owner and her father received visitors, I have said; but the only friend who had ventured to speak a word for me was not among them. And how different were the communications which were spoken within hearing of me, as I lay unheeded from day to day within reach of my mistress's hand, from those which had proceeded from the lips of that faithful friend!

The frivolities of pleasure, the fashions of the

No. 56.—PUBLISHED MAY 24, 1855

PRICE ONE PENNY.

gay world, the changes of the political world—all these received their full share of attention and remark; but not one voice, of all that I heard, spoke of the world and its pleasures and its fashions and its politics as passing away, or of that kingdom which abideth for ever.

It was worthy of sorrowful remark, also, that of all the friends, whom I can but call *false* friends, whose visits in those days were received by my owner with gratification, not one had the faithfulness to refer to the precariousness of her tenure of earthly enjoyments. On the other hand, they were loud in their congratulations on what they called the amendment in her health, and in confident predictions that, in a short time, every remaining symptom of disease would disappear, and that a long life of vigour and happiness lay before her.

Mary Duncan listened eagerly to such encouragements as these. It may be that she believed them: but besides herself, no one, surely, could be deceived and cheated into the belief that the mighty destroyer, death, had been for that time robbed of his prey. Full well I knew that the flatterers themselves were not thus deceived. Once and again, when my owner had left the room, did the whisper pass round that the days of Miss Duncan were numbered, and were fast drawing to a close. Often, too, could the smile of incredulity, mingled with compassion, have been detected on the lips of these false friends when Mary herself spoke of returning strength and health. "It would be cruel," I heard one say to another, "to undeceive her, poor girl! but it is plain that she has not many months to live." Then I thought of what One by my mouth has said, "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." And, inasmuch as the object of these flattering companions and "miserable comforters" was to divert the mind of my young owner from the proffered friendship and loving regards of Him who "waits to be gracious," these words burned within me, "The friendship of the world is enmity against God."

All, indeed, with whom Mary Duncan, in those days of which I write, came in contact, so far as I could discern, laboured to cheat her with hopes and expectations which they well knew to be fallacious. The physician who daily alighted at her door, smiled as he felt her feeble, rapid pulse. The servants who waited on her were directed to avoid all mention of the words "sickness" and "danger." And the father spoke confidently of returning to his native land with the daughter of his affections in the full bloom of re-animated youthfulness and beauty.

But how frequently have I seen that father, when his daughter had retired to rest, and in the silence of night, pulling off the mask of gaiety, and pacing the deserted apartment in strong agony of soul, with every feature convulsed, and bitter tears gushing down from his eyes, in utter hopelessness of relief! How often then have I heard him giving language to grief in groans and sobs and broken exclamations! One deep, overwhelming, restless, stormy sorrow filled his heart; and not a ray of light and peace broke in upon the dark and dismal future.

He could do without the Bible, he had often said; but where now was the boasted philosophy which could sustain him?

One day, after an absence of some hours, my young mistress entered the apartment alone. Her countenance was pale and agitated, and her pallid lips trembled exceedingly. Hurrying to the couch, beneath the pillow of which I had been permitted to remain so long undisturbed, she tremblingly drew me from my concealment, and, with hasty steps, conveyed me to her chamber.

Long did she sit with me before her on the table, not venturing to apply to me for relief from the sore distress which seemed suddenly to have seized upon her soul. She was like one awakened from a dream to a sense of imminent peril, and had she spoken the language of her heart, she might then have exclaimed, "The sorrows of death have compassed me; the pains of hell have got hold upon me: I find trouble and sorrow."

"Dying, dying!" she exclaimed, at length; and her pale features were convulsed in agony, while she clasped her hands in the abandonment of despair. "Dying, dying!"

At length, this paroxysm of strong emotion gave way to softer signs of grief. Tears gushed from her eyes, and as she leaned over me, they fell on me, fast and warm; and her lips moved, though no sounds, audible to human ears, escaped them.

While thus, in some measure, relieving her own full heart, a gentle knock was heard at Mary's door; and, at her bidding, her father entered. Quietly and almost kindly, he approached his daughter, kissed her pale forehead, and then sat down by her side. For some time they remained in silence, broken only by the sobs of my young owner.

"Mary," her father said, at last, "this is not well."

"What is not well, dear father?" she asked, as though she knew not what she said.

"This depression of spirits, Mary — these sudden changes. You were quite gay this morning, quite like your old self; and then you disappeared so suddenly from the company, and now I find you thus. You are not worse, not seriously unwell, I trust?" Mr. Duncan asked, anxiously.

"Dying, father, dying!" And as the cry escaped her lips, the agitated daughter threw herself on his breast, and wept aloud, while he repeated the word, in terror, and half started to his feet. "Then you do feel worse," he added; and his strong voice faltered; "and you have not told me."

"No, father, not worse," said Mary, with strong effort; "not worse than I was this morning; nor worse than I was yesterday, nor worse, perhaps, than I have been many yesterdays. But, for all that, dying. I have sometimes thought that it must be so: but now—"

"But now, dear Mary, your spirits have, for a moment, given way. I can see how it is: you are not yet so strong as we could wish you to be, nor so strong as you will be, and we have overtaxed your strength: I will leave you now to take a little rest, and you will be quite well again presently." And he rose to leave her; but Mary detained him.

"Do not go, father," she pleaded; "I am glad you are here: do not leave me."

"Certainly I will not, Mary, if I can assist in banishing this causeless depression," said Mr. Duncan; and he again seated himself by his daughter's side. Just then, his eyes fell upon me; and, with suppressed impatience and anger, he laid his hand on me.

"I don't wonder, now," he began to say; but Mary interrupted him—

"It is not that, father," she said, more calmly than she had hitherto spoken—"it is not the Bible that has made me—that makes me—sad; and indeed you must not, you will not take it from me."

"It must be as you please, Mary," he replied; "but if that book is not at the bottom of it I am greatly mistaken."

"Indeed, the Bible has nothing to do with it; I mean, with what you call my sudden change."

"What made you, then, say just now that you were dying, though you acknowledge to feeling well?"

"Not well, father," said the invalid; "but only not worse—not palpably worse than I have long been. I will tell you. It was a few words I heard spoken just now, when you left me in the room. I suppose that those who spoke saw you go, and fancied I must be with you. They began to talk of me, father, as I sat behind the screen of flowers. Shall I tell you what they said?" asked Mary, and her lips quivered with excitement.

"Some impertinent gossip, Mary, I have no doubt," said her father, in a tone of pretended indifference; but the uneasiness of his heart was visible in his countenance: "some impertinent gossip; there is enough of that in this place, as in every other: but I thought you were too wise to mind it. But who were the 'they,' Mary?"

"They were friends, father, who had just before been telling me how well I looked, and how soon I should become quite convalescent. And then, when they thought me out of hearing, they said how plain it was to all but myself that I was dying. Inch by inch, they said; but dying."

"They did not speak of you, Mary; they could not be speaking of you," said the father, eagerly; "and if they were, why heed them? We will make false prophets of them, Mary."

"They spoke of me, father," said my young owner, sadly; "for they mentioned me by name. And, father, I know they spoke truly. Father, dear father," continued the poor invalid, "do not let me be deceived, nor try to deceive me." And once more her tears fell fast, and sobs impeded her utterance.

The father rose, and paced the chamber gloomily. His attempts to reassure his child died upon his tongue. It may be he felt how vain at this time they would be; or remorse might be striving in his heart for the systematic deception he had long practised. At length, he bent over his daughter, and tenderly wiped away the tears as they freely flowed down her cheeks. It was the pitying and loving act of a father who felt himself impotent to save, towards one who as yet was estranged from the love of Him who, as a father, pities them that fear him; whose gentle hand alone can effectually "wipe away all tears from their eyes;" and whose powerful word shall obliterate all traces of their earthly sorrows, in that "fulness of joy" which springs from his presence, and in those "pleasures for evermore" which are at "his right hand."

It was in a low and broken voice that Mr. Duncan endeavoured, at length, to speak peace and comfort—such peace and comfort as one can give to whom their only true source is unknown. He confessed that there might be danger—that, at least, his daughter's restoration to health might be far distant—but that, indeed, she had been put to unnecessary alarm by a few words vaguely spoken and imperfectly heard.

But while he said this, his mournful tones and hesitating speech contradicted his words of hope; and the daughter smiled languidly ere he had completed what he would have said.

"My mother sickened as I have sickened," she said; "and was, for a time, deceived as I have been; and then she died, as I shall soon die: but, father, father, there was hope in her death; for she believed in *this*;" and Mary placed her hand on me; "but I——

"Father, dear father," she added, after a short and painful silence—and Mary's voice gained energy as she spoke—"you have meant kindly in hiding this from me, and I will not reproach you: but *it is a fearful thing to die*—to die with-

out hope of a better life—such a hope as made my mother calm, and peaceful, and happy—such a hope as I never shall have; for I have lived without it. But you will not refuse me one thing now?" and she raised her dark bright eyes to his, in earnest entreaty.

"Nothing, Mary; nothing that you think will give you comfort."

"It may not give me comfort," said the unhappy daughter; "I dare not hope for comfort; but if it should not seem to comfort me, you will not even then refuse?"

"What is it you wish, Mary?" he asked.

"To be spared the misery and mockery of meeting people who can only talk of the world which I must so soon leave; and who smile in my face when I know they are attempting to deceive me. This is one part of my wish."

"You shall be your own mistress, Mary; you shall see no company that distresses you: but you know that cheerful society is one of the things prescribed for you. It shall be as you wish, however."

"And then," continued Mary, "you will no longer have me denied to Lady D.? She has called daily to see me, you know."

"But, dear Mary, think. Lady D. I have a great respect for; but she is—you must be aware of that—a rank enthusiast."

"She was my mother's friend," Mary pleaded.

"I know it, Mary; but you know that her conversation is very gloomy, and not at all calculated to keep up your spirits, my dear girl, especially now that she has a sick child of her own to think and talk about. She is Bible-mad, and she will encourage the fancy that you are dying, that she may infect you with her own ridiculous notions. In your state of health, Mary, you cannot have more injurious society than such as Lady D.'s; and the physician has expressly cautioned me against it. Ask anything else, Mary."

"I have nothing else to ask, father," said the sorrowing invalid; and she turned mournfully away.

A long time that day, after her father had departed, and for many days after that, did my poor owner sit mournfully and solitarily in her chamber, seeking relief from me for the terrors of her soul, but obtaining none. Vainly, as it then seemed, did she turn over my leaves, and glance from one passage to another in my communications, which her brother had marked and commended to her notice—vainly, in anxious search of peace and rest. In my words, as she then received them, she found no promises to meet her condition; no gentle, quiet, and soothing manifestations of Divine mercy. The world, with which she had been satisfied, was fading away, and eternal life seemed beyond her grasp.

Dying; dying; and without hope! This was the burden of her mournful cry. Thoughts of prayer sprang up feebly and sicklily in her soul; but words of prayer died on her tongue ere they found utterance; and "a fearful looking-for of judgment to come" covered her soul with a horror of thick darkness.

Thus when, on one occasion, I directed her terror-stricken soul to the sure foundation which the Lord God had laid for the sinner's hope, she regarded me with an expression of incredulity and indifference; but when I proceeded further to repeat his declaration—"Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place; and your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand: when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then ye shall be trodden down by it;" when these words reached her, her countenance spoke the despair of her soul. "It is even so," she said; "and there is no hope—none."

Once, indeed, when I reminded her of the gracious promise of the incarnate God, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you;" and stated, on *his* high authority who can never lie nor repent, that if men, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto their children, "how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him," her countenance kindled up for a moment with awakened interest, in the thought that such kind and gentle and loving words might have a meaning even for her.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF GREAT BOOKS.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

"If I were to name twelve works in our own language, to which God has given the most influence in producing extensively a spirit of religion, I should name—Baxter's Saint's Rest—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," etc.—*Bickersteth's Christian Student*, p. 589.

Two hundred years ago there stood on the bridge which spanned the Ouse at Bedford, an old gaol. It has long since disappeared; but it is immortalized as the place where Bunyan wrote some of his most remarkable books. "Grace Abounding" (his own history), and the "Pilgrim's Progress" (every Christian's history), are both to be added to Luther's version of the New Testament, and Rutherford's Letters, as part of the prison literature of the Christian church. It was no doubt a severe trial to Bunyan when he was forbidden to preach and shut up in a gaol; but the trial to him proved a blessing in disguise. In the end, the world

was better served by his imprisonment than it could have been by his freedom.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" was suggested, as the author tells us, when he was writing upon another theme. It was "quickly written"—dashed off, as it seems, in "vacant seasons," though not published till some years after his release. The author had many engagements. His popularity as a preacher brought pressing calls. His church had probably suffered through his absence. So that he had little time to revise his manuscript or superintend the printing. It must be added, too, that his friends were divided on the desirableness of publishing the book. "Some said, let it live; some, let it die." The "Pilgrim," therefore, has a history not unlike that of Milton's "Paradise Lost," or Shuckford's "Connection," or Prideaux's. All these books, now world-famous, were regarded when in manuscript with great distrust. At length, Bunyan, though "loth to offend" his friends, ended their doubts and published his volume. Its success was immediate, and in that age almost unparalleled. The book was soon translated into French, Dutch, and Welsh; and during the author's life-time a hundred thousand copies were circulated in England, besides many editions in America.

Since Bunyan's death—in the year 1688, of "glorious memory"—the "Pilgrim" has visited nearly all lands. It has been copied, parodied, illustrated, and translated almost without end. The ablest artists and the humblest have tried their skill upon it. Seven times at least it has been "done into verse." A hundred and fifty years ago (in 1705) it was adapted, by a change of names and the omission of Giant Pope and others, to the creed of the Romish church. It is still circulated in our country for a purpose not dissimilar. It has been rendered, as Southey remarks, into every language of Europe, and into more other languages than any book except the Bible. The Religious Tract Society alone has printed it in thirty different tongues.

The secret of the success of Bunyan's "Pilgrim" is threefold. The work is one of the finest specimens of the richness and power of our Saxon tongue. It is an invaluable treasury of homebred English. "There is no book in our literature," says Mr. Macaulay, "on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old, unpolluted English language; no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed." This is one secret of its strength.

As a piece of imaginative dramatic literature it is unequalled. Lord Kaimes thinks it, in this respect, like Homer. Dr. Johnson, who "hated" to read books through, made an exception in favour of Bunyan, and when he had done wished it longer, noting that it begins very much like Dante. Disraeli calls its author the "Spenser of the people." Franklin thinks that Defoe and Richardson have imitated him; while thousands of readers have been delighted with the style and the story, as was Dr. Adam Clarke when a mere boy, who have never seen down into the depth of its meaning. As a mere allegory, it is one of the most perfect, claiming and receiving universal admiration.

Its chief charm, however, is its *spiritual* significance. The Pundit who engaged to translate it into Singhalese, was often so affected by the truths it taught as to be unable to proceed. The persecuted Christians of Ceylon and Madagascar have repeatedly gathered strength from Faithful's history. "'The Pilgrim's Progress,'" says Toplady, "is the finest allegory extant, describing every stage of a Christian's experience, from conversion to glory, in the most artless simplicity of language, yet peculiarly rich with spiritual unction. . . . . It is, in short, a masterpiece of piety and genius." On the same ground, Dr. Arnold deemed it the wisest and one of the best books ever written. "I cannot trust myself," he used to say, "to read the account of Christian going up to the celestial gate, after his passage through the river of death. 'The Pilgrim's Progress' seems to me a complete reflection of Scripture." And this is its highest praise.

The honours thus given to Bunyan have not always been accorded to him. Charles the Second spoke only the sentiments of his age when he called him "the illiterate tinker," though Dr. Owen nobly defended his humble friend. If Whitbread, the friend of Chatham, bequeathed 500*l.* to the church at Bedford in honour of Bunyan's memory, the coarse paper and poor printing of his books show that their readers were then chiefly among the lowest class. Only fifty years ago, Cowper said that he did not dare to name him in his verse, for fear of moving a sneer. Now, however, he occupies his proper place. The chief of living critics boldly reckons him one of the two minds of the seventeenth century that possessed the imaginative faculty in a high degree, John Milton being the other; and within the last few years a statue has been awarded him in the new Houses of Parliament. The tinker of Elstow is now honoured as one of the great teachers of his country for all time.

It is not without purpose we have associated the names of Baxter and Bunyan. Both lived in the same trying times; both served God with their whole hearts; both mourned over a divided church, and contended earnestly for union; both were confessors for truth in prison, and had persecution led them to the stake, neither

would have flinched from the fiery trial. Yet they do not seem to have met on earth. Bunyan never mentions Baxter; nor Baxter, Bunyan. Now, no doubt, they know and love each other; and their books may well lie on the same table, and circulate together in the same household. If you wish to know what "The Saint's Rest" is, read Baxter. If you wish to know the road to it, read Bunyan. From either, and especially from the two, you may learn more perfectly both the way and the end. Reader, have you done this?

A SUNDAY IN ROME.

We may often judge of the spiritual life and wealth of our souls by the extent to which we really honour and love the Lord's day. This is a touchstone of personal religion, and the religion of families may be measured by the same test. While the godless household spends the Sunday either in weariness or in dissipation, the blessed cheerful sabbath of a pious family will always illustrate, more or less, what the apostle John felt when he "was in the spirit on the Lord's day." So, again, with cities and nations. You may judge of the commerce or industry of a town in the week-day, but you must spend a Sunday in it, and see how that day is sanctified by the people, if you would rightly estimate their religious condition.

Thus viewed, it is indeed a most sad and solemn lesson to pass a Sunday in Rome. Here you find the papacy claiming to be the centre of truth and spiritual power, with all its vast machinery fully developed and in uncontrolled activity, with cardinals, bishops, priests, monks, and nuns, by thousands. Here is a people wholly subject to this system for hundreds of years, receiving from it alone their laws, worship, and literature, and tolerating no others. And what, then, is the result? How is the Lord's day honoured by the men and women who inhabit modern Rome? Let us see.

Before going forth on Sunday morning, in this city, a careful study of God's word and earnest private devotion will be found more than usually needed by the traveller. And it is well, therefore, that the Englishman in Italy is now generally allowed to carry his Bible, though every other book may be taken from him. Never is the wonderful richness of the Scripture promises so well understood as when the soul has been denied all other spiritual food, and caused to rely on the Saviour's near presence for satisfaction, peace, and joy. And, again, on the other hand, the means and ordinances, such as public worship, friendly Christian intercourse, sacred study, and works of charity—not one of these will be ever sufficiently valued until we have been restrained in their use or altogether deprived of them for a season. It was thus, we remember, on a Sunday passed in Syracuse. There was no Protestant service. The rain prevented us from leaving the hotel all day. No Englishman or American was in the town, and our only fellow-travellers were two Dutch Romanists, who had evidently resolved not to talk about religion. A dance was held down stairs. Next door the theatre was open, and the music resounded through the house, while the streets were crowded by a noisy mob, shouting their rude welcome to a newly-arrived archbishop. We had already surrendered to the police all our Christian books and tracts, except an English Bible. Thus the life-giving word remained to feed upon; "for man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God."

It is under such circumstances that we learn to value our privileges, and to wonder at the fervour of the early Christians, who lived in an ungodly time, without many of the blessings we enjoy, and among people whose conduct must have "vexed their righteous souls." How often must Paul and James and John have passed their Sundays amidst vain, cruel, God-hating men, given up to the world and "abominable idolatry!"

In going to the English church at Rome, we found all the shops open in the streets, and the noise and hammering of wheelwrights and carpenters went on precisely as usual. The masons were building as on the day before, and the billiard-balls rattled in the *cafés*. It will be said, perhaps, "Why many of the shops in London are open on Sundays;" and we confess the fact with sorrow. But, it must be recollected that in this country a law to promote Sunday observance must be sanctioned by the *irreligious*, as well as by those who profess scriptural Christianity; whereas, in Rome, the pope, who claims to be the vicar of Christ, and ought to be the very focus of spiritual religion, has full power, if he chooses, at once to order the Lord's day to be outwardly observed. Hence we find that *Rome desecrates the sabbath willingly*. And as we see merchants and shopmen busy, and manufactures proceeding as usual, we observe that *Rome makes Sunday a day of secular work*.

The English church is outside the walls of Rome. No Protestant public worship is allowed to be carried on in the city, so that another answer to our question respecting the observance of the Sunday is found to be this: "*Rome will not tolerate, even on the Lord's day.*" The congregation at this church was large and attentive, but we regret to say there was a sad want of plainness of speech in delivering the message of the gospel, and a lack of earnestness in worshipping

Him who sent it. It is too true that Rome's formalism often infects those who reside within her or travel through the country. "Be not ye partakers of her sins." Returning from church we noticed that the shops were closing, but it was only that the people might leave business for pleasure. Some were bound for a military *fête* in the Prince's gardens, others for a balloon ascent, others for a lottery-drawing, but most of them for a spectacle provided by the government itself; and we saw most clearly that *Rome makes Sunday a day of worldly amusement.*

One or two cardinals passed us on their way to St. Peter's; their cloaks were red, their stockings red, their gloves red, their umbrellas red, and even the reins of their coach horses were red. It was impossible not to be reminded by this prevailing colour of the "scarlet-coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns." Rev. xvii. 3. The pope himself then passed, and the people knelt to "our Lord God the pope;" for this is "the name of blasphemy" they give him. And when we looked around upon "the seven mountains" (ver. 9) upon which the city is built, we could not but say with St. John: "When I saw her, I wondered with great admiration." Thus *Rome makes Sunday a day of pomp, vanity, and impiety.*

The afternoon being spent in private reading, we endeavoured in the evening to reach the quiet fields near the ruins of Cæsar's palace, so as to avoid the constant bustle of the sight-seeing crowd. Suddenly, however, we came upon a long procession of monks, nearly three thousand in number, and each carrying a candle, and singing in Latin verse, while bands played and flags waved over the crowd. These poor men were carrying the relics of one saint to visit the remains of another. The decayed bones were borne aloft under a costly pall, and beside a graven image. Down knelt the people, and as the words came to our minds, "Thou shalt not bow down to them," another answer was given to our question—"*Rome makes the Sunday a day of idolatry.*"

Soon we reached the beautiful arch of Titus, in the inner side of which is one of the most interesting sculptures in the world. The subject represented is the triumph of the Roman legions after the destruction of Jerusalem by the armies of Titus, and in one compartment the soldiers are shown in the act of carrying off the sacred vessels from the temple. In the foreground we notice them bearing a candlestick with six branches, fashioned precisely according to the command recorded in Exodus xxv. 32; "and six branches shall come out of the side of it." The upright piece in the centre is not counted as a "branch," although from the mention of the "seven lamps," a few verses further on, it appears to have carried a light like the rest.

These carved stones ought surely to speak a lesson to the modern Romans and to us. The ancient Israelites were punished as a people because of their national sins, and the thought of this awful punishment in prospect caused our Lord to weep as he sat "over against the city" on the leafy Olivet, and looked upon its glorious palaces, so soon to be levelled with the ground. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! that killest the prophets," was his meek expostulation with the wicked city, though his divine wisdom knew that the men were even then within its gates, who in a few hours afterwards were to scourge and buffet and crucify the Lord of Glory. Yet he wept for them: what wondrous love! But this candlestick, borne away from the smouldering temple by the enemies of the Israelites, tells us also that God will especially punish Rome, according to his threatening to the church at Ephesus: "I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of its place, except thou repent." Rev. ii. 5.

We found the shade most pleasant in the green fields. The apostle Paul may have walked in these very meadows; no doubt the early Christians used them frequently, for the catacombs in which they were forced to live are close to the place. These thoughts carried us back to Nero's time, and to the horrible persecutions by which the martyrs' blood was shed, and "the seed of the church" was sown. The poor Romans now-a-days are not allowed to use the Bible which would tell them the truths these martyrs died for; but the records of the catacomb which Christians cut in the stone are themselves very scriptural. Many hundred plates containing these are ranged on the walls of a gallery in the Vatican, and opposite to them are tombstones similarly shaped, but covered with pagan inscriptions. How marvellous is the difference between these two sets of memorials of the dead! The pagans who lived in wealth, fame, and luxury, died as if leaping into the dark, and left their friends to sorrow "as those who have no hope," while the poor despised and tortured Christians "fell asleep" in a sure and blessed hope of everlasting life, and their friends wrote on these marble testaments their joyful faith in the Lord who was crucified for them.

And now we may have seen that, with the punishment of the Jews and the testimony of the martyred Christians, both cut in stone and left before her eyes, Rome still dishonours the Lord's day by making it a day of secular work, of amusement, of pomp, vanity, impiety, and idolatry, and doubtless we are amazed at this bold desecration of God's day and wilful neglect of his judgments.

SCULPTURE FROM THE ARCH OF TITUS: FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

But what use do *we* make of the day? How do we intend to spend the rest of this very Sunday? With Bibles to read, sanctuaries to attend, schools to teach, sick to visit, a covenant God to commune with, and man to benefit, on this the best of days for works of charity and love, are we going to allow self, the world, or Satan, to have dominion over us?

Popery is not alone at Rome; but its seeds are in every heart, and are ever ready to spring up like tares, choking the good seed of the kingdom. Unless through the death and life of Jesus Christ our souls are saved, and by his Holy Spirit we are born again; unless by the grace of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, our bodies and souls are sanctified unto eternal life, we, with all our high privileges, shall find our last end to be a far worse fate than that of those who never had the light and truth which we neglect.

WHAT are the ways of Providence but the doings of a friend whose kindness is ever awake and active, and always most so when we are most in want of it. We may often be at a loss to see the wisdom or the goodness of God in our trials; but when we take our station at the cross, and contemplate the unutterable tenderness and love, and the depths of wisdom which are there displayed, we rest satisfied that he who thus loved us can never injure us and can never cease to care for us.—*D. Russell.*

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

CHRISTIAN GROWTH.

PART II.

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing. *Psalm* xcii. 12-14.

2. THE illustration used in our text implies that Christians shall be *great*. Of all the trees of Palestine, none could compare with the palm and cedar for greatness; they were the giants of the plantal realm. Many of the people of Israel were familiar with the oak of Bashan; but it had no pretensions to the grandeur of the palm or cedar. Both were magnificent objects; each rising generally to the height of one hundred feet, some higher; while the cedar spread its branches over a space still wider than its height. Man loves to be great; it is an innate tendency, and is not to be despised. God made him for it, and holds it out before him as an attainment. But how much is the character of true greatness mistaken! We would not exhibit, as its examples, such men as Alexander, or Cæsar, or Napoleon—men whose greatness rose on the ruins of the property, happiness, and lives of thousands of their fellow-beings. It is not that which dazzles the vulgar eye, and is sounded by the world's trump of fame. When two of our Lord's disciples came to him, desiring exalted positions, he taught them that real greatness consists in likeness to himself, in sufferings and service. God said of John the Baptist, "he shall be *great* in the sight of the Lord;" but how unlike those whom the world so denominate was the sublime ascetic of the wilderness, with "his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins, and his meat locusts and wild honey!" Yet he was God's commissioned messenger to turn the hearts of a careless and formal people to the Lord their God—to awake the Sadducee from his material dream, and the Pharisee from his self-righteous slumber, to an earnest spiritual repentance. He should be great; for he was to usher in the present Messiah, and to feel it his highest glory to decrease before his rising lustre. Saul of Tarsus was once in pursuit of the greatness of the world; when, young, learned, ardent, and courageous, relying on his Hebrew descent and eminent virtue, he bore with pride the commission from the chief priests and elders, to scatter the Christians and exterminate the Christian name; but what was afterwards his own estimate of this? Hear him in Phil. iii. 8: "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ." How widely different in external circumstances the man who was trusted by the opulent and powerful of his countrymen with a commission of such importance, and the man who was counted "the offscouring of all things," "having no certain dwelling-place," in constant perils wherever he moved, "in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness, in prisons frequent, in deaths oft!" Yet, mark the blessings scattered round his path in this later period; see the cities of Asia receiving the message of truth from his lips, and turning "from idols to serve the living and true God;" see Greece, turning from its profound philosophies, and the magic creations of its art, to hear him discourse of a wisdom more sublime than their philosophers knew, and of him "who is chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely." Mark the churches which rise, under the influence of his powerful ministry, to be centres of light and influence to the world around; see the civilization, the happiness, which spring up in the train of the Christianity it is his high privilege to bear to the Gentile nations; then, behold its wide-spread and permanent continuance at this day, and you have before you the monument which attests the greatness of this man; whose name, though he died a martyred prisoner at Rome, shall live when those of conquerors and kings shall be blotted from human memory; yea, shall live through undying ages. This is true greatness. Beautifully do the heaven-aspiring palm, and the wide-spreading, earth-embracing cedar, represent to us such a character, who, while his soul soars aloft to that upper region, scorning the pleasures and gratifications of this lower world, yet extends his embracing love over all below, and seeks to take in his arms the meanest of the human brotherhood, and lift them to the same heaven with himself.

3. The illustration also suggests *beauty*. They are beautiful. Rising from the rocky mountain, and spreading abroad its branching arms, covered with evergreen foliage, over the savage desolation around, the cedar was a most attractive object. But still more beautiful was the palm. Springing up in the wilderness, rising erect to the height of one hundred feet, its straight and stately trunk presented to the eye a model of delicate elegance; while its crown of feathery leaves, like nodding ostrich-plumes,

swaying to and fro in the breeze, seemed to bow to the desert sands around. And this beauty was greatly enhanced when the brilliant white flowers appeared among its dark green foliage, to be succeeded again by its ruby fruit. Can it be questioned, then, that the psalmist intended to convey the idea of beauty? And who would not wish to be beautiful? But beauty, in human beings, does not consist merely in form and colour. You may look on a face, where every line is perfect and every tint exquisite; but there broods over it all the shade of discontent; or you catch, even amid its smiles, the transient expression of a settled peevishness; or perhaps, while the countenance pleases, you are startled with tones of voice destitute of that sweet, rich melody which indicates a beautiful soul, and charms the listening ear. You cannot say, you have met with beauty there. Beauty dwells in the soul, and is revealed in expression. The sunny glance, the glow of a happy countenance, the tones of sympathetic kindness, or of flowing joy; these reveal a soul truly harmonious, and, therefore, truly beautiful. The countenance may be plain, and its lines far from faultless, but the inward spirit comes forth and wraps the external form in a halo of supernal loveliness. Religion gives this beauty. Its first principle is, supreme love to God, lifting the soul above this lower world, and thus imparting to it a heavenly dignity. It enjoys a peace within—"the peace of God which passeth all understanding, keeping the heart and mind through Jesus Christ," saving it from the storms of passion and the contortions of rage. It possesses and manifests a benevolence, which likens it to him who went about doing good, and who is "altogether lovely." In its character, too, are sweetly blended that meek humility which springs from a consciousness of redemption from sin, with that calm and trusting confidence of filial relation to God which gives strength and elevation; while its eye is lighted with a glowing hope which fills the soul, through all the circumstances of life, with a deep, unfailing joy. This is moral beauty. It shows itself in sweetness of temper, in expansiveness of charity, in meekness of resignation, in constancy of faith, and in a consistency of deportment which, as a zone, compresses and binds together all its graces.

4. The expressions of our text, suggest *productiveness*. The palm is a fruit-bearing tree, and remarkably productive; some yielding, annually, three hundred weight of dates. It also sends forth from its roots a vast number of suckers; so that from one palm, favourably circumstanced, there has arisen, in the course of time, a little grove of its own species. How appropriately this describes the character and action of the true Christian! Ever anxious that others may enjoy the blessings he himself has tasted, he labours, in season and out of season, that men may be led to seek the grace of God's salvation; and thus surrounds himself with others like-minded, to spread the Saviour's praise. There is no period more suitable for this exercise than youth. It is the season of activity; when ceaseless action can be endured; when the emotions are lively and vigorous; and when the influences of young affection are powerful in proportion as they are uninjured by the gross and hardening influences of the world. The youthful Christian who seeks to lead others to God may expect no trivial success.

5. The idea of *usefulness* also is peculiarly prominent. Humboldt tells us of the palm, that it yields "wine, vinegar, oil, farinaceous food and sugar, timber also, and ropes, and mats, and paper;" he adds that "no trees are so abundant in fruit, even without the aid of cultivation," and also "that the native Indians near the banks of the Orinoco give evidence of a fruitful palm year, by a corresponding improvement in their health and appearance." Gibbon tells us that the natives of Syria speak of three hundred and sixty uses to which it can be applied. Its shade refreshes the traveller; its leaves form his couch; its trunk and boughs can be made into fences and walls for his protection, or fire for his comfort; its fruit supplies him with a delicious and nutritious food for his own use; while its stones are ground as provender for his camels.

Usefulness is the leading thought of the true Christian. He lives not unto himself. The religion which he possesses is of a diffusive character. He is described as "the salt of the earth," as "the light of the world." Religion is not to be shut up in the heart of its possessor, and enjoyed there alone; but its influence is to spread abroad, to enlighten and bless. Christians are the benevolent of the earth, redressing grievances, supplying wants, raising the fallen, comforting the disconsolate, and rescuing the wanderer. To them the oppressed look for deliverance, and look not in vain. "The blessing of him that is ready to perish" cometh upon them. Christian influence has broken the chain of the slave; has ameliorated the condition of the prisoner; has erected the ragged-school, and sought out the victims of vice and ignorance, to confer on them the advantages of knowledge and truth and purity. In every relation of life, religion is useful. It proves itself so in the parent, in the restraints it exercises, in the mild but firm and consistent rule, in the lessons and examples of holiness and love by which it seeks to repress all sinful tendencies, and "train up

the child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" while the child, growing up under its influence, yields ready and joyous obedience—the most lovely feature of youthful character. It makes the master just and kind, and the servant respectful and faithful, each remembering they have a Master in heaven; and thus it binds together, in delicious harmony, the household in which it has its seat, furthering its interests and promoting its advantage. It would be tedious to enumerate the various details of its utility; uniting friends in higher relations; producing probity in the merchant, faithfulness in the clerk, and a tempered justice in the magistrate; conducting the administration, in the legislature, on principles of uprightness; and thus, by "righteousness, exalting a nation."

One part of its usefulness is not to be forgotten. Standing in the desert, and rising in the midst of its scorching sands, the palm tree, notwithstanding, grows near water, and though it seems to have no nutriment but what the sands can yield, yet its roots strike down to the cooling spring beneath. Hence, as Laborde expresses it, "it is in this respect as a friendly light-house, guiding the traveller to the spot where water is to be found." The Scriptures point out this association. The children of Israel "came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm trees; and they encamped there by the waters." Exod. xv. 27. It is thus with the Christian. Himself deriving his life and strength from the secret source of Divine refreshment, he is fitted to guide the thirsty to the only source of supply; and seems to occupy his most appropriate position while standing and crying, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

The cedar also is useful. After adorning the mountain's brow, and freighting the air with its rich aromatic fragrance, (which made the cedars of Lebanon so celebrated,) like the fame of the godly character influencing from afar, the timber was used for many purposes of building and ornament. It preserves all it touches from the insidious destruction of the preying worm; illustrating to us the conserving influence of the righteous, as the salt of the earth. How many a soul, won by their holy conversation, has become devoted to God! How many a young man and woman, by their wise counsel and affectionate guidance, have been saved "from the paths of the destroyer!" Weak resolves have been strengthened, and temptation's power disarmed, in the presence of the calm might of a consistent Christian life.

6. Our last thought is, that the figures of the psalmist also suggest *durability*. The palm lives on through three and four generations, yielding supplies to each; and its best fruit is produced when it is about a hundred years old. "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age, they shall be fat and flourishing." The cedar surpasses almost all trees in longevity. Some of those which still stand on Lebanon are supposed to belong to the Biblical times. Its timber also is not so subject to decay as other timber, and is never eaten by worms; hence its use in the temple of the Lord, which was designed to be a lasting structure. Both the cedar and the palm are evergreen. Though the one grows on snowy Lebanon, and feels its wintry rigours, and the other on the arid desert, where the scorching simoom's blast sweeps by, neither lose their leafy honours nor their verdant hues; illustrating, by their combination in our text, the power of true religion to maintain its joy in God amidst the widest varieties of circumstance. The happiness of the Christian is perennial. It is not affected by the temporal changes around, but is ever drawn from Divine supplies. And it is carried into old age. The palm, too, is an emblem of victory; and when others droop, the Christian lifts his head in triumphant assurance and joyous hope. Thus stands he, living and flourishing in the freshness of youth, diffusing around the healthful fragrance of a holy and lovely character, and pointing the way to a world where all is perpetual youth and immortal joy.

Reader, are you "righteous?" Are your sins forgiven? Do you love God? Are you born again by his Holy Spirit? Are you "planted in the house of the Lord?" If not, let me intreat you to flee, at once, to Christ for pardon. He loved you, he gave himself for you; believe in him, and be saved: then shall you be as the palm and the cedar, growing up in a Divine greatness and beauty into everlasting life and triumph. Especially, dear young reader, lay these things to heart, and ponder them well; they are for you. May the full meaning of our text be realized in your happy and glorious life, for ever.

THE GIPSY'S FRIEND.

THE late Rev. James Crabb, of Southampton,* apart from the esteem in which he was held in that town, the principal scene of his labours for the last twenty years of his life, was well known throughout England as the Gipsies' friend; it having been his great honour to awaken a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of that much neglected race. He was born on the 13th of April, 1774, at Wilton, in Wiltshire, in which town his father conducted an extensive

* A Memoir of the Reverend James Crabb. By John Rudall, of Lincoln's Inn. London: Walton.

business as a clothier. Many years after this period, his parents and other members of his family received, through his instrumentality, the blessings of the gospel of Christ, and, consequently, his youth had not the advantage of parental guidance in "the way of truth." At an early age his heart was impressed with the solemn realities of eternity; he had an extraordinary reverence for the ministers of Christ, and, like many who have become eminent in the gospel ministry, it was one of his youthful occupations to assemble his playmates and preach to them on their conduct and their duties. His early religious impressions were strengthened by the faithful teaching of Mr. Hook, a minister in his native town, who instructed him in his catechism. His father had, at this time, so great a horror of religion, in its earnest manifestations, that he used all his influence to check the "methodism" of his son, whose seriousness was uniformly regarded as hypocrisy. Discouraged by this opposition, he soon fell into the company of youths who were under no restraint, and by whom the natural corruption of his heart was developed, and evil habits were formed.

In his fourteenth year, his father apprenticed him to an avowed Socinian, under whose roof one of his associates was an infidel, another a person who had professed religion but had declined from it; he, in consequence, soon found himself walking "in the counsel of the ungodly," and, but for divine mercy, would soon have occupied the "seat of the scornful." From this perilous condition he was aroused by a thunder-storm, which passed over the city of Salisbury one night in the month of November, 1790, after he had retired to rest, its fury driving him and many of the inhabitants from their beds. It is not in the power of the phenomena of nature, however grand or terrific, to convert the soul to God. The prophet Elijah tells us of "a great and strong wind which rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake." It may be that most of those who were aroused from their midnight slumbers by the thunder of that fearful night, as soon as its echoes had expired, laid aside their fears, and returned to their dreams and their sinful neglect of God. The impressions made on James Crabb were more abiding. He forthwith abandoned his sinful companions, discontinued attendance at a Socinian chapel, and sought the Lord in earnest.

From this period, he became a constant attendant at the house of God, and was associated with a number of pious youths, in company with whom he used to attend an early meeting for devotion, before the business of each day began. He now was enabled to give himself up to the Saviour, and cleave to him as his future Lord and Master.

His diary records his religious history from this period, and enables us to view the interior of his spiritual nature, engaged as it was with those struggles which mark the earliest part of the Christian's course, while he is contending against the foes he has hitherto been treating as friends. His soul was now wakened up by the Divine Spirit, and his breathings after God, and diligence in the pursuit of heavenly wisdom and grace, were ardent and unwearied.

Mr. Crabb had attached himself to the Wesleyan Methodist body, and soon endeavoured to make himself useful, by communicating to others the gospel which he had himself been made a partaker of. At the age of twenty-one, having, by the payment of twenty pounds, bought his indentures eighteen months before his apprenticeship expired, he was accepted as a preacher by the Wesleyan Conference, and appointed as an itinerant for the district of Poole, Swannage, and the Isle of Portland. He states that his circuit embraced the whole of the Isle of Wight, extended as far into the Andover circuit as within nine miles of Newbury in Berks, and within fifteen miles of Salisbury. "Then in the east of Portsmouth we had what was called a mission, which ran up within thirty miles of London." In traversing the Surrey and Sussex part of his circuit, he had between three and four hundred miles to walk in six weeks, at a time when he was far from strong. His diary shows that one day he walked twenty-seven miles, another thirty, and another forty, in order to fulfil his appointments. Writing on the 10th of April, 1795, he says: "I have walked in journeys in the cause of God more than thirteen hundred miles, ridden above eight hundred, and made voyages of one hundred miles. Lord, what am I that thou art mindful of me, or deignest to visit me! I have now been a servant of God between four and five years, and a preacher between two and three; but, alas! how few of my days have been really devoted to God."

There are times in the history of the church of Christ when it becomes the duty of his servants to sacrifice their health, and even to lay down their lives, for the Saviour's sake—to drink of his cup and to be baptised with his baptism; but in ordinary circumstances Christians are not released from the obligation to observe the laws of health, that they may serve God "in their bodies" as well as "with their spirits, which are his." At the outset of his career as a preacher, James Crabb was very neglectful of the means of preserving health and life, and, but for a

merciful Providence, would have fallen a victim to his own imprudence, instead of living to threescore years and ten, and being honoured with eminent usefulness, especially in the latter part of his history. His own record of the earlier years of his itinerancy is replete with illustrations of this neglect of self-preservation. At one time he says: "Towards the middle of the day I set out for Freshwater. It was very wet and dirty all the way, and I was soon wet through. Though it was a little way from Yarmouth to Freshwater, yet with the wind, rain, and dirt, and want of food, I was worn out with weakness, so that I was obliged to take rest by leaning against a gate. I searched the almost barren hedges for provision, and when I could find any it was very acceptable." Two days later he says: "This day, going from one place to another, I walked nearly twenty miles. I have been wet through every day since I set off, have not had a bit of meat since Tuesday, and sometimes hedge-fruit was a substitute for everything. I find it good to mortify my body; it brings my spirit into subjection." On the 20th of November, 1795, he writes: "After preaching, I had three miles to walk, and through water almost all the way. On the road I was so fatigued with walking, preaching, and want of food, that I could hardly stand: once I fell down with weakness. Oh my God! it is good to bear a little for thee: I am not worthy to be thus honoured."

In consequence of this constant neglect and exposure, he was laid aside from his beloved work, and his friends feared he was falling into consumption; but, by the Divine blessing on the rest he enjoyed in his father's house, and on the means adopted for his recovery, his good constitution was preserved from breaking down, and it was his privilege to resume his home missionary labours.

His diary at this period contains his warm aspirations after eminent holiness, and records the hours of delightful communion he spent with God in secret. It appears as if his soul was being prepared for the high spirituality and devotedness which marked his future career, and for the patient endurance of the trials through which he had to pass.

On the 5th of April, 1798, he was united in marriage to a Christian lady, who, by her wise and prudent counsel, and her zealous cooperation in his labours of Christian philanthropy, greatly contributed to the eminent usefulness of his after life.

Soon after his marriage he erected a chapel in his native town, capable of holding five hundred persons, in which he preached once or twice on the sabbath, and once or oftener during the week. He was unwearied in his labours at Wilton, until the birth of his first child, when, as he reaped no ministerial income, he felt it his duty to accept the proposal of his father and elder brother, and enter into partnership with them in their business as clothiers. His mind, however, was not fitted so to transact the ordinary affairs of the world as to maintain at the same time its spirituality, and we find him, soon after he had entered into this engagement, complaining that the spirit of the world came upon him, and broke into his private devotions; that he grew vain in his imagination, and "proposed things too high in worldly matters." There are many eminent servants of God who are able to conduct the business of the shop and the counting-house, or even public affairs, preserving in the midst of all a devout and holy frame of mind; not "slothful in business," but "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Mr. Crabb, however, was evidently not of this number. His experience in the ardent pursuit of his occupation, first as a clothier with his father, and afterwards as a dyer and seller of broadcloths on his own account, was most unsatisfactory.

In his first secular business he took a journey to Holland, Flanders, and France, with a view to establish a foreign trade, but his exertions were unsuccessful; and, owing to losses from the war which had just terminated, the change of fashion which deteriorated the stock, and other painful causes, the firm into which Mr. Crabb had entered became bankrupt. Very instructive is the observation which he makes on this distressing part of his history. Having referred to his conscious integrity, and his assurance that God would carry him through all trials, he says that he "went to his final examination like a person going to a wedding;" but adds: "It had been more to the credit of religion had I been suitably affected with my position; and I believe had I been so, my subsequent troubles would not have been so heavy and so lasting." These trials were not without their use, and the discipline through which he had to pass appears to have been the means of giving him more practical wisdom, more humbleness of mind, and more stability of character, thus preparing him for perseverance in the arduous engagements on which he was afterwards to enter.

Having relinquished his secular occupations, he opened a school at Rumsey, and being favoured with great success, took a larger house near the town, and engaged an able assistant. He laboured diligently for the instruction of his pupils in the truths of Christianity, and was the instrument of imparting to many of them the highest wisdom. For many years he pursued this avocation, preaching on the sabbaths in Rumsey and its vicinity, and endeavouring, by various means which his ingenious mind con-

trived, to promote the true and highest interests of the people among whom he dwelt.

Thus he continued, doing the work which the Lord had assigned to him, until the year 1822, when we find him saying: "God has been deepening his work in my soul for some months past. I know it from the sense of my weakness and nothingness. I am less than nothing: God has sanctified my affections and subdued my will. I feel for souls as I never felt before. The time is coming when I shall, I think, be wholly given to God in my labours. Oh Lord! give me unerring directions." This history will illustrate the truth that "before honour is humility." We shall now see the cloud arising, and behold the Shepherd of Israel, who leadeth Joseph like a flock, guiding the footsteps of this true Israelite, according to his own promise: "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them."

THE DERBY.

My first visit to London was upon a thirty-first of May, the day of the celebrated race for "The Derby" at Epsom. Although accustomed for many years to regard the race-course as a scene of unmitigated evil, such as all who really honour God and "tremble at his word" must avoid, the thought of this race was, during the day, perpetually present to my mind. Indeed, it could scarcely have been otherwise, as it was in one way or another unceasingly obtruded. It formed, as a matter of course, the leading topic of conversation in the railway carriage by which I had come to town. A friend whom I had been anxious to see had, I found upon inquiry, left in the morning for Epsom. Another, whom I was so fortunate as to find at home, and to secure as my guide to some of the wonders of the metropolis, expressed his regret that I should see the streets—thronged as they appeared to me—to disadvantage; as "all the world," he assured me, "had gone to see the running for the Derby." As we passed in the afternoon through one of the busy thoroughfares, I particularly noticed a group of men standing before a window, and gazing intently upon a paper posted thereupon. This I found to be the name of the winning horse at "the Derby," which had just been telegraphed to town; and it needed but a glance at their countenances, strongly, in some instances painfully, expressive of disappointment, vexation, and in one or two almost, if not altogether, of despair, to know that they were betters who had lost. Again I was desirous of effecting an entrance, by a member's ticket, to the House of Commons, and of hearing a debate; but I found that for that evening I was doomed to disappointment, as, according to invariable custom, there was no house, in order that our senators might recreate themselves by witnessing the running for "the Derby."* Altogether habituated as I had been to hear of, and in my early youth to witness, horse-racing in the part of the kingdom in which I reside, I had never heretofore known or conceived of a mere amusement thus exalted into a matter of imperative and engrossing business, as amongst all classes of the community this race appeared to be; and, reflecting upon its sad concomitants of drunkenness, profligacy, gambling, vice of every shade and character, inseparable from all such scenes, and here carried on upon a scale of gigantic magnitude, I could not avoid the conclusion that a very large proportion of the professedly Christian community belonging to the metropolis of the world's Christianity were upon that day making an important business of a grievous sin!

It was with this thought full upon my mind that I passed from St. Paul's churchyard into the vast and solemn crypt of the mighty cathedral. To those who have never thus gone down in a moment from one of the busiest scenes of crowded city life that the world contains, into the cold, damp, stirless silence of that wondrous sepulchre, no words could convey an adequate idea of the thrilling contrast, the awfully impressive reality, with which the thought that "in the midst of life we are in death" is borne in upon the mind. Of course, the great object of my visit to this dwelling of the dead was to see where England's and the world's chief heroes—Nelson and Wellington—are laid. And, standing close to the "hero-dust" of each, I thought again upon the race: the goal—the loss—the gain—the prize, so fiercely striven for—the strife so intently watched, so anxiously speculated upon, so despairingly lost, so triumphantly won! Another and a nobler race rose up before me—the race of life; its lofty prizes, fame and rank and gold—toiled after so madly by the many—won so arduously, and after so long and hard a conflict, by the few. Here, beside me, were two of the most successful runners in that proud life-race. Long, glorious, triumphant had been their career; unparalleled dangers and difficulties had been surmounted; hitherto unrivalled competitors had been outstripped and distanced. Kings had bent from their thrones to witness the contest; and the universal world had been the spectator as they hurried on. Nobly the

* Surely some of our Christian legislators might protest against this public recognition of the race-course as a proper national recreation.

furthest goal had been reached, and proudly the loftiest prizes—countless wealth, accumulated titles, transcendant honours—had been won and worn; and now they were *here*—a rood of earth, a few planks of timber, a marble slab, their all; darkness and silence upon them and around them! And this while fleets were gathering and armies mustering, and the trump of war was once more being borne upon every breeze; when, moreover, the sight of both, or of either, would have been hailed with acclamation louder and more heartfelt than has ever greeted mortal man before! What could I conclude, but that the race of life is scarcely less vain than that of the day's amusement over which the sun was now declining, and on the tired, spent, sick, and baffled votaries of which the night was soon about to fall!

Again I thought of yet another race—that of immortality; the race, of which the prize is exceeding and eternal; the crown unfading, incorruptible; bestowed, too, not upon one out of many competitors, but upon all who have in earnest entered on its course — all who are sincerely pressing towards its goal.

Of the successful competitor, or the fortunate betters in the day's amusement, all that could be said was that they had gained a few hundreds or thousands of pounds, to lose them again, probably some of them before the day, or at all events before the week was over; that they had stimulated by their gain an appetite which, leading as it does for its gratification into what men, even its own votaries, denominate "*a hell*" in this world, can scarcely by themselves be regarded as tending elsewhere than to the awful antitype of that sad scene of guilt and misery at the other side of the grave. So that, in the fullest acceptation of the term, they had but "gained a loss."

Of the most successful in the race of life, such as those who were sleeping beside me, what more could after all be affirmed than that they too had gained much, very much—the utmost that this world could bestow; but gained that which they had been constrained speedily to part from—of which not one particle could they carry down with them into the darkness of the grave, or along with them into the dim, vast world of spirits—that which left them at the crypt door naked as it found them; and in gaining which, had it been what it is with many, the object for which alone they lived, and upon which their hearts were supremely set, they would have lost their never-dying souls! "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Mark viii. 36, 37.

Of the successful in the race of immortality, what shall be said? Not much perhaps at present by their fellow men, who for the most part marvel at and contemn them because they run not in the same giddy round of folly, and toil not upon the same uphill weary course of feverish ambition as themselves. But what shall be said of them by and by; when the race-course and its guilty pleasures shall have no existence outside the judgment book in which they are recorded; when the busy scenes of life shall have passed as "a dream when one awaketh," and shall have left no trace of the fame, or the titles, or the wealth, the acquisition of which was the one object of its ceaseless toil? Then it shall be found and said of such that they strove for honours which are enduring, that they sought after wealth and pleasure which are substantial and abiding, and that, while those who aimed at the mastery in earthly pursuits were "temperate" in many things—consistently denied themselves in aught that could interfere with or retard their progress towards the goal of their desire—these, too, were in like manner consistent; they stood aloof from the world and the things of the world, remembering the admonition of the inspired apostle, "Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity against God," James iv. 4; but that while there was so far a resemblance, there was this vast difference between the two: the former did it "to obtain *a corruptible crown*," but the latter "*an incorruptible*."

Reader! what race are you running? what prize are you striving for? Is your life's object wealth, or a name, or a place on earth for yourself or for your children? or is it that you and they may be "found in Christ, not having your own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ;" and thus "forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before," are you "pressing towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus?" If it be the former, behold a type of it in the soon-finished race of the day; behold its end, its utmost earthly end, in the dark tomb of which we have been speaking; but if the latter, look at types of it in the earnest rider and the breathless steed, the toiling votary of business and of pleasure; see how in the pursuit of the earthly object, no matter what it be, each nerve is strained, each energy is taxed to the uttermost. Shall *you* be less earnest, less anxious, less persevering? Look at the end of it: not in the coming night that falls so darkly over every earthly scene of enjoyment; not in the cold lonely grave that yawns so widely for the sons and daughters of humanity; but look at it as it is seen *above*, where "Jesus sitteth at the right hand of God," and where he is gone "to prepare a place for you."

Page for the Young.

LITTLE CHARLES.

SUNDAY should be a happy day to all, whether children or grown persons. Christians keep this day in remembrance of Christ's rising from the dead. And those who love their Maker and Saviour will be happy, while resting from the toils of six days, in studying his holy book, and learning more and more of his great goodness and wonderful ways, and how they may obtain eternal rest and happiness when the toils of this world are over. While so employed in learning or teaching, any one, whether young or old, rich or poor, may be happy.

But are all happy on Sunday? No. There are many who have never heard the way to heaven, and many others who, having heard, give no heed. We are sure they are not happy on Sunday, nor really happy one day in the week. Let us pity them and pray for them.

In the cottage-home of Charles's parents is a really happy family. The parents love God and his ways. When Sunday comes, it is welcomed as a day of rest and a happy day. While dressing in the morning, the voices of the children are busy in singing verses, such as,

> "'Tis well to have one day in seven,
> That we may learn the way to heaven;"

or,

> "With thoughts of Christ and things divine
> Fill up this foolish heart of mine."

Charles was the eldest child. How happy it would be for families if every older child would feel that he or she is a teacher of the younger. They must be teachers, whether or not they intend to teach; for little ones imitate what their older brothers and sisters do or say.

If Charles had taken to read foolish or sinful books instead of loving his Bible, or if he had idled the hours of the sabbath away until he grew cross and fretful, the younger ones would most likely have done the same, and then that cottage family would not have been a happy family. But Charles attended to the teaching of his parents, and as soon as he could read, he read and loved the Bible. When his mother was nursing baby, or doing anything that prevented her reading or talking to the children, Charles would say, "Now, if you will all be quiet, I will read to you from the Bible, or a story out of the 'Child's Companion.'" And sometimes they sang hymns together as well as they could. They were fond of singing,

> "The God of heaven is pleased to see
> A little family agree,
> And will not slight the praise they bring,
> When loving children join to sing."

One day, when a little brother was rather inattentive and troublesome, Charles looked at him kindly, and instead of angrily saying, "Brother, how naughty you are; you spoil our pleasure by being so troublesome," he quietly took a pencil and paper, and wrote the following lines, which, though very simple, yet show the state of his heart:—

> "Brother dear, do not be naughty,
> For early good your mother taught ye;
> You are by nature wild and rude,
> But ask for Jesus' precious blood,
> And he will grace to thee impart
> And make thee meek and pure in heart.
> For in his holy word, he'll tell
> How you may free your soul from hell.
> He says, 'Come, seek me in your youth,
> And early learn the way of truth;'
> And if now unto Christ you flee,
> At death accepted you will be."

"Accept this, my dear brother," he wrote, "and think of it, and make us all happy by trying to be good. But you will not be able without the help of God, which you must pray for, and he will give it you."

This Charles folded as a letter, and directed to his brother, and the little boy was soon quiet and good again. Was not Charles happy when by thoughtfulness and kindness he had made his brother happy and good? We want all older children to try to do so.

Does any little boy or girl say, "When I am *big*, I will try to teach my brothers and sisters?" Do not wait until you are *big*; perhaps you will never think you are big enough or old enough, if you do not begin at once. If your dear parents or teachers have taught you that "God is love," you are already able to teach that to others. If Charles had waited until he was a big boy before he attended to what was good, or before he tried to be useful, he would have waited until it was too late; for his heavenly Father saw it right to take him to his happy home in heaven before he grew to be a very big boy.

Charles is no longer at the cottage home, and those he tried to teach can only learn of him now by the example he has left them. But is it still a happy home? Yes, even though their dear Charles is not with them, they are happy, for they know that he is with God, and God is with them. Their hearts sometimes feel sorrow that they cannot meet again on earth; but they know that earth is passing away, and they try to improve the time, so that there may be a happy meeting in heaven.

Will all older children try to be good and useful, and make their sabbath days happy days? And will they begin at once by remembering

> "That the youngest one among us
> Is not too young to die?"

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

110. What words of our Lord are mentioned in the Bible which are not to be found in any of the gospels?

111. Where is a pulpit mentioned in Scripture?

112. Where is the prosperity of the righteous spoken of as a cause of rejoicing to a whole city?

113. On what occasion may the rescue of a whole nation from impending destruction be traced, under God's providence, to the fact of an eastern monarch passing a sleepless night.

114. Where are the wicked compared to dogs?

115. Where do we read of the children of Israel observing the feast of the tabernacles after the death of Joshua?

116. Give examples of adopted children.

117. Where was the ark in the time of Saul?

118. How can you prove from Scripture that David wrote the second Psalm?

119. What examples can you give of choosing by lot?

120. Who is the high priest under the Christian dispensation?

121. In what respect does St. Paul prove that our high priest is far superior to those under the law?

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE WELCOME VISITOR.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

PART XIV.

My readers will not be greatly surprised when told that Mary Duncan's bodily illness was not alleviated by the sorrows of her mind and the horror which hung over her soul. Like a heavy burden, the remembrance of her past neglect in the time of health weighed her down with anguish. She "remembered God," too, "and was troubled;" her "spirit was overwhelmed."

Yet did she not discard me. Though every word of mine was fraught with reproof and direful threatening, and added misery to her overfull heart, my young owner did not banish me from her presence. On the contrary, she laboured to make herself more familiar with my communications.

Yet how often, in the midst of my silent but impressive enunciations, did she break off in sore distress, and exclaim bitterly that she could not understand my statements, nor reconcile one with another. And no wonder was it to me that my owner was thus bewildered. My own great Master had long before declared that while my teachings are so plain that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein,"

No. 57.—Published May 31, 1855

Price One Penny.

and are such that "babes" can understand and receive them, yet that their full import and vital power are "hidden from the wise and prudent." Mary had yet to learn that to obtain the right knowledge of my revelations, and the key to my hidden mysteries, it was needful to come to me in the spirit of a little child.

"Oh, that my brother Leonard were here!" she said, one night, when her mind was sorely tried. I had been recounting to her the history of one who, like herself, had made my partial acquaintance, but who felt that he needed a guide to the right and full understanding of my disclosures. "How can *I* understand, except some one should guide me?" she asked, in sorrowful accents.

Then she thought of her brother's letter; and spreading it before her, she read it again and again. It did not meet her case. It told how happy he was in the consciousness of a new life in his soul, and of an infinite righteousness in which he was interested, and before which his former imperfect and self-righteous and vain obedience had paled, grown dim, and altogether expired, as a means of reconciliation with an offended God. But was not this self-righteousness (let me interpret and put into words the thoughts of my young owner, as I discerned them then)—was not this self-righteousness, and were not those efforts towards reconciliation—vain in themselves as they had been—needful as a preparation for the righteousness of the Crucified One? And *her* whole course had been one of neglect—a choosing of the pleasures of the world, yes, and the pleasures of sin, too—rather than the dull sameness, as she had thought it, of a religious life. And now that the curtain was slowly but surely falling, and shutting out for ever those things in which she had found her happiness, was this the time to be seeking those things which are at God's right hand? Was it not mockery now, or worse, to ask of him the gifts which he might be willing to bestow upon others; but surely not on her?

Yet was there in that brother's letter one gleam of encouragement to hope, on which the soul of my disconsolate possessor ventured to fix, and which irradiated her wan countenance with wild, eager attention.

> "Guilty, helpless, and distress'd,
> Ruined and despairing,
> Toiling for deceitful rest,
> Rebel, heaven-daring."

"This is what I am," she said, "'Ruined and despairing.'"

> "Jesus lives; in him alone
> Can you find salvation."

With trembling earnestness, the convicted one appealed to me, if this were so: and I was then enabled to declare that "faithful saying," which is "worthy of all acceptation," that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners:" and, for the first time in our companionship, my words received a welcome from her spirit.

But though on other late occasions I had appeared only as a messenger of wrath, it had not escaped the discernment of the Spirit of light and life which dictates my intercourse with men, that the faith of credence, which had once appeared to be shaken, in the reality of my mission, and the value of my credentials, was fully restored to my owner. Now beamed there upon her soul, though feebly and faintly at first, the faith of reliance, without which none has ever received aright the words which I am directed to utter.

And springing up with that Divine principle in her newly awakened soul, was the earnest desire, which at that time found expression only in those "groanings which cannot be uttered," and with which "the Spirit helpeth the infirmities" of those who "ask, and seek, and knock."

Mary's cheek became paler and paler, except when it was flushed with the fell disease which baffles human skill; her steps, now feeble and faltering, betrayed the gathering weakness which was thenceforth to be her constant attendant through the short remnant of her earthly existence; and her breath became painfully laboured. She could say with one whose history I tell, "So am I made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me. When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise, and the night be gone? And I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day."

Every alleviation which human skill could devise, and every luxury which worldly wealth could command, was at the call of my young owner. Careful and assiduous attendants watched for her wishes before they were uttered: but all this could only show how vain are the attempts of men to arrest the fulfilment of the decree, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." "It is appointed unto men once to die."

The time came soon when Mary Duncan could no longer leave her chamber. Reclining on a couch, she passed the long hours of the day, many of them in solitary meditation. But before this time had my Master enabled me to pour such communications into her mind, as proved more fully to her than she had ever before known or believed, that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God; and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness." Yet was there

much darkness and ignorance and distress. Despair, indeed, had been vanquished; but doubts and fears hovered gloomily around her soul.

But the Great and Merciful One—who, though he is "passed into the heavens," is ever touched with the feeling of human infirmities; and will not suffer any who come to him for mercy to be sent empty away, nor "to be tempted above that they are able to bear; but will, with the temptation, also make a way of escape, that they may be able to bear it;" and who is so loving that he has commissioned me, in his own words, to declare that "a bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory"—was watching over the dying one with a wise and tender regard; and in his own time, he manifested himself more fully as being not only "a just God," but "a Saviour;" and when her mind was prepared for it by my constant communications, he made way to her couch for such human means of instruction as should lead her to understand "the way of God more perfectly," and speak peace—true peace, God's peace—to her harassed soul.

Heart-stricken and rebellious, and strong in his unbelief, but weak in his ability to bear the stroke which he was powerless to avert, and which he knew must now soon fall, the father one day entered his daughter's sick chamber.

It was sad to mortal eyes to see how that strong man was bowed down with constant grief, how the sorrow of the world which "worketh death" had obtained possession of his heart. His brow was clouded; his eyes wandered wildly; his steps faltered; and his voice, when he spoke, betrayed the unresting storm which raged within.

"Do you still wish to see your friend Lady D.?" he presently asked.

"O yes, if——"

"I will no longer oppose it, though I am afraid the exertion will be injurious to you; and you must be prepared for a gloomy visitor: she has lost her daughter."

"Little Margaret—dead?" exclaimed Mary.

"I did not think it necessary to tell you this before; but as the mother is about to return to England, and wishes very much to see you before she goes, I have consented to one interview."

Mary's looks spoke thanks; but the intelligence of death — the death of another—agitated and alarmed her.

"You told me that dear little Margaret was fast recovering," she said.

"Not fast; I do not remember that I said fast recovering," said the father, anxiously; "she seemed to all around her to be improving in health till a week ago, and then she died suddenly, poor child!"

"And I may die suddenly, too," said Mary, shrinking with the bare apprehension.

"Oh no, no; her disease was very different from yours: do not harbour the fancy, or I shall be sorry for my imprudence in telling you of her death. There is a great deal in imagination, Mary. I have known of people who have frightened themselves almost to death by fancying themselves ill when really there was nothing the matter with them. You, for instance, have not been so well since you heard those foolish people talking about you: but we shall soon see an improvement again, if you will but cheer up, and think of yourself more hopefully."

The invalid smiled sadly, and placed her hand in her father's. "Feel my pulse, father," she said.

"There would be little use in that, Mary," he said, pressing the weak, thin hand to his lips; "I am not a doctor, you know."

"It beats more feebly and rapidly every day," said Mary, withdrawing her hand as she spoke. "Father, you *know* that you must soon lose me."

He did not reply; and Mary did not, perhaps, expect it; "I have tried to make myself familiar with the thought," she said; "and I have partly succeeded. I do not think it such a dreadful thing to die as I did when the knowledge first came to me; and if I could only be sure that the sting of death is removed—"

"These are the weak notions which illness is almost sure to engender," said Mr. Duncan, hastily. "You have been reading the Bible so much, that you are infected with its gloomy superstitions. I feared it would be so."

"Father, dear father," said the young invalid, sweetly, "you do not believe in the Bible; but you know it did not make my mother gloomy while she lived, nor when she was dying, as I am."

"We will not talk about that, Mary," said Mr. Duncan, in a low and troubled voice. "We have gone over that before; but if it did not make your dear mother gloomy, you cannot deny that, in some things, it made her very peculiar."

"Father, God's people have always been a 'peculiar people,'" the daughter replied, quoting my own words. "And, dear father," she added, quickly, "if the Bible should be true; and I have no doubt about that now——"

"I know what you would say, Mary," said he, soothingly: "we will not argue about that now."

"I do not wish to argue — I cannot argue," replied my young owner, sorrowfully; "but I can feel, and know what I cannot argue about, or even explain. Father, I do not ask you to

promise," she added, after a moment's pause—and she spoke timidly—"but if you would read the Bible sometimes——"

"I have read it, Mary."

"But was not that to find arguments against it—to cavil and find fault with it?" she asked. "If you would read it again without enmity and prejudice, and desiring only to find out the truth about it, I do not think you would regret it when you come to be as I am."

Not much more passed then. The father spoke kindly to his afflicted one, and once more left her alone. But very plain was it that he had hardened himself against God; and in him was shown the truth of that declaration of mine, "The carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."

It was a happy day for Mary Duncan in which her chamber door was open to admit her mother's friend and her's.

They know but little about me who say that I make those who love me gloomy. Gloomy! Are the consolations which I am empowered to impart, gloomy? Are life and immortality, gloomy? Is the offered friendship of the ever-blessed God, gloomy? Is it gloomy to be made acquainted with him who came "to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, and to comfort all that mourn?" Can that be gloomy? Is the certainty that "all things are working together for good to them that love God"—that the light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for such a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory—is that a gloomy certainty? Are the hopes which I inspire gloomy? those hopes which point to "fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore?"

Sorrowful, yet rejoicing, the bereaved mother appeared to my young owner. She wore the outward garb of grief, and the tears of natural affection dimmed her eyes when she spoke of her little Margaret; but her heart was glad, yea, even exultant: she sorrowed not as those who have no hope."

And then, passing from her own experience, the titled visitor turned to her sick and failing friend, with a solicitude drawn from the love and compassion of him who came "to seek and to save that which was lost;" and sweeter than the softest music were the sounds which then fell on Mary Duncan's ears. Did not her heart burn within her then, as that true friend, taking me in her hand, bade me tell of the wonders of that glorious redemption which fills eternity with undying astonishment and praise. Faithfully did she, by me, unveil the guilt of past neglect; and fervently did she exhort the invalid to put away from her mind those thoughts of self which had interposed as a cloud, and obscured the full vision of him who died for man's offences, and rose again for man's justification. "With demonstration of the Spirit, and with power," the words she spoke sunk into Mary Duncan's heart.

NOTICES OF THE LIFE OF SPANGENBERG, A MORAVIAN BISHOP.

I.—SPANGENBERG AS MASTER OF ARTS.

As August Gottlieb Spangenberg (born in 1704, and died in 1792,) taught at the university of Jena, he not only held theological lectures and sermons, but worked much good in secret amongst the students, and was a blessing to many of them. With their cooperation he established free schools for poor children, held meetings for anxious inquirers, and sought to lead them to practical piety. In other countries he was also known and esteemed as a deeply-learned, talented, and pious teacher, zealously engaged in promoting true religion. He therefore received many offers of appointments. When Count Zinzendorf was requested by the king of Denmark, in 1730, to propose to him an able tutor, the count immediately named Spangenberg. The latter, however, declined the office, saying, "that in Jena he had no salary, in Copenhagen he would have too much. Plenty of honest men could be found at any time for the situation there, and the office in Jena must not be left vacant."

The following year he was invited to be professor at Halle. He declined it, however, from similar motives, which found such response in Professor Francke (son of the founder of the Orphan-house), that in his reply he added the wish: "May the Lord reward your faithfulness abundantly, and grant you as many souls for your hire as you sacrifice groschen for his name's sake."

In the year 1732 he was again solicited by Francke and his colleagues to be overseer of the orphan-house schools, and assistant of the theological faculty. After long consideration, he accepted the call in the autumn of 1732, and wrote to his brother George: "I have not been able to withstand going to Halle, because I see before me there the most difficulty, the most work, the smallest salary, and the greatest opportunity to serve my Saviour. It is evident also that I shall have a large field of labour in the church and schools, overgrown with thorns and thistles, which must be all turned up afresh."

II.—SPANGENBERG AS MISSIONARY.

As he was labouring with great success in Pennsylvania amongst the Moravian brethren

and the native heathen, he received, in 1752, a letter from Count Zinzendorf, recalling him to Europe. This drew from him the following candid declaration: "If I am rightly acquainted with myself, and I learn to know myself better every day, both in nature and in grace, two things are excellent in me. One is that I would rather remain still and devote the rest of my life to intimate, tender, and blessed communion with the "man of sorrows," without being hindered by any business which would occupy my mind, or in any way disturb me. I enjoyed some few years of this blessedness in Jena, amidst the bustle of the world, and it is impossible to describe what I then experienced. The other thing is, that I gladly came out to my present situation among the heathen, who knew nothing of that Saviour who shed his blood for them. Here my heart beats with emotion, and I could rejoice to starve, languish, or be tortured to death in this blessed employment. This does not proceed from self-confidence, for I see myself to be such a depraved, sinful, and miserable creature, that self is repugnant to me. And it is no transient feeling with me, but my real, continual state of mind. If other thoughts and idle fancies sometimes come into my head, they are only like smoke which dims my eyes for a moment, but is soon blown away and scattered by the wind of Divine grace. However, inclination must not be consulted, for I am a servant, and not my own master, and I consider as heathenish the principle—'Nemo sit alterius qui suus esse potest—(Let no one be another's servant, who can be his own master). I have taken the sign of servitude, and have had my ears bored, Deut. xv. 17;* Psalm xl. 7, 8; here am I to be made use of where I am needed: and it is a delight to me to serve. To the Lord I have commended my soul in patience. His will be done; my will perish. No one thinks entirely as He. His word rejoices me, and I delight to remember that promise, 'I will guide thee with mine eye.' How many years successively I have been able to pray nothing but, 'Lord, thy will be done.' This has been the continual cry of my heart, my constant prayer.

"Now I am indeed quite settled in Pennsylvania; and oh! how I thank my Lord that he has once more brought me here, and that at the very season when it was necessary to be brought. I will, however, not stay longer than the appointed time; I will depart with the ship that sails from here in 1753. In the meantime I will do what I can through his grace. Your heart is also with me, and that rejoices me."

III.—SPANGENBERG AS BISHOP.

In Barby there came once to Spangenberg a truth-loving and learned man, who afterwards wrote to his friend the following account of the interview: "I saw the celebrated Spangenberg. The old man bears seventy-eight years with cheerfulness, and has not the least trace of discontented old age; he has all the advantages of the years without any of their evils. He does not need to express in words what St. Paul says, 'I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me;' for his looks bespeak it. I was called upon to relate to him my experience, with all that belonged to it; also my wishes, hopes, and doubts I disclosed to him. He afterwards gave me the history of his life from his ninth year with equal frankness. I complained, amongst other things, of the coldness of intercourse between me and my Creator, and that I found it difficult to receive the Saviour in my heart, though I believed in the gospel. Thereupon he related to me the following story. 'As I was once in America,' said he, 'making a great part of the journey in a boat, and looking at the man who rowed me, and at the same time fished, I remarked that he had a great pike on his line, which he sometimes raised, and then let fall, then again threw far from him, and so continued for some time. 'What is that for?' I asked. 'Ah!' said the fisherman, 'the fish is too strong; if I pull him out all at once he will break the line, but I shall get him gradually.' Then I thought: Does not the Saviour often do so? And perhaps he is acting so with you now.*

"During another conversation we spake of blessedness, and the many different ways to it. 'How can it be attained then,' asked I. 'I will tell you,' said Spangenberg. 'Picture to yourself two people who are shivering with cold. One goes, without more ado, to the fire and warms himself; the other studies the nature of the fire, makes learned speculations over it, and —remains cold. Which is the happiest? that simple one, or this learned one?' 'The simple one, of course,' said I. Then said his manner to me, 'Go, and do likewise.'

"Another time we spoke of the happiness of the life in Christ, and he said, amongst other things: 'From one point to another, the straight

* Allusion is here made to the practice observed under the Mosaic law, of boring the ear of the slave who, from attachment to his master, refused to accept freedom; a significant type of the Christian who, fettered by the cords of love to the Saviour, would refuse, if offered, the miscalled liberty of sin.

This illustration must not be viewed as warranting or sanctioning any delay on the part of a sinner in accepting AT ONCE the Saviour as freely offered to him in the gospel; the command of God to all being to do so unreservedly and without delay. Spangenberg's illustration applies, therefore, properly to the manifestations of the Saviour's favour to a soul already believing on him—manifestations which are often gradual, as the recipient is able to bear or profitably receive them.

line is always the shortest way. So it is also from our misery to Jesus. One belongs to the other; with Jesus, wealth; with us, necessity.'

"At last he blessed and kissed me in a paternal manner. When I said, I would not forget what I had learned here, he replied, 'Say rather, what you have learned to unlearn. You have too much learning. You are as yet too good for the Saviour. He will have none but the miserable.'"

Spangenberg, as we have already said, died in 1792. Of his primitive simplicity and holy devotedness, these short fragmentary notices will enable our readers to judge.

PROFITABLE PREACHING.

"Do you like Dr. S. as well as ever?" was the question once addressed to a member of A— street church.

"Oh, yes; his sermons are substantial food to us for a whole week."

This we consider was high praise. It gives us at once an idea of the man and of his sermons, and of the study too whence such sermons came. We catch a glimpse of a quiet room, better stocked with standard works than with light literature; of a patient, prayerful man, rising from his knees to adjust his manuscripts for the day; and of an open Bible on the study table. The hat and cane are laid aside; for he has already paid a visit to the suffering family in the adjoining alley, or to the sick bed of a dying parishioner; and "it is well before preaching to look over the verge." While such a man writes let no one needlessly intrude; for the robbery of his hour is the plundering of a whole congregation. In a minister's study hours, the "talk of the lips tendeth to penury."

Of the discourses of Dr. S. on which such an encomium was pronounced, we had no personal knowledge; but we can easily conjecture some of the qualities which made them so nutritious.

1. They must have had a great deal of Bible in them. Not an occasional scrap, or a dainty passage, culled out to beautify a sentence and round off a period, but wholly saturated with the word of God. Hamilton tells us that Dr. Clalmers' sermons "held the Bible in solution." The strong meat is found in the Scriptures alone. The preacher who never "wears out," or wears his people out either, is he who delves daily in the gold mines of revelation.

2. Those nutritious discourses must have had a great deal of prayer over them. There are other men beside the staid Quakers who believe that he who preaches aright must preach "as the Spirit moves him." M'Cheyne never wrote a line without previous petition to God. Holy John Welsh rose at night, and spent hours in pleading for the celestial baptism. "I am convinced," writes an eminent clergyman, "æsthetically considered, one hour of prayer is a better preparation for sermon writing than a whole day of study."

3. They had a great deal of every-day religion in them. There is a painful lack, with many ministers, of knowledge of human nature in its daily actings. They are not ignorant men; they are tolerably familiar with John Owen, and Matthew Poole, and Francis Turretin; know all about the Council of Trent, and may even aspire to an acquaintance with the Magdeburg Centuriators. But to the living, acting, laughing, weeping, tempted, and sinning world around them, they are well nigh strangers. During the week their parishioners have been driving a plough, or hammering a lapstone, or pleading a cause, or have been "up to their eyes" in cotton-bales and sugar-casks. When the sabbath comes, these parishioners bring to the sanctuary their every-day wants and trials, as citizens, as men of business, as parents, as husbands, or as children. They want preaching that shall tell them how to live, as well as what to believe. They want plain instruction. They want doctrine, but doctrine made portable and practicable. They hunger for truth, but truth simplified and purged of scholastic technicalities. We once heard a licentiate of great promise preach a sermon in which he talked about the "governmental theory of the atonement," and garnished his sermon with such words as "predicate," and "potential," and "subjective." The whole discourse smelled strongly of the class-room, and had probably been "sat upon" by an inquest of theological students during the author's senior year. We would like to have whispered into the brother's ear, "You will burn that sermon before you have been in the ministry twelve months."

The sabbath teachings which are carried into the week are those which treat of every-day duties—which meet the Christian, and tell him how to grow in grace and holy living—which soothe the afflicted with gospel consolations—which tell the young how to shun daily temptations, and the aged how to prepare for death—which point the anxious inquirer to that cross beneath which he may quiet his aching heart. And the simpler these teachings, the better. A discourse which a minister would not be willing to read to his children and domestics, with a good hope that they would understand it, is not usually a safe sermon to take into the pulpit. "It takes all our learning," said Archbishop Usher, "to make the truth simple."

4. Another excellence of the preacher of whom I am writing probably was, that he seldom went

beyond his "thirdly." Neither will we; so we will close with the remark once made to Dr. Green by a poor woman of his parish. "Mr. Green," said she, "what do you think is the great business of the shepherd?" "To feed the flock, madam," was his reply. "That is my notion, too, sir, and therefore I think he should not hold the hay up so high that the sheep cannot reach it."—*American Paper.*

CHINESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

FISHERS.

Behold I will send for many fishers, saith the Lord, and they shall fish them." *Jer.* xvi. 16.

THE two fishermen who seem so busily engaged in their respective labours, convey to the eye of the reader a *fac-simile* of two illustrations which are found in one of the most ancient literary monuments of the Chinese people. The man on the right is preparing to *throw* his net *about* a shoal of fish, as soon as they shall be deemed within the reach of his best efforts. We have put the words "throw" and "about" in italics, because they exactly express the meaning of the term used in the original of Matthew iv. 18, where it is said that Peter and Andrew were *casting* a net into the sea, when Jesus called them, and declared that they thenceforth should be fishers of men. The boat in our illustration, the lineaments and the garb of the fisherman, are peculiarly Chinese; hence we may not regard him as the representative of either Peter or his brother Andrew. And yet, from the nature of the office, the net must have very nearly resembled the one which the Chinaman has gathered up in his hands, and the attitude of preparation for a cast must have been the same as that exhibited in the delineation on the next page.

On the left hand side a man is represented with a net suspended by cords from the end of a lever. This net reminds us of the vessel, seen in vision by Peter, which was a sheet knit by its four corners, and contained four-footed beasts and creeping things of every kind. The gravity of the net, and the weight of the fish, depress the centre parts, so that a hollow is formed for the reception of every kind of moving thing that may happen to overpass the edges. But while the central parts are kept in a bellying position by the weight of the fish, the lateral parts and corners are depressed, and prevented from meeting together by the same cause. Hence the fisherman, after hoisting up the net to a convenient height, takes a small hand-net, and lifts the captured victims from their artificial pool, and puts them into the closer confinement of the basket.

One of the names by which the net under review is designated implies that it is a net shaped like a bird's nest—a term that is very descriptive, and at the same time of easy remembrance by the Chinese scholar. The language of China, when analysed according to the principles of modern philosophy, is found to be as rational as the Greek, and equally abundant in its materials for appropriate epithets. The names bestowed upon utensils, implements, and tools used by the natives of the celestial kingdom, are for the most part very happy and very expressive in their application. Our illustration furnishes a view of the original form of this net, and not as it is generally seen at present in China, invested with the improvements of time and experience. The modern net is many square fathoms in extent, and is fastened by its four corners to as many stakes, which are stuck in some shallow part of the sea. As these stakes are not firmly set in the bottom, they are easily bowed down by the weight of the net. To the top of each of these stakes a rope is fastened, which serves to raise up the stake at the pleasure of the fisherman. This rope is carried to a windlass, which is erected upon some jutting point of land, so that a certain amount of mechanical power is employed in hauling it in. While the fishers are waiting for fish, the rope is relaxed just enough to allow the head of the stake to disappear below the surface of the water. In this position of the stake, and its three fellows, the net forms a deep concavity within the watery element. Fish, in their sportive gambols near the surface, easily pass over the edges; but in their endeavours to obey their natural instinct, which teaches them that safety lies in deep water, they hurry to the central parts of the enclosure, where they weary themselves in vain efforts to break their way through the meshes. In the midst of their struggles, the man who was looking out from the head of his boat near the margin of the shore, gently urges his vessel towards the edge of the net, and discerns the stir that is made in its centre; his movement serves as a signal to the men seated by the windlass, who forthwith begin to haul in the ropes, the net is reaved, and the poor fish are seen making vain efforts to leap out of their ample prison.

From this situation they are removed by a hand-net, like the one in the picture, but of sufficient size to hold fish of the largest dimensions, and with a handle long enough to reach to the middle of the net. One man tends the net, but two are generally employed at the windlass. This windlass is provided with two wheels, so constructed that the workman can press his foot upon one part of the rim, while his hand is pulling another. To aid him in this work a stage is erected near the windlass, on which he sits and

works at a mechanical advantage. This operation exemplifies the general practice of Chinese labourers and artisans, which consists in rendering the feet subservient to the hands, and joint helpers in the accomplishment of any purpose. A carpenter, for instance, instead of resorting to the vice, seats himself upon a low bench, and placing his foot upon the piece of wood to be modelled, holds it firmly, while his hands are at liberty to ply the tool with advantage.

The mode of catching fish now under review is distinguished by the calm and noiseless air which every object and circumstance wears about it. The movements of the man in the boat direct those who are seated at the windlass when to haul in and when to relax the ropes, so that a voice is not heard nor a signal given, and the workmen seem to the stranger like automata.

The declaration made in our motto—"Behold, I will send for many fishers, saith the Lord, and they shall fish them"—seems to be explained in the following verse: "For mine eyes are upon all their ways; they are not hid from my face, neither is their iniquity hid from mine eyes." The eyes of God are upon the doings of all wicked men and women, and though his forbearance may wait a long time, that they may have space to repent, at length his wrath shall awake against them; he will fetch them from their hiding-places; he will expose the hatefulness of their sins, and recompense their iniquity.

The annexed engraving will recall to many of our readers' minds, the declaration of our Lord, "I will make you fishers of men." Passing over the primary application of these words to the apostles and ministers of the gospel, they in a more general sense delineate the duty which is imposed on every Christian of watching for opportunities of winning souls for the Saviour. Happy are they who have skill in this art. "That fish are not caught in the gospel net," quaintly observes an old divine, "though often the fault of the fishes, is not seldom the fault of the fisherman." Oh for patience and wisdom in the divine science of angling for souls! for skill to adapt means to the end, and to study seasons and opportunities! Nor need we ever despair of success. When things look most unpropitious, when we have toiled long and caught nothing, he at whose command we cast down the gospel net can fill it at a time when we look not for it.

THIS world's happiness is always in the future tense.—*Hannah More.*

WHILE the heathen had their gods many and their lords many, their god of wisdom, their goddess of beauty, and their god of courage, they had no god of holiness.—*Rev. J. L. Evans.*

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

WITHOUT the daily worship of God in a man's family his religion is a deception and his happiness a dream. Since the Lord has wisely distributed mankind into little portions, united under one head, and knitted to each other by the ties of mutual duty and love, to cherish and perpetuate "a godly seed," it is plain that God must be daily honoured in the arrangements of that household. A prayerless family may glitter in splendour before the world, and "fare sumptuously every day;" but the frown of God rests upon them and their prosperity. It is not for uninspired mortals to breathe Jeremiah's imprecation, that the Lord would pour out his fury upon the heathen that know him not, and upon the families that call not on his name (x. 25); still we cannot but learn that idolatrous pagans are on the same footing with a prayerless household in a Christian land, and that the like woes await them both hereafter. There is hardly any duty which may be enforced by so many and strong reasons as family worship.

1. The head of every family owes it to God. Family connexion, which places children and servants under your influence, is a talent for which you must one day give an account. You are the steward of that influence; use it for the glory of him who gave it to you; turn it to good by every means in your power.

Gratitude urges you. What comforts gladden your dwelling! What happy faces cheer you every day with the smiles of health! What abundance crowns your table! What numberless ills, filling other homes with mourning, you are exempt from! Think of this, and say, ought you not to kneel down and acknowledge, in the midst of your family, the gracious Giver of it all?

Even fear ought to urge you. If you forget God, he may soon forget you. Blessings not asked or acknowledged may quickly be withdrawn. There are many families in which nothing seems to prosper; evils never come alone with them; the wheels of life drag heavily every day; even prosperity destroys them: whereas other families, with half their means, are thriving and happy. Would you know the secret of this? "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked; but he blesseth the habitation of the just."

2. Scripture examples make it your duty. God's altar always found its place in Abraham's tent. Job offered sacrifices "continually" in the presence of his children. David closed a busy day with "going home to bless his household." Cornelius "feared God, with all his house." Did you ever know or read of a man of piety who did not consecrate his house to God by daily worship? I dare not say that family worship is a proof of the personal religion of him who conducts it; but I can say, that no man of God will by this neglect put dishonour upon him to whom he and his family owe every day their "life, and breath, and all things."

3. It promotes domestic happiness. As families grow up they want a bond of union. "A joyful and pleasant thing it is to see brethren dwell together in unity." How many dwellings, were it known, would be found to be the scene of discord, strife, and ill-will. Slight causes may create dissension in the bosom of a family where every jarring thought should be calmed by the "charity that never faileth." Yet nothing but the pervading spirit of godliness can check the stubborn selfishness of men, and make them "of one mind in a house." It is by "glorifying God" that they will learn to have "one mind and one mouth." Would you see parents, and children, and servants, united to each other in bonds which grow stronger in the trials of life, and which death itself fails to dissolve? such fetters are only to be woven by the Spirit's hand, who unites them to each other, by making them "one in Christ Jesus." Then "they are of one heart and one soul;" then, "whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one be honoured, all the members rejoice with it." Sympathy is strengthened by family worship; the various wants of the happy circle are brought with united earnestness to their heavenly Father. No step is taken without prayer. Does sickness invade your dwelling? You imitate the family at Bethany, and entreat the special presence of Jesus. Are any absent? They are still "present in spirit" before the family altar. It is by prayer that important domestic changes are overruled for good, perplexing providences are made plain, blessings are doubled and made sure, sins are averted, and sorrows turned to joy. "There the Lord commands the blessing, even life for evermore."

It is impossible on this side heaven to tell the amount of enduring good which family worship, maintained with "spirit and life," may produce. Many have first learnt, by the

daily Bible-readings under their parents' roof, that they were by nature children of wrath; and, by God's blessing upon the church in the house, "have hereby been made the children of grace." Many servants, faithful to their earthly master, but living in irreligion and neglect of God, have had their attention arrested and their hearts renewed, by being called to daily worship in Christian families; nor are the instances few in which visitors, who have sojourned for a while under the roof "where prayer is wont to be made," have felt the claims of the soul and eternity so forcibly impressed, that they never ceased to look upon that visit as one of the eventful links in life's history by which their wandering feet were led back to find a peaceful welcome in their Father's house.

A few directions for profitably conducting family worship may not be out of place.

1. It belongs, obviously, to the head of the family to conduct this happy service. He must consider himself the divinely-appointed priest of his own household. It will immensely increase the reverence with which children regard their parents to have them associated with all their early religious worship. The aspect of moral order and devoutness with which each person, bringing his Bible, comes into the room, and takes his accustomed place, morning and evening, to join in worship which their father reverently conducts, makes a strong impression on the minds of children who love their parent with a sacred endearment, as the watchful guardian of their souls, and their earnest intercessor at the throne of grace.

2. "They who pray daily in their houses," says Matthew Henry, "do well; they who not only pray but read the Scriptures, do better; but they do best of all who not only pray, and read the Scriptures, but sing the praises of God." The singing a hymn, where it can be well done, tends to throw life and interest into your service. If it be not practicable every day, it may well distinguish your sabbath-day worship, when, as with the Jewish sacrifices, you will find it extremely profitable to make your service more full.

3. The daily reading of the Holy Scriptures is essential in every way to the religious profit of the family. It is desirable, as a rule, to read the Bible straight through. Occasions will arise to suggest a change; but aim that you and your household shall really know what the Lord says to men. It is very desirable that your chapter should be thought upon beforehand, that you may throw into your reading such short and suitable reflections as flow spontaneously from the heart.* A few words of your own put in now and then will awaken and fix attention, and may touch the heart. Lead them to search the Scriptures. It may be feared whether Bible-reading is keeping pace with the reading of the age. Every minister knows that pulpit ministrations are well-nigh lost upon people who are not used to read, mark, and learn the Scriptures in their own houses. Family teaching breaks up the ground, and, in numberless ways, adds weight and value to ministerial instruction, and "brings the same to good effect." Thus "the Lord creates upon *every dwelling-place* of Mount Zion, and upon her *assemblies*, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night."

4. After reading the daily portion of Scripture with deliberate and distinct voice, solemnized by occasional pauses, to allow time for a thoughtful impression to settle upon the heart, the invitation, which falls with touching tenderness from an earthly father's lips, "Let us pray," will bring your little company to kneel, as humble petitioners, before "your Father which is in heaven." Whether you find it needful to use a form of prayer or not, be sure that you strive to cherish the spirit as well as cultivate the gift of prayer. Do not stop short in words, whether read by the eye or suggested by the understanding; but pray "with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, abounding therein with thanksgiving." When you find yourself surrounded by your family—parents, children, servants—all kneeling, with their eyes closed upon the world and worldly things, let it be your soul's sincere aim, who have "taken upon yourself to speak to God," to "give yourself unto prayer." Be real in your communion with God. Lead the minds of your family to the confession of sin, and humble self-abasement before God, as deserving his wrath and condemnation. Let this be followed by a fresh application by faith to the Lord Jesus Christ: plead for his cleansing, pardoning, justifying mercy; claim for yourself and each of them, in minute detail, "all things which pertain to life and godliness." Be specific; bring your real wants before God; claim the promises given you in Christ Jesus; let your little congregation feel that you are bringing their cases before the Lord; mention their various temptations, besetting evils, indolence, infirmities of temper (that poisoner of the comfort of families!), neglect in duty, not forgetting to plead the promises

* Stow's "Bible Training," and Gall's "End and Essence of Sabbath-School Teaching," contain some admirable suggestions for opening Scripture in an interesting and simple manner. The "Light in the Dwelling," for point, plainness, and adaptation to the capacities of the domestic congregation, needs not my praise. See also that admirable tract, "The Church in the House."

which may belong to such cases; with the mention of family mercies, comforts, deliverances, hopes, which your grateful heart will delight to dwell upon. Then, from your own wants, enlarge the compass of your petitions. Plead with your heavenly Father for your kindred, dear to you, but perhaps some yet wanderers from your God; remember your minister, and hold up his hands; plead for your fellow-worshippers at church; interest your family in the Redeemer's glory, that "his kingdom may come, and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

This method of enlarged supplication was carried out for many years by the Rev. T. Scott, with very blessed results; so that it is remarked, "In very few cases has a servant, or a young person, or indeed any person, passed any length of time under his roof, without appearing to be brought permanently under the influence of religious principles."

Wherever domestic worship is conducted in this spirit, not made long, so as to tax the attention of young children, or tedious to servants, but simple, pointed, savoury, tender, full of sympathy with the feelings of the worshippers, it is impossible to over-estimate the amount of varied and permanent good, social as well as spiritual, which God's blessing may make us yield. It keeps alive a genial interest in one another's welfare; it speaks continually for God and to God; it keeps eternal things before the mind, and corrects the deadening contact of the world; it brings continual supplies of Scripture truth before the family, and thus gives a heavenly cast to their thoughts, opinions, sentiments, as they are growing up to riper years; it keeps God always before them; it conciliates his merciful regard; it sweetens every bitter cup which your household may be allotted to drink; it forms the habit of prayer, and teaches the fear of the Lord; it draws off your household from trifles and shadows, and accustoms them to the realities of life, as preparations for the deeper realities of eternity; it suspends their converse with man, and teaches them the greatest of all lessons, that man's business and man's happiness, whether in youth or age, in trial or prosperity, in time or eternity, is to converse with God through Christ Jesus, that he may be changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.*

THE GIPSY'S FRIEND.

PART II.

In the year 1822, Mr. Crabb was providentially guided to the town of Southampton, with whose spiritual condition he became well acquainted from his occasional visits to the poor and the neglected, among whom he distributed tracts and preached the gospel. After consultation with his ministerial brethren and his congregation in Rumsey, and much earnest prayer for Divine direction, it appeared to them, as well as to himself, that he ought to transfer his ministerial labours to that important sea-port.

Having assigned the conduct of his school in Rumsey to his sons, reserving to himself the spiritual instruction of the pupils, he engaged the Southampton Assembly Rooms for each sabbath, and issued hand-bills inviting persons of all denominations to attend his first service, in which he promised to describe the objects he would seek to accomplish. At the close of this service, which was numerously attended, he requested that those who were members of other congregations, instead of waiting on his ministry in the Assembly Rooms, would use their influence with those of their neighbours who neglected the house of God to induce them to attend his sabbath services.

His faithful preaching was soon crowned with the most remarkable success. In his diary, he says: "After preaching four weeks in this place, I find hundreds attending my ministry, and the number is increasing. . . . Many who hear me are gathered out of the world, so that other churches are not robbed."

At the close of one of his sabbath-evening services, he was sent for to visit a young woman on her death-bed. He found that she had been living an abandoned life for the past three years, and was perishing in her sins. As he entered her room, she cried out in agony of soul, "I want to go to Christ," and imploringly asked whether he would receive her. This penitent Magdalene found mercy at the feet of him who has promised to cast out none who flee to him; and during the few days of life that remained to her, being visited by many of her old associates, she earnestly warned them to escape from the wrath to come. One of them was severely affected by the dying woman's conversation, and lived for many years to prove the genuineness of her change. The conversion of the first of these penitents excited a deep interest in Southampton, and hundreds were present when Mr. Crabb officiated at her funeral, which took place on an exceedingly wet day. On the following sabbath evening, Mr. Crabb preached her funeral sermon in the large Assembly Room, into which multitudes were unable to obtain admission, although the place was capable of holding about a thousand persons. To meet the wishes of those who were thus disappointed, the solemn service was repeated on the next sabbath, and to numbers equally large. The sensation

* From 'Married Life;' a most useful volume, by the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie.—London: J. H. Jackson.

thus excited induced Mr. Crabb to publish a narrative of the conversion of this young woman in the form of a tract, under the title of "Jane Thring; or, the Penitent Magdalene," a thousand copies of which were sold in Southampton in one week: it afterwards passed through seven editions.

The conversion of Jane Thring induced many of her class to seek the aid of Mr. Crabb in their endeavours to escape from their degraded condition, and, being encouraged by the advice and cooperation of the Rev. Robert Heath and Dr. Lindoe, a house was taken and fitted up as a temporary asylum, into which a number of penitents were admitted; subscriptions to a large amount being immediately obtained for their support. The good work thus begun was prosecuted chiefly by the activity and self-denial of Mr. Crabb, who, amidst the difficulties and discouragements usually attendant on great and good undertakings, persevered until he secured the erection of the Southampton Asylum, which cost 2200*l.*, of which sum the greater part was collected by his own untiring efforts. It was opened in 1823, and has been well supported and well conducted.

When Mr. Crabb had continued his ministrations in the Assembly Rooms for about a year, he found himself surrounded by a settled congregation, for whose accommodation it became necessary that a permanent place of worship should be erected. He entered into a contract with a builder, who agreed to complete a chapel for 2200*l.*, of which sum he was to pay 600*l.* in two years, and the remainder as he could collect it. Mr Crabb thus refers to the subject in his diary:—

"This day, fixed with the builder relating to my new chapel. God knows the responsibility I have taken on me, to beg 600*l.* in two years. Nature shrinks, and some will judge me imprudent; but the Guide of my youth will be the support of my old age, and prosper my undertaking. I feel the burden at times; but I can cast it on my God, and it is all well."

The foundation of Zion chapel was laid Sept. 11th, 1823, and for the two following years Mr. Crabb was burdened with the debt. To collect the money he travelled thousands of miles on foot, and wrote hundreds of letters, at the same time practising the greatest self-denial, in order that the donations he obtained might, without deduction, be available for the object to promote which they were given. His biographer says: "I have been told that, when in London, he was one day so overcome by fatigue as to be compelled to retire into the Royal Exchange to rest upon one of the seats, where, having fallen into a deep sleep, he was discovered by a gentleman to whom he was known, and who, thinking he was ill, awoke him. Upon being asked why he did not engage a vehicle to carry him from place to place, he replied that the money was given him for another purpose, and that his chapel wanted all the money he could get."

His faith and perseverance were crowned with the most remarkable success, for, in the course of two years, he collected 2080*l.*, leaving only 120*l.* of debt. Among the contributors were people of every rank of life, including many of the nobility, several bishops, the duke and duchess of Gloucester, the duke of Kent, and George IV. The remaining sum was speedily contributed on an appeal being made to the people of Southampton; and the chapel, thus free from debt, was placed in trust for the preaching of the gospel and the worship of God.

Mr. Crabb had no sectarian bigotry. The parish of Holy Rhood becoming vacant in the year 1824, he wrote to the Rev. Dr. Wilson, to whom it was probable the living would be offered, imploring him to "hasten down to the camp, in which the plague was spreading, and stand between the living and the dead." When Dr. Wilson undertook the duties of the parish of Holy Rhood, many members of the church of England who had attended the ministry of Mr. Crabb, returned to church as he had anticipated, a fact in which he rejoiced, "knowing that their places would be occupied by others who were perishing for lack of knowledge." About the same time we find Mr. Crabb interesting himself in the work of infant education, and securing the establishment of two infant schools, one at Kingsland, and another at Hill-life-land.

We have now to follow this faithful servant of Christ into a new scene of action. In the year 1822, Southampton became a station for the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Navigation Company—an arrangement which afforded Mr. Crabb a fresh opportunity of doing good. He applied to Lieutenant Kendall, one of the company's agents, for permission to establish a weekly service on board one of the vessels, a privilege he obtained through the influence of that gentleman, who also volunteered to act as his clerk and give out the hymns. The sailors at first were not disposed to attend; but when the officers of many of the ships required the crews to be present, they consented, and became so much interested that they took their wives and children to the services. The success of these efforts soon became apparent in the attendance of the men at places of worship in the town, in their reading of the Bible, in the disuse of swearing, and in their sending their children to sabbath-schools.

It now remains for us to notice that portion of Mr. Crabb's labours which has associated his name with a race of people whose mysterious

history, wandering habits, and heathenish ignorance, have given them a strong claim on the benevolent exertions of the Christian church —a claim which, we must add, has never yet been adequately regarded. The attention of "the Gipsies' advocate" was first drawn to that neglected race in 1827, by a circumstance thus narrated by his biographer: "During the Winchester assizes of 1827, having occasion to speak to the Rev. Henry Thompson, the sheriff's chaplain, he went into the criminal court for that purpose. As he entered, the judge was, according to the Draconic code of that day, passing sentence of death on two criminals; to one of whom he held out the hope of mercy, but to the other, a poor gipsy, who was convicted of horse-stealing, he said no hope could be given. The young man, for he was but a youth, immediately fell on his knees, and with uplifted eyes, apparently unconscious of any person being present but the judge and himself, addressed him as follows: 'Oh! my lord, save my life!' The judge replied 'No; you can have no mercy in this world; I and my brother judges have come to the determination to execute horse-stealers, *especially gipsies*, because of the increase of the crime.' The suppliant, still on his knees, entreated, 'Do, my lord judge, save my life! do, for God's sake, for my wife's sake, for my baby's sake!' 'No,' replied the judge, 'I cannot; you should have thought of your wife and child before.' He then ordered him to be taken away, and he was literally dragged from his earthly judge."

Outside the court Mr. Crabb found, seated on the ground, an old woman and a very young one, the wife of the condemned man, with two children, the elder three years and the younger only fourteen days old, which the old woman held in her arms, while endeavouring to comfort its wretched mother. A few weeks later he again met the old woman, and invited her and her daughter-in-law to call at his house; and on their doing so, they consented to place a granddaughter of the old woman (the child of another daughter, whose husband had been transported) and the elder child of the widow, with Mr. Crabb, in order that he might put them under instruction. These poor women soon induced some of their acquaintance to entrust three more children to the care of Mr. Crabb, who, finding the efforts to teach them successful, prevailed upon several influential friends to form a committee "for taking into consideration the condition of the gipsy race, and devising some means for their moral and spiritual improvement." As the result of some inquiries, immediately set on foot, was very unsatisfactory and painful, the committee resolved on immediate action. Having ascertained that a number of gipsies were encamped on Shirley common and other places near Southampton, the committee engaged a Christian man, well acquainted with the gipsies, and qualified to give suitable instruction, to visit them, and make known to them the truths of the gospel. Six gipsy women were induced to take up their residence in Southampton, and were employed at such work as they could perform; four boys were apprenticed to trades, and the younger children were placed at school. Considerable insight was thus obtained into the peculiarities of the gipsy character, and, encouraged by their measure of success, the committee recommended similar exertions to others.

With a desire for the salvation of these wandering tribes, Mr. Crabb, in May, 1831, visited the Epsom race-course, expecting to meet the swarthy wanderers who usually congregate on that scene of dissipation. The Scripture reader to the gipsies was sent forward to announce the intention of Mr. Crabb, whom he introduced as "the gentleman, the gipsies' friend, from Southampton." "I am come," said Mr. Crabb, "nearly a hundred miles to see you; do you not, therefore, think that I love you?" On many of them replying, "Yes, sir"—"Come, then," said the good man, "make room for me in one of your tents, for I must sit down with you and tell you the way to heaven."

The efforts made for their welfare soon became known among the gipsies in all parts of the kingdom, and excited among them very grateful feelings, which were much strengthened by the annual gatherings which Mr. Crabb established at his house and grounds at Springhill, and to which he invited the reformed gipsies and their families, and such others as were disposed to hear what had been done for their race. On these occasions, crowds of gipsies went into Southampton from all parts of the country, with caravans, carts, and rude vehicles, drawn by broken-down horses, ponies, and donkeys. At an early hour they might be seen wending up the hill to Mr. Crabb's residence, where they were admitted into the field adjoining his house, and formed an encampment of about 150 persons.

Mr. Crabb opened the meeting with prayer, praise, and reading the Scriptures, and then gave an address, in which he described the miseries of sin, specifying the evils to which the gipsies were addicted, such as pilfering and fortune-telling. He contrasted the state of those who were placed under instruction and were gaining their living by honest industry, with the vagabond life from which they had been rescued, and he set before them the great blessings of the gospel. He then read letters from persons resident in various parts of the king-

dom, who were interested in the welfare of the gipsy—a part of the proceedings by which his audience was greatly gratified. The substantial dinner prepared for the gipsies was next announced, during which the kind host, his two sons, and many of the visitors, ministered to the guests. After dinner, blankets and warm clothing were distributed, and those who were without Bibles were supplied with them.

Encouraged by what he beheld at one of these interesting scenes, the Rev. John West and other friends, with the cooperation of Mr. Crabb, founded a gipsy asylum and industrial school near Blandford, the foundation-stone of which was laid on July 24, 1845, by one of the people for whose benefit it was intended.

These meetings have been discontinued, and it is much to be regretted that the interest taken in the cause of the gipsies has greatly declined. Surely these 18,000 wanderers have a claim on our prayers, and on our zealous exertions to lead them to Christ.

Mr. Crabb appears to have been the honoured instrument in the conversion of the "Dairyman's Daughter," Elizabeth Wallbridge. She was then a servant in a family residing near the gate in Southampton, and having been persuaded by two of her fellow servants to accompany them on a week evening to hear him preach, in a licensed room in Hanover-buildings, she discovered her lost condition and her danger as a sinner; and on hearing him a second time, she found peace in believing. From her death-bed she sent him a guinea, of which she desired his acceptance, as a small token of Christian love to him as the instrument of her conversion. Mr. Crabb was frequently urged to communicate these facts, but abstained, from the mistaken apprehension that by doing so he might in some measure lessen the importance and value of the well-known tract. It would have gratified the catholic spirit of the writer of that tract, the Rev. Legh Richmond, to have done all honour to one whom God had thus delighted to honour.

The respect which this venerable man inspired by his varied and zealous labours was shown in a most remarkable manner on his attaining the age of seventy, on the 16th of April, 1844, when his congregation and friends held a public tea-meeting to celebrate his birthday. The Long Rooms were fitted up for the occasion; and under the direction of the officers of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers, their men decorated them with a profusion of flags and evergreens, in a style with which the highest commander of the British navy would have felt himself honoured. Persons of all ranks were present to assist at this celebration, and at five o'clock hundreds of the company were unable to obtain sitting-room. Soon after five o'clock, the person to whom all this honour was shown led into the room the lady of the Rev. J. Reynolds, of Rumsey, followed by Mrs. Crabb, his son Mr. James Crabb, and Mr. Reynolds, his entrance being signalized by the firing of guns from a small battery placed in front of the building, and each gun being answered by simultaneous applause from one end of the room to the other. There was also an orchestra filled by the best vocal and instrumental performers from the different choirs in the town, who performed several anthems during the meeting. An address was presented by the committee to Mr. Crabb, containing a review of his useful career, to which he responded with much Christian humility and holy triumph. He gave a most interesting retrospect of his labours and successes, and did not conclude without referring to the plans he had formed for the future, and expressing his hope of seeing them accomplished.

On the 3rd of September, 1848, he had been preaching two sermons at Shirley, near Southampton, and when on his journey home he received his first warning to prepare for his Master's presence. He suddenly fell down from a paralytic seizure. Then came a second attack, which disqualified him for any public duty, and incapacitated him from walking, though not from visiting the poor and sick, the penitentiary and the house of God, he being wheeled from place to place in a chair. His third attack came on the 11th of September, 1851, and during the six days of life that remained, he was enabled to bear his testimony to "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," and to speak with the faithfulness of a dying man to his family and the youths under his sons' tuition, as well as to some dear Christian friends. On the 17th of September, 1851, he entered into the blessedness of the dead that die in the Lord, who rest from their labours, and whose works do follow them.

The corporation of Southampton did honour to his memory by remitting the usual fees for his monument, and by passing a resolution "to record their high appreciation, not only of the private worth of that excellent man, but also of his unwearied and most disinterested efforts through a long series of years to improve the physical, moral, and spiritual condition of the inhabitants of the town; and the more so as those labours were specially and cheerfully devoted to the relief of the most destitute, the instruction of the most ignorant, and the reclamation of the most neglected of the population."

Such was James Crabb, of whom we may say, in the words applied to Barnabas of old, "He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

Religious Intelligence.

April 30th, 1855.

We regret our inability to open our review of the transactions of the month with the announcement that the "counsel of peace" has been established by the diplomatists who have recently assembled in Vienna. There will now be a renewed appeal to the sword and all the terrible engines of war, and nearly every day will bring us fresh accounts of a siege, more formidable in its character than any which has ever taken place in the history of ancient or modern warfare. Attention has been for a few days withdrawn from our melancholy position by the visit to our sovereign of the emperor and empress of France; and we have reason to look with pleasure on this visit, which we trust will prove a means of binding two great countries more closely in the bonds of amity. "It is," however, "better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes;" and we cannot forget that it is but a few years since we saw another emperor in this country, who was also a visitor to the queen of England, one who received the most polite attentions from the amiable prince consort, and who has since proved himself the enemy of England and the troubler of all Europe. We must rest only in the Lord Jehovah, in whom there is everlasting strength, and who is "our help and our shield."

It is our duty and our highest wisdom to walk in the light which shines upon us, and to endeavour to impart the light to others. Our best patriots are those who are making their country a centre from which the word of the Lord shall go forth to distant lands. We notice with much thankfulness the encouraging accounts which reach us this month of the wide diffusion of the word of God that is now taking place, especially in those countries which occupy the principal share of public attention. The issue of the Scriptures from the Constantinople and Smyrna depôts during the last year by the British and Foreign Bible Society amounts to 16,700 copies, which have passed into the hands of English and French soldiers and sailors, Italian sailors, German and Polish soldiers, and Russian prisoners. They have gone also to different districts of Turkey, where Protestant Christianity is daily on the increase among the natives of that country. By this means the knowledge of the gospel is being conveyed through regions pervaded by Mahometanism, Judaism, and a corrupted Christianity, as well as among our own countrymen and our allies, amidst their sufferings and in their dying moments.

In reading the melancholy accounts of the calamities and the death of our countrymen in the Crimea, we have occasionally the consolation of knowing that many of them were the soldiers of Jesus Christ, who, having fought "the good fight of faith," passed into the presence of the Captain of Salvation to receive the crown of righteousness that fadeth not away. Such was the excellent Captain Vicars of the 97th, who fell in the sortie of the Russians on the 22nd of last month. He was distinguished for his simple and earnest piety, and his zealous efforts for the spiritual welfare of the men placed under his command. It is said that his Bible was a model for Bible readers; it contained pen-marks and pencil-marks, showing that he was careful and diligent in studying the regulations of the heavenly service. Writing some time ago to a devoted labourer, whom he was encouraging to persevere in his Master's work, he said: "When I think of Calvary my fears and forebodings are calmed, for I know that all my past sins are pardoned, for He who hung on the cross there has borne them all in his own precious body. Grow not weary nor faint in your well-doing. Jesus will soon appear, and then your conflict with sin and sinners will be over for ever." This encouraging appeal is applicable to every one who is endeavouring to do the work of the Lord, and it is peculiarly so to the whole Christian church at the present anxious period.

We have now reached that season of the year in which our great religious societies assemble their supporters in the metropolis, for the purpose of reviewing the labours of the past twelve months; and we shall enjoy the privilege, in this and subsequent papers, of noticing the leading facts which the various societies have to record. We shall do so with the deeper interest, because of the opportunity which is thus afforded of diverting our attention and that of our readers from the conflicts of angry nations to the peaceful triumphs of the cross. Various opinions are entertained respecting the justice and the policy of that conflict in which our country is now engaged; but we are left in no uncertainty as to the duty of exerting all our energies in the great warfare of truth and holiness against error and sin.

At the recent meeting of the synod of the English Presbyterian church, the foreign mission report presented very encouraging information relative to China. It was stated that there has been the manifestation of an increasing desire on the part of the Chinese to hear the gospel and receive tracts. Such has been the demand for books that it would have been easy to dispose of ten times the number that have been given away. Fourteen hundred copies of the New Testament have been distributed during the year, and twenty-five thousand religious tracts, together with a considerable number of copies of the Pentateuch. Schools are also in operation, and are attended with great success. At this meeting Colonel Anderson made the pleasing statement, that "he had been the humble instrument of distributing to the army and navy five thousand New Testaments, received from the Naval and Military Bible Society."

On Thursday, the 19th instant, while the crowds of London were congregated to witness the progress of the emperor and empress of the French to the city, the supporters of the Western Asia Mission Aid Society were assembled at their first anniversary. The object of the society is to assist the labours of the American board of missions in Turkey, who are seeking to reform the corrupt Greek churches, to evangelize the Mahometan population, and to sustain these efforts. It is gratifying to find that this society has been able to contribute 1121*l.* during the first year of its labours.

The London Reformatory for Adult Male Criminals, an institution which displays in an eminent degree the spirit of pure Christianity, held its anniversary on the 26th inst., under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury. It is the object of this institution to take the criminal after he is released from imprisonment and endeavour to shield him from temptation, while he is taught some useful trade, and instructed in the truths of the gospel. At the commencement of the last year there were 100

inmates in the reformatory, which is situate in Great Smith-street, Westminster. Of this number 80 had since emigrated; 1 had gone to sea; 12 had enlisted in the army; 3, serving in the militia, were obliged to leave; 2 were provided with situations by their friends; and only one out of the whole number proved to be an impostor. During the same year 215 were admitted on probation; of these 33 would not submit to the "test;" 10 left after one month, 8 after three months, and 4 after six months' probation; 4 were dismissed for idleness, and 3 for bad habits; 6 were restored to their friends; 23 enlisted for soldiers; 5 obtained situations; 15, as militiamen, were obliged to leave; and 2 had gone to sea. There are at present 100 in the institution, their ages varying from 15 to 50; and it has been ascertained that 76 out of the 100 commenced stealing between the ages of 12 and 15. This fact corresponds with the observations which have been made on a large scale among the criminal population. Thirty-two had received a boarding-school education, and two had been at college. Since the commencement of this institution 580 have passed through its ordeal, which occupies twelve months, and have been given back to society reformed, and some of them even regenerate men. During the last year three thousand anxious applicants had, from want of funds, to be refused admission.

At the meetings of the Protestant Alliance, which have just terminated, special reference was made to another case of persecution for Bible reading in Tuscany. It was hoped that the strong expression of public feeling elicited by the sufferings of the Madiai would have prevented the recurrence of such persecutions; but the Tuscan authorities are too much under the influence of Romish priests to allow any one with impunity to read the word of God. Domenico Cecchetti was seized at half-past four o'clock on the morning of the last Sunday in March, and hurried away from his children to the prison of the Bargello in Florence. He was condemned, without any trial, by the council of the prefecture to a year's confinement in the penitentiary of Imbrogiania, near Monte Lupo, whither he was conveyed in chains, guarded by two gend'armes, on the following morning. The character of this new witness for the truth will be best learned from the answers he gave when he was first charged with the crime of having the word of God in his possession. We are told that the Cancelliere successively interrogated him as to his opinion regarding mass, confession, and the authority of the pope, on all which points he stated his opinion without reserve. He replied that Jesus Christ had been offered up once as a sacrifice for the sins of mankind; that no future sacrifice was or could be wanted. He said: "As to confession, when I have sinned, it is my duty to confess my sin, first to Almighty God, and implore his pardon; then to my brother, if I have acted wrongly against my brother—to you, Signor Cancelliere, for example, if I have offended you. As to the pope being the head of the church, I know," he said, "no headship save that of Jesus Christ. The pope is a constituted authority, like you, Signor Cancelliere."

A very influential meeting was held on the 1st inst. at the National Club, Whitehall, for the purpose of securing, as far as possible, a weekly half-holiday for the working classes. The principal authors of this movement are desirous to promote the observance of the Lord's day among the working classes, by removing from them all temptation to waste its hours in sleep after the labours of the week, or in the pursuit of pleasure, under the plea that they have no other time for enjoyment at their disposal. Mr. Robert Hanbury stated that the men in his employment (between three hundred and four hundred) enjoy their weekly half-holiday. The coopers do in five days and a-half the work of six days. The men who a little more than ten years since were frequently worked until nearly twelve on Saturday night are now beginning to leave at twelve at noon. With few exceptions the customers of Messrs. Hanbury, about nine hundred, have assisted in this excellent work, by consenting to be supplied early on Saturdays. It was stated by Captain Huish that successful attempts have been made to apply the half-holiday system, where practicable, to the North Western Railway; and valuable communications were made, personally or by letter, to the same effect, by Sir Samuel M. Peto, Sir Charles Fox, Messrs. Napier, engineers, Glasgow, by Messrs. Nisbet, Hamilton, Kelly, the proprietor of "The Post Office Directory," and other large publishers, also by several solicitors and others who have been trying this philanthropic experiment with the most encouraging results. There is now much reason to hope that this excellent undertaking will prove a great blessing to the working classes, who will find their true friends amongst the advocates of sabbath sanctification. It should be added, that all who addressed the meeting attached great importance to the payment of workmen's wages on Friday, or on an earlier day in the week.

The annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society was held at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday, the 2nd inst., under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury. The report stated that there had been issued this year in France 109,205 of the entire Scriptures, being an increase of 18,783 over the issues of the past year. In Germany there had been distributed 17,835 copies; in Brussels 24,000; in Switzerland 20,639; and Dr. Pinkerton, in a tour through the twenty-two cantons of the country, had disposed of no less than 28,000, and orders were obtained for many more. The committee had watched with deep interest the various political commotions, and they had been in communication with friends of the Bible in Switzerland, but nothing had occurred indicative of a disposition on the part of the authorities to allow the distribution of the Scriptures. At Malta and Greece the agent had circulated 12,467 copies of the Scriptures, and made special mention of the fact that he had received a subscription to the parent society of 6*l.* 10*s.* from a private soldier of the 47th regiment. The affairs of the East had excited such special interest, that the committee had removed their agent from Smyrna to Constantinople, where he had proved very useful to the soldiers in the hospital. In Russia nothing had been done. In consequence of the disturbed state of the capital, the Rev. Mr. Ellerby had been compelled to leave, and to entrust his stock of 100,000 copies of a new edition of the Scriptures to a friend. In Madras 54,746 copies had been disposed of, and in Bombay 8559. The Chinese Million Testaments did not pass off so rapidly as was expected, a circumstance which was accounted for partly from the fact that China is not yet sufficiently opened, and partly from the want of agents. In Africa 1583 copies had been distributed. A deputation had been sent to Australia, and their arrival at Sydney was reported. In Ireland 35,000 copies had been distributed, and 16,000 copies sent for the special use of Miss Nightingale at Scutari, with an intimation that she was at full liberty to call for as many more as might be needed. No less than 189 new auxiliary societies had been formed, the total number now being 3313. The receipts of the year ending March 31, 1855, are larger than those of any preceding year, with the exception of the Jubilee Year. The amount applicable to the general purposes of the Society is 64,878*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.*, which, with contributions made to special objects, such as the Chinese Testament fund, etc., make a grand total of 136,032*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.* The issues of the Society for the year amount to 1,450,876 copies, being an increase of 83,348 over those of last year. The total issues of the Society now amount to 29,389,507 copies.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

I AM STOLEN AND STRIPPED OF MY OUTWARD DECORATIONS BY A FEMALE SERVANT.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

PART XV.

Home—home. Mary Duncan had inhaled in vain the soft air of the south. A second sea voyage might prolong life, but not restore health. Ah no; no one could venture to promise this now. She was to return home—to die where her mother died, and there to be buried. She might then, also, before she died, once more see her brother Leonard, and thank him, with her parting breath, for the gift he had bestowed; and tell him what great things God had done for her. The thought of home seemed to revive her.

Her father, once strong-minded and haughty, had sunk into listless impotence of heart. The "sorrow which worketh death" had prostrated his energies. "They are taking away my gods," said he, in his soul, "and what have I more?"

Mary had received many visits from her faithful friend and counsellor; and as I, by her means, became more fully and intelligently known to the dying one, and was thus increasingly made "mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds; casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience

No. 58.—Published June 7, 1855. Price One Penny.

of Christ," so did the first beamings of "the peace of God which passeth understanding" begin to take possession of her "heart and mind through Christ Jesus."

Home—home. The father leaned now upon the firmer soul of his daughter's friend. They would return in company. It was as well for Mary, he had found, that this close companionship should be permitted. He did not understand it; but intercourse with "the religious enthusiast" had not made Mary gloomy—far otherwise.

I was not to return with them. My Master had other work for me to do.

It might be that the glitter of my outward adornments, though now tarnished, or the pitiful value of the earthly dross which clung to me, had excited the cupidity of one who would have scorned the eternal riches which it is mine to offer. But, be this as it might, an eager hand, in the darkness of night, removed me from the table on which I lay, and securely hid me in a dark recess of the chamber. When morning came, hurried and vain search was made for me; and before mid-day, my young owner was conveyed softly from the chamber which had so long been her abiding place; and I saw her no more.

Not long was I suffered to remain in seclusion in that now deserted chamber. The same hand which had secreted me, soon released me from my confinement, rudely divested me of my silver clasps, and then threw me aside with disdain.

I dwelt among a people of a strange tongue. None understood me: none cared for me. But "the word of God is not bound." In process of time, doubtless, the mission of my material substance will have been accomplished, and the parts of which it is composed will share the fate of all that is earthly and perishable. Of me, and of myriads like myself—as of those to whom I am sent—has it been said, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return;" but "the word of God," which dwells in me, "abideth for ever."

Nor was my earthly career so soon to draw to a close. Nevertheless, many perils daily surrounded me; and my pages, at this time, trembled beneath the rough and threatening usage to which I was often subjected. At length I was placed in a comparatively safe position, whence, unobserved myself, I had the liberty of observing much which concerned me to know.

I shall not, however, tire my readers with the various reflections which I then made, further than to say that in those into whose possession I had so unworthily fallen, might have been seen what is recorded in me of a people of old—"they have changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever." And had one who, "being dead, yet speaketh" through me, been with me then, his spirit, as in olden times, would have been stirred in him at seeing them "wholly given to idolatry."

Many months passed away, and no change took place in my position or prospects; and had the spirit of those to whom I am addressed been in me, I should have murmured at the inaction and uselessness to which I was thus again condemned: for I have had occasion to notice how, under trials of shorter duration than this of mine, many of my fellow servants in the flesh have been fretted with impatience, and have foolishly charged God with forgetfulness and unconcern: as though he could forget, or were no longer "ordering all things according to the counsel of his own will," and doing "all things well."

In his own time, then, was I designated to another service, widely different from those in which I had been heretofore engaged; but one, nevertheless, for which I was not unprepared.

My next possessor was a man of middle age, to whom I was sold for a trifling sum by the dishonest female who had stolen me from my last owner, and who accounted for her possession of me by a lie. My new owner was, as I soon found, well acquainted with the language in which I addressed him; for it was his mother tongue. The first sight of me, indeed, stirred up in his mind some emotions; for it reminded him of a home from which, a quarter of a century before, he had been driven by poverty, as he declared, to be a sojourner in a strange land. In that strange land he had prospered. God had given him the request of his heart; but in the worldly wealth he had there acquired, his soul had not prospered.

I might have augured favourably of Henry Greene—for that name he inscribed on me in the first hour of our acquaintanceship—from the eagerness with which he fixed upon me, and the readiness with which he laid down the sum demanded for my ransom, if he had not accompanied the transaction with words of irreverence and thoughtless jesting. But I rightly judged, from these marks of character, that it was the sight and sound of the never-to-be-forgotten language of his childhood which awakened towards me his regards, rather than a hungering and thirsting for close and intimate communion with my contents.

The merchant—for such was my new owner—conveyed me to his home, and placed me in what he intended to be an honourable position in a private apartment there, into which none but himself was allowed, uninvited, to intrude.

Here, I soon learned somewhat more of my owner's history than it is needful to narrate; let it be sufficient to say that he was not only a sojourner in a foreign country, but solitary also. He had neither child nor wife; nor was there one among those whom he daily met in the rounds of business or pleasure, whom he would have cared to call a friend. He had lived to himself, and for the accumulation of worldly riches; his sole dream of happiness was in the thought of returning, at some distant day, to the land of his birth and the friends whom he had there left behind. Nevertheless, the prosperous merchant had not doomed himself to restless agitation in the pursuit of wealth, nor denied himself the gratifications which wealth can command. His home was one of comfort and luxury. He indulged in the pleasures of life, and boasted that he knew how to enjoy it wisely. Such, in his outward bearing, was my new possessor.

I learned more concerning him than this. In early youth he had listened to "the instruction which causeth to err," and had trodden in the paths of folly, with none by his side to warn him of his infatuation or to direct him into a wiser and a happier course. He had squandered in dissipation the inheritance which had descended to him from parents he had never known; for, from infancy, he had been an orphan. Then, when poverty "as an armed man" had seized upon him, and summer friends had withdrawn, the young man bethought himself and repented, not of the sins he had committed against the Most High, but of the stupidity which had wrought his present degradation.

His mind was vigorous and active, and his determination strong within him. He applied himself to business as the servant of another, until he crossed the seas which thenceforward separated him from his ancient home; and now was he experiencing the truth of that saying, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." God had "given him power to get wealth."

He had never returned to the mad follies which first made him acquainted with poverty. He was not now a spendthrift, a gambler, nor a drunkard. The pleasures in which he temperately indulged were those of the mind, rather than of the fleshly appetites. In subduing these, he had exercised rigid self-control; and he watched vigilantly against the approaches of habitual and gross vices which had so nearly proved his ruin.

Yet had my owner felt that something more was needed to cancel sins that were past, and to give him rest from apprehensions of a day of reckoning to come. His mind had been distressed by the feeling of this want; and he had sought refuge from his conscience in the forms and faith of a corrupt and idolatrous creed, and in the teachings of such as those to whom the words of my Divine Master may be well applied, that they have taken away the key of knowledge, that they enter not in themselves, and those that are entering in they strive to hinder.

Had my owner ere this been intimately acquainted with me, and applied himself with humbleness and earnestness to learn the will of Him who speaks through me, I am confident in saying that for him the gorgeous rites of "will-worship" would have had no charms, and over him the glosses and misdirections of an arrogant priesthood would have had no power; for, is it not written in me, "If any man will do his *will*, he shall know of the *doctrine*, whether it be of God?" But the thriving merchant—wise though he was in many things—not only dwelt among a people who were "destroyed for lack of knowledge," but was as one of them.

I had on former occasions, as I have already told, found myself in strange and uncongenial companionship with other books; but none were ever more strange and uncongenial than those by which I was now hemmed in on either side. Close by me, for instance, was one that boldly and blasphemously set at nought the explicit statement which through me is given to man, that as there is but one God, so also is there but one mediator between God and men, even the man Christ Jesus; who himself, when as man he dwelt among men, declared, "I AM THE WAY: no man cometh unto the Father but by ME." Especially did this "blind leader of the blind" exalt above him who is "the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth," one who was indeed "highly favoured among women," but of whom nothing has ever been spoken by God to man which tells of dignity or majesty or office or power. But of this "highly favoured" woman did my profane companion teach, that she is "the queen of heaven, the mother of grace, the gate of glory, the refuge of sinners;" nay more, that "she saves by her mercy those to whom Jesus"—the merciful and loving sinner's substitute—"cannot show mercy."

Another of these deceitful guides took upon himself, with astonishing assurance, to contradict the strong and emphatic language of the Holy One, that "by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified;" who also has commissioned me to declare to men, "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not by works, lest any man should boast;" and unblushingly affirmed that "because God would honour his children, he would have them get to heaven by their merits, which is more honourable to them than to receive it by God's free gift." And, in

further discussing this subject, the same perverter of the gospel of Christ and the right ways of the Lord, proudly exclaimed: "Far be it from righteous men to expect eternal life as a beggar doth an alms! More glorious is it that they should receive it as conquerors and triumphers, and possess it as a reward due to their labours," for "eternal life," said he, "is due to the works of good men, without the favour of God."

Much more could I tell of the fatal teachings to which my new owner had yielded his soul, in the vain hope of thereby obtaining rest and peace; ignorant of, or forgetting, the words of invitation which I am directed by the Son of God to make known to sin-burdened souls: "Come unto ME, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

But it is little to be wondered at that my owner was ignorant of the gross deceits which had been practised upon him. In his youth he had treated with contempt and neglect the instructions of Divine wisdom; and as "the entrance of God's word giveth light," so does the wilful disregard of it leave the soul in fatal darkness. And if, in after times, he had felt within him the working of a desire to give heed to the command of him who says to men, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me"—those Scriptures, alas! were hidden from his eyes, and unattainable by his hands, in that land of dim and gloomy spiritual ignorance.

Indeed, another of the companions to whom, in my new abode, I came into very close contact, declared of me, that if I were to be allowed to every one, the boldness of men would cause more evil than good to arise from it. And a multitude of insulting epithets was unsparingly heaped upon me, as being the stirrer up of strife and sedition, and the misleader of souls to eternal perdition. I was called "a nose of wax," "a dead and killing letter without life," "a shell without a kernel," "a leaden rule," "a wood of thieves," "a shop of heretics."

Such then—to be very brief—were some of the opponents who set themselves in array against me on my first entrance into the service of my new owner. And it was plain how much he was under their constant influence, by many signs and tokens. I shall mention but one.

Opposite the case in which I was silently immured, and suspended on the wall, was a large representation, depicted with admirable artistic skill, of an earthly being, of female form, seated on clouds, crowned with a starry diadem, and surrounded with brightness and glory. In her arms she held an infant boy; and around her were fancied representations of angelic beings, bowing lowly before her. It needed not to be told that in the female thus exalted was meant to be recognised her of whom I have heretofore spoken; and in the infant, Him whom, as "God over all, blessed for evermore," all the angels of God do worship.

A few days only had passed over me, then, when my owner, entering the chamber, prostrated himself before the pictured female, and in these words audibly addressed her:—

"Oh, queen of the universe! mistress of angels and men! in quality of daughter, mother, spouse of the Most High, you have a certain authority over all creatures; they are submissive to you, and owe you the homage of subjects to their sovereign. I myself belong to you by many titles; but not satisfied with being yours by reason of this general dominion which has been granted to you, I wish specially to give myself to you, and by a free act of my will. Behold me, then, at the foot of your throne, acknowledging you for my queen, and desiring that the general sovereignty which you have over all, you may possess doubly over me. From this moment I desire to depend particularly on you: dispose in future of me; reign absolutely over me; reign over my mind, reign over my heart, reign over my thoughts, my affections, my whole conduct: all will be sweet and consoling to me on passing through your beneficent hands. I ask but one favour of you, which I esteem more than the whole world; it is that, after the vicissitudes of time, I may arrive, by your powerful intercession, at eternal happiness, to praise and glorify you for ever and ever."

Having repeated this act of devotion, my owner appeared highly satisfied with himself; and rising from his knees, retired from the room, humming a sprightly tune, without once deigning to cast a glance towards me.

CAUTIONS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN.*

A PREVALENT, widely-ramified, and subtlely-disguised class of dishonesties, are those which are either committed, or connived at, by public bodies. What, for the most part, more vague and elastic than a corporate conscience? Men will do and sanction in partnership what they would recoil from in their individual capacity—as though shared responsibility were diminished responsibility, or guilt incurred with a crowd could be cloaked by the crowd. But what saith the Scripture? "Every man shall bear his own

* From "Lectures on the Character of Nehemiah as a Model for Men of Business." By the Rev. Hugh Stowell. London: Hatchard and Co. 1855.

burden;" "so, then, each one of us shall give account of *himself* to God."

And as men will deal *in* bodies as they would not individually, so will they deal *with* bodies as they would not with individuals. How much equivocation, chicanery, and subterfuge is practised in relation to the claims of *civil government?* By many to elude those claims is thought to be at most a venial fault. Yet God himself has vindicated the rights of the community. "Tribute to whom tribute is due;" "custom to whom custom," is his decision. The very same law that binds a man not to cheat his neighbour, forbids him to cheat the commonwealth, which throws its shield around his life and property. "The powers that be are ordained of God;" and he who instituted the powers, ordained the means for their maintenance. Yet, obvious as is the duty of submitting cheerfully to the impositions of the state, you cannot be conversant with the ways of the world, and not know how extensively taxes are evaded, how frequently false returns of property are made, how artfully the Excise and Customs are in numberless instances defrauded. You are aware with what skill and adroitness some who thus practise deceit contrive to elude detection; whilst others, glorying in their shame, will even plume themselves on the cleverness they have displayed in cheating the revenue. Cleverness! It is a cleverness from beneath.

Contemplate another field of fraud, less startling, and therefore more insidious than the former. By selfish extravagance, or rash speculations, what numbers subject themselves to liabilities which their resources do not warrant, or plunge into debts which they have no prospect of discharging! It is not uncommon for the commercial world to be shaken—convulsed—dislocated—by the gambling spirit which seems periodically to take possession of it, impelling men to stake all upon a throw. In their haste to be rich, they leave principle and prudence behind them. Bent on their own enrichment, they have no regard for the interests of others. No doubt there is a wholesome enterprise in business which ought not to be discouraged, and to which a certain range and latitude must be accorded; but when that range and latitude intrench on the rights of others, they intrench, however stealthily, on the law of God. It is not enough that a man's intentions are honest; his measures must be prudent. Whilst integrity actuates, wisdom must restrain. I do not deny that a man of integrity may be unsuccessful in his plans, that insolvency may overtake him unawares; he may find himself involved in difficulties which he could not avert, and embarrassments which he could not foresee; and he may shine all the more brightly by his conduct in such circumstances. But when a man launches out into speculations far beyond the margin of his capital, or when he indulges in a style of living which he has no income to justify, then, at once, is he making shipwreck of uprightness—he is sacrificing others to himself. "Owe no man anything," is as much a divine precept as "Thou shalt not steal," or as "Thou shalt do no murder." Fearful is the amount of inconsistency which, when tried by this standard, many who name the name of Christ betray; by reason of whom "the way of truth is evil spoken of," and the gainsayer is hardened in his unbelief. Brethren, "let us judge ourselves" in these things, "that we be not judged of the Lord." "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that which he alloweth."

Then, again, how diversified the deceptions practised in trade for the purpose of taking advantage of the purchaser! Inferior articles are made to wear a superior appearance; old and damaged goods are vamped up, and glossed over, that they may pass for new; domestic manufactures are sold as foreign; the names of certain makers are attached to articles which they never made; false representations are given of the cost of produce, or of the state of the markets; the unpractised dealer is charged more than the accomplished trafficker; prices are regulated by what can be obtained, rather than by the real worth of that which is sold. These things are the curse and canker of business; they indicate a moral leprosy which taints the community. How hardly shall a faithful tradesman keep himself pure! How great watchfulness he requires, that he may not be "partaker of other men's sins!"

On the other hand, how frequently will the buyer avail himself of the necessities of the seller; force him to forego his legitimate profit; or disparage and depreciate his goods, in order that he may beat down their price! It is still, as it was in the days of the wise man—"It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."

And what shall we say of the various ways in which articles of merchandise are adulterated? The production of spurious and counterfeit goods forms an extensive branch of manufacture. And to such a pitch has this species of fraud been carried in some departments, that only a few years ago I was assured by a Christian tradesman, that in the line of business in which he was engaged, there were not more than three or four firms with whom he was acquainted who did not adulterate the article by which he gained his living, so that he found it most difficult to stand his ground against such fraudulent competition. In all this a twofold guilt is incurred—the guilt of dishonesty, and the guilt of deceit. To cover the

violation of the eighth commandment, the ninth is tacitly, if not expressly, violated. A lie is acted, if it be not uttered; and an acted lie is at least as bad as a spoken lie. Nor is this all; the subordinates are usually implicated in the guilt of the principals; indeed the latter will sometimes require the former to do what they would shrink from doing themselves. Pitiful subterfuge! What a man does by another he does himself; yea, and such employers are far more criminal than the agents whom they employ. Not content with serving Satan themselves, they become his allies in enslaving their dependents. Not satisfied with selling their own conscience, they traffic in the consciences of others. As though it were not enough to practise deceit, they become manufacturers of deceivers.

Nor is the dark catalogue of social injustice yet filled up. How often do masters oppress the servant and the hireling in their wages! Instead of "giving them that which is equal and right," they strive to beat and screw down their hire to the uttermost—taking advantage of their necessities. Yet if there be one kind of fraud more dastardly, dishonourable, and aggravated than another, it is that which wrests from the labouring man the fair recompence of the sweat of his brow—the very price of his sinews, his flesh, and his blood. "The Lord is the avenger of all such, as we also have forewarned you and testified." Is it not notorious that in too many instances wages are the first, instead of the last, thing to be retrenched when times are unfavourable? Are not employers, with some honourable exceptions, far more ready to lower wages when trade is bad, than to raise them when trade is good? How seldom do the workmen share proportionably in the prosperity of their master! Hardest and meanest of all is it when, as is sometimes the case, under the pretext that his work has been damaged or deficient, heavy abatements of the remuneration of his toil are forced on the hapless artisan, who has no alternative but to submit to the wrong, or to be thrown out of employment. At all events, little hope can the poor and the weak have in contending against the rich and the strong. As a consequence, there often follows a fearful retaliation; the work-people, smarting under unmerited imputations, and goaded on by a sense of wrong, take the law into their own hands, and fancy that they are warranted to do what they have been falsely charged with doing, and are justified in taking stealthily what they ought in fairness to receive. Thus, injustice on the one side begets injustice on the other. But it must not be forgotten that, however guilty the dependent who has in this way been disciplined into dishonesty, sevenfold heavier is his guilt who made him dishonest. How would all this be averted if, only and always, the master were to deal with the servant, and the servant with the master, as each would desire to be dealt with by the other were their relation inverted!

Let me remind you how beautiful and blessed would be the state of society if all this were reversed—if, instead of the sordid maxim of the worldling holding true, "Where you find a man's interest, there you will find the man," it could be said universally, "Where you find a man's duty, there you will find the man." Why should it not be so with us all? Secular interest itself demands it at our hand. Honesty is the best policy. In the long run, the upright man will ordinarily be the successful man. Or, if he be not prosperous here, it is because God has better things in store for him hereafter, and trains him by earthly discipline for an enduring and undefiled inheritance. At all events, he will enjoy the melody of the testimony of a conscience void of offence—a melody which can gladden the home of guileless penury, but for lack of which the costly mansion of fraud will have no true gladness. "Better a dinner of herbs," the fruit of integrity, than "a stalled ox," embittered by guilt: yea, and often even in this world God sets his brand on the gains of dishonesty. It is no uncommon thing to see wealth which had been doubtfully accumulated, melt away like snow before the summer's sun. Or else to find that the usurious owner had heaped up riches and could not tell who should gather them; for either he leaves no descendants to inherit his wealth, or else his posterity squander in profligacy the stores for which he had sacrificed his conscience and his soul. Far more frequently than the heedless notice, is it thus made manifest that "doubtless there is a God that judgeth in the earth."

A few more practical suggestions, and I must close. How vain his expectations who hopes by meeting the requirements of the law to stand acquitted before God! Tried even by his favourite table—that which enjoins his duty towards man—is he not daily adjudged to be guilty? Can he plead that he has always from his heart loved his neighbour as himself, or done in all things to others as he would have others do to him? Is it possible for self-love so to blind him, that he should venture so to plead? But if he cannot justify himself in relation to the law as bearing upon his conduct towards his fellow-creatures, how can he hope to justify himself in relation to the law as bearing upon his conduct towards his Creator? Surely, then, "by deeds of the law shall no man living be justified." Surely, "by the law is the knowledge of sin." Surely, "the law is a school-master to

bring us to Christ, that we may be justified by faith;" for "he is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." Surely, none can stand before the Judge of quick and dead, except that Judge have blotted out as a thick cloud his transgressions, and as a cloud his sins.

At the same time, it must never be forgotten, that there will be repentance toward God wherever there is "faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." Fruits meet for repentance will follow. Where you have done wrong, you will strive to do so no more; and where you can make reparation, reparation will be made. "Behold, Lord," said the penitent and believing Zaccheus, "the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold."

THE MALTESE PENITENTS.

"A robe of penitence and gloom
May hide a proud unhumbled heart.
True penitents seek God alone:
No eye save His can peace impart;
No arm save his can freedom win
For those fast bound in chains of sin."

It was an April day, in 184—. Not, however, such an April day as we are wont to enjoy in England; soft and yet bright, with its mild sunshine and its gentle showers; its song of birds and its sweet smelling blossoms. Far other was the spring-day in Malta of which we now speak. The sun shone out with fervid brilliancy, kindling and yet parching up the landscape on which it rested. No grey cloud flitted across the sky. No hum of insect, no song of bird, broke the deep stillness of mid-day—an hour which, in those southern climates, is usually as silent as midnight itself; for at this time of day the inhabitants withdraw within their dwellings, both for coolness and repose. We had gone out early in the day to attend divine service in the English church; and now we were enjoying the freshness of our own apartments, which, like most of those in Valetta, were spacious and lofty, with abundant means of ventilation. No sound, as I have already said, met our ears. All around us was so still and silent, that one could scarcely realize being in the very heart of a great city, and amidst a most vivacious population.

Suddenly, a dull measured clank of chains smote upon our ears. It seemed to approach nearer and nearer. Wishing to ascertain what this sound might mean, we went into the covered balcony issuing out of our drawing-room and overhanging the street. A strange sight met our view. We saw a figure advancing, clothed in a flowing white garment, the upper part of which was closely fitted to the head and face, having in it two small holes, cut open for the eyes, and a pointed crown which waved and nodded with each movement of the wearer. The feet were bare. They looked small and delicate. Around the naked ancles were fastened an iron chain, which clanked heavily behind the slow and weary steps of the sufferer, who was supported

by two lusty friars of the order of St. Dominic. Another figure, similarly attired, only with black instead of white garments, followed at a little distance behind: and as the long massive chain rattled along the pavement with a sort of measured monotony, and the black pointed headgear flapped in the air, there was something so lugubrious, so unearthly, in the aspect of this being as he walked silently and slowly onwards, that one felt chilled to the very heart while gazing upon him.

And these were penitents! So were we informed by our Maltese servants, who seemed to regard this voluntary humiliation as an act of the highest Christian merit. They had yet to learn that the guilt of sin cannot be expiated by self-inflicted tortures, but only through the all-sufficient atonement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and that he alone can set at liberty those who are "tied and bound with the chain of their sins." It was grievous to witness such a practical perversion of Divine truth

among those who called themselves Christians; and it made us feel how great were our privileges, and how deep our responsibilities, as the natives of a land in which the light of the gospel so clearly shines.

The penitents were followed by a crowd of women and boys, whose quiet and composed manner indicated the respect with which they regarded this strange exhibition. Some British sailors were passing along, and they gazed on the spectacle with a sort of childlike wonder and perplexity, as if they marvelled what it could all mean.

Later in the day, we visited the celebrated church of St. John, at whose entrance we found a person clothed in the same fashion as the white penitent holding out a small box, which he silently shook before the passers-by, soliciting in this wise their offerings in behalf of the souls in purgatory. The appeal seemed to meet with a ready response from the multitude, whose small coins flowed freely into the priestly treasury.

Within the church all was dark and silent. The white marble statues of John the Baptist and of the Saviour were veiled in black. The only statue left uncovered was the bronze figure of Moses, looking hard and stern, as if he were indeed a "schoolmaster," not to "bring men to Christ," but to reproach them unpitifully with their weaknesses and their sins. It seemed as if designed that the gospel should be hidden and the law alone revealed.

On our homeward way, we met with a long procession of penitents, accompanied by priests and choristers bearing aloft a painted figure of our Saviour to the sound of lively music, and amid the noise of a buzzing multitude. There was something so painful and unseemly in the whole exhibition that we were glad to escape from the crowded street to the quiet rampart of St. Elmo. There all was still and peaceful. The magnificent harbour lay beneath us in its azure beauty. Scarcely were its waters ruffled by the evening breeze, which now came like a whisper of peace from above, to tranquillize our thoughts. We felt how simple and majestic was the truth which God had been pleased to reveal in "the gospel of our salvation," and how cruelly it had been distorted by the devices of man and Satan. And never, perhaps, before had we so thankfully acknowledged the gracious Providence by which we had been born on English soil, and beneath the sound of that glorious gospel which proclaims "liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

ADVERSE PROVIDENCES.

"They also that erred in spirit shall come to understanding, and they that murmured shall learn doctrine."—*Isaiah* xxix. 24.

"WOES cluster, rare are solitary woes." So sang a poet and divine, and perhaps with some truth in his individual experience; but the words have been echoed and re-echoed from his time down to the present by many discontented and unthankful ones, who would have been better employed in acknowledging their ill deserts, or in recounting their mercies.

But "what saith the Scripture?" It says that "God stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind;" that "he remembereth that we are dust," that is, takes our frailty and feebleness into account when he disciplines us. It says that he will not contend for ever, neither be always wrath, lest the spirit should fail before him, and the souls which he has made. When he allures and brings into the wilderness, it is to "speak comfortably," and to show how he can open "a door of hope" in the "valley of Achor," giving us our "vineyards from thence." In the dispensations of Providence, as well as in the world of nature, God "sets his bow in the cloud." True, it is in the *cloud*, not in the azure sky of prosperity; but then it *is* a *bow*—a bow of promise, and a bow of hope.

It would not be easy, as our subsequent remarks may perhaps show, accurately to define adverse providences, inasmuch as many providences that appear at the time to be adverse, do not ultimately prove so; and many adverse events are *providences* only in a very restricted sense; but it will be sufficient to our present purpose to use the expression in its popular acceptation, as meaning all those events which are contrary to our inclinations or wishes, and, as we suppose, contrary also to our interest and welfare.

It is not all afflictive dispensations that are adverse, but of many we cannot determine the real character till we have seen the issue. Some of our brightest earthly joys have sprung out of our deepest sorrows, and our soul's everlasting welfare has been promoted by the tribulations of time. We have often "feared as we have entered into the cloud;" but when we have passed through it, and seen the brightness of the side which is nearest heaven, we have been constrained to acknowledge, with adoring love and gratitude, as the three disciples did, that it was good for us to have been there.

Oh could we gather from all ages of time, and from all countries, and from all classes of society, a company of individuals who had encountered severe trials, and hear them relate their sufferings, and the happy issue out of them, what interested listeners should we be, and how much might we learn from their histories! Such a company there will be in another world; and if we ourselves reach that happy land, as they are all

"Looking o'er life's finished story,"

we shall hear one saying: "I was a dweller in the land of Uz, and I had sons and daughters, and such large possessions and abundance of honour that I was the 'greatest of all the men of the east;' and I knew the right use and the true enjoyment of wealth. 'I was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame; I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy, and the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me.' But a sudden and sad reverse befel me. I lost my children, and my riches, and my health, and was reduced to a state of destitution equalled only by that in which I was brought into the world. Yet by these troubles I lived, and in them was the health of my spirit. I attained to more just views of myself, and when I had been brought to acknowledge that I was vile, and to 'abhor myself, and to repent in dust and ashes,' then the Lord was very pitiful, and turned again my captivity, and restored me double for all that I had lost."

And with meek, low utterance, another will be telling her story thus: "I was an African mother, cruelly torn from my country and my children, and doomed to a life of suffering and toil; a slave without a friend, and without any on whom to fix my affections, or to return my love. But there, in that far-off land, I heard of the love of Jesus, and found the 'Friend that sticketh closer than a brother,' and the liberty wherewith Christ makes us free; and so my heart became glad, and I thanked God for this trouble that he sent me."

And in joyful gratitude to the God who gave him his talents, and grace to use them to his glory, another will say: "I was confined for twelve long years in Bedford jail, and thus God gave me leisure to write a book that was blessed to thousands of pilgrims on their way to the New Jerusalem; and ever as they were arriving at the gates of this celestial city, they recognised me, among the many who came to meet and welcome them, with looks of affectionate regard, as one of their spiritual guides."

And some may add: "My foes were they of mine own household, and this trial brought me

to the happy resolution to which the prophet came in similar circumstances, 'Therefore I will look unto the Lord.'" But we forbear, for time would fail to enumerate the multiform sorrows of human life; and however varied the trials may have been, all will agree in one thing, that the afflictions were *very light*, and that the glory is *exceeding weighty* and eternal.

Aye, and there will be another company—alas! a large one—a company of those who have *not* profited by the troubles which have befallen them—who have endured the suffering without deriving the benefit. Oh, to sow in tears, and not to reap in joy—to drink the bitter draught, and yet to be neither healed nor strengthened—this is the saddest case of all. That affliction is sweet that brings us near to God, but "the sorrow of the world," there is no cure for that; it is fatal, it "worketh death."

But there are many adverse events—and they are those that of all others we are most disposed to ascribe to providence—which are not really attributable to it, any further than to that general law of providence which connects certain results with a certain line of conduct, and which it would require a special interposition to prevent. For instance, suppose an individual should wilfully walk upon the railroad just as a train was coming up, and were in consequence to be crushed to death, no one would presume to call it an awful *providence*. But if at the juncture one should arrive, and with powerful arm snatch the individual from his perilous position, and detain him in his grasp till the danger was over, we could not fail to recognise an interposing providence there.

The first part of this supposition is a strong case, but we have put it to show our meaning the more fully, and then, having gained assent to the principle, to apply it to the conduct of many in relation to matters in which it is so much less obvious that the parties concerned do not see the error, and of course do not forsake it.

It may be applied to all *slothful* persons—those who will not use the means to secure a good, or to avert an evil. One man says, "Providence has denied me the success in business which my next door neighbour enjoys;" and he thinks it is the will of God that he should be in straitened circumstances, and expects to find sympathy from his friends on that account. But let him think again, and looking fairly at it, inquire whether there is any difference in the method of procedure, which will account for the difference of result; and perhaps he will find that his neighbour rises early, and by personally inspecting, and perhaps assisting, has everything in order before the time any customer is likely to arrive; is assiduous all the day, and sees that his goods are carefully put by at night. Of course, it is not requisite that the principal of a well-established business should take so active a part; but it frequently is essential to the *establishment* of a business, or the successful carrying on of a moderate concern. Now let this complainer look at his own conduct. He rises late, sits long at his breakfast, and when he enters his shop, finds it in the confusion in which it was left overnight, with one or two dissatisfied customers, whom his apprentice is vainly endeavouring to please. When they are gone, he scolds the poor youth for not having done the work of two persons, and is quite surprised that an uninterested individual is not more solicitous about the prosperity of the concern than the person is who would reap the sole advantage. Or, perhaps, he is self-indulgent and lavish in his expenditure, and so, between negligence and extravagance, his affairs become entangled. And then he begins to talk about submission to his lot. Submission! Why that is not the duty required of him, but vigorous effort and determined reformation.

Or, some modern Eli may tell you, that he is afflicted in his family, that his undutiful sons are no comfort to him, no solace in his old age. Well, perhaps there has been no careful and judicious training, no wise counsel or gentle authority, no affectionate warning or entreaty, no kind encouragement or approval. How then could any other result have been expected?

Some persons are not happy in their relationships with their fellow-creatures. Their friends and relatives are not very loving, and the world looks coldly on them. Few people think it worth while to visit them, and when they go abroad, they are neither courted nor welcomed; and those who are not kind or polite enough to control the expression of their countenances, look very much as if they felt their presence an intrusion. No glad smile awaits their return home. They live in a joyless, because loveless atmosphere, and they think it very hard that Providence has not given them kinder and more affectionate friends and relations. But do they make any effort to deserve that regard which they so earnestly covet? If not, wherefore should they blame Providence; it is but the working out of that law which has ordained that those who will not love their neighbours as themselves, shall not find happiness in their intercourse with them. There must be an outgoing of love, and an endeavour to benefit or to please, before we can reasonably hope to secure the affection and kind offices of others. It is in the reciprocation alone of good-will that we shall find the true zest and enjoyment of life.

"That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives:
Whom none can love, whom none can thank—
Creation's blot, creation's blank."

This principle is applicable to *careless* persons; those who are careless of their health, property, reputation, friendships, and any other possession which felicitates life, when they suffer in any or all of these in consequence of their heedlessness.

It is applicable also to those who by any kind of *mismanagement* render their lot less comfortable than it might otherwise have been. There are many who are neither slothful nor careless, but they are wanting in *tact;* and so do everything to the greatest possible disadvantage. They do not adapt their habits to their condition in life, or deviate from their usual plan to meet the circumstances in which they are incidentally placed; and so there is a constant jarring in their daily concerns, which renders them uneasy, and an occasional concussion in their less ordinary affairs, that gives them a shock from which they do not readily recover, but which a proper arrangement might have prevented.

And it applies to those who *oppose* Providence, or who, when the path of duty is made plain, will not walk in it, but choose to remain where they are, or to go in some other direction. This taking of their own way will soon bring them into difficulty.

All these, and similar ones, may in a sense be called *self-made* troubles; that is, there is in them no special interference of Providence; nothing more than the general law allowed to take effect. To all persons who are suffering from any of these causes, God is saying,

"As ye have sown, so shall ye reap this day."

True, there are exceptions, both negative and positive. Instances in which the idle prosper, and the diligent are *not* made rich. Instances in which neglected families turn out well, and those who are carefully brought up *do not* "requite their parents." Instances in which the careless retain health, prosperity, friendships, reputation, and the various appliances of life, while the circumspect lose them all. And these exceptions may mislead the inconsiderate; but the very fact of their *being exceptions* is sufficient to prevent any right-minded and sober-judging person from being influenced or guided by them.

But there is another kind of trouble to which, though not exactly in place, we will just advert, that is yet more emphatically self-made. We will call it imaginary trouble, and it is all the more difficult of cure *because* imaginary. Other troubles come and go, but this can be perpetuated at will. It is the habit, we had almost said, the *act* of magnifying little difficulties and inconveniences, seeing evils where there are none, and foreboding many which may never occur, or if they should, would be better met, and less severely felt, by a calm and composed mind than by one already filled with disquieting thoughts. "Sufficient unto the day is the" real and present "evil thereof," without our creating or anticipating more; and we would affectionately intreat those to whom these remarks are applicable, to bear with a word of friendly expostulation, and looking on all things in a warmer, kinder, and more hopeful aspect, to begin as it were anew.

Oh with what elastic tread do those "who carry music in their hearts," go along the path of life; and how they clear the way, and quicken the footsteps of the weary traveller who is happy enough to walk within hearing of their tuneful notes.

[To be continued.]

WILLIAM ALLEN.

We would ask our readers—assuring them at the same time that it is no mere "fancy's sketch" which we desire to set before them—to go back with us some seventy years, and to look in at the somewhat dingy mansion of a silk manufacturer in Spitalfields. The house is small, but everything within it neat and orderly, its proprietor being a respectable member of the Society of Friends. It is to a boy's apartment, not usually the tidiest or most commodious in either city or country residence, that we would introduce them, and ask them to contemplate its inmate, a youth of fourteen, his mind intently occupied, his hands no less busily engaged upon the construction of some tubular implement, of which the materials are card-board and glass. It is a telescope that he is making. Money to purchase one, or even better materials wherewith to attempt its construction, he had not; but yet a telescope he must have. Accordingly, he has paid for that piece of glass one shilling; for that sheet of pasteboard twopence; and with these he is at work. Do you think he will succeed? If you look in again when night has canopied the restless city, and stilled its noon-day roar into a murmur, and when its countless stars are keeping watch over the homes of men, you will see that he *has* succeeded; he is at his open window, his pasteboard tube is pointed heavenwards; his young eye, as sleepless as the objects to which its gaze is so earnestly directed, seems glued to its other end; when suddenly he springs from the window with an exclamation of ecstasy—"I see them, I see them!" The moons of Jupiter are visible! The earliest, and we may not doubt the happiest, of many scientific triumphs is achieved.

That boy is William Allen. What is he to be? A celebrated astronomer, without doubt you will conjecture. Such he might most probably have become had it not been for the vast, the world-embracing spirit of philanthropy, which beat within his bosom far too strongly to permit his thoughts or his energies to seek a home amidst

the stars. No, if you look around his apartment, you will perceive abundant evidence of chemical as well as astronomical propensities; and despite his father's strong desire to bind him amidst the silken meshes of his own occupation, he escaped, and a chemist he became.

The inventory of the boy's apartment might, moreover, have enabled our readers to form another and less hazardous conjecture concerning the character and destinies of the man. They would have seen a well-read Bible there. Had they watched him, too, after the telescope was laid aside, the window closed, the heart's tumultuous joy at its success in a measure stilled, they would have witnessed ere he retired to rest the outpouring of that youthful heart in prayer. And oh! how infinitely more important and happy the auguries to be derived from evidences such as these, than any that scientific attainments, however rare or exalted, can afford. The latter were in his case, as in that of many others, indications of a useful and successful career in this life—a life which, at its best, vanishes as a dream. The former give sure promise with regard to him, as they do with regard to all in whom we habitually witness them, that when the dream is over, a blissful and amending reality shall begin. For never, we know, is the Bible humbly read, and the heart continually poured out before the throne of grace in prayer, without the Saviour of whom that Bible testifies being formed within the soul as "the hope of glory," or without the Holy Spirit being sent down in answer to the supplication of faith, to sanctify the life and to illuminate the mind. So it was with William Allen.

At seventeen years of age he commenced a diary, which, with some few seasons of intermission, he continued to keep for fifty years. To this we are indebted for glimpses into the springs and motives of character and conduct such as can scarce be obtained from any other source, and which are most valuable in one so energetic, so successful, and so variously endowed. A casual glance at this diary is sufficient to satisfy us that personal religion was the great mainspring of his character—that which gave life and depth and earnestness to all he said and did. For instance, he thus writes: "How very desirable it is to witness in some degree a communication opened between God and our soul! No enjoyment like this. May I never forget the little taste I have had of it this evening, and often seek it by retirement." Again: "Read the Scriptures to good satisfaction, there is no book like them." Again: "I feel myself with regard to spirituals, poor, and blind, and naked, and wanting all things, deeply convinced that I cannot help myself. May I persevere in humble application to Him from whom alone help can come. May the Saviour strip me of the filthy rags of my own righteousness, and clothe me with his righteousness."

Sound practical right-mindedness and common sense, the more remarkable for the early period of life at which they were developed, are no less conspicuous: "I behaved foolishly in return for what I took to be disrespectful treatment from an ignorant and conceited person. I was favoured soon to perceive my error, and, after a time, went to him and confessed myself wrong, and in this I had peace. Oh, self, self! how jealous thou art of thine honour." Surely the lineaments of true greatness of character are discernible here. This was when he was but twenty-four years of age.

To chemistry and its kindred pursuits, as a medical student, he devoted himself with the utmost ardour. In three years he was leading partner in the concern in which he first entered, and had opened besides a separate laboratory at Plaistow. We find him also taking the lead in the formation of a Philosophical Society, delivering repeated lectures upon scientific subjects, which were most highly applauded, at Guy's Hospital, the Royal Institution, and elsewhere, to the number of one hundred and eight in one year. He is also incessantly engaged in scientific experiments, and associated therein with some of the leading men of the age. At one time he is with Sir Astley Cooper, inhaling oxide of azote until his face becomes purple and his eyes fixed; at another he is shut up with Sir Humphrey Davy, experimenting in electricity. On the next day he is with Dr. Jenner, considering a paper on the cow-pox. Of his public lectures, he records that they cost him a vast amount of trouble in the preparation, he having had not unfrequently to write them out three times before delivery. How he found time for all this is truly a marvel; but it is also a solemn lesson as to how much may be made of time, if diligently and unremittingly employed. It certainly does not tend to diminish our wonder in this respect that he was, during the busiest portion of this busy period, under the influence of an attachment quite strong enough to have proved, to a less vigorous nature, all-engrossing; or that his union for ten brief months with its object forms a bright episode in the stir and turmoil of his life, only to terminate, alas! in the stroke that left him at once a father and a widower, and that laid him utterly prostrate for a time.

But his was not a spirit to lie dormant long beneath the pressure of calamity, however bitter. He knew where to look for consolation, and he found it; and was soon abroad and in the busy world again. From this period it would seem that we may date, without any diminution in

his scientific and professional pursuits, a more untiring devotedness to objects of philanthropy —one, without doubt, of those "peaceable fruits of righteousness" which his chastisement produced. Soup-kitchens for the poor; savings-banks, which he was the first, or amongst the first, to introduce into this country; unremitting efforts in conjunction with Wilberforce, of whom he was the intimate friend, for the abolition of the slave-trade; the establishment of the British and Foreign School Society; and the editorship of a periodical entitled "The Philanthropist;" all these kept pace with lectures on wheel-carriages and roads, which were attended by many of the nobility; the erection of an observatory at his house at Newington, in which the greater part of many a night was spent; and the publication of tables of the right ascensions and declensions of the stars from the first to the fourth magnitude. Moreover, there kept pace with all, as his diary abundantly testifies, the heart's habitual recognition of, and communion with, an ever-present and a reconciled God and Father in Christ Jesus.

[To be continued.]

A SISTER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

In many households, whether the number of those loving and beloved ones of whom they are composed be many or few, we will find that there is one member especially selected as the universal favourite—the dearest, the most prized of all—one to whom all others turn for sympathy in their sorrows or their joys, who is always ready to assist them when it is possible, and who has at least a kind word or a bright smile to give at all times. Happy is the house in which such an one is to be found, shedding a sweet and sunny influence on all, and loved and valued by them in return.

Ellen Vernon was one of this happy number. Young, beautiful, and amiable, it is not surprising that she was much beloved, not only in her own family, but among all her friends. She was the pet and darling of her elder brothers and sisters, and the favourite of every one; her very look was sunshine, and the melody of her clear sweet voice rang joyously through the house, with a cheerfulness which was infectious. It would have been strange, indeed, if Ellen had not won the hearts of all around her, for she was full of affection, and returned cordially the love that was so lavished upon her. But though she loved all, there was one sister who was her chosen friend and companion. Mary Vernon was not so general a favourite as her sister, to whom she was a complete contrast in many ways. She was very quiet and reserved, very silent and fond of seclusion; while Ellen, animated, cheerful, and frank, delighted in society, and was never so happy as when surrounded by young friends as gay and thoughtless as herself, although she could leave them all with cheerfulness to sit with Mary in the lonely room to which sickness often confined her. And truly, if almost any one had seen the two sisters as they sat side by side, and compared the pale face and wasted form and look of patient suffering of the one, with the bright and joyous countenance of the other, they would have decided without hesitation that Ellen was far the happier of the two. And yet they would have been altogether mistaken. Mary had once been as gay as her young sister, but it had pleased the Lord to visit her with severe illness, from which she never quite recovered. Often she appeared to be on the borders of the grave, but again and again had she been raised up, sometimes to comparative freedom from suffering, often to endure long nights and days of weakness and pain. But God does not send sickness and trial for nought. He had deprived her of health and caused her to endure suffering, in order to lead her to himself, to teach her to look beyond this dark world to that bright and glorious home above which Jesus had purchased for her with his own blood. He had led her into the wilderness, there to speak comfortably to her; in the midst of its darkness and solitude she had found her Saviour, and he had made all bright.

"I am never so happy," she said once, in speaking to the writer—"I am never so happy as at the times when I am very ill, when you all pity me so much. Sometimes when the doctors have thought that I could hardly live through the night, I have lain awake for hours, feeling so peaceful, so happy! Oh, I wish I could tell you how full of peace I have felt at such times!"

Mary had many trials. One very painful to her was that, in her own family, none were like-minded with herself. Much and deeply as she loved them all, there could be no sympathy with any of them on the one subject which absorbed her whole heart; and it was agony to see those near and dear to her walking in the path which leads to eternal destruction! She felt an inward shrinking from speaking on the subject of religion to those whom she knew would not understand her, and her naturally great reserve was increased by her weak health; so that it appeared to her almost impossible to help them in any but in one way; but that way was an all-prevailing one. She read in God's holy word the blessed promise, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you;" and never doubting his power and his willingness to save those dear ones, she earnestly and perseveringly prayed that God would send his Holy Spirit

into their hearts, to show them their sinfulness, and to reveal to them their Saviour.

God does not always send the answer to his people's prayers at once; but sooner or later it is sure to come, though often in the way least expected. It was long before Mary saw any token that God had heard her prayer; but she knew that his promise would not fail, and earnestly and untiredly she prayed on, until at last, with joy beyond expression, she received the blessing so long watched and waited for, in the conversion of the dearest of all the loved ones around her—her sister Ellen.

What Christian is there who does not know what it is to mourn over the lifeless state of the soul of some dear friend or relative. Alas! it is a sorrow we all know too well. But, blessed be our prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God, it is not a sorrow without hope. Those loved ones may be far removed from us, they may refuse to listen to us when we would say to them, "Come with us and we will do thee good;" but they cannot prevent our *praying* for them, and he who restored to the widowed mother of Nain the son of her love, and raised to life the brother of the sorrowing sisters of Bethany, will listen to our prayer, and will say to the soul that now lies dead in trespasses and sins, 'Arise!' and in obedience to that voice of Almighty power, he that was dead shall come forth to a new and everlasting life. Let us, then, pray, in faith and hope, knowing that in God's good time the answer will come. "Ask, and it *shall* be given you."

Ellen had long been accustomed to confide in Mary, and always told all her troubles to her; they were seldom very serious, for her life had been a very bright one. One day, however, she came to her with a countenance unusually sad, and, with many tears, told her that she felt very unhappy, very restless and disturbed; she could not account to herself for her distress of mind; she only knew that she felt very miserable, but she had some hope that Mary would understand her better than she could understand herself, and that she who was always so full of peace, would be able to direct her where to find that blessed peace she so much needed. Mary listened with a heart overflowing with joy. She doubted not that God was even now granting the petition she had so desired of him, and her heart was raised to him in deep thankfulness and in earnest prayer for guidance, while, the whole barrier of reserve broken down, she spoke to her sister in glowing terms of a Saviour's love; urging her to go to him—to seek him in earnest prayer and in his holy word.

Ellen drank in every word with rapt attention. God's invitations had often fallen on her ear before; but now, for the first time, they reached her heart, and sank into it like water on the parched ground. But not long was she permitted to listen. The other members of her family came in, were shocked at the unwonted gravity of her countenance, and did all in their power to change the current of her thoughts. They tried one plan of amusement after another, but in vain; she had lost all relish for such scenes of gaiety. With great difficulty they at last persuaded her to accompany them to a ball. She spent a miserable evening, and on her return said to one of her sisters, turning on her as she spoke a look which she can never forget, "You must never ask me to go to a ball again; it is no place for me."

She never did go to one again. From that time forward she set herself earnestly to seek after God, and to her the promise was fulfilled: "Ye shall seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart."

A mighty change now passed over Ellen. Her whole heart was filled with love to her Saviour; she could think and speak only of him. With the simple faith of a little child—for her's was, indeed, a most child-like spirit—she trusted her soul to him who had died to save it, believing that all her sins were washed away in his precious blood.

Her love for the Scriptures was very great. She liked to select a favourite verse to dwell upon for a time, and used frequently to write it in her little pocket-book, which she always carried with her wherever she went, so that it soon became a rich store of sweet and comforting promises. She was very anxious that all her dear relatives should possess the same treasure which she had found, and know the joy beyond all expression which fills the Christian's heart, and deeply was she pained by their indifference. Parting at the time with one of her little brothers, she spoke to him with the most affectionate earnestness, entreating him to seek the Lord, reminding him that the present was the only time he was secure of possessing, and that unless he at once made sure of salvation he might never be able to do so, but might suddenly be called away, without time to prepare for appearing in the presence of his God.

The child looked up frightened. "Why do you speak so, Ellen," he said; "are you going to die?"

Her face was bright and glowing with health and happiness, and to all around her it appeared that death was very far away. As circumstances proved, however, it was not very far distant.

"Oh, Mary!" she sometimes said, with all the yearnings of a young convert, "if I could but die!"

"Dearest Ellen!" her sister would answer,

half alarmed, "you should not say so; it is not right."

"I mean if it would please the Lord to take me," was the meek reply; while the expression of her sweet face showed how intense was the desire she felt to depart and be with Christ.

And soon, very soon, her wish was to be granted. God had called her from the world to himself, and now he would not leave her to encounter its storms, but sheltered her in heaven for ever. A month, only one short month, from the day of that last ball, had passed, when Ellen was suddenly struck down. In the night she was seized with most alarming illness, and her terrified friends watched in agony by her bedside, while messengers were dispatched with the utmost haste for medical assistance. The doctor soon arrived, but he could do little for her, and although he thought there was a possibility of her recovery, he could give her agonized relatives but little hope.

While all the rest were in a state of confusion, excitement, and terror beyond all description. Mary remained self-possessed and calm. She knew that her beloved sister was in God's hands, and there she could leave her without fear.

Ellen lay unconscious of all that was passing around her. She would sometimes look up and call one of her sisters by name, but was evidently quite unable to understand what was said to her. She lingered in this state for a few days. At last, one morning, one of her dear relatives was standing by her bed-side, watching her as she slept. She opened her eyes and smiled her own sweet smile, and then, gently closing them again, her happy spirit fled, to be for ever with her Saviour in the glorious land where he has prepared a place for all who love him. Oh! who can speak the rapture of her sister, however, when she saw her prayer of faith thus distinctly answered, and reflected that, sudden as had been the blow, the object of her affections was prepared for it.

Poetry.

LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING FROM MY BED-CHAMBER FLAMBOROUGH LIGHT.

WHILST other stars, fair star of earth,
Are shining from above,
I hail each night thy lucid birth,
A messenger of love.

The stars that in the ether glow
Are lit by power divine,
And goodness too, did we but know
The ends for which they shine.

But thou art lit by mortal hand,
When ev'ning throws her veil
Of darkness over sea and land,
And dangers may assail.

Securely here thy peaceful light
In sweet repose I view,
Revolving yellow, red, and white,
So beautiful and true.

Securely, too, when tempests rave,
May he thy beacon see,
Whose bed is on the ocean wave,
His pathway through the sea.

The ship ofttimes, when tempest blast
Had caught upon her way,
Thy light athwart the gloom has cast
A salutary ray.

And all that vessel's costly weight
Was rescued from the deep;
Nor loss of souls, its living freight,
Did friend or kinsman weep,

Who would not deem thy friendly light
Upon the darksome wave
An emblem beautiful and bright
Of Him who came to save!

Sin o'er creation's lovely face
Hath cast the shades of night,
But Jesus came, O wondrous grace!
To be Himself our light.

Life's wide and dark and troubled sea
This beacon blazes o'er,
And whoso will may dangers flee,
And reach the heav'nly shore.

Then let each mariner that light
Reflect upon his course,
A glory beauteous to the sight,
And waxing to its source.

Thus oft o'er ocean's face has shone,
When eve its lamp has giv'n,
A stream of glory, wid'ning on
Tow'rd that fair orb in heav'n.

The sea of life *another* sea
Doth darkly roll beside,
'Tis that of vast ETERNITY!
Oh Christ be thou my guide.

Into that sea in safety bring
My bark, thro' death's dread flood,
And o'er its waters glad I'll sing
Salvation to my God.

T. H. T.

THE DOVE'S RETURN.

Gen. viii. 8, 9.

THE dove who left the saving ark,
To roam earth's waste around,
Encircled by chaotic gloom,
No stable footing found;
But, mov'd by instinct wing'd her way;
The floating home to gain,
There, shelter'd from impending ills,
Securely to remain.

Thus the backslider, who has left
The paths which once he trod,
Finds no substantial happiness
In wandering from God;
So heav'nward turns once more his feet,
Lost comfort to regain,
Convinced at length that out of Christ
O'erwhelming tempests reign.

L. M. THORNTON.

Page for the Young.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

On a bridge I was standing one morning,
And watching the current roll by,
When suddenly into the water
There fell an unfortunate fly.

The fishes that swam to the surface
Were looking for something to eat,
And I thought that the hapless young insect
Would surely afford them a treat.

"Poor thing," I exclaimed with compassion,
"Thy trials and dangers abound,
For if thou escap'st being eaten,
Thou canst not escape being drowned."

No sooner the sentence was spoken,
Than lo, like an angel of love,
I saw, to the waters beneath me,
A leaflet descend from above.

It glided serene on the streamlet,
'Twas an ark to the poor little fly;
Which, soon to the land reascending,
Spread its wings in the breezes to dry.

Oh, sweet was the truth that was whispered,
That mortals should *never* despair,
For He who takes care of an insect,
Much more for his *children* will care.

And though, to our short-sighted vision
No way of escape may appear;
Let us *trust*, for when least we expect it,
The help of "*our Father*" is near.

From "The British Workman."

LET ME PRAY FIRST.

A very intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves in the very dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing the boys, one of them, by accident, threw a stone toward her, and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony. The surgeon was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready.

"No, father, not yet," she replied.

"What do you wish us to wait for, my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap, and pray to Jesus first." she answered. And then kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterwards submitted to the operation with a patience worthy of a woman.

How beautiful this little girl appears under those trying circumstances! Surely Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour; and he will love every child that truly calls upon his name. Let every boy and girl learn to pray; and let idle boys be careful how they throw stones.

A GENTLE BOY.

"Be very gentle with her, my son," said Mrs. B., as she tied on her little girl's bonnet, and sent her out to play with her elder brother.

They had not been out very long before a cry was heard, and presently J. came in and threw down his hat, saying, "I hate playing with girls; there's no fun with them; they cry in a minute."

"What have you been doing to your sister? I see her lying there on the gravel walk; you have torn her frock and pushed her down. I am afraid you forgot my caution to be gentle."

"Gentle! Boys can't be gentle, mother; it is their nature to be rough and hardy; they are the stuff soldiers and sailors are made of. It is very well to talk of a gentle girl, but a gentle boy—it sounds ridiculous!"

"And yet, J., a few years hence you would be very angry if any one were to say you were not a gentleman."

"A gentle-man! I had never thought of dividing the word that way before. Being gentle always seems to me like being weak and womanish."

"This is so far from being the case, my son, that you will always find the bravest men are the most gentle. The spirit of chivalry that you so much admire was a spirit of the noblest courage and the utmost gentleness combined. Still, I dare say, you would rather be called a manly boy than a gentle boy."

"Yes, indeed, mother."

"Well, then, my son, it is my great wish that you should endeavour to unite the two. Show yourself manly when you are exposed to danger, or see others in peril; be manly when called on to speak the truth, though the speaking of it may bring reproach upon you; be manly when you are in sickness and pain. At the same time be gentle, whether you are with females or with men; be gentle towards all men. By putting the two spirits together you will form a useful character."

"I see what you mean, dear mother, and I will endeavour to be what you wish—a gentle-manly boy."

A WORD TO THE YOUNG.

How to be Loved.—Who is lovely? It is the little child who drops sweet words, kind thoughts, and pleasant smiles as she passes along; who has a kind word of sympathy for every girl or boy she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty; who never teases her mates, nor seeks in any other way to diminish, but always to increase their happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, and precious stones, as you pass along the street? But those acts that I have named are the true pearls and precious stones, which can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy.

If you do this you will be sure to be loved. Dr. Doddridge one day asked his little girl why it was that everybody loved her. "I don't know," she replied, "unless it is that I love everybody." This is the true secret of being loved. "He that hath friends," says Solomon, "must show himself friendly." Love begets love. If you love others, they cannot help loving you. But remember it is only God's Holy Spirit that can give you this grace of love; pray for it, then, until you have obtained it.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

I AM TRAMPLED UPON BY A PRIEST.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

PART XVI.

I HAD not been long in the possession of the prosperous merchant before he opened a cautious and limited intercourse with me. My speech was evidently pleasant to him, for it reminded him of the tones of his infancy. I soon perceived, however, that my communications were not always to his taste; for sometimes he either closed me with haste and expressions of dislike, or abruptly compelled me to change the subject of our silent conversation. And as the topics which more particularly displeased him were among the most solemn to which the mind of man can be directed, these words of mine were at such times forcibly exemplified: "The carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can be:" and again, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

I observed also that, on our first acquaintance, my owner was especially impatient at the utterance, on my part, of any sentiments which condemned the practices enjoined by the corrupt faith he had adopted as his own; as, for instance,

No. 50.—PUBLISHED JUNE 14, 1856. PRICE ONE PENNY.

when I emphatically and with authority denounced the bowing down to and worshipping of images; and when I declared that there was but one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus. Neither did he, by any means, approve of my silence on some points on which he seemed to expect me to give full and satisfactory information: that is to say, information in complete accordance with the teachings of his professed creed. My readers will not have forgotten a fine painting before which he had bent reverently and adoringly, nor the prayer which he uttered to the object of his adoration, who was none other than the mother of Him who was made flesh, and dwelt among men, according to the promise made, ages and generations before, that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head; according also to his own most gracious will and purpose, who "took not on him the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham," and thus became "a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people."

My owner, then, seemed to expect from me a justification of the homage he had been directed to pay to the mother of this holy being, who is also "God over all, blessed for evermore;" and to obtain from me a confirmation of certain fabulous accounts which had reached him respecting her history, such as that of her being born without sin, and of her assumption into heaven after death, to direct and assist and control her Divine son in his great work of intercession for sinners. Very much to my owner's surprise, I maintained a profound silence on these subjects, and refused to countenance, in the smallest degree, the conclusions at which he had arrived. In fact, I had little to tell him; and after a long examination of me, continued at intervals, the most my owner could find was that, beyond all doubt, the Virgin Mary was an eminently excellent and "highly favoured" woman; and that a distinguished honour was put upon her by God, inasmuch as that she was the mother of the great Messiah; but that so far from considering herself sinless, and worthy of Divine honours, she well knew herself to be a sinful mortal, needing a Saviour, and who could no otherwise rejoice in God than as she was interested in "the common salvation."

Respecting the history of her life, I had little information to give; and when I mentioned her it was simply as one who had no title and laid no claim to the exercise of authority; of her death and burial I made no mention, nor of any peculiar honours required on her behalf when her chequered and sorrowful life was ended.

It was easy to perceive that Mr. Greene—my owner—was greatly puzzled and dissatisfied with my reserve on this subject, and by what he would have called the slight I put upon the created being whom he had been accustomed to call "the mother of God," "the queen of heaven," and other such titles. He looked at me, indeed, very angrily when he found I had no further disclosures to make respecting this object of his worship; and shut me up with strong marks of contempt. I am not sure whether he did not question my right to the title I bore, and deem me an impostor altogether; for the truth is, that though he had his birth in a country where every word I uttered could be tested and verified by a thousand witnesses, he had, in the days of his youth, formed no acquaintance with any of my kind—or a very slight one, at most; and the larger portion of his life had been spent in a land whence we had been rigorously banished, and into which we could obtain admittance only by stealth. This will account for my owner's ignorance and suspicion.

In the midst of his discomposure, the merchant reached down from its shelf one of my companions, whose peculiar vocation it was to sound the praises of "the Holy Virgin," and to exalt her even to a level with the Son of God and the Saviour of men. Had I been endowed with human sensitiveness, it would have made my leaves tremble, and the immortal spirit within me to burn, to witness the dishonour done to Him who alone is "worthy to receive blessing and honour and glory and power;" the dishonour done to him, I say, in the exaltation ascribed to, and the worship demanded for another.

My companion, for instance, boldly declared that this object of adoration was made like unto the Son of God himself, "in his perfections, in his virtues, in his qualities, in his privileges, in his power, in his glory;" and then went on to draw comparisons between the incarnate God and the goddess of his idolatry in such terms as these: "Jesus is our king; Mary is our queen. Jesus is our master; Mary is our mistress. Jesus is our father; Mary is our mother. Jesus is our advocate; Mary is our mediator; Jesus is our hope, our succour, our consolation, our life; Mary is our hope, and refuge, and comfort, and life also.

"Jesus is the way to heaven," went on this blind leader of the blind, "and Mary is the gate to enter. Jesus is our light and guide; Mary is the star which conducts us to the port of salvation. Jesus is the author of grace; Mary is the mother of grace. Jesus was incorruptible in the tomb; Mary did not see corruption either. Jesus rose from death the third day; Mary rose at the same time also. Jesus ascended into heaven, in body and soul; Mary was assumed into heaven, in body and soul, after him. Jesus

sits at the right hand of the Father; Mary is seated at the right hand of the Son."

My owner, when he had carefully noted these unwarrantable assertions, with which, indeed, he had been long time familiar, looked at me quite reproachfully, as though I were, to say the least of it, sadly deficient in information. I had no opportunity then of replying to his silent glance; but had he permitted me, I could have reminded him that respecting such unhallowed communications as these, the voice of the Highest had proclaimed: "TO THE LAW AND TO THE TESTIMONY: IF THEY SPEAK NOT ACCORDING TO THIS WORD, IT IS BECAUSE THERE IS NO LIGHT IN THEM."

But without deigning further to consult me at that time, my owner returned to his former instructor and prompter, who proceeded to declare that "all power is given to Mary, in heaven and earth—that she has the power of a mother over God—that he cannot avoid hearing her—that in everything he has obeyed her—that she is the queen of angels in heaven, of men upon earth, and of the devils in hell—that Christ, wishing to redeem the human race, has confided all its ransom to Mary—and that she saves, by her mercy, those to whom Jesus, in justice, cannot show mercy."

My owner, having refreshed his memory with these statements, replaced us both in our former position on the shelf, and, with a well-satisfied air, left us. And I noticed that on the evening of that day he drew near to the picture, and prostrated himself with unusual fervour before it ere he retired to rest. Thus it seemed as though my tacit opposition to the fables and corruptions and blasphemies of his creed, had stirred up my deluded owner to greater diligence in the error of his way, and to a more contemptuous disregard of the plain and emphatic direction and warning I am authorized to give to all: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God; and Him only shall thou serve."

Some time elapsed after this before my owner took any further notice of me. He appeared to regard me with a mixture of curiosity and aversion; but in spite of his prejudices and confident bearing, he was evidently less at ease with himself than he had formerly been; and at times he cast his eyes towards me as though, had he dared, he would have renewed the intercourse which he himself had broken. The reason to me was not difficult to be understood. In his diligent researches in my pages to clear up one particular point towards which his inquiries had been directed, some words of mine on other matters had fastened on his memory, so that he could not altogether shake them off.

It was under the influence of such feelings as these that my owner, one evening, after some hesitation, removed me from my niche, and had spread me open before him on his table, when a gentle knock, and a hand laid upon the latch of the door of his apartment, startled him, as though he feared being caught in the commission of a crime. With flurried hands he closed me and replaced me on the shelf, and then hastened to admit the untimely visitor.

This visitor was clothed in a peculiar garb, which, however, I need not stop to describe. His voice was soft and winning; his steps were measured and slow; his looks, downcast and evasive, except when, at intervals, he raised his eyes to my owner, and then they were sharp and penetrating. It is sufficient to say that I at once recognized in him the peculiar marks of a priest of the communion to which my owner belonged; and I soon had reason to know that he was one of my bitter foes.

It was strange to notice with what evident timidity and outward reverence Mr. Greene received his priest; and what a show of humility these expressions of respect and fear called forth; and how gentle and insinuating were the tones in which my owner was addressed. I know not what was the subject of their conversation; for their language was that of the land of the merchant's adoption, which I need scarcely explain was to me strange and unintelligible; but I could not fail to perceive that, notwithstanding the mildness of his demeanour, the priest spoke authoritatively; and that the merchant shrunk from the occasional quick glances which he encountered, and replied to the questions of his priest with almost abject submission.

How long this scene might have continued it is not for me to say, for suddenly the eye of the visitor kindled with anger and hatred as one of its quick and burning glances fell on the name engraven on my forehead. Then was his whole demeanour changed; with hasty steps he traversed the apartment, rudely snatched me from my resting-place, and holding me above his head with a fierce grasp, vehemently and rapidly addressed himself to my startled owner. I understood not his words; but his actions stood in need of no interpreter; for after a long and furious declamation, he cast me violently on to the floor, and trampled on me, as in scorn and contempt.

Vainly, for a time, did my owner, in language of deprecation, attempt to soothe the perturbed feelings of his visitor, and to calm down these outpourings of wrath, until at length the spirit within him appeared to be roused to reply in tones, respectful indeed, but firm and decisive. Then, more rapidly than might have appeared possible, did the aspect of my enemy change into one of obsequious kindness and persuasive eloquence, not unmixed, however, with conscious superiority and parental authority. It was

sits at the right hand of the Father; Mary is seated at the right hand of the Son."

My owner, when he had carefully noted these unwarrantable assertions, with which, indeed, he had been long time familiar, looked at me quite reproachfully, as though I were, to say the least of it, sadly deficient in information. I had no opportunity then of replying to his silent glance; but had he permitted me, I could have reminded him that respecting such unhallowed communications as these, the voice of the Highest had proclaimed: "TO THE LAW AND TO THE TESTIMONY: IF THEY SPEAK NOT ACCORDING TO THIS WORD, IT IS BECAUSE THERE IS NO LIGHT IN THEM."

But without deigning further to consult me at that time, my owner returned to his former instructor and prompter, who proceeded to declare that "all power is given to Mary, in heaven and earth—that she has the power of a mother over God—that he cannot avoid hearing her—that in everything he has obeyed her—that she is the queen of angels in heaven, of men upon earth, and of the devils in hell—that Christ, wishing to redeem the human race, has confided all its ransom to Mary—and that she saves, by her mercy, those to whom Jesus, in justice, cannot show mercy."

My owner, having refreshed his memory with these statements, replaced us both in our former position on the shelf, and, with a well-satisfied air, left us. And I noticed that on the evening of that day he drew near to the picture, and prostrated himself with unusual fervour before it ere he retired to rest. Thus it seemed as though my tacit opposition to the fables and corruptions and blasphemies of his creed, had stirred up my deluded owner to greater diligence in the error of his way, and to a more contemptuous disregard of the plain and emphatic direction and warning I am authorized to give to all: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God; and Him only shall thou serve."

Some time elapsed after this before my owner took any further notice of me. He appeared to regard me with a mixture of curiosity and aversion; but in spite of his prejudices and confident bearing, he was evidently less at ease with himself than he had formerly been; and at times he cast his eyes towards me as though, had he dared, he would have renewed the intercourse which he himself had broken. The reason to me was not difficult to be understood. In his diligent researches in my pages to clear up one particular point towards which his inquiries had been directed, some words of mine on other matters had fastened on his memory, so that he could not altogether shake them off.

It was under the influence of such feelings as these that my owner, one evening, after some hesitation, removed me from my niche, and had spread me open before him on his table, when a gentle knock, and a hand laid upon the latch of the door of his apartment, startled him, as though he feared being caught in the commission of a crime. With flurried hands he closed me and replaced me on the shelf, and then hastened to admit the untimely visitor.

This visitor was clothed in a peculiar garb, which, however, I need not stop to describe. His voice was soft and winning; his steps were measured and slow; his looks, downcast and evasive, except when, at intervals, he raised his eyes to my owner, and then they were sharp and penetrating. It is sufficient to say that I at once recognized in him the peculiar marks of a priest of the communion to which my owner belonged; and I soon had reason to know that he was one of my bitter foes.

It was strange to notice with what evident timidity and outward reverence Mr. Greene received his priest; and what a show of humility these expressions of respect and fear called forth; and how gentle and insinuating were the tones in which my owner was addressed. I know not what was the subject of their conversation; for their language was that of the land of the merchant's adoption, which I need scarcely explain was to me strange and unintelligible; but I could not fail to perceive that, notwithstanding the mildness of his demeanour, the priest spoke authoritatively; and that the merchant shrunk from the occasional quick glances which he encountered, and replied to the questions of his priest with almost abject submission.

How long this scene might have continued it is not for me to say, for suddenly the eye of the visitor kindled with anger and hatred as one of its quick and burning glances fell on the name engraven on my forehead. Then was his whole demeanour changed; with hasty steps he traversed the apartment, rudely snatched me from my resting-place, and holding me above his head with a fierce grasp, vehemently and rapidly addressed himself to my startled owner. I understood not his words; but his actions stood in need of no interpreter; for after a long and furious declamation, he cast me violently on to the floor, and trampled on me, as in scorn and contempt.

Vainly, for a time, did my owner, in language of deprecation, attempt to soothe the perturbed feelings of his visitor, and to calm down these outpourings of wrath, until at length the spirit within him appeared to be roused to reply in tones, respectful indeed, but firm and decisive. Then, more rapidly than might have appeared possible, did the aspect of my enemy change into one of obsequious kindness and persuasive eloquence, not unmixed, however, with conscious superiority and parental authority. It was

manifest that, having failed to coerce my owner to some extreme proceedings in which I should have been concerned, he had recourse to arguments and entreaties; and these not producing the effect he desired, he resorted to grave and solemn warnings, adjuring my owner—I am as sure of this as though the words he used had been in my own familiar tongue—as he valued eternal salvation, and dreaded the anathemas of his church, to put far from him my pestilent and heretical instructions, and to consign me over to immediate destruction.

It was well for me then—and well for him also—that my owner had in his heart some of the spirit of that ancient law of justice which condemns not unheard; and some of that spirit also which long absence from his native land of constitutional liberty had not entirely quenched, of resistance against arbitrary tyranny, in any of its various forms. It was well for him, too, that, as an Englishman, he still possessed rights, even in a land of spiritual slavery, of which he could not be forcibly dispossessed; and to this fact I probably owed my immediate preservation from the flames to which—as I could perceive from his actions—my adversary would have at once consigned me. As it was, my escape was a narrow one; for my owner, as I could understand, gave a conditional promise that I should be dealt with as he might thereafter see fit, and coupled this promise with a declaration — as might be judged from his gestures—that he had found in me nothing particularly worthy of his advocacy and championship. With such assurances as these, the priest was fain to content himself, and soon afterwards, with less ceremony than he had made his entrance into the apartment, he took his leave. My owner, in much perturbation of spirit, soon afterwards quitted the room also, and for some days I was left unheeded in the ignominious situation into which I had been cast.

THE REST OF THE SABBATH.

The hallowing of the Sabbath is recognised by every Christian, not as an obligation, but as an enjoyment. A Christian observes the Sabbath not as a duty, as if it were a hard penance, but as a privilege and enjoyment for which he longs, and in which he delights; and the real question with him is not, *must* we observe the Sabbath, as we Sabbatarians, to use the epithet given us, are charged with; but the language we employ is, *may* we observe the Sabbath? It is our delight, a holy and an honourable day. It is that precious day in the seven on which we lift our hearts above the low levels of time, and hold communion with the bright things, and the glad things, and the dear hopes of eternity. It is the gift, not the demand of God; it is the enjoyment, not the suffering or sacrifice of man. It plays a momentous part in refreshing the life that now is, flowing down from above into the channels of time, like a stream of that river that makes glad the city of our God. It fulfils a most important office, as a preparation and foretaste of the life that is to come. Recreation on holidays is gathering joys from all that is fair and beautiful, yet spared, in this fallen world, and latent or developed in the midst of it, and properly so; but Sabbath-day recreation is drawing down on earth, from the bright world that is above, yet purer joys, to irradiate the dark spots of time with all the splendours of eternity. The Christian Sabbath seems to me an island struck off from the great continent of heaven, lying green, fragrant, beautiful, amid the rushing currents and roaring cataracts of time, standing upon which green and fragrant isle, we can catch from afar the sheen of the heavenly Jerusalem, and hear unspent in their transit the songs and melodies of celestial choirs. A Christian not only refuses on that day to work, or to read the newspaper, or to study works of art and science, but he feels he has no spare time and no suitable taste for them; and instead of a Christian feeling it a great grief that he is excluded from the Crystal Palace on a Sunday, he feels, on the contrary, it is a great duty on those who govern it to continue that exclusion. Let me say something of the newspaper on Sunday, not in anger, but in justice and truth. I look upon the Sunday newspaper, assuming it as a political and secular paper, and otherwise unblameable, as utterly unsuitable for that day. I will tell you why. Its title proclaims its mission, its design, its object to be for Sunday, and therefore to be the reflection of secular subjects on that day. If it be said, "But it is printed and published on the Saturday," then why not christen it a Saturday evening paper; because if it be published on the Saturday, and bear on its very face that it is published on the Sunday, there is something in that not very straightforward. Suppose it be published on the Saturday, why post-date it Sunday? My objection to a Sunday paper is, however, that it perpetuates on the Sunday the currents that have run deep in the channels of the heart for six days, and thus destroys the peculiar rest of Sunday. We want these currents to be arrested, and sweeter and better ones to take their place. The night is the physical sabbath of the day, restoring strength, and repairing the waste and the weakness of twelve hours' toil. The Sabbath is the moral as well as physical rest of the week, rectifying,

adjusting, making up incidental omissions or inequalities in the previous six days, and in addition refreshing and restoring the whole moral and spiritual economy of man. Sleep is the way of spending the night, and of recovering from the fatigues of the day; but as the day is not meant nor natural for sleep, so sleep cannot be a legitimate way of spending the Sabbath day. The restoration or refreshment of the Sabbath day must arise from withdrawing the mind and thoughts from its week-day subjects, and so securing a total change of association of ideas, currents of fears and hopes, and anxieties and thoughts. The rest of the day-night sleep is shared and enjoyed by the birds of the air and the beasts of the earth: but the distinguishing and peculiar rest of the Sabbath is the glory, and the ornament, and the privilege of man, and the evidence of the greatness of his origin and destiny. Let the same currents of thought flow along the channels of the mind all the seven days of the week, and all the weeks of the year, and what would be the result? You would wear out your minds; you would weaken your health, and destroy the vigour of your body also. But now, on every seventh day, seal up the secular springs in the shop, the counting-house, the bank, the warehouse; and in the dry and deserted channels in which these streams have run during six days, let flow on the seventh, streams from the fountain of living waters, and not only will the change refresh you on the Sunday, but, as testified by the experience of all that have studied thoroughly the physiology of the subject, it will strengthen you for the work of the week that is to follow. Night rest is merely sufficient for man as a mere animal; Sabbath rest is essential for man, not only as a Christian, but as an intellectual being. But let us advance a step further, and ascertain what is the rest of the mind? The rest of the mind and of the heart is not the same as the rest of the animal part. The latter —that is, the animal part—is satisfied with mere cessation from active toil; but the former, that is, the mind—is incapable of this. It cannot exist in *vacuo*. I have often felt this. When I have taken a holiday, I have said to myself, "Now I will get rid of all thought altogether, and will try to spend two or three days without thought." It was the intensest mental stimulus I ever experienced in my life. You cannot live without thinking, any more than you can live without your lungs playing or your heart beating. The mind cannot exist inert; it must act always and everywhere, and if unprovided with suitable elements of thought, like the mill-stone going round without corn to grind, it will inevitably destroy itself. The mind is refreshed and invigorated—and I wish to impress this especially on the young—not by the exhaustion of thought, but by a total change of the subject of thought. I do not exclude physical repose from the Sabbath, far from it; I only mean by physical repose such as is compatible with daylight. There must be that total change of subject, that reversal of all the thoughts, and anxieties, and troubles, and gains, and losses of the week, which enables the man to cast off the dusty shoes of this world, and walk with joyous and elastic footsteps the floor of the sanctuary of our God. A very able writer makes the remark: "We never knew a man work seven days in a week, who did not kill himself or kill his mind." An eminent financier makes the remark, referring to a time of great commercial excitement: "I should have been a dead man, had it not been for the Sabbath. Obliged to work from morning to night through the whole week, I felt on the Saturday, especially on the Saturday afternoon, as if I must have rest. Everything looked dark and gloomy, as if nothing could be saved. It was like going into a dense fog. I dismissed all, and kept the Sabbath in the good old way. On Monday it was all sunshine. Had it not been for the Sabbath, I should have been in my grave."

But you naturally say, "If change of subject be the mind's refreshment, why not study on the Sunday the fine arts, literature, science, etc." I answer, with a Christian there is a fatal objection to this. His Father says, "My child, remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." But to one not a Christian—and such may, peradventure, be present—it may be enough to observe, that the study of science, literature, and secular subjects, is too much a continuance on Sunday of the subjects of the week; in short, is too far in the same direction as are the departments of daily and secular life. On the other hand, the subject divinely appropriated to the Sabbath, namely, the Christian religion, is not only a total change, lifting the soul from the low levels of time to the table-lands of eternity, but the inspiration of new hopes, new joys, sweet and solemn thoughts, that fall upon the susceptive heart as the dews fell of old upon Mount Hermon. Let me appeal to your own experience. Leave a narrow inclosure—a court-yard, a play-ground, a warehouse—and go out into a broad country and a wide expanse of sky, and you feel as if some load were taken off you. Or visit the mountains of the North of Scotland, and you will feel that contact with vast and magnificent objects makes the mind uncoil its heretofore compressed powers, widens the mental horizon, expands and smooths the whole moral and physical nature of man. Now, if contact with the grand scenes of nature thus expands

the soul, how much more will communion with those grand things — God, the soul, eternity, heaven — expand and elevate the heart! As long as the subjects of your thoughts are the things, even the ethereal things of time, on Sunday, you merely make a horizontal change on that day from an inferior to a better place; but when you fix your thoughts on things that are above upon the Sunday, you follow a vertical attraction; you rise above the earth, the scenes, the sorrows, and the trials of the earth, and bask in the sunshine and breathe the air of the better land, and you come down again from the holy Tabor, into the places of duty on Monday, invigorated, strengthened, and refreshed.

It has been argued in defence of such scientific and literary thought carried on upon the Sunday, as well as upon the week-day, that the opening of the Crystal Palace on the Sunday would not only improve the mind, but empty the gin-shop. Well, now, my answer to this is, I do not believe that the class that at present frequent the gin-shop on Sunday is likely to be drawn to the Crystal Palace. What these want first are, homes to live in, which it is their right, and ought to be your duty to give, Bibles to read, and education for them and theirs. And in the second place, if the Lord's day is for sacred instruction, spiritual studies, public worship, private devotion, both plans are wrong. We must not make a compromise; we may not get rid of a gross desecration of the Sabbath by what is still a desecration, though much more elegant and refined indeed, but a desecration still. The preferable way is not to open the Crystal Palace in order to shut the gin-shop on the Sunday, but to shut both together. We are warranted only in doing what is right, not in perpetuating a lesser evil to get rid of a greater. Instead of a new Act of Parliament— if you will have Acts of Parliament — to open the Crystal Palace on a Sunday, get rather a new Act of Parliament to shut the gin-shops and public-houses on Sunday.

It is said by others: "Oh! but if we open the Crystal Palace on Sunday, we shall have sacred music; how can you in the world object to that? Is not this at least Sabbatarian?" Well, my answer is, I am one of the profoundest admirers of sacred music; but beautiful as it is, when it rolls from the notes of a Handel, or a Mendelssohn, or a Mozart, unless associated with sacred words, and lifted up as adoration, thanksgiving, and praise, it is music—it is not worship. Either the day is holy, spiritual, sacred, for holy, spiritual, and sacred ends, or it is a holiday for amusement, a state convenience, a conventional respite. If you deny its sacred character, why this attempt on your part to compromise the matter by having sacred music, instead of quadrilles, reels, and other music of that stamp? If it be not divine, why talk about the music being sacred, and the last half of the Sunday being kept? No, let the first day of the week be as the Monday of man, or let it be as the Lord's day of the Christian. There is nothing consistent between. If, I may also add, it be a sacred day, what right have you to work musicians, railway clerks, and officials on that day, that you forsooth may get your enjoyment? You make others toil all the days and all the weeks of the year without intermission to give you rest. This is not charity or justice. . . . . Do not unfairly rob the Christian of his birthright, but justly deprive exacting Mammon of his unfair spoils. Let the employer give half holidays and holidays, and man will have his day for the Crystal Palace, and the Christian will have his Sunday for solemn service and devout worship.

I have argued for the Lord's day on the lowest possible ground. I can lift it to a higher; and if it be necessary for the safety of the soul, then its value can be meted only by the infinite and the eternal. Better live beggars and die by the wayside than perish everlastingly. Calculate, oh, calculate! "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world"—a peradventure—and the certainty be incurred, "lose his own soul."

Besides, if the Sabbath day be the place and time of holy lessons and of the teaching of a pure morality; and if the morality, and virtue, and integrity of those that serve be the most effective sources of prosperity to those that rule; then, I allege, on moral grounds alone, it is the interest of the employer not so to task and weary those in their employ that they shall be driven to neglect or desecrate that holy day, and miss its holy lessons. Next to the Bible I know no fountain of a pure morality so large and exhaustless as the Sabbath, and no speedier way to ruin on one side and loss on the other than its desecration and neglect. Sir Matthew Hale, one of the greatest judges of our country, whose words may be familiar to you all, has said, "Of all the persons who were convicted of capital crimes while he was on the bench, he found few who would not confess, on inquiry, that they began their career of wickedness by a neglect of the duties of the Sabbath and vicious conduct on that day." And, adds the same enlightened judge, "I have, by long and sound experience, found that the due observance of the Sabbath and the duties of it have been of singular comfort and advantage to me. The observance of that day hath ever had joined to it a blessing on the rest of my time." And, if I may add the beautiful words of the poet, I may but deepen the impression. Herbert beautifully writes:—

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
Th' indorsement of supreme delight
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay:
The week were dark, for but thy light:
Thy torch doth show the way.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death: but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heav'n's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope,
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

Professor Miller, of Edinburgh, in a most admirable treatise, discusses, and most ably, the physiology of the subject; and he makes this remark in one of his chapters—"Students of every age and kind, beware of secular study on the Lord's day." "He," says this physiologist as well as Christian, "is a fool, physiologically, who studies all night; he is a greater fool, physiologically, who studies secularly on the Sabbath day. He puts his brain to a work for which, at such times and for such a continuance, it was never designed." Now, I am not sure, but it may be discovered, that the Sabbath, at the end of the week, is as great a necessity in our physiological structure as the night rest at the close of every day. Again, this remark of Professor Miller I would follow up by another by a very eminent and competent judge. Speaking entirely as a physician, Dr. Farr, before a Committee of the House of Commons, makes the following remark: "As a day of rest, I view the Sabbath as a day of compensation for the inadequate restorative power of the body under continued labour and excitement. The Sabbath is to be numbered among the natural duties, if the preservation of life be admitted to be a duty, and the premature destruction of it a suicidal act," etc.*

* Abridged from Dr. Cumming's lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association. London: Nisbet. 1855.

THE ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE.

THE BAT.

THERE are some men in the world who set about the study of the works of creation much in the same way that they would examine and criticise a collection of drawings, or a group of statuary, dispensing praise and blame with the greatest liberality. They glance at the sloth, and speak of its "bungled and faulty composition;" they remember with commiseration the animals that in by-gone ages lived and multiplied on the earth, and give us to understand that *nature*—the very convenient nonentity of infidel writers—"effaced them as failures from the list of living beings."

Such a one was Buffon. Pointing to the bat, he characterises it as a creature so deformed and hideous, that it uniformly endeavours to shun the light of day, as if conscious of its disgusting aspect. What say we to this? When we are told that the bat is an unsuccessful attempt to combine the quadruped and the bird, we appeal to facts. Singling out one witness from the number that offer themselves to our notice, we summon the anatomist. Listen to him. "The bones of the bat, as you see, are delicate and light; the fingers are extremely elongated, so much so that one scarce recognises them in these slender bones by which this fine translucent wing is supported; the membrane which is stretched over them is itself very thin, and so extremely sensitive as to intimate the approach of the minutest objects, otherwise indiscernible either by sight or hearing in the gloom of night; observe that the muscles connected with the organs of sight are very powerful, and the bones remarkably developed; and fail not to remark the keel that rises from the breast-bone just as in birds." These are but a few points in which every one may see the admirable adaptation of the structure of the bat to its mode of life. The fish is not more suited to the water than the bat to the air; and when we are told that it drags

out a miserable and wretched existence, we have but to watch its varied evolutions and hear its pleasant chirp on some still autumn evening, to be convinced that its life is one of enjoyment.

From the earliest times this animal has been regarded with superstitious awe or eager curiosity. So unlike a quadruped in some respects, and having so much in common with the bird, it was long regarded as an extravagance, a monster, a "*lusus naturæ*"—an opinion all the more willingly received from the absolute ignorance that prevailed in past times regarding its habits and conformation. It is made the subject of a curiously paradoxical definition by the learned Scaliger; and Montgomery thus happily characterizes it:—

"What shall I call thee—bird or beast, or neither?
Just what you will; I'm rather both than either;
Much like the season when I whirl my flight—
The dusk of evening—neither day nor night."

Its Hebrew name in the passages where it is mentioned, viz., Lev. xi. 19; Deut. xiv. 18; and Is. ii. 20, signifies "the flier in darkness;" and the Greek, as well as the Latin term, refers also to its nocturnal habits. Believing that Moses, though without deviating from strict accuracy on such matters, employs language suitable to the ignorance of the Israelites, we find both in the position which it occupies in the list of unclean animals, and the qualifying definition in the words "every creeping thing that flieth," a confirmation of this opinion. It would certainly be very natural to think of it as a *bird*. Thus, the Scotch know it under the designation of "backie bird," and, curiously enough, it is under the general title "Birds" that Montgomery has placed the lines just quoted. A century or two ago, writers had carefully to weigh the evidence of its being quadruped or bird; and twenty years have not passed since it was a disputed point in this country of ours whether bats migrated or hibernated.

The bats forbidden as food to the Israelites belonged to the tribe of frugivorous bats, which are inhabitants of various parts of Africa, Madagascar, Arabia, and the islands of the East Indian Archipelago. They are of large size, with a fox-like appearance and dusky fur. Perhaps the best known of the whole tribe, and the one most nearly resembling the species with which the children of Israel were acquainted, is the kalong, or goblin-bat of Java. To Dr. Horsfield we are indebted for the following information regarding its habits. It is of smoky-red colour on the neck, the rest of the fur being dull black. Common in the lower part of the island, it seldom visits the hilly districts. A species of fig-tree, which is common near the native villages, affords the kalongs a very favourite retreat, and the extended branches of one of these are sometimes covered with them. They are so motionless and silent, as they hang with downward head and folded wings, that a stranger readily mistakes them for a part of the tree, or for a fruit of unusual size suspended from the branches. Soon after the last rays of the sun have gilded the horizon, they quit their hold, and direct their flight, by an unerring instinct, to the forests, villages, and plantations, attacking and devouring every sort of fruit. The flight of the kalong is slow, even, and steady. The flesh is universally esteemed as a great delicacy, and considered superior to that of the hare or rabbit. Such being the case, we see the propriety of the command respecting abstinence from the flesh of this animal; while the necessity for such a law leads to the inference, that even in the time of Moses there were nations among whom these bats formed an important article of food.

In the third passage, which speaks of the time

when a man shall cast his idols of silver and of gold "to the moles and to the bats," insectivorous bats, such as inhabit this country, are intended, allusion being made to the subterranean retreats and gloomy caverns in which they spend the day, and from which they issue towards evening in search of prey. Into these, the idols which men have set up in the place of God shall be cast, as things utterly worthless and abominable.

In meditating on these wonderful works of God, and on the manifestations of design displayed in every part of the universe, we feel how true it is that God has made the "world to be inhabited," and that he has fashioned it, "a world of fragrance and music—a world of brightness and symmetry—a world where the grand and the graceful, the awful and the lovely, rejoice together." And we cannot fail to remark that when he has made *this* world, in which we live but a few years, *so* fair, how unspeakably beautiful must that better land be, in which those who love the Saviour shall dwell for ever!

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

ADVERSE PROVIDENCES.

PART II.

THERE are afflictions which, though not undeserved, for none are so, we yet cannot trace to anything in our own conduct, but must regard as sent from God, either in mercy or judgment, or as a probation. And they may be some of the very same evils before enumerated, the difference being in the *cause*, not in the *nature*. God intends to bestow converting grace on a sinner, or to mature the character of a Christian, and he withdraws them from a busy world, and in the seclusion of a sick chamber works his wondrous pleasure, according to the counsel of his own will. Others he does not thus seclude, but takes from them their possessions and enjoyments, and leaves them still in the world, but poor and comfortless, to encounter its scorn or neglect. And it is thus that he invites them to make himself their portion.

In many of these cases we may often read the design, by the light of its blessed effects, ere yet the cloud has passed away.

But besides these, there are dark dispensations, sovereign mysterious providences, that are never cleared up in this world, but throw their gloomy shadows over the whole future of earthly existence, so that those who suffer under them are never more seen to smile. The vessel is wrecked in very sight of shore, and the "deep" adds to its "treasures" an only son or daughter. And that highly-gifted one, the pride and hope of his family, the acute intellect wears out the slender frame it inhabits, while the widowed mother and dependent sister mourn over his untimely grave. Another, an enterprising individual, with much careful thought and painstaking, contrives a machine which shall prepare some article in a higher degree of excellence than it could be done by any other process. The apparatus is completed, and he goes with eager and elated mind to prove it, when just at the decisive moment the boiler bursts, and in an instant he is hurried into eternity.

We have adverted to a few, and but a few, of the ills to which human nature is subject, and to their causes; and these instances are of a general character, but they have been put forth as representatives of different classes, having many modifications. Poverty, sickness, bereavements, and mental disquietude, however, comprise nearly all the afflictions with which our nature is visited.

And now we come to the more practical part, and ask, and will endeavour to answer, the question, When trouble comes, what are we to do?

Common sense replies, Bear it the best way we can. But what *is* that best way? For further guidance we must refer to Scripture. There we have both *precept* and *example*.

Precept. We are not to "*despise*" affliction. That is, we are not to be stoical or indifferent, or endeavour to forget, or feel it as little as possible; that would defeat the design. Neither are we to sink under it; we are not to "*faint*" when we are rebuked.

And besides these two *negative* precepts, we have two *positive* ones. We must *pray*. "Is any afflicted? let him pray." And we must *consider*. "In the day of adversity, consider." We must consider, that we may know *what* to *pray* for; that we may ascertain the *cause* of our affliction; that we may learn God's *design* in it.

No afflictions can befall us that are not fit subjects for prayer. But then we must consider, that we may know what petitions to put up with regard to them. We may pray for deliverance, support under trial, or a submissive spirit, for guidance, protection, the supply of our wants, strength for duty, and many other like blessings. But if these requests be misplaced, we shall fail of an answer; or if we should receive what we have asked, it will not meet our necessities. It would be as if a hungry but penniless man should ask for health, or a dying man for riches. Therefore we must *consider*.

We must consider, that we may ascertain the *cause* of our affliction; and if it prove to be the result of our own misconduct, but remediable by an opposite course, we must pray for strength for the performance of duty. If the error be past recall, we must pray for submission under the consequence of it. Or if we think the trial comes direct from God, we should still consider, that we may present suitable petitions.

But then we must also consider, that we may learn God's *design* in it, else we shall not gather the "peaceable fruits" which it may yield. We should inquire *wherefore* God contends with us. It may be to teach us our entire dependence upon himself—a lesson we are slow to learn, but one which it is of great advantage for us to know. In speaking of our entire dependence upon God, we are apt to limit it to the supply of our daily wants, but it in reality extends to all that we have or desire, and so is, or ought to be, equally felt and acknowledged by all. The rich, even if they were not dependent for the very continuance of their wealth, would be dependent

for health, the use of their faculties, and soundness of mind, for endeared friends and relatives, and every source of enjoyment to which they have access, and they frequently have this truth forced upon them by the withdrawal of their most cherished possessions.

Or, it may be to lead us to place implicit confidence in him. The feeling of entire dependence is not naturally agreeable to the human mind, and can only become so by something in the character or conduct of the being under whose control we are placed, and on whose pleasure we depend. But in reference to God's disposal of us, the best use we can make of our entire dependence is, to depend entirely. God *will* provide for those who do; *will* guide and protect, and deliver those who do; *will* console and strengthen those who do. He will provide all needful things *when* they are needed. Pride and unbelief do not like daily bread; they wish for the well-filled barn and storehouse, and goods laid up for many years. But these are not the right desires, nor is this the spirit that will bring down the blessing.

Come, then, ye *trusting* children of poverty, and tell how the meal has not wasted in the barrel, nor the oil ceased to flow from the cruse; how the hearth has been kindled, and the wardrobe replenished, while the grateful recognition of God's hand in all has added tenfold to their value. And let those who in seasons of calamity looked to God, tell how their faces were lightened; and those who in perplexity sought direction from above, let them tell how they were guided by a

> "Pillar of cloud by day, and fire
> In the dark night."

Or, it may be to teach us the efficacy of prayer. Those who *suffer* most will *pray* most, and those who pray most will know most of its efficacy and value. This will lead us to come boldly to a throne of grace, or, as it has been rendered by some, to say every word at the throne of grace, to bring every care, and sorrow, and difficulty, feeling assured that none will be considered too insignificant for notice.

God often works this prayerful and confiding spirit in us by means of affliction. He sends such a sore calamity that we are shut out from all hope of relief but in prayer. We feel that unless he saves us, we shall perish; then we cry unto him, and he so hears us and saves us from all our distresses, that ever after, when trouble comes, we instinctively carry it straight to him, and all along the road to the throne of grace we see our Ebenezers, and, looking at them, expect an answer to our present supplication. And this, perhaps, is the reason why the most *tried* are the most *trusting* Christians.

It may be to make us compassionate, pitiful, sympathizing, kind; to make us, in our humble degree, like him who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities, having been in all points tempted like as we are." It was said to the children of Israel, "Ye shall not oppress the stranger, for ye *know the heart* of a stranger, for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt." No affliction leaves us as it finds us. It either makes us irritable, selfish, and unfeeling, or softens us down, and "makes us kindly with our kind." Many are so absorbed by their own misery as to have no pity to spare for others; but some are differently minded, and having had such experience in affliction that they know of a balm for almost every painful wound, feel, whenever they see grief, that it is in that spot their mission lies.

Or, it may be to show us the evil that is in our hearts. While we are in prosperity, we do not know what unthankful, suspicious, murmuring, rebellious hearts we have. The evil thoughts are all there, there continually, and all known to God; but trials come and bring them out—reveal them to ourselves. Or, again, it may be to call into exercise powers and qualities which otherwise had remained undeveloped. Most of us have talents lying dormant. God designs that we should use them, and so, by some seemingly adverse event, he places us in circumstances which will call them into action. In his providential arrangements he sets before us some arduous undertaking. "Impossible," says one; "I will attempt it," says another; and seeking for, and relying on, strength from above, he accomplishes the work, and comes out from the probation a richer man, having found himself able to do what he had never done before, and full of encouragement to attempt still greater things in future emergencies. It is in this way that the riddle, "out of the eater came forth meat," is often practically expounded. Difficulties must always be conquered, or they will conquer us, and the result is not a matter of small moment, either as regards the present effect or the future influence—one bringing disappointment now, and despondency for time to come; the other, immediate satisfaction, and prospective confidence.

Or, it may be to wean us from earth, and to set our affection on things above. We have riches, and friends, and pleasures; but warm friends grow cold, and true ones die, and riches make to themselves wings, and pleasures fade away, and leave us very sad, and we go to one and another of earth's cisterns, and find them all empty, because broken, and we feel that the spirit wants a portion and a home that can be found only in God and heaven. And this brings us to the last reason we shall mention, namely,

To lead us to anticipate heaven, and to fit us for the enjoyment of it. When a traveller is

journeying beneath a bright and cloudless sky, with nature around him in all its loveliness, he is not very anxious to reach his journey's end, but perhaps slackens his speed, and thinks it will be quite time enough if he reach home when the shadows of evening are closing upon him; but in wintry days, when the winds are howling, and the snow-storm is beating down, oh what sweet thoughts of home come then! it is as if all his happiness were centred in that word, and the prospect of shelter, and rest, and affection, to one lonely, and unprotected, and weary, is so attractive that nothing by the way could win his regard or divert his attention from it for a moment; and thus it is in the journey of life. The buffetings of time, if rightly viewed, will create desires after

"Jerusalem our happy home,"

and increasing anticipations of that sweet, that "everlasting rest," that "remaineth for the people of God."

But though these purposes form God's *design* in sending affliction, they do not always produce such effects; they never *will* unless improved by us, and blessed to us. Among the many reasons enumerated, surely there must be something applicable to the case of each of my readers. Has affliction answered the end in you, and you, dear reader? Oh see to it that it is not lost upon you. "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

We have dwelt long on this part of the precept, "to consider," because it is a subject of much practical importance. We will now advert briefly to the *examples* which Scripture presents to us.

We have Abraham's faith, submission, and obedience, when commanded to offer up his only son. And Moses, "*choosing* affliction with the people of God," rather than the short-lived pleasures of sin. And we find Job resolving to trust in God, even though he should slay him. And David, encouraging himself in God under the darkest dispensations, chiding his dejection, and hushing to rest his disquieting thoughts, by the assurance that he should "yet praise Him, the health of his countenance," and his everlasting portion. And we have Habakkuk, in the utter destitution of earthly good—the fig tree without blossom, the vine without fruit, the olive failing, and the fields yielding no meat, the flock cut off from the fold, and no herd in the stalls—yet rejoicing in the Lord, and joying in the God of his salvation. And coming down to New Testament times, we find among the primitive Christians a still fuller development of this joyful bearing under afflictions, chiefly perhaps because the trials adverted to were those sufferings which they endured for the sake of Christ, and in consequence of attachment to his cause. "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," they "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods," and "rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name's sake." Listen! within that inner prison, and in the darkness of the midnight hour, two persons with unwashed stripes, and their feet made fast in the stocks, are praying and singing praises to God. No wonder that they prayed; but praises—praises in a prison—praises under corporeal sufferings; oh that we could hear the words. Do they not begin, "Unto him that loved us?"

And then we have our great example, even Christ. Under all his sufferings there was no need for him to ask the cause, no need for him to learn the design. "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities." But as a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," he had much need of prayer, and we find that it was his unfailing resource. After days spent in active benevolence, he passed whole nights in prayer, during his sojourn in this uncongenial, because sinful world; and it is recorded that when his last great trial came, "being in an agony he prayed the more earnestly." And this is just what we should do. The deeper the sorrow, the more earnest and fervent should be the prayer. And he also prayed with submission. "Oh, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." This was the deep, the earnest petition, the final appeal to the parental feelings of Deity. But it was not possible, if the great work of man's salvation were to be accomplished. Yes, he felt that it was not possible, and then followed the submissive acquiescence, "If this cup may not pass from me, except I drink it, thy will be done." "Not my will, but thine be done." Yet though the prayer was not granted, it was not altogether unavailing, for the strengthening angel was sent to minister to him, and he went forward, and reaching out a hand to that cup of God's wrath, drained it to the very dregs. We often deceive ourselves. In the anticipation of some dreaded evil we pray, as we think with submission, that it may be averted, but when the crisis comes, and the event turns out contrary to our desires, our bitter disappointment tells us that our fancied submission was hope, nay expectation, that our prayer swould be granted. Strange inconsistency! where we ought to exercise strong faith, we doubt, and where we might reasonably doubt, we fully expect an answer to our prayer.

In conclusion. Cultivate a hopeful, contented, thankful spirit. Exercise hope, even in the darkest, dreariest seasons, for "the morning cometh." Yes, though the hours of darkness be many, and the night may be passed in tears, the

the great blocks of granite by the roadside. About half-past nine the moon rose in a clear sky; and after supper I repeated some poetry to them, amongst the rest Addison's 'How are thy servants blest, O Lord,' etc. Stephen and I got into the carriage and slept, or rather dosed for some hours. At break of day I heard the trampling of the horses, and we boiled our kettle, made some tea in it, and all had an excellent breakfast." It is a happy thing when the mind is anchored on God. Even in the midst of a Norwegian solitude his presence and protection can be found.

At Stockholm, William Allen and his friend Stephen Grellet had an interview with the king of Sweden, by whom they were received with the utmost kindness, presenting to him an address on the subjects of prison discipline, education, the management of the poor, and religious liberty. They obtained from him all the privileges which they desired for the Society of Friends in Sweden and Norway. At taking leave, Mr. Allen uttered aloud his prayer that the Lord would bless and preserve him; upon which the monarch presented his cheek for him to kiss, and commended himself to his prayers. He describes Stockholm as a large city, containing ninety thousand inhabitants.

They now went to St. Petersburg. The emperor, whose acquaintance, as we have already seen, he had made in London, welcomed him gladly, and was soon won over by him to give his countenance and aid to the work of reformation in the schools. The lessons of instruction in these Mr. Allen had found to be most ill-arranged and unsuitable, some of them being taken from infidel writers. Dr. Paterson, the two Vennings, Mr. Swan, of the London Missionary Society, together with Mr. Grellet, were immediately enlisted by him in the task of completing a set of Scripture lessons, and, by working night and day, he was enabled in a fortnight to lay the book before the emperor, who was so delighted with it that he ordered 8000 roubles (1400*l.*), to be paid for an edition. That book, thus hastily prepared in Russia, has been the selection used ever since in all the schools of the British and Foreign School Society, and has been translated into French, Italian, and modern Greek.

[To be continued.]

THE MISSIONARY IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY REV. J. S. C. ABBOTT.

THE following story a seaman recently related to the writer.

Many years ago, when New Zealand was a land of uninterrupted heathenism, the ship in which I was a common sailor dropped anchor at a cautious distance from the shore, in one of the harbours of that island. We had been months upon the ocean, without seeing any land. And when the sublime mountains and luxuriant valleys of that magnificent isle rose from the wide waste of waters before us, it was difficult to realize that we were not approaching some region of fairy enchantment. We soon, however, found that we were still in this world of sin and woe, for it so happened that there was a terrible fight between two war parties of the natives raging at the very hour in which we entered the lovely bay. From the deck of our ship we witnessed with awe the whole revolting scene—the fierce assault, the bloody carnage, the infuriated shrieks, the demoniac attitudes of those maddened savages, as they fell upon each other with a degree of fury which seemed worse than human. Often we saw the heavy club of the New Zealand savage fall upon the head of his antagonist, and as he fell lifeless to the ground, his head was beaten by reiterated blows, till exhaustion satiated fury. This awful scene of savage life, as beheld from the deck of our ship, impressed even us unthinking sailors with emotions of deepest melancholy.

In consequence of the war, or for some other cause, no canoe from the shore approached our ship. As we were entirely destitute of wood, the captain sent a boat's crew, with many cautions as to safety, to the opposite side of the harbour to collect some fuel. I was sent with this party. We landed upon a beautiful beach, upon which a heavy surf was rolling. The savage scene we had just witnessed had so filled us with terror, that we were every moment apprehending that a party of cannibals would fall upon us and destroy us. After gathering wood for some time we returned to the boat, and found, to our dismay, that the surf rolling in upon the beach had so increased, that it was impossible to launch the boat. The sun was just setting behind the angry clouds which betokened a rising storm. The crested waves were rolling more and more heavily in from the ocean. A dark night was coming on, and savage warriors, their hands already dripping with blood, were everywhere around. We were all silent. No one was willing to speak of his fears, and yet no one could conceal them.

Before we left the ship the captain had informed us that an English missionary had erected his hut about two miles from the place where we were to land. The captain had visited him about two years before in his solitary home, and it was then very uncertain whether he would be able to continue in his post of danger. We immediately resolved to endeavour to find the missionary, and to seek such protection as he could afford us for the night.

Increasing masses of clouds rolled up and

spread over the sky; and as we groped our way through the deep and tangled forest, darkness like that of Egypt enveloped us. After wandering about we hardly knew where for some time, we heard the loud shouts of savages either in conflict or in revelry. Cautiously we approached the sounds, till we beheld a large war party gathered around their fires, with the hideous trophies of their recent battle, and exulting over their victory. We thought it wise to keep as far from them as possible, and again turned from the light of their fires into the dark forest, where we could hardly see an arm's length before us. We at length came upon a little path, and slowly following it along, stumbling in the darkness over rocks and roots of trees, we came in view of the twinkling light of a lamp. I, with another one of the party, was sent forward to reconnoitre. We soon found that the light proceeded from a hut, but whether from the night fire of a savage New Zealander, or from the lamp of the Christian missionary, we knew not; and few can imagine the anxiety with which we cautiously moved along to ascertain how the fact might be. Our hopes were greatly revived by the sight of a glazed window. And when, through that window, we saw a man in the garb of civilized life, with his wife and one little child, kneeling in their evening prayers, our joy knew no bounds. Waiting a few moments till the prayer was closed, we entered the door, and, though the surprise of the inmates was very great in seeing two white sailors enter their dwelling, we were most hospitably received. The missionary immediately lighted his lantern, and proceeding with us, led the rest of our party to his humble abode. We all slept upon his floor for the night. Weary, however, as I was, I found but little rest. I thought of my quiet New England home, from which I had been absent but a few months. I thought of my mother, and her anxiety about her sailor boy in this his first voyage. The scene was, indeed, a novel one to me. The swelling winds of the tempestuous night, the wild scenes of man and nature all around us, the vivid image of the bloody conflict, with the remembrance of its hideous and fiend-like outcries—all united so to oppress my spirit, that I found but little repose. My companions, however, perhaps more accustomed to danger, and perhaps less addicted to thought, were soon soundly asleep.

Early in the morning a party of warriors came to the missionary's hut in search of us, having somehow ascertained that a boat's crew were on the shore. The missionary and his wife, both in countenance and manner, manifested the deepest anxiety for our safety. The savages were imperious and rude, and it seemed to me then that nothing but the restraining power of God preserved this family uninjured in the midst of such cruel and treacherous men.

While they had been somewhat subdued in spirit, by the kindness, the meekness, and the utter helplessness of the missionary's family, they considered us sailors fair game for plunder and abuse. By the most earnest solicitations on the part of the missionary, they were induced to spare us. The missionary accompanied us to our boat, and we had for our retinue a troop of rioting and carousing savages, brandishing their bloody war-clubs over our heads to convince us that we were in their power. A walk of two miles conducted us to the beach. It was a fearful walk, and the watchful anxiety of our friend proved that he considered our danger to be great. When we arrived at the beach, some of the natives manifested great reluctance to let us go. Some took hold of our boat to draw it further upon the land, while they seemed to be earnestly arguing with the rest upon the folly of permitting our escape. At length, however, they yielded to the remonstrances of the missionary, and aided us in launching our boat through the now subsiding surf.

As we rowed from the shore, and I looked back upon that devoted man, standing upon the beach in the midst of these rude savages, and thought of his return to his solitary home, and of the days, weeks, and months he must there pass in thankless labours, I thought that his lot was, in a worldly point of view, one of the hardest I had ever known; and I wondered that any man could be so hard-hearted as to speak in terms of reproach of the Christian missionary.

In my last voyage, about two years ago, I again entered this same harbour. It is now called the Bay of Islands, and is one of the most beautiful places in natural scenery on the surface of the globe. I could hardly credit my eyes as I looked out upon a handsome and thrifty town, with many dwellings indicative of wealth and elegance. There were churches of tasteful architecture, and school children with their slates and books. And there were to be seen New Zealand families dwelling in cheerful parlours, sanctified by morning prayers and evening hymns. The untiring labours of the missionary had, through God's blessing, created a new world. And the emotions of deep compassion with which I had regarded him, when I left him on the beach alone with the savages, were transformed into sentiments of admiration and almost envy, in view of his achievements. All other labours seemed trivial compared with his. And I then felt, and still feel, that if any man can lie down with joy upon a dying bed, it is he who can look back upon a life successfully devoted to raising a savage people to the comforts, refinements, and virtues of a Christian life.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

97. From Jesus Christ himself: Acts xxvi. 15—18. "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise and stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen and of those in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me."

98. Acts xi. 2, 3. "When Peter was come up to Jerusalem, they that were of the circumcision contended with him, saying, Thou wentest in to men uncircumcised, and didst eat with them." xxii. 21, 22. "He said unto me, Depart: for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles. And they gave him audience unto this word, and then lifted up their voices and said, Away with such a fellow from the earth; for it is not fit that he should live."

99. Isaiah xi. 15, 16. "The Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian sea. . . . . And there shall be an highway for the remnant of his people, which shall be left, from Assyria, like as it was to Israel in the day that he came up out of the land of Egypt." Isa. xiv. 1—3. "The Lord will have mercy upon Jacob, and will yet choose Israel, and set them in their own land; and the strangers shall be joined with them and shall cleave to the house of Jacob," etc. Jer. xvi. 14, 15. "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be said, The Lord liveth, that brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt; but, the Lord liveth that brought up the children of Israel from the land of the north, and from all the lands whither he had driven them: and I will bring them again into their land that I gave unto their fathers." Ezek. xxxvi. 24. "I will take you from among the heathen, and gather you out of all countries, and will bring you into your own land." Ezek. xxxvii. 21, 25. "Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen, whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side and bring them into their own land. . . . . And they shall dwell in the land that I have given unto Jacob my servant, wherein your fathers have dwelt; and they shall dwell therein, even they, and their children, and their children's children for ever." . . . . . (See the rest of the chapter.) Ezek. xxxix. 25—29. "Now will I bring again the captivity of Jacob, and have mercy upon the whole house of Israel. . . . . Then shall they know that I am the Lord their God, which caused them to be led into captivity among the heathen; but I have gathered them unto their own land, and have left none of them any more there." Rom. xi. 26. "And so all Israel shall be saved; as it is written, There shall come out of Sion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob."

100. Ps. xxii. 3. "But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel." l. 23. "Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me."

101. Deut. xii. 18. "Thou shalt rejoice before the Lord thy God in all that thou puttest thine hands unto." Ps. xxxii. 11. "Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous, and shout for joy, all ye that are unright in heart." Phil. iii. 1. "Rejoice in the Lord." Rom. xii. 12. "Rejoicing in hope." Phil. iv. 4. "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, rejoice." 1 Thess. v. 16 "Rejoice evermore."

102. A cloud. Exod. xiii. 21. "The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way, and by night in a pillar of fire." xvi. 10. "The glory of the Lord appeared in the cloud." xxiv. 16. "The glory of the Lord abode upon Mount Sinai, and the cloud covered it six days." xxxiv. 5. "The Lord descended in the cloud, and stood with him there." xl. 34. "Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle." Num. xi. 25; 1 Kings viii. 10. "It came to pass, when the priests were come out of the holy place, that the cloud filled the house of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord."

103. The blasphemer. Lev. xxiv. 23. The man that gathered sticks upon the sabbath day. Num. xv. 32—36. Achan. Joshua vii. 25. Adoram, who was sent to the ten tribes after their revolt by Rehoboam. 1 Kings xii. 18. Naboth. 1 Kings xxi. 13, 14. Zechariah the prophet. 2 Chron. xxiv. 21. Stephen. Acts vii. 59.

104. Moses. Heb. xi. 24, 25, in connexion with Deut. xxxiv. 10. "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." "And there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face." Josiah. 2 Chron. xxxiv. 2, 3. "He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and walked in the ways of David his father, and declined neither to the right hand nor to the left. *For* in the eighth year of his reign, *while he was yet young*, he began to seek after the God of David his father," etc. Samuel. 1 Sam. ii. 26; iii. 19, 20. "The child Samuel grew on, and was in favour both with the Lord and also with men." "And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground. And all Israel from Dan even to Beersheba knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord." Obadiah. 1 Kings xviii. 3, 4, 12. "Obadiah feared the Lord *greatly*; for it was so when Jezebel cut off the prophets of the Lord, that Obadiah took an hundred prophets, and hid them by fifty in a cave, and fed them with bread and water. . . . . I thy servant fear the Lord *from my youth*." Daniel. See Dan. i. 8, in connexion with vi. 4, 5. "Daniel proposed in his heart that he would not defile himself." . . . . . "The presidents and princes sought to find occasion against Daniel concerning the kingdom; but they could find none occasion nor fault, forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him." . . . . . x. 11. "Daniel, a man *greatly beloved*."

105. Job x. 21, 22. "Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death. A land of darkness as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness." Isa. xxxviii. 9—18. . . . . "Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter; I did mourn as a dove. . . . . For the grave cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate thee; they that go down into the pit cannot hope for thy truth."

106. Job xix. 25—27. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." Ps. xvii. 16. "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." xlix. 15. "God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave; for he shall receive me." Isa. xxvi. 19. "Thy dead men shall live together, with my dead body shall they arise." Dan. xii. 2. "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake," etc.

Poetry.

A SIMPLE AND TRUE STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

'Twas in a pleasant garden ground,
'Mid flowers bright and gay,
And birds that warbled sweetly round,
Two children were at play.

Now tired, awhile their sport they leave,
And sheltered from the heat,
Blithely their daisy garlands weave,
In the cool garden seat.

But hark! the still air bears a sound,
First faint, then comes more near;
The children strew their daisies round,
And stretch their necks to hear.

"Come, buy my lambs! my lambs so small,
My waxen lambs, come buy!"
Swift ran they to the garden wall;
Alas! that wall was high.

"Give us a lamb, my little boy,"
At once the sisters say,
"We should like such a charming toy,
Oh! do not go away."

"A little lamb shall soon be yours—"
Such was the boy's reply—
"If you'll give me some pretty flowers
Over this wall so high."

Silent and grave the children pause;
To pluck the flowers they knew
Would be to break their parents' laws,
Yet fain the wrong they'd do.

Not long uncertain did they stand,
Temptation soon o'ercame;
They cull the flowers with trembling hand,
But feel a guilty shame.

Now o'er the wall a string is sent,
To which in haste they tie
A nosegay, and its quick ascent
Follow with wistful eye.

Sin never will unpunished be;
They wait—but wait in vain,
Eager their promised lamb to see;
To them it never came.

Dear children, when a voice is near,
Enticing you to sin,
And whispering none will see or hear,
Let it not enter in.

But think that tho' no human eye
May see, nor ear may hear,
The all-seeing God is ever nigh;
All-hearing is His ear.

Of him ask life in Jesus' name;
Though throned above the sky,
And thou a speck on earth's wide plain,
He'll surely hear thy cry.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

'Twas heard in childhood's hours
Of merriment and love,
In soft and silvery sounds,
Outspoken from above.

In days of flushing youth,
When pleasure swayed thy heart,
Again it gently lured
To choose the "better part."

In after, graver years,
When shade and tears were thine,
Afresh the whisper came,
Now let thy love be mine.

Alas! and was it vain?
Gave thy soul no reply?
But for the dross of earth,
Scorned thou a name on high?

When darker sorrows came,
Dimming in clouds thy all;
And in thy cup was given
The wormwood and the gall:

When with a stroke, thy loved
And lovely blasted fell,
In deeper tones it spoke,
Mingling with funeral knell.

Did thy heart still refuse
From earth to loose its hold,
And strive to staunch its wounds
With glory or with gold?

It may be that thy race'
Is well nigh all outrun;
The snow of age upon thy brow
May now have thickly come;

And all but quenched that voice
Which would have soothed thy fears,
And in the vale of death
Been music in thine ears.

Once more, though faintly now,
Its last entreaty 's given;
"Yield me that world-worn heart,
Ere its last chord be riven."

MARY LEWIS.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

122. What grounds have we for believing that St. John's Gospel was written later than those of the other evangelists?

123. Who was the author of the Acts of the Apostles? Prove it.

124. At what period in Jewish history do we read that "the word of the Lord was precious in those days?"

125. Where is a dearth of the word of God threatened as a grievous judgment?

126. In the Epistle to the Philippians, Paul expresses seven wishes, all centring in Christ: what are they?

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE VOTARY OF SUPERSTITION

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

PART XVII.

I HAVE already said that the merchant into whose possession I had fallen, had taken refuge in the forms and ceremonies of a corrupt church, to satisfy the demands of an unenlightened conscience, ill at ease with itself, and craving for rest and peace. I may add that the same cause had made him scrupulously attentive to those forms and ceremonies, without producing any change of heart towards God. And herein did he resemble the greater number of those by whom he was surrounded, who, indeed, took but small pains to cover, even with the slight veil of decency, the impurities of a godless life, while, at the same time, they took pride in the outward observances of religion, and trusted in "the lying words" of those who, like some of old of whom I tell, loudly and arrogantly proclaimed, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are" these; and who made the commandments of God of none effect by their traditions.

Thus, in that land of splendid edifices, reared professedly for Divine worship; of gorgeous rites affecting the eye and the ear, but leaving the heart uninstructed and barren; of rich

No. 60.—PUBLISHED JUNE 21, 1856

PRICE ONE PENNY

priestly vestments; of symbolical representations of him who died and rose again and ever lives, and of carved and molten images of inferior objects of adoration; were to be seen also the manifest and glaring vices of impiety, debauchery, and lust, not covertly seeking the darkness of night, but flaunting in the light of noonday. There were to be found, in full display, the profanation of the holy day, the disregard of the common maxims of morality as affecting man's intercourse with man, and the undisguised infidelity which sneers alike at all things decent in the life that now is, and sacred as relating to that which is to come. Yet, even here, might there perchance have been found humble and contrite hearts in whom the Lord delights, and with whom he chooses to dwell; who, by the hallowing influences of his Holy Spirit indwelling in their souls, might extract scanty nourishment from those things which yielded but poison to others; and worshipping, in spirit and in truth, him whom others degraded and blasphemed; and who, sighing for clearer light and diviner knowledge, were accepted of him who "seeth not as man seeth."

Such there might have been, and such there may be; for did not my Master declare, in days long gone by, that, in the midst of a nation who had wickedly departed from their God, and to all outward seeming were wholly given to idolatry, there were yet seven thousand men who had not bowed the knee to Baal? But my owner was not one of these: rather was he one who would fain have blessed himself in his heart, saying, "I shall have peace, though I walk in the imagination of mine heart:" and to whom the teachers of an idolatrous creed had whispered, "Peace, peace, when there was no peace;" but to whom the Lord of hosts, by my mouth, had uttered the solemn warning: "Hearken not unto the words of the prophets that prophesy unto you; they make you vain; they speak a vision of their own heart, and not out of the mouth of the Lord: they say unto them that despise me, 'The Lord hath said, ye shall have peace;' and they say unto every one that walketh after the imagination of his own heart, 'No evil shall come upon you.' . . . I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran. I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied."

No wonder was it, then, that the man of worldly wealth and wisdom to whom I had delivered some such messages as these, had recoiled with dislike and dread from the revelation which I had made to himself of spiritual ignorance and poverty! Yet, as I have said, curiosity was mingled with disgust and disdain; and the arrow fastened in his soul, rankled there and wrought disquiet and alarm. I return now to his history.

It will be remembered that though my owner had in some degree quailed beneath the objurgations of his priest, and had allowed me to remain in my degraded position as cast on the ground to be trampled on; yet had he been roused in his soul by the tyranny of his spiritual guide. Nor had this feeling of resentment abated when, some days afterwards, he entered his apartment, and stumbled over me as I lay at his feet, previously unnoticed.

"These impertinent priests!" he muttered to himself in his native tongue, as he stooped and picked me up, and for a few moments he paced the floor angrily; then, after securely locking his door, he seated himself by the table on which he had placed me.

"They say that forbidden waters are the sweetest," said he, in self-communing, and with a smile of irony, as he drew me towards him; "and if only out of contradiction, I will just see what you have to say, my friend." And he laid me open before him.

It may be that my owner would have been well pleased at this time, had I fostered his resentment by witnessing against the sins of a dissolute and depraved priesthood, and by exposing the hypocrisy which made clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, while within they were full of extortion and excess. But, instead of this, my messages to him now, and at succeeding interviews, were such as better suited his spiritual condition, and turned the current of his thoughts into another channel.

Thus, in terms of solemn import, I addressed him as one who had in innumerable instances transgressed the laws of a holy and just God. In the words of one whom he professed to revere, but of whom, alas! he knew nothing as he should be known, I gave him to understand that the sin which is nourished and cherished in the heart, is as heinous in his sight as the bold transgression of lip or life. I gave him to understand that, whatever were the vain hopes he might have formed from the multitude of his costly gifts and the constancy of his so-called devotions, as an unrighteous man—unrighteous in heart and soul—he could not enter into the kingdom of God. And when, in his thoughts, he pleaded that he was not as other men, I referred him to the two men who went up to the temple to pray—the one a pharisee and the other a publican; and declared, in the infallible words of him who cannot lie, that in spite of the disparity which, in the eyes of all beholders, existed between them, to the advantage of the former, it was the publican, and he alone, who went down to his house, forgiven—justified.

I could perceive that this startled him. He looked upon it as a thing incredible that so much apparent injustice could consist with the in-

tegrity of the Judge of all. And still more startled was he when, in a subsequent communication, I gave him an apostle's word for it, that though he had kept the whole law, with the exception of "one point," that he stood in the condition of one who was "guilty of all;" that, in fact, "by the works of the law, no flesh living could be justified." At this, he broke off from me in barely suppressed impatience, and, in effect, echoed a complaint which had once been brought against the incarnate Son of God, when he uttered sentiments which seemed strange to the unaccustomed ears and hearts of those who professed to be his disciples: "This is a hard saying," said they, "who can hear it?"

But though for the time offended, my owner returned a few days afterwards, and once more laid me before him. It might be that he had met with some disappointments or vexations in his business, or it might be that my words had given him additional uneasiness; but so it was that gloomy depression darkened his brow; and when—after taking the usual precautions against intrusion—he proceeded to converse with me, it was with the languid indifference of one who carelessly searches for that which he has no expectation of finding. Page after page did he listlessly turn over, until, as he was about to close me, his attention was suddenly arrested.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth," I said, "come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore," I asked, "do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me; and eat ye that which is good; and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Seek ye the Lord," I added, "while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

Long did the merchant sit, thoughtfully pondering over these words. Here, if he could but find the key to it, was precisely what he wanted—a remedy for his soul-sickness. The dearly bought, largely paid for, and highly vaunted virtues of the creed he had espoused, had brought but slight satisfaction to his mind. They had promised much, but performed little. He had spent his money for that which was not bread, and had laboured for that which did not satisfy. He sighed deeply as he turned away and left me.

After this, it might have been seen that Mr. Greene, like one of my former possessors, was intent on obtaining self-satisfaction by the frequency and severity of his self-imposed or priest-imposed religious acts. It was plain that I had succeeded in stirring up in his soul a deep sense of his demerits, and of the insufficiency of his past endeavours to obtain the forfeited favour of God; but he had yet failed to perceive the only mode by which that favour could be obtained. In the imperfect knowledge he had gained from me, of the "exceeding breadth" of the Divine law—an imperfect knowledge, because he had hitherto received my communications with a prepossessed and darkened mind—he had become justly alarmed by the threatenings pronounced against every soul of man that doeth evil. By the law, as it was now for the first time plainly revealed to him, came the knowledge of sin; and he in some measure entered into the experience of one who said, "I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died."

It was painful to observe the effect this had upon my owner, in the rigorous proceedings which he adopted in those things which "have indeed a show of wisdom in will-worship and humility, and neglecting of the body," but which are utterly unavailing as means of reconciliation with God. Thus, for many successive days, did the anxious merchant macerate his body by long and severe fasting; and then, in the cold and stormy night of a wintry season, did he quit his couch, and uncovered, lightly clothed, and barefoot, climb, with slow and agonising steps, to the summit of a neighbouring rugged, steep, and stony mountain, to prostrate himself before a roadside shrine, on which were rudely represented the virgin and her child. There, in gloom and silence, with the elements beating around him, and chilling the very marrow of his bones, did he remain through the hours of darkness, and then return, with an exhausted and shivering frame and bleeding feet, to re-enter on renewed mortifications of body on the succeeding day.

It was not difficult to understand the meaning of these extraordinary penances, which with him stood in the place of "repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." The remembrance of some long since committed sins of deep enormity, it may be, as affecting his fellow creatures, had been brought vividly before his mind, and he had been made to "possess the iniquities of his youth." Thus far had I been instrumental in producing these convictions in his soul, and in rousing against him the thunders of the divine and holy law; but, as yet, the unhappy man knew not that there was a righteousness apart and altogether different from, and infinitely above his own; and that there had been a satisfaction made and a propitiation offered infinitely transcending any which

he could offer, for the remission of the sins of him who believeth in Jesus.

And thus, in ignorance and blindness, did my owner stumble on, "seeking rest and finding none."

It was worthy of remark, that during these times of extraordinary devotion and penance—and they were more than once repeated after my acquaintance with him — the merchant evidently shrunk from contact with me. It was plain that he considered himself as, in some measure, compromising his safety by an intercourse which, strange to say, was both attractive and repellant; and it was only when he had performed some extreme act or acts of so-called piety, and was somewhat more at ease with himself for a short time, that he would again venture to place me before him. And from this I perceived that, notwithstanding his occasional secretly expressed aversion to the spiritual slavery in which he was held, and the trammels cast over him by his priests, and especially his disgust when he compared the bold arrogance of their claims with the licentiousness of their lives, he was by no means free from that "fear of man" which "bringeth a snare," nor quit of the dread which, in his mind, was connected with the anathemas of his church.

The course of my owner was, indeed, at this time, marked by inconsistency and fraught also with much and peculiar peril. At one period, deep and painful remorse, which, as I have said, my communications had in some measure been the means of awakening, filled his soul, and made life to him a burden; and anon, reckless indifference and gaiety marked him in his intercourse with the world. In the former seasons, the religious acts which he practised in obedience to his creed were marked with stern unbending severity, and a strange exultation in mortification and bodily suffering—as witness his lacerated, bleeding feet and his quivering frame, when he returned from his nightly pilgrimages to the mountain shrine. In the latter, his devotions, if they were not entirely discontinued, partook of the nature of impassioned addresses to a fellow mortal, in strains of hyperbolical admiration, rather than the rational and humble worship of the uncreated one—"the King immortal and invisible," dwelling in light to which none can approach.

Peril, may I not well say? for concerning my owner might it then have been said, "Why should he be stricken any more? he will revolt more and more: the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." Or, to his state then might have been in some measure applicable the parable of the Divine Instructor: "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none. Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept, and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first." From this miserable consummation, however, my owner was rescued by One who is "mighty to save."

It was soon after a series of such acts of bodily mortification as those which I have mentioned, that my owner, one day—not forgetting his usual precaution—removed me from my shelf, and cast his eye upon my pages.

He had that same day, as I knew, made large offerings to the services of his religion. And I may be permitted to explain that the priest, my enemy, on finding that my owner was determined not to give me up, had thenceforth remained silent respecting this act of contumacy; but had multiplied demands on the wealth of the prosperous merchant; still, on various pretexts, saying, "Give, give; and thus purchase the favour of God, and the right—in spite of the sins you have confessed—to the tree of life, and to enter into the heavenly kingdom."

The place at which my owner opened me was at that solemn rebuke which Jehovah gave to the nation whom he had chosen as his own, and who were called by his name, but who had wickedly departed from his ways.

"To what purpose," I repeated, "is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats. When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth; they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood."

It were incorrect to say that the bewildered man perceived, to its full extent, how applicable was this solemn warning to his own condition in the sight of God; but something he did find in it which appealed to him as a sinner seeking by purchase to obtain heaven's free gift of eternal life. And still further did he receive my words as those in which he was, in some way to him then inexplicable, more than ordinarily interested, when, ceasing from further rebuke, I addressed to him the language of Divine com-

passion and invitation, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool:" for therein did he perceive that though heartless sacrifices and offerings were vain, yea, even offensive to the Holy One, yet was there a way of approach to the Divine Majesty, and of cleansing from sin. And he sighed deeply in spirit to think that hitherto that way to him had been obscured and blocked up by human ingenuity and crafty devices.

THE FINGER OF PROVIDENCE.

THE following interesting anecdote, illustrative of the providence of God, is related in the life of Mr. Burchell, who, subsequently to the adventure detailed, became a minister of the Gospel.

The first piece of cloth Mr. Burchell could call his own, he disposed of to a house in Bristol. About a week afterwards he was in the company of a friend, who, in ignorance of the transaction, happened to say that a certain party (mentioning the selfsame house) was reported as likely to fail. On hearing this, he sought and obtained permission to be absent on the following day. It was the summer season. The splendours of noon had long since passed, and were softening down into the chastened radiance of evening. It occurred to him that if he could start that night, he should gain considerable time, and arrive in Bristol (nearly thirty miles distant) some hours before the coach, which did not leave until the morning. His determination was at once taken. Between eight and nine o'clock he commenced his journey, and continued to walk on briskly till it was quite dark, when he turned into an inn on the road-side: here he rested until day-break. The worthy host advised him, on departure, to strike across the country and make for the Severn, where he would be sure to find a boat which would take him down in good time. He did so; and on nearing the river, which lay stretched out in noble amplitude before him, saw a boat push off from land. He hailed the men in her, but they seemed in haste to be gone; he then called more loudly to them, but they pressed on the more vigorously, and were soon out of hearing.

On looking about he saw another boat, and feeling that if he did not succeed in this instance he would fail in the object for which he had come so much out of a direct course, he resolved to make every effort to induce her little crew to return to shore and take him in. He accordingly took off his coat, and waved it in the air, and soon had the satisfaction of observing that they had brought the boat up, and seemed to be debating whether or not they should comply with his wishes. In about ten minutes they put back; but as they approached, it struck him that he had never before seen five such desperate-looking fellows. After some objection on their part, they told him to get in. He had not done so long, however, before he found that he was in most undesirable company. Several of the men whispered to each other a good deal: and now and then he caught a word, the import of which made him feel uneasy and anxious. At length he perceived they were steering in an opposite direction. On his referring to this fact, one of them, a brawny Irishman, exclaimed, "Oh! and do you think you are going to lave us so soon, now that we have caught you at last? Do you see that? (pointing his finger to the water on which they were floating)—you shall go and see the bottom before you go to land again." They all now set up a shout, in confirmation of their murderous design, and as though to urge each other on to the deed.

Somewhat alarmed, their threatened and helpless victim asked, who they thought he was? At this they laughed, and said, "Do you take us for fools?" From their horrid oaths and avowed intentions, he perceived that they took him for a spy in the preventive service; and he could now see, by some kegs of spirits which had been covered up in the bottom of the boat, that they were a party of smugglers. Again and again he assured them that he was not the person they suspected him to be, but to no purpose; they only renewed their threats of immediate and signal vengeance. Finding he could not gain on them by merely asserting that he had no connexion with government agents, he began to address them in a very serious strain; reminding them that, if they did him any injury, God would judge them for it. After some little while, he saw the countenance of one of them relax, and observed a tremor pass over the frame of another. Still they did not alter the wrong course they had been steering for some time.

He then addressed each one, separately and solemnly, saying that each would have to stand, in his own person, at the bar of God, and receive according to his deeds, whether good or bad. At length the man who seemed to sustain the office of captain cried out, "I say, Dick, I can't stand this; we must let him out. I don't believe he is the man we thought he was. Where do you want to be put out, sir?" The traveller replied, that he wished to be taken up the Avon to Bristol. The man said, "We cannot go up as far as that, as we dare not pass Pill; but we will take you as far as possible, and put you in a way to go on." He thanked them, and begged them to make the utmost speed, as his business was urgent. Finding them so far subdued, he

took the opportunity of speaking of their nefarious mode of life. They all appeared struck with his statements and conduct; and, on his landing, refused to receive what he had stipulated to pay as fare; at the same time offering to forward one of the kegs of spirits to any place he would mention. One of the men also accompanied him to a farmhouse, and so far interested the occupant in his favour as to induce him to drive him to Bristol in his family tax-cart. He thus reached the end of his journey at an early hour in the morning, and, as a result, succeeded in recovering the greater part of his cloth.

Some years after, on his return from Jamaica to this country, Mr. Burchell met the smuggler who had accompanied him to the farm-house, in a small village near the Cheddar cliffs, in Somersetshire. The man proffered his hand, at the same time reminding him of their previous interview. He was much struck at his altered appearance, and inquired what was the cause. "Ah, sir," said he, "after your talk we none of us could ever follow that calling again. I have since learned to be a carpenter, and am doing very well in this village; and I attend a chapel three or four miles off. Our poor master never forgot to pray for you to his dying day. He was quite an altered man; took his widowed mother to his house, and became a good husband and a good father, as well as a good neighbour. Before, every one was afraid of him, he was such a desperate fellow; afterwards, he was as tame as a lamb. He opened a little shop for the maintenance of his family, and, what was better still, he held prayer-meetings in his house. The other three men now form part of a crew in a merchant vessel, and are very steady and well behaved."

Such was the delightful change that had passed on the character, conduct, and destiny, of a gang of smugglers, and which had been brought about by a course of events as unexpected as it was singular. The providence of God is conspicuous in all. And while it tends to illustrate the wisdom and benignity of his purposes and plans, it shows, also, with what facility he can secure their accomplishment; rendering the ordinary occurrences in business, and the pecuniary interests of a stripling tradesman, subservient to that end.

RELIGIOUS ANNIVERSARIES OF 1855.

THERE have been some peculiar circumstances connected with the great religious festivals lately held in the metropolis which are deserving of special notice; they have powerfully impressed our own mind, and we should hope they may minister some profitable reflection to the minds of our readers.

The season during which these great assemblies have been held, has not been marked by those lovely attributes which generally distinguish the blooming month of May. As these hallowed times return to us, we are generally reminded that the "winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;" and we have still unshaken faith in that covenant which God has made with Noah and all his descendants, that "seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, shall not cease;" yet still it has seemed as if we could hear in the keen breath of the north-east wind, and in the cold blasts of those frosty nights, the voice of one of the old prophets, telling us that "the Lord hath a controversy" with us, and with all the earth, and calling on each one to repent and ask, "What have I done?"

The God of peace and love cannot look down with complacency on the scenes of violence now going on, where members of his vast family are lifting up the sword of slaughter against each other, and "beating their ploughshares into swords, and their pruning-hooks into spears." M. Le Maout, a French chemist, has just started the curious theory that the whole course of nature is affected by the cannonade at Sebastopol. He says that the residue of the combustion of powder is dispersed in the air by the wind to a distance of more than a thousand leagues, and afterwards falls in rain or snow. The chemical composition of the atmospheric air is said to be changed by the greater quantity of azote and carbon that enter into it, while the sky is kept in a constantly cloudy state, and violent storms of wind and a great degree of cold are produced. On the merits of this theory we have no wish to pronounce. There can, however, be but one opinion among the followers of Christ as to the evil influence which the curse of war exerts on the moral atmosphere, which it surcharges with the elements of sin and woe, and with clouds of gloom which separate between man and God.

It is most gratifying to observe that, notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances to which we have alluded, the cause of Christian philanthropy has sustained no serious damage. Friends have come up to these gatherings from all parts of the country, in as large numbers, we believe, as usual; the sermons and speeches delivered have been distinguished for their faithfulness and power; a spirit of the deepest seriousness has pervaded the various speakers; great liberality has been exercised, notwithstanding the general financial depression; and in one instance, after the missionary sermon of Dr. Macfarlane, an anonymous contributor

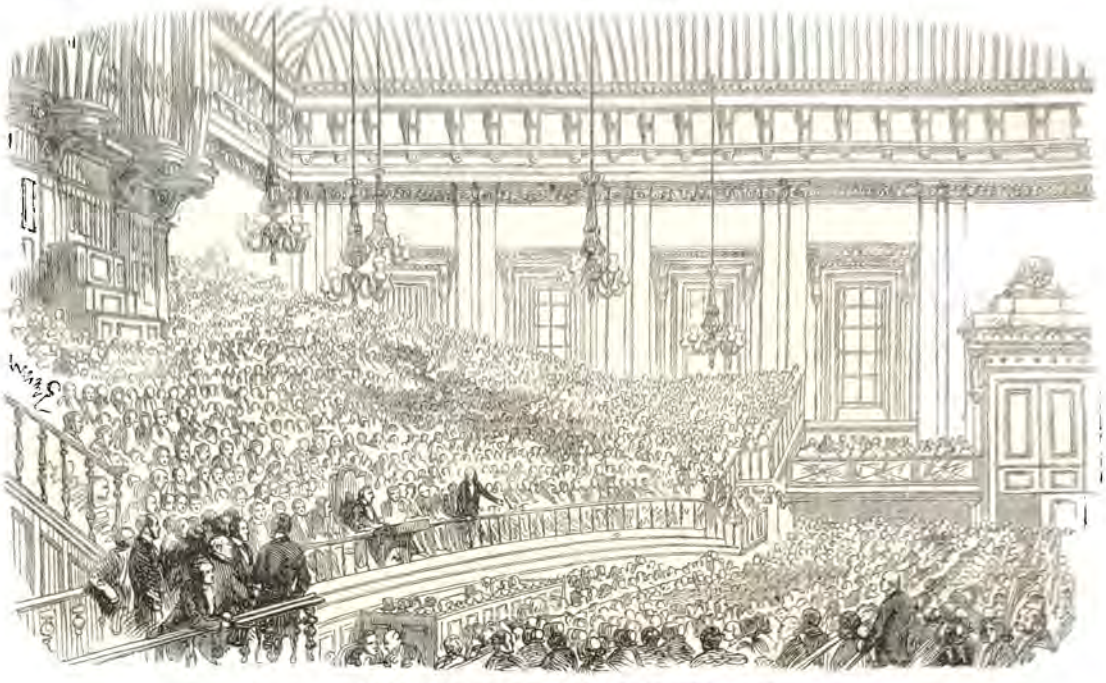
proved his deep sense of the worthiness of "the Lamb that was slain to receive riches," by a contribution of five hundred pounds.

Among those who have participated in the labours of the recent meetings, it is pleasing to find that both our nobles and our senators have been very ably represented. We regard it as a hopeful and encouraging fact, that so many members of both houses of parliament seized on the opportunities which have just been afforded them to come forward and openly range themselves on the Lord's side, and took their share in the noble conflict which is raging between the powers of darkness and "the sacramental host of God's elect." We must be allowed also to congratulate the friends of Christian missions on the valuable additions made to the number of their advocates this year, who, while engaged in foreign travel, or fulfilling the duties of high official stations, have had opportunities of witnessing and encouraging the labours of devoted Christian missionaries. Mr. Wylie, first judge of the Calcutta court, at the meeting of the London Missionary Society, delivered an instructive speech on the great theme of missions to India. This gentleman, who is the author of "Bengal as a Field of Missions," has shown most faithfully that the machinery we at present employ is not in any degree commensurate with the work which the Christian church has to do among the hundred and fifty millions of our fellow-subjects in India. We must not pass over the names of Sir Anthony Oliphant, who has been for some years the chief justice of Ceylon; and his son, Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, the well-known author of "The Russian Shores of the Black Sea." The testimony of the venerable father to the success of the Wesleyan missions in Ceylon, and that of his son, relative to the work in Canada, greatly interested the large audience in Exeter Hall, and were among the most attractive features of the meeting.

It is painful to observe that some of the Societies have this year to complain of a considerable falling off in their funds; not owing, indeed, to diminished zeal on the part of their supporters, but to the pressure resulting from the great evils which the country is now suffering. The Church Missionary Society, which has hitherto had to report an advancing and surplus income, and to make its appeal for men, has just had to report a large increase of men and a deficient income, a debt instead of a balance in hand, and an apprehension of considerable difficulty in meeting the demands of the ensuing year. In the London Missionary Society the expenditure has been over sixty-four thousand pounds, while its receipts have been less than sixty thousand, and with former arrears a debt of fifteen thousand pounds has accumulated, towards which sum, however, special contributions have been made, which, with others expected, will, it is hoped, soon extinguish this great deficit. Both these great societies speak of the past year as one of persevering labour and remarkable success, and of the prospect that many of their missions will prove, not only self-supporting, but the means of ministering the truth to other lands.

Among the many interesting statements made at the Church Missionary Society, we may particularize the account given by Archdeacon Hunter respecting the Indians on the banks of the Kisiskakchewun river, in North-west America. The archdeacon, who was appointed to that scene of labour, says: "When I arrived there, there was no mission-house, no mission-church, and no building worthy of being called a school-house. We have since procured a bell from England, and now, instead of the natives having nothing but the sound of the heathen drum, they have the sound of the church-going bell sabbath by sabbath, inviting them to the house of God to join in the services of the church. It has been my privilege to baptize some 600 or 700 Indians at the Cumberland station. The number of my communicants is 116, and on the last occasion of administering the Lord's supper it was partaken of by more than 100. Many of these persons travelled from 100 to 150 miles. It is not a little matter that hinders those Indians from coming to our services. They do not mind sleeping in the snow when the thermometer is from thirty to forty degrees below zero, and just before Christmas we find them flocking to be present on those occasions. I have succeeded in persuading the Indians to erect buildings for themselves, and when I left there were not less than forty houses around my station, and in these houses family prayer is regularly observed morning and evening without a single exception."

We hope we are not incorrect in the impression we have received, that there has been an increased spirit of Christian love diffused through the late meetings. Many of the speakers were careful to give expression to their sentiments of Christian brotherhood, and these sentiments in every case elicited a most cordial response. The bishop of Melbourne, for instance, alluding to the Rev. John Angell James, said: "He is a minister of the congregational church, and I am a clergyman of an episcopalian church. He thinks, I believe, an established church to be an evil: I am not blind to some of the evils connected with our church, yet I can thank God for the established church of England. These, so far as I know, are the only points of difference between Mr. James and myself. What are the points of agreement between



INTERIOR OF EXETER HALL DURING THE MAY MEETINGS.

us? They are all the great doctrines of the Christian faith and Christian practice. We agree upon the doctrine of a triune God; upon the doctrines of the fall of man, and salvation by Jesus Christ; upon the doctrines of original sin, justification by faith, regeneration by the Spirit, and holiness of life, as the evidences of real faith and regeneration. Is there not enough, then, upon which we are agreed to make us friends one with another?" The Rev. Norman M'Leod also said: "The night before last, about twelve o'clock, I found myself a minister of the established church of Scotland; but about ten minutes after, before I had my Highland plaid well wrapped round me, I found I was a dissenting minister, for I had passed the Tweed. Surely not by such accidents as these are men to be united in this world. Surely we are united by far deeper bonds."

The Bible Society we are glad to learn is one of the institutions which have not suffered from the difficulties of the times, having had a larger income than it has been able to report on any previous anniversary, except the year of its jubilee. Its issues this year from its depôts at home and abroad amount to 1,450,876 copies of the word of God, and its total issues since the formation of the society are 29,389,507 copies.

It may, perhaps, be expected that we should make a special reference to the position of the Religious Tract Society, which during the year has been engaged in printing and circulating religious publications not only in Great Britain and Ireland, but in France, Germany, India, Burmah, China, Polynesia, Madagascar, Australia, and other distant lands. The number of publications circulated in the year was 28,292,194, being an increase of 915,619, and making the entire issue of the Society, in 112 languages and dialects, including the issues of foreign and affiliated societies sustained or nourished by the Society, about 673,000,000. On the ordinary receipts of the year the benevolent income has increased 928*l*. The total receipts amount to 86,200*l*., being an increase of 2787*l*. At the anniversary of our Society the meeting was much interested by the statement of M. F. Monod, that the Tract Society and the Evangelical Society of France are in partnership with the emperor in the good work of furnishing tracts and religious books to the great military encampments in France. The emperor having been consulted as to the introduction of these libraries to the army, said it was a good thing, and he would take part in it, and he did so by sending some military books to the religious library.

In conclusion, there are few Christian men among us who will not concur in the conviction "that the prosperity, not to say the existence of the British empire, as an empire, depends on the depth and the vitality of her religious societies."

THE TRAVELS OF TRUTH.

Of all travellers, truth has been the greatest, has received the worst usage, and done the most good. It must be an interesting and instructive employment to study the travels of truth: but before we do this, let us inquire a little concerning this wonderful traveller. It is usual in books of travel and adventure to prefix a brief sketch of the life of the hero of the tale, but on this occasion we only propose to say a few words.

Do any inquire, what is truth? The reply should be given in the words of him who calls himself The Truth. "Thy word is truth." The revelation which God has given to man is all truth, and only truth. Here we have truth in its sublimity, simplicity, and completeness; the truth about God and man, time and eternity, sin and holiness, heaven and hell.

There was a time when truth was not to be found in our world. This was just after man's fearful rebellion, when with suicidal hand he slew God's life within him, and banished the truth from his heart and thoughts. He believed Satan's lie, and truth took her flight back to heaven. Now behold that wondrous scene in Eden. The criminals are arraigned, their respective sentences are pronouced; but lo! on the darkest part of the dark cloud of threatening an iris is painted, and man, the sinner, begins to hope. He listens and hears truth speak to him in a new language which she had learned of mercy. She gives to those who must be "exiles from Eden," not more of the fruit of the tree which they coveted and stole, not a scion from the tree of life in the midst of the garden, but what was far better for them—a beauteous bud of promise, the germ of that flower which would require thousands of years to expand, and which should retain all its beauty for ever. They go from the garden, but truth goes with them; and much did they need her companionship in this solitary and sin-cursed world. But soon the world was no longer solitary: men began to multiply on the face of the earth, towns and cities sprung up, and the hum of an active and growing population was heard. Among them truth went forth, but found little house-room, and less heart-room. Seth, Enoch, Methusaleh, all pleaded for her, but pleaded in vain. "Ye shall be as gods" was still the popular text; and therefore truth, calling to humility, penitence, and trust in God was not listened to. The earth was filled with violence and lies, truth could scarcely find a place in which to lodge, and so went to live with Noah, and one morning entered with him into the ark which he had built. How far they floated I cannot tell; it was a strange voyage on a sea without a shore; but at last truth set foot again on earth. She stood beside the altar which Noah built, gazed with delight on "the bow in the cloud," abode with Noah during his long sojourn on earth, not failing to record faithfully his errors. She had nothing to do with building the Tower of Babel, but recorded God's thoughts about it. She visited Melchisedec, also Job and his friends, and every ancient patriarch who treasured up the promise of Eden in his heart. She travelled many thousand miles with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, talking with them of the coming One and the eternal city. She went with Joseph into the pit, dwelt with him in the dungeon, sat with him on the throne, and whispered words of comfort to his heart when on his dying bed. Truth was very fond of the company of Moses. The friendship was reciprocated, and in consequence of listening to what she said, Moses preferred reproach to riches, and forsook Egypt for a desert; but he did not find it lonesome, for truth was with him there. She travelled with him to Sinai, and all the way through the wilderness to Pisgah; employed his fingers through life to engrave her exploits in everlasting characters, and his tongue in death to foretel her coming history and triumph.

Truth went in with Joshua to the promised land, but after a few years was voted out of society by the nation of Israel. Still individuals were found who afforded her an asylum and were well paid by their guest. Truth spent many sweet hours with Samuel, and rejoiced much over young David, abiding with him in the wilderness and rocks of the wild goats, in preference to the court of Saul. When David was dying, truth was enfolded in his embrace, and young Solomon delighted to honour his father's favourite, and spoke much in her praise. Alas! in after days, and in his old age, he got shy of his good and faithful friend.

For many centuries after this, truth led a weary and wandering life; sometimes with Elijah by a brook, then with fifty prophets in a cave, after that with Manasseh in a dungeon, speaking of pardon to that gigantic sinner; and then in a whale's belly, teaching a rebellious prophet how to pray. At last truth has clean gone from

Cannan, and has fixed her residence for a time, strange to say, at Babylon. Her head-quarters were with Daniel and his companions, and nobly they entertained her: but she found time to pay visits to Nebuchadnezzar and Darius, and taught them some very strange lessons, which are presented for our study. But what note of gladness is that which I hear? "The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Those who wept at Babylon's streams are returned again to the city they so longed to see; truth returned with them, and abode with Ezra, Nehemiah, Zerubbabel, Zechariah, and Malachi. Soon after the last mentioned prophet was dead, truth began to travel again.

Ages rolled on, and truth found the times grow worse; but at length one appeared who opened a sinless bosom for her to dwell in, who employed all his mighty eloquence to plead her cause, and who wrought stupendous miracles in her favour. But even he was cruelly driven about, because he would be the friend of truth and utter all her oracles without reserve. Still he never deserted her, but when arraigned before a human tribunal, which had the power of life and death, he still clave to truth, and declared that he was "born for the purpose of bearing witness to the truth." He died a martyr to his determination, but he rose again to be the herald of truth. He can never die again, and while he lives truth will never want a friend, and an infinite one. Now behold a glorious sight! It is Jesus standing on Olivet with his chosen friends, the friends of truth; he is giving them their commission to tell the truth, the saving truth of life, through his name, to every creature. He then ascends to the throne of the universe, from whence he pours down the Spirit of truth; and lo! "the day of salvation," "the acceptable time," is come.

Now truth travels as on the lightning's wing, and wields the power of the thunderbolt. She was found at Rome, Ephesus, Corinth, and many other places, nor stayed her course till she landed on the isle of Britain, then considered as "out of the world." Satan beheld her triumphs with dismay: he raged and stormed; he stirred up his servants to persecute and destroy; but the enemies of truth, like Herod, were "eaten up of worms, while the word of God grew and was multiplied." Upon this the arch enemy said: "This will not do, something more must be done. Truth must be stopped at any rate. Kill her I cannot, that is clearly impossible. I will employ some of her professed friends to catch her and confine her." So they built up a system of princely splendour and gorgeous rites, adorned it, perfumed it, and filled it with sweetest melody, and requested truth to come and dwell there; but she soon broke out, and said, "I cannot live nor breathe in such a place; I shall go and live in the mountains of Piedmont; among the Waldenses; in Ireland; in the little isle of Iona; on the Welsh hills, or anywhere away from this din, smoke, and splendour." However, they would not let truth alone, even in these distant regions, but hunted her down, and boasted that they had killed her. But this was not the case. One very dark morning she called at a monk's cell in Wittenburg, and putting a book into his hand, whispered, "*read it.*" He began to read it, and could never rest until he had found truth, and then he could never rest from labouring to introduce her to others. He called her his sister and his friend, he delighted to be her true-hearted knight, dared and challenged all Rome and hell on her behalf. Many joined the intrepid man, and went forth with him with trumpet in hand, and blew such a blast as woke up nations from their torpid slumbers of ages, and made the pope and Satan tremble. But at last the people were ungrateful, and Rome regained her power. They put truth into creeds, prayer-books, and confessions, but kept her out of the pulpit and out of the heart: then the pall of darkness was gradually drawn over the nations, beneath which execrable deeds were done.

About a hundred years ago truth visited Oxford, and called upon some young men residing there. The almighty Friend of truth opened their hearts to receive her; they soon took her into their pulpits; and when these were closed, Whitfield, Wesley, and others took her into the open air, and, like their Master, proclaimed salvation to listening multitudes under heaven's grand canopy. Soon many believed and turned to the Lord; and now truth became ambitious, and said to her friends, "*Look at your commission,* read it attentively: are not the words '*all nations*' and '*every creature*' in it? This is a day of good tidings, and if we hold our peace some mischief will befal us. I want to go to China, to the South Sea Islands, to Jamaica, to New Zealand, to Australia; you must send me, and mind I mean to travel respectably, with plenty of Bibles, books, and tracts, with printing presses, tools, etc." The friends of truth began to be very busy, labouring to fulfil her wishes, and lo! the thing was done! Truth looked on approvingly, and then said: "Though I am going to travel much abroad, I still purpose being busy at home, and to travel about there more than ever. I must travel to the young, build Sunday school-rooms; to the poor, let home missions and city missions be established; to the working classes, let various institutions and mutual improvement societies be established on Christian principles." These two things have been done—not all done that is required, nor has all been done quite well, but something has

been attempted, and God has not withheld his blessing.

This brief survey which has been taken of the travels of truth teaches us some important lessons.

1. *Truth never stays long in any place where she is not well treated.* Look at Jerusalem, Corinth, Ephesus, Sardis: comparing them with their former condition, how great the difference! Inquire the reason. Truth was despised, neglected, or banished, and when she left ruin entered. Let Britain and her colonies look upon these historic facts, and learn wisdom. Let them be watchful against those sappers and miners of Satan, who would fain undermine and destroy all that is dear to us. Let them sacredly guard their liberties, civil and religious, and learn that both are dependent on the truth of God abiding among us. If truth should depart, every thing dear to us would soon follow.

2. Truth considers that nothing is really done unless the heart is won for God. Man's heart is the home and palace which truth requires. We must know the truth in order to be made free by it; we must embrace it, in order to obtain the blessing which it proclaims. Those only "who receive the truth in the love of it" will be preserved from soul-ruining delusions, and made wise unto salvation. Truth in the head is like ore in the mine: truth brought home to the heart is like gold melted and stamped with the image of the sovereign. Thus that which is precious becomes profitable.

3. *All who have received the truth should spread it.* Some are ready to say, truth wants so many things done that she is an expensive friend. This is a libel. Sin is expensive, drunkenness is expensive, worldly pleasures are expensive. Truth requires from you a portion of your money, time, and energy; but she will save you much, give you much, teach you many things, and ensure you an eternity of good. And ought you not to do much for the truth? Love the truth, live for it, labour for it, and, if need be, die for it, and you and the truth shall dwell together eternally. But those who refuse to admit truth now, who banish her from their circle and thoughts, should recollect that truth will dwell with them eternally: "Hell will be truth seen too late."

In conclusion, all the travels of truth will be rehearsed before the judgment throne, and read over through eternity. Not one visit she ever paid, or one call which she ever made, will be forgotten; not one word she ever uttered will be lost. Millions of incidents not hinted at in this slight sketch will then come out: all her knocks at the door of every sinner's conscience will then be heard again, and to those who despised them their echoes will be prolonged for ever and ever. "Oh! earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord!" "He that hath an ear, let him hear." "Let us give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip."

MY OLD MOTHER;

OR, CONSCIENCE IN TRADE.

A YOUNG man, who at that time was almost an entire stranger to me, once called upon me at a late hour in the evening, and, after some general conversation, said that he wished to talk with me in reference to a matter which had troubled him for some time. He came *to me*, as he said, because a few days before he had heard a member of a neighbouring church railing against me, and among other things, saying that I was stern and severe enough for a slave driver. "So," said he, "I thought you would tell me the truth right out."

He was a junior clerk in a dry goods warehouse—a salesman. He had been in that situation for some months. He went into it a raw hand. His employer had taken some pains to instruct him in his duties, and had otherwise treated him in a very kind manner. But he was expected and indeed required to do some things which he "did not know to be quite right." He stated these things to me with minuteness and entire simplicity. He had been taught by his employer to do them, as a part of the "necessary skill to be exercised in selling goods," without which "no man could be a good salesman, or be fit for a merchant."

For example, he must learn to judge by the appearance of any woman who entered the shop, by her dress, her manner, her look, the tone of her voice, whether she had much knowledge of the commodity she wished to purchase; and if she had not, he must put the price higher, as high as he thought she could be induced to pay. If there was any objection to the price of an article, he must say, "we have never sold it any cheaper," or, "we paid that for it, madam, at wholesale," or, "you cannot buy that quality of goods any lower in the city." With one class of customers he must *always* begin by asking a half or a third more than the regular price, because, probably, through the ignorance of the customer he could get it; and if he could not, then he must put it at a lower price, but still above its value, at the same time saying, "that is just what we gave for it," or, "that is the very lowest at which we can put it to you," or, "we would not offer it to anybody else so low as that, but we wish to get your custom." In short, a very large portion of the service expected of him was just of this sort.

Whenever he hesitated to practice in this manner behind the counter, his employer (ordinarily present) was sure to notice it, and sure to be dissatisfied with him.

He had repeatedly mentioned to his employer his "doubts" whether this "was just right," and "got laughed at." He was told, "everybody does it," "you can't be a merchant without it," "all is fair in trade," "you are too green."

"I know I am green," said the young man to me, in a melancholy tone. "I was brought up in an obscure place in the country, and don't know much about the ways of the world. My mother is a poor woman, a widow woman, who was not able to give me much education; but I don't believe *she* would think it right for me to do such things."

"And do *you* think it right?" said I.

"No—I don't know—perhaps it may be. Mr. H. (his employer) says there is no *sin* in it, and he is a member of a church; but I believe it would make my old mother feel very sad if she knew I was doing such things every day."

"I venture to say that your mother has got not only more religion, but more common sense than a thousand *like him*. He may be a member of a church; the church always has some unworthy members in it, I suppose; but he is not a man fit to direct you. Take your mother's way and refuse his."

"I shall lose my place," says he.

"Then lose your place; don't hesitate a moment."

"I engaged for a year, and my year is not out."

"No matter; you are ready to fulfil your engagement. But what *was* your engagement? Did you engage to deceive, to cheat and lie?"

"Oh, not at all."

"Then certainly you need have no hesitation, through fear of forfeiting your place. If he sends you away because you will not do such things for him, then you will know him to be a very bad man, from whom you may well be glad to be separated."

"He says he will have his business done in the manner *he* chooses."

"Very well; you have no objection to *that;* let him do his business in the way he chooses: but he has no right to make you use *your tongue* in the way he chooses; and if he complains of you, because you do not choose to lie for him every hour in the day, just tell him that you have not hired out your conscience to him, and you will not be guilty of committing any crimes for him. Ask him, if he expects you to *steal* for him, if he should happen to want you to do it."

"When I told him I thought such things wrong, he said, 'that is *my* look out.'"

"Tell him it is *your* look out, whether you please God, or offend him—whether you do right or wrong—whether you serve the God of truth, or the father of lies."

"If I should say that, he would tell me to be off."

"Very well; *be* off then."

"I have no place to go to; and he knows it."

"No matter; go anywhere—do anything—dig potatoes—black boots—sweep the streets for a living, sooner than yield for one hour to such temptation."

"He says, 'everybody does so,' and 'no man can ever get along in the way of trade without it.'"

"About everybody's doing so, I know better. That is *not true*. Some men are honest and truthful in trade. A man may be honest behind the counter, as easily as in the pulpit. But if a man can't be a merchant without these things, then he can't be a merchant and get to heaven; and the sooner you quit that business the better.

"And in respect to his declaration, that 'no man can get along in the way of trade without such practices,' it is false, utterly false! And I wish you to take notice of men now when you are young, as extensively as you can, and see how they turn out. You will not have to notice long, before you will be convinced of the truth of that homely old maxim, 'honesty is the best policy.' You will soon see that such men as he are the very men *not* to 'get along.' *He* will not 'get along' well a great while, if he does not alter his course."

"Oh, he is a keen fellow," said the young man, smiling.

"So is old Satan a keen fellow; but he is the greatest fool in the universe. His keenness has just ruined him. And your employer's keenness will turn out no better. He may, indeed, probably prosper *here*. Such men sometimes do. But the Bible has described him—'they that will be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition.' He 'will be rich;' that is what he wants; his 'will is all that way. And he has fallen into the 'temptation' to lie, in order to get rich. And this is a 'snare' to him; it is a trap, and he is caught in it; and if he does not repent and get out of it, he will be 'drowned in destruction and perdition.'

"But I was going to speak of his worldly prosperity. I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet. I do not believe that God will work any miracles in his case. But I *do* believe *that man will fail!* Mark him well; and remember what I say, if you live to notice him ten or twenty years hence. In my opinion, you will see him a poor man, and probably a despised man."

"What makes you *think so?*" said he, with great astonishment.

"Because he is not honest, does not regard the truth. His lying will soon defeat its own purposes. His customers, one after another, and especially the best of them, will find him out, and they will forsake him, because they cannot trust his word. He will lose more than he will gain by all the falsehoods he utters. I know a dozen men in this city, some of them merchants, some butchers, some grocers, some tailors, whom I always avoid, and always will. If I *know* a man has lied to me once, in the way of his business, that ends all my dealings with him; I never go near him afterwards.* Such is my practice; and I tell my wife so, and my children so. And sometimes, yea often, I tell them the *names of the men.* If any of my friends ask me about these men, I tell them the truth, and put them upon their guard. And thus their custom is diminished, because their character becomes known. This is one reason why I think Mr. H—— will not prosper.

"But whatever the mode may be, his reverses will come: mark my words, they will come. God will make them come."

With great depression, he replied: "I don't know what I *could do*, if I should lose my place: I don't get but a little more than enough to pay my board; my mother gives me my clothes, and if I lose my situation I could not pay my board for a month."

"Then," said I, "if you get so little, you will not lose much by quitting. I do not pretend to know much about it; but in my opinion, Mr. H—— *wrongs* you, does you a positive *injustice*, and a *cruel* one, by giving you so little. And if you quit, and cannot pay your board till you get something to do, tell *me*—I will see to that." (He never had occasion to tell me.)

"If I quit that place so soon," said the young man, "it will make my old mother feel sad; she will think that I am getting unsteady, or something else is the matter with me. She will be afraid that I am going to ruin."

"*Not a bit of it,*" said I. "*Tell* her just the truth, and you will fill her old heart with *joy*: she will thank God she has got such a son, and she will send up into heaven another prayer for you, which I would rather have than all the gold of Ophir."

The young man's eyes filled with tears, and I let him sit in silence for some time. At length he said to me:—

"I don't think that I can stay there; but I don't know what to do, or where to look."

"Look to *God* first, and *trust* him. Do you think he will let you *suffer*, because out of regard to his commandments you have lost your place? Never. Such is not his way. Ask *him* to guide you."

"I am pretty much a stranger here," said he, with a very dejected look; "I know but few people, and I don't know where I could get anything to do."

"For that very reason ask God to guide you. Are you accustomed to pray."

"Yes, I have been at times, lately. Some months ago I began to try to seek the Lord, after I heard a sermon on that subject; and ever since that time, off and on, I have been trying. But I didn't know what to do in my situation."

"Will you answer me one question, as truly and fully as you are able?"

"Yes, sir, if I think it is *right* for me to answer it."

"The question is, has not your seriousness, and has not your trying to seek God, sometimes been diminished, *just when* you have had the most temptation in the store, leading you to do what you thought wrong, even if you did it for another?"

He sat in silence, apparently pondering the question for a few moments, and then replied:—

"Yes, I believe it has."

"'Quench not the Spirit,' then," said I. I then entered into particular conversation with him about his religious feelings, and found that his convictions of sin and his desires for salvation had rendered him for some weeks particularly reluctant to continue in an employment where he felt obliged to practise so much deception. And I thought I could discover no little evidence in the history he gave me of his religious impressions, that the way of his daily business had been hostile to his attempts to come to repentance. And after I had plainly pointed out to him the demands of the gospel, and explained, as well as I could, the free offers of its grace and salvation, to all which he listened with intense attention and solemnity, he asked:—

"What would you advise me to do about my *business?*"

"Just this: go back to your shop, and do all your duties most faithfully and punctually, without lying. If your employer finds fault with you, explain to him, mildly and respectfully, that you are willing to do all that is right according to the law of God; but that you cannot consent to lie for anybody. If he is not a fool, he will like you the better for it, and prize you the more; for he will at once see that he has got one clerk on whose veracity he can depend. But if the man is as silly as he is unconscientious, he will probably dismiss you before long. After that, you can look about you, and see what you can do. And, rely upon it, God will open a

* In such a case, as a preliminary step, the party himself should be first remonstrated with.

way for you somewhere. But first and most of all, repent and believe in Jesus Christ."

The young man left me, promising soon to see me again. He did see me. He was led to seek the Lord. He became a decided Christian. He united with the church. But he did not remain long in that shop. His mode did not please his employer.

However, he soon found another place. He established a character for integrity and promptness, and entered afterwards into business for himself. He prospered. He prospers still. It is now thirteen years since he came to me at that late hour in the evening and he is now a man of extensive property, of high respectability, has a family, and is contented and happy. I often hear of him, as an active and useful member of a church not far distant. I sometimes meet with him. He is still accustomed to open all his heart to me; and it is very pleasant for me to notice his engagedness in religion, his respectability and happiness.

His employer became bankrupt about seven years after he left him, and almost as much bankrupt in character as in fortune. He still lives, I believe, but in poverty, scarcely sustaining himself by his daily toil.

I attribute this young man's integrity, conversion, and salvation to his "old mother," as he always fondly called her. But for the lessons which she instilled into his mind, and the hold which she got upon his conscience, before he was fifteen, I do not believe I should ever have seen him. In my first interview with him, it was evident that the thought of his mother touched him more tenderly than anything else; and to this day I scarcely ever meet him, and speak with him of personal religion, but some mention is made of his "old mother."*

THE CHRISTIAN DEATH OF FREDERIC WILLIAM THE GREAT,

ELECTOR OF BRANDENBURG.

STEADFASTNESS and piety exhibited in the hour of death are surely as worthy of notice and admiration as the heroic deeds by which the warrior is distinguished on the battle-field. As the elector Frederick William left this world with the sentiments of a Christian hero, it is worth while to exhibit his death as a pattern for others, and to describe the circumstances attending it. Of him, we believe, it is recorded, that when offered the crown of Poland on condition that he should renounce the Protestant faith, he replied: "God forbid that I should deny my Saviour, give up the free word of God, and bow my head to the yoke of the pope. I would not accept the crown of the mightiest empire at such a price."

On the 27th of April, 1688, he rose, after passing the night in constant pain and restlessness, without closing his eyes. He was dressed, and commanded that the council of state, which always met on Fridays, should assemble; and the ministers not appearing promptly, he sent once or twice to hasten them. The company being assembled and seated, they heard him with admiration give a solemn charge to his son, the electoral prince, relative to the future management of the state. He next turned to his ministers of state, thanked them for their faithful services to himself, and begged them to continue the same to his son and successor.

When the council had retired, he was carried to his apartment, and sent for his son. He now admonished him again to follow the counsels of parental love, and he would enjoy the Divine blessing. The prince knelt down, and the elector blessed him with much composure and the most sublime and touching expressions. In the afternoon he attended to the final arrangements of his house, and did it very quietly, that the electress might not be conscious of the decrease of his strength. He rewarded with the greatest liberality those who had served him. He then, with much steadfastness, told the electress, his wife, that he had lived long enough, and that God had overwhelmed him with benefits. He was ready, he said, to leave this earthly tenement, as soon as God saw fit to end his course. He next summoned his chaplains, John Berguis and Christian Rochins, and on their approaching him, exclaimed, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of joy, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day." On the chaplains observing that happy was he who could say at the end of his life with king Hezekiah, "Remember, Lord, how I have walked before thee in truth and with a perfect heart, and have done thy pleasure"—the elector answered that he knew how great human depravity was, and acknowledged himself guilty of many sins, which, however, were all destroyed and washed away by the blood of Jesus Christ, upon whose merits he laid all his hopes.

As often as the chaplains commenced a passage of Scripture suitable for his support, he concluded it, and added all that he could appropriate to strengthen his faith. After much holy conversation the chaplains knelt and prayed. Intelligence being brought to the elector that his remaining children, with the Princess Charlotte Sophia, his son's consort, had arrived

* From Dr. Spencer's (of America) Pastor's Sketches. An edition of this useful work, with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. J. Angell James, has just been published by Messrs. Hamilton & Co., London.

from Berlin, he sent for them to his room, and admonished them to keep God before their eyes, to walk before him with sincere hearts, and to remain in the true faith to the end. After they had knelt and kissed his hand, he blessed them in such an affecting manner that all the by-standers shed tears. The following night he passed sleeplessly; still he concealed as much as possible the extent of his pain, that he might not distress the electress, who never left him an instant. As she had followed him in all his journeys and campaigns, she wished to prove her tender affection till the end of his life.

At daybreak, when his chaplains came to him at his summons, he commenced the conversation with the following words from the Psalms, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." He then testified that he remained in the faith in which he had lived, and that he had experienced the workings of the Holy Spirit in his heart; after this he fainted, but on recovering sent for his children that he might bless them a second time. As they left him, he called with a loud voice to the widowed consort of his son Louis, and addressed her thus: "You know, my daughter, that your father commanded you in his last hours to remain in the Protestant faith, and that out of paternal love I give you especial exhortations to the same effect. If you turn your eyes away from the last command of your father and my exhortations, the curse will not be far from you and your house. I set a blessing and a curse before you: tell me which you will choose." The princess answered that she would obey the will of her father. "Then," added he, "God's blessing will rest upon you."

In the afternoon he fell into such a fainting-fit that it was long before he recovered consciousness; he then commenced again to speak of heavenly things. He was distressed at the sufferings of the reformed party, who were persecuted on account of the gospel, and he wished earnestly that the evangelical party would exercise tolerance towards each other. He at the same time commended to his son, with extreme tenderness, the refugees who had repaired to his states on account of religion. Hereupon he slept, and on awaking soon after, replied to the inquiry if the sleep had somewhat refreshed him—"Christ is mine and I am his." Before his bed hung a picture, in which, amongst other things, Time with an hour-glass was represented. The elector regarded it for a time with a fixed countenance, and when the electress asked him what he was looking at, he replied, "The hour-glass is running out." He passed the night in holy reflections, and raised his heart in communion with God till the appointed day dawned on which he should leave this world. At daybreak he prayed aloud earnestly, commended his whole house to Divine grace, and begged for a peaceful dismission, for he much feared that his pains would increase when he lay in the article of death. He was told that this day was called by the ancients "misericordias Domini," the compassions of the Lord; and that God would surely let him experience the workings of his mercy in his present need, and fill his soul with Divine strength.

His children were summoned for the last time before him, and as he saw them standing round his bed with weeping eyes, they brought to his remembrance the patriarch Jacob blessing his children. He was conscious that some one was reading a letter, and on asking what it was, was told that it was from his youngest son, who being obliged to remain in Berlin on account of illness, begged his electoral highness to grant him his blessing. As the elector had not strength enough to pronounce it, he requested one of the chaplains present to do it in his name. His request was fulfilled also with regard to the Princess Maria Amelia, Duchess of Mecklenburg, who was absent, and the elector confirmed the blessing with an 'amen.' The electress asked if he had no blessing for her, and he replied, "The Lord bless you eternally."

After speaking these words, his strength began gradually to decline, and as his soul was on the point of leaving the tabernacle of his body, he called out, "Come, Lord Jesus, come, oh Lord Jesus, come; I am ready to leave this world;" and then added, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that at the last day I shall rise again." In the morning, towards nine o'clock, he bowed his head, closed his eyes, and departed peacefully and happily.

So died this great elector, after living sixty-eight years, two months, and twenty-three days. A death-bed reduces all human inequalities to their true level. Happy they who in such an hour have the testimony of a good conscience that they have in the day of health cleaved to the Saviour, held communion with him, and laid out their strength in his service.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

127. What case in the New Testament would you point out as a parallel to the importunity of Jacob when he said, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me?"

128. Prove from Scripture that it is the Christian's duty to abstain from lawful things, when the indulgence in them might give offence to a weak believer. In what noble language did St. Paul express his determination thus to act?

129. Prove from the Gospel and Epistles of St. John that the benefits of the death of Christ were not to be limited to the Jewish nation.

Page for the Young.

THE STOLEN PENNY.

Little Harry's father was a poor man, and it was rare that a penny found its way into Harry's pocket, except on Sunday, when his father would give one of his children a penny to put into the missionary-box. Harry often saw other little boys spending pennies for candies and marbles; but it was a hard matter for his father to scrape together pennies enough to buy bread and clothing, and he could not afford to give him pennies to spend for candy or toys.

One sabbath, not long since, as Harry was about starting off for Sunday-school, his father called to him and said, "Here, Harry, is a penny for you to put into the missionary-box." It was a new, bright penny, and it looked very beautiful to Harry as he took it into his hand; and the thought came into his head, "I wish it was mine to keep." Now, what was Harry to do when this wicked thought came into his mind? Why, he should have driven it right out again, and determined that he *would not* wish for the penny; and he should have asked God to assist him to do what was right. Satan was tempting him then by putting wicked thoughts into his heart; and when Harry, instead of saying, as our blessed Saviour did, "Get thee behind me, Satan," listened to him, and began to wish over and over again to keep the penny, then he began to "enter into temptation."

As Harry ran on to Sunday-school, he kept taking the bright penny out of his pocket, and looking at it; and every time he wished more and more that he could keep it. While he was in Sunday-school, he thought about the penny in his pocket, and kept wondering how many marbles it would buy. After the lessons were recited, his teacher said, "Harry, you may collect the pennies to-day." Harry took his hat and went around the class. After the other pennies were put in, he dropped in his own and sat down. His teacher had gone to the library, and the other boys were looking at their little Sunday papers, and, in the course of a very few minutes, Harry and his conscience had quite a conversation together.

"I have a great mind to take my bright penny out of my hat again," said Harry.

"But that will be very wicked," whispered his conscience.

"It is *mine*, any how," said Harry.

"No, no," whispered conscience, "it is *not* yours, Harry; your father gave it to you to put into the missionary-box."

"It will buy eight marbles," said Harry.

"It will help to buy Bibles and tracts to send to the heathen," answered conscience.

"But I do want it very much, and no one will know it."

"Yes, God will know it," said conscience.

But Harry would not listen to what his conscience said to him, and just as his teacher was turning to come back to the class, Harry caught up the bright penny and put it in his pocket. Then his conscience *would* make itself heard: it cried out, "You wicked boy, you are a thief; you are a thief, Harry;" and Harry's cheeks burned like fire.

Poor little Harry went to church, and went home with the rest of the family; but oh! how unhappy he was all day: that penny in the little side pocket of his coat seemed to press like lead on his heart; he felt it all the time; he did not think a penny could feel so heavy. When his mother and brother and sisters sung sweet hymns together, he could not join with them, for there was a lump in his throat, which felt as if the penny itself was sticking there. In the evening, their mother began to question them, and talk to them as usual, and to speak of the love of the Saviour in dying for us, and how deeply offensive against God was even the smallest sin. Harry left his seat, and came round and stood by his mother, and laid his hand on her shoulder. As she went on talking, she heard a sob, and looking round, she saw that Harry was crying as if his little heart would break.

"What is the matter, Harry?" she asked; but Harry only threw himself down on the floor, and laid his head in his mother's lap, and cried more bitterly.

"Are you ill, my son?" asked his mother.

"No, mamma."

"What is the trouble, then?" But Harry made no answer, except by tears.

When the time came for them to go to bed, Harry went up with the rest, a wretched unhappy little boy. His brothers were soon asleep; but Harry tossed about on his pillow, and could not sleep or rest; the lump in his throat seemed as if it would choke him; a great many times, he was on the point of calling to his mother, and confessing the whole. After a time, he heard his father and mother locking the doors.

"Now," said he, "they are going to bed, and if I do not tell mother now, I shall not sleep any to-night."

So he sat up in his bed, and in a husky voice called, "Mother."

"What, my son?" she answered, pleasantly.

"Will you come up here one moment, mother?"

His mother came immediately; he asked her for a drink of water; she gave it to him, and said:—

"Is that all you want, Harry?"

"No, mamma," said Harry; "I cannot sleep till I tell you what a wicked thing I did to-day." He then told his mother the story of his temptation and his sin. She sat down beside him, and talked to him for a long time, and then told him to get up and kneel down by her, and confess his sin to God; "for though God knows it all," said she, "he requires of us to confess our sins to Him."

Harry knelt by his mother, and, in broken sentences, mingled with many tears, confessed his sin. After he had lain down in bed again, he said:—

"Tell me this, mamma; will you always be afraid to trust me after this?"

"No, my boy, I shall not be afraid to trust you, for I think you have had a lesson to-day which you will never forget: but you must not forget to pray daily that God will keep you from 'entering into temptation.' Good night, my boy;" and his mother kissed him, and went into another room to pray for him. In a few minutes she returned, and looked at Harry; he was lying with his cheek resting on his hand; the tears were yet glistening on his eyelashes, but the troubled look had passed away from his face, and he was in a sweet and happy sleep.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE ENTRANCE OF MY WORDS GIVE LIGHT IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

PART XVIII.

"THE kingdom of heaven," my great Master once said, "is like a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field; which, indeed, is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown, is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof." And thus had "the good seed of the kingdom" obtained entrance to the heart of my owner, though he knew it not.

I had been many months in his possession, and had passed through the scenes already described, and made the observations I have recorded, when a great and indeed a radical change might have been observed in the merchant. For one thing, he had evidently overcome the fearfulness and suspicion with which he had received my communications, since I had assured him that it had been accounted an "honourable" proceeding in the days of the apostles—which even his church looked upon as days of unexceptionable prosperity—when the teachings of the accredited messengers of the church were tested by a comparison with the written word of God. I had also quoted a command of my

No. 61.—PUBLISHED JUNE 28, 1855. PRICE ONE PENNY.

Master to the same effect, namely, "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." In addition to these forcible arguments, I had told him, in the words of an apostle whose claim to respect and reverence my owner acknowledged, that I was reckoned, on the highest authority, to be "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for instruction;" and that, in fact, I was able to make him "wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

The merchant had been greatly staggered by these accumulated proofs of my high commission and embassy, not only to the learned and initiated, but also to the ignorant; and for the first time he had begun to question the right of that dictum of his church which declares that—"If the Holy Bible, translated into the vulgar tongue, be allowed to every one, the boldness of men will cause more evil than good to arise from it." Nay, he had begun, from that time, to suspect that the extreme jealousy of the priests of his creed, respecting this very thing, might arise from a fear that their craft would by this means be endangered—that, in fact, they dreaded to have their pretensions and claims brought to the light, lest their deeds should be reproved. And my owner was still further confirmed in this opinion, when, on further acquaintance with me, I informed him that when he to whom all that I say bears witness, was in the world, it was "the common people" who "heard him gladly," while priests and learned men in general passed him by in contempt; and, moreover, that he himself had declared that to the poor the gospel was preached.

For, thought the merchant to himself, in self-communing, is it likely that the All-wise and Merciful would have *spoken* in language which commanded the attention and convinced the understanding of the illiterate; and yet have transmitted to posterity the same imperishable truths which he taught, in language so mystical and obscure as to need perpetually the aid of human interpreters?

In this manner had the merchant's confidence in the correctness of his professed creed been shaken; and without further scruples, though still in much secrecy, he gave himself up to unrestrained and constant intercourse with me.

And this change had gradually led to another, as by a natural connexion of cause and effect. Diligently and intelligently as he inquired of me, nothing could he learn respecting any authorized advocacy before the throne of the Eternal, save that of him who "ever lives to make intercession," and who "is able to save to the uttermost, all that come unto God by him." On the contrary, I assured him in emphatic terms that, as there is but one God, so is there but "one mediator between God and man—the man Christ Jesus." And I repeated to him the words of the Mediator himself, wherein he said—"I AM THE WAY: no man cometh unto the Father but by ME:" and again, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in MY NAME, he will give it you."

It was not difficult to perceive that these plain but important statements produced a sore struggle in the mind of my owner; nor need my readers wonder at this, when they are informed that he had heretofore been buoyed up with the assurances of his false teachers that a numberless host of intercessors were ever ready to hear the prayers of their votaries, and were well able to procure for them, from the treasury of heaven, every blessing they needed, including, especially, the pardon of sin and deliverance from everlasting ruin.

But no sooner was the fact fully established in the now aroused soul of the merchant, that "there is none other name given among men whereby they can be saved" besides the name of Jesus, and he became partly cognizant of the dire consequences of giving his glory to others, than he at once discarded the fabled advocacy of saints and angels, and even discontinued the worship which he had been taught devoutly to pay to her whom he had been accustomed profanely to call "the mother of God." He did not indeed remove the painting, to which I have more than once referred, from its position; but he knelt no more before it; and his prayers were thereafter addressed alone to him who "heareth prayer," through his mediation who is revealed to man as "a High Priest, set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens;" and who is "a minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man."

And let me say that this change in my owner was accompanied by, yea, that it sprung from, an ever increasing conviction which my words had produced in his soul, that he had no righteousness nor merits of his own to offer to a just and holy God, in compensation for the misdeeds he had committed. And herein, again, did my strong and distinct enunciations run counter to the teachings of his church, by which he had been led to suppose that sinners like himself may, by extraordinary sanctity, and painful bodily sufferings, and many and long prayers, pilgrimages, and other acts of devotion, not only "offer to God an equivalent for the punishment which was due to the Divine justice," and so earn pardon for themselves, and be accounted just before God; but can so overbalance the account in their own favour as to have large rewards of merit to spare, to bestow on others less righteous than themselves.

Against this most false and dangerous, fanciful

and fond imagination I protested, and had on several occasions opportunities of correcting the error into which my misguided owner had been led by designing men. Thus, I informed him of those who, in the early history of what I am directed to call "the new dispensation," had, by false teachers, been led into a somewhat similar error; and of the stern denunciations, and warnings, and affectionate appeals, which were thereupon addressed to them by their divinely accredited instructor: one, indeed, who was able to certify them that the gospel he preached to them was not according to man, for he neither received it of man, nor was otherwise taught it, but by the direct revelation of Jesus Christ.

"As many as are of the works of the law"—it was in these words, I said, that he addressed these misguided ones—"as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse; for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law, to do them. But that no man is justified by the law, in the sight of God, it is evident; for, The just shall live by faith."

And again: "Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law; for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified."

And once more: "Behold, I Paul say unto you, that if ye be circumcised" (as a sign of dependence on good works for justification in God's sight), "Christ shall profit you nothing. Christ is become of no effect unto you, whosoever of you are justified by the law: ye are fallen from grace. For we, through the Spirit, wait for the hope of righteousness by faith."

It was plain that this, and much more that I adduced to the same effect, produced a strange revulsion in the mind of my owner; and these impressions were deepened by the words of my Divine Master himself, which, in one of our many interviews, I quoted, as follows: "Which of you, having a servant plowing, or feeding cattle, will say unto him by and by, when he is come from the field, Go, and sit down to meat? And will not rather say unto him, Make ready wherewith I may sup, and gird thyself, and serve me, till I have eaten and drunken; and afterwards thou shalt eat and drink? Doth he thank that servant because he did the things that were commanded him? I trow not. So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all these things that were commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done [only] that which was our duty to do."

It may be that these representations would have wrought discouragement and distress in my owner's mind, if they had not been accompanied by the cheering assurances which I am empowered to give to all who are in earnest when they ask, "What must I do to be saved?" such assurances, I mean, as these—"Repent and believe the gospel." "God commendeth his love towards us, that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." "The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all." "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." "What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." "Be it known unto you that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sin; and by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which you could not be justified by the law of Moses." "This is the record, that he hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." It was wonderful with what avidity the merchant, now convinced of sin and of helplessness, received these and kindred declarations of mine; and how, at length, with a soul humbled and debased, yet exalted and refined from former corruptions and errors, he cried out in some such language as this: "O, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor? Or who hath given to him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For, of him, and through him, and to him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

It may be readily supposed that in proportion to the light which was received into his soul was the increase of my owner's dissatisfaction with the forms and dogmas and pretensions of that church which presumptuously claims to be the only true one, and to have the power of binding and loosing in earth and in heaven; and to which his assent and obedience had heretofore been yielded. It is true, a faint glimmering of the light of divine truth, here and there, dimly escaped through the chinks and crannies of its mysteries; but so obscured was it with man's inventions and devices, that it served only to show the profound gloom of superstition and "will-worship" the more dismally, and so as to render applicable to its misguided votaries in general the solemn appeal: "If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness!" And more and more, as the simple grandeur and grand simplicity of God's way of saving sinners from the wrath which is to come broke in upon

his now disenchanted understanding, so did he more and more perceive that the teaching to which he had formerly listened was the "instruction which causeth to err;" and that the guides in whom he had trusted were such as those of whom my Divine Master had said, "They be blind leaders of the blind; and if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch."

Nay, more: the soul of my owner was ere long filled with unutterable dread; for as he became more intimately acquainted with me, he perceived in this idolatrous and arrogant system of Christianity, falsely so called, the marks of that Antichrist against whose seductions I am commissioned to warn all who seek my counsel, and who "opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing that he is God; even him whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of righteousness in them that perish;" but "whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming."

Then did my owner remember that I had, on some former occasion, reported to him injunctions which seemed now to apply with great force to himself; as, for instance: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? For ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

From this did my deeply-concerned owner conclude that if, by Divine grace, he had received the word of truth, and longed, as he did above everything else, to have his adoption secured into the great and holy family of God; and that Christ might dwell in his heart by faith, that, being rooted and grounded in love, he might "be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth and length, and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, and be filled with all the fulness of God"—I say, my owner perceived no other way in which he could prove himself in earnest in these soul aspirations than by separating himself from the corrupt community of which he was still supposed to form a part.

And when, further, I revealed to him the ultimate destination and doom of that false system, in the prophetic words of a voice from heaven, and repeated the warning, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues; for her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities"—he seemed as one bewildered and confounded; while still the voice continued resounding in his soul the terrific warning, like that which aroused an ancient patriarch from his false dream of security: "Escape for thy life: look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain: escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed!"

For a long season did the merchant remain in a state of painful uncertainty and distress: during this time his waking and his sleeping hours were occupied with thoughts of how he should escape from the trammels which both galled and terrified him. Too well he knew that an open renunciation of his former creed would bring upon him much worldly inconvenience and loss: nay, more—indignity, malice, and hatred. And "the fear of man" had not yet relinquished possession of his mind.

For days—yea, for weeks—did he seclude himself from the world, and as far as might be from his worldly engagements, and shut himself up alone in his apartment, making me only the companion of his solitude. But the words of mine which then fell more forcibly than all beside on his heart, were words of solemn warning. I reminded him of the words of Him whom he now acknowledged to be not his nominal, but his real and entire master, wherein he said: "If any man come to me, and hate not his own life, he cannot be my disciple. And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple. Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." And again: "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me. For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life, for my sake, and the gospel's, the same shall save it. For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Whosoever, therefore, shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels."

These words, I repeat, and such as these, filled my owner with awe and even with consternation, while he yet did not find fortitude and courage to avow the convictions of his soul.

At length some degree of composure entered

his mind; for, as I was made aware, he resolved on adopting a middle course. I have said that the merchant had ever cherished the design to return to his native country, there to enjoy the fruits of his labours in a foreign land. This design he now determined to put into execution, and thereby to avoid the inconveniences and difficulties which pressed so heavily on his soul. In his own country he could enter upon the course of discipleship to Christ according to the simplicity of the gospel which I had revealed; for there neither danger nor obloquy would attend a profession of his adherence to the gospel of God's dear Son.

I need not detail his proceedings, nor dwell upon the alacrity with which he arranged his worldly affairs, until the greater part of his wealth was transmitted to the distant shore. A few days only remained, and then he himself was to take his departure. But on the very eve of that day sudden and mortal sickness seized upon him.

Many days passed away, and his alarmed servants shrunk from the bedside of their dying master; and then did he pour out his soul to God in fervent and earnest prayer, and in deep repentance, deploring most of all the shame and fear which had held him back from confessing his only Lord and Saviour before men. And then, too, did he find comfort in the encouragement which I am empowered to make to such as even at the eleventh hour enter into the vineyard of the Lord.

Then, in the last stages of violent disease, when flesh and heart were failing, and the dying merchant could at length say in his soul, "God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever," came the priest of whom I have heretofore told, and another of his order with him; and in vehement language did they, as I could gather from many signs and tokens, exhort him to confession, and offer to him such hopes as their church could give in exchange for gold. Long and earnestly did they speak; holding before his sight the image of the Lamb of God, whom in words they acknowledged, but in deeds denied and dishonoured; and offered to his touch, and the kisses of his parched lips, the relics of departed saints, and that which they protested to be the true wood of the cross on which the Saviour was crucified, and which, if it had been, could have had no virtue in taking away sin.

And then did the dying man raise himself painfully yet with energy on his couch, and putting from him with one hand the profane emblems of a rotten creed, he drew me from beneath his pillow, and held me up in triumph with the other, and uttered words of deep and solemn import, which caused the priests to recoil from his side with countenances full of horror. Then did they gather themselves up indignantly, and hastily depart from the chamber, after shaking off the dust of their feet, and loudly uttering the curses of their church against him whom they denounced as a heretic and a blasphemer. But, little heeding those impotent anathemas, the dying merchant laid his head gently on his pillow, and with none now to come between God and his soul, he resigned himself to death, whispering in broken petitions thoughts of faith and love, in words which I had taught him: "Lord, remember me now thou art in thy kingdom. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." And thus he died.

A few days later the body of my late owner was removed, I know not whither; and seals were affixed upon the doors of the now forsaken abode. A few weeks passed away, and then a scene of bustle and confusion ensued, in which I was suffered to remain unmolested, until at its close I was cast into a strong chest, among a strange variety of miscellaneous property, where, with the lid fast closed upon me, I remained long in silence and darkness. Then I became sensible of rough and long-continued motion; and it was easy to conjecture, from the constant rolling to which I was subjected, that I was recrossing the sea which had separated the merchant from his native home.

At length I was landed; but for many months did I remain in this state of utter seclusion from the light of day; and the adventures and experiences through which I have since passed must remain for a while untold.

WILLIAM ALLEN.

PART III.

After about four months' sojourn in St. Petersburg, William Allen and his friend Stephen Grellet set out in a sledge for Moscow, where they arrived after a journey of seven or eight days, during which they had sometimes to sleep in a wolf's skin, and were occasionally upset into holes four feet deep, which were concealed by drifted snow. He speaks of Moscow as being very irregularly built, but expresses the utmost gratification with its almshouses and other charitable establishments, and passes the highest eulogium upon the beneficence of the empress-mother, who superintended the chief of these institutions. From Moscow the friends proceeded to the Crimea, the scene to which so much of mournful and anxious interest is at present attracted. Part of its scenery he describes as beautiful. Of Sebastopol he merely records the fact of their having had an interesting conversation on religious subjects with the commandant and his brother, with whom they left

some tracts, and speaks of the place as an excellent port, and very advantageously situated on the side of a hill. How would his peace-loving spirit have been grieved and wounded could he but have foreseen the carnage which was to be enacted there. At Simpheropol, a short distance north of Sebastopol, they met with a sect entitled Malakans, or spiritual Christians, who had separated from the Greek church because they believed the Scriptures to be the only revelation of God's will to man, for which they had been imprisoned, and had suffered cruel persecution. *Though poor in circumstances, they had paid as much as thirteen pounds of our money for a single copy of the Bible!* If these truly Christian people are any of them still in that locality, it is interesting to speculate upon what may be the result to them of the present warfare in the Crimea. Liberty of conscience, an unfettered Bible, and the fulness of the blessings of the gospel of peace, have not unfrequently been introduced into regions where they were previously unknown, by warfare.

The next visit was to Odessa, where they were not deterred by the presence of the plague from visiting the public institutions, and amongst them the quarantine station. They here attended also a meeting of the committee of the Bible Society, the account of which is the more interesting from the striking features of resemblance which it brings before us between matters there and nearer home. Mr. Allen mentions, among other particulars of this meeting, that it was attended by a deputation of boys from the external school at the Lyceum, who had raised a subscription, and formed a society among themselves, having, moreover, a regularly appointed secretary and treasurer. He says: "It was truly a delightful sight, and particularly as the Abbé Nicolai, who is at the head of the institution, is opposed to the Bible cause, and will not suffer those who are in the internal school, over whom he has full control, to be members of this juvenile association, though many of the children wish for it. While we were present, however, a subscription was received, which had been forwarded by their parents expressly on their behalf." He adds: "We find that the jesuitical spirit is so strong here, that a priest in one of the neighbouring Roman Catholic colonies collected the Bibles and some books on religious subjects, which belonged to the people, and burnt them in the middle of the place."

There are, unhappily, in the sister kingdom of Ireland, parents and children most desirous of possessing and reading the word of God, but from whose schools and homes it is rigidly excluded by a priesthood not less devoted to superstition, and therefore not less opposed to the Bible, than that of Odessa. There are also not a few instances in the records of that country, and these of recent date, in which Bibles have been publicly committed to the flames by men calling themselves the ministers of Christ.

The travellers embarked at Odessa for Constantinople; thence they sailed to Smyrna, Scio, Athens, Corinth, and Zante, where Mr. Allen had a serious attack of fever; after which they proceeded to Corfu, whence Mr. Grellet set out for Italy, and Mr. Allen for Malta. With reference to his recent illness he writes: "Under a feeling of extreme bodily weakness my blessed Saviour suddenly poured in a precious stream of consolation, which subdued me much; indeed, through the whole of this deeply-trying illness the feeling of his love has been, I may say, uninterrupted."

After a short stay at Malta he proceeded to Civita Vecchia, where his vessel had to perform quarantine, during which he was busily engaged in the preparation of Italian Scripture lessons for introduction into the schools of Italy, amusing himself at the same time by learning to take lunar observations. At Rome he saw the usual sights, as also at Florence and Milan: and crossing the Alps by the pass of Mount Cenis, arrived at Genoa, where he writes that all his tender feelings were aroused in the recollection of his beloved wife. He visited and poured out his heart beside her foreign grave in earnest prayer that they might be eternally reunited; and after a brief sojourn in Paris, found himself once more, with much of thankfulness, at home.

After two years of active usefulness in various parts of England, he again visited the continent, chiefly for the purpose of meeting Alexander, the emperor of Russia, and interesting him in the cause of the Greeks, and in the abolition of slavery. He met him at Vienna, and again at Verona, where lengthened interviews, confidential communications upon personal feelings and experiences in religion, and united supplications to the throne of grace, took place between the mighty monarch and the humble chemist, the records of which leave little, if any, room for doubt that the emperor Alexander was one whose heart the Spirit of God had touched. The account of their last interview and final parting is most interesting.

"It was now between nine and ten o'clock," writes Mr. Allen, "but we seemed loth to part. When I arose, he embraced and kissed me three times, saying, 'Remember me to your family; I should like to know them. Ah! when and where shall we meet again!'" The words were prophetic; they never met again on earth. In three years after that interview Alexander died. History or biography scarce contain an instance of anything resembling this singular friendship between a despotic sovereign and a simple trades-

man. At Verona he also experienced the utmost kindness and attention from the duke of Wellington, as well as from several other distinguished persons. There was, no doubt, in the plain, straightforward, unshrinking demeanour of the man of peace, a bond of attraction and sympathy for the equally plain, straightforward character and feelings of the great captain of the age; accordingly the duke walked with him, invited him to dinner, gave him a letter of introduction to the French minister, and made much of him in every possible way. The invitation to dinner he modestly declined, stating that "when duty did not call him, he believed it was his place to remain in the shade." To which the duke replied that he believed he was right.

Having learned at Turin the sufferings and persecutions of the Waldenses, he immediately set out, with the secretary of legation, for the valleys. Thence he wrote a report of what they were enduring to the emperor of Russia, which was sent by the duke of Wellington by a special courier, and at once obtained for the poor Waldenses the privileges and immunities which they required. Baron Wylie found the emperor in tears over the document at two o'clock in the morning.

His only child, a daughter, was about this time removed from him by death, at twenty-six years of age. Of this bitter bereavement he writes: "I prayed in agony and with many tears, that this cup might pass from me; nevertheless I dared only ask it in conformity to the Divine will."

Further journeys abroad, intermingled with philanthropic and religious exertions at home, interviews with various crowned heads (even with the king and queen of Spain, upon whom he would seem to have made a favourable impression), and with eminent persons of every calling and degree, fill up the remaining history of the life of this truly great and remarkable man. As he approached his seventieth year, memory and strength began to fail, and the shadows of the evening of life came closing rapidly around him; but the evening was serene and peaceful. "I am now," he wrote, "much oftener than the returning day looking towards the end of all things here." "Oh Lord, make me and keep me thine in time and in eternity!" "Oh! how often I think of those gracious words of the Saviour, 'That they may *be with me where I am*.'"

On December the 30th, 1843, in his seventy-fourth year, this blissful expectation was realized. After an illness of about two months' duration, during which he much enjoyed the reading to him of the Scriptures, he sunk calmly and almost imperceptibly to rest.

Genuine, all-pervading piety, indomitable energy, and unbounded philanthropy, constituted the main features of his character. It is most instructive to mark what by means of these he became. The silk manufacturer's son, who had himself a narrow escape of being devoted all his days to the loom and shuttle, became the friend and counsellor of earth's greatest monarchs; the companion of statesmen and warriors; the valued confederate of men of science; the powerful and successful succourer of the distressed; and the promoter of Bible circulation and Scriptural education, both at home and abroad. Far more than this, he became the heir of a "kingdom that cannot be moved," the destined associate of "the innumerable company of angels," "the spirits of just men made perfect," and of "God the Judge of all!" Yet never did he cease to be plain, humble William Allen, daily and hourly bringing the sins and shortcomings of which he was deeply conscious, as well as the various talents and endowments of which he could not but know himself to be possessed, and laying them at the feet of his Redeemer, that the sins might be pardoned, the talents consecrated, and God be glorified in all!

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

PROVISION FOR THE POOR.

"When thou beatest thine olive tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow."—*Deut.* xxiv. 20.

We have here one of the provisions of that merciful poor-law which, under Divine inspiration, the legislator of Israel was directed to enact. The laws which were binding on the Israelites in reference to their poor brethren were very numerous, and remarkable for their humane character. Not only were they beneficial to the poor of the Hebrew nation, but their influence was to a considerable extent felt by the poor of other countries; while in fragmentary portions they are handed down even to the present day in those regions to which the Israelites were carried away captive, or into which, in various ways, the knowledge of their laws has been conveyed.

Anti-Libanus, the region inhabited by the Druses, is remarkable for its luxuriant groves of olives, and the description given of one of these scenes, in the "season of yellow fruitfulness," is remarkably beautiful and pleasing. Mr. Chasseaud, who has resided many years in the region, says: "At the present moment of gazing, the cool sea breeze is rustling mightily among the branches of the olives, scattering the dry leaves and twigs, and spreading the surface of the earth with the golden-tinged mantle of autumn: but all this is nothing to the rustling and havoc that will ensue among the branches when the harvest season for olives shall have arrived; then men and boys will be perched on

every available branch, shaking the very existence out of the trees in their endeavours to

gather in as abundant an harvest as possible; while the women and girls, with outspread mats, expanded aprons, and plentiful baskets, catch

and collect the showering olives as they fall; and finally gathering these into the baskets, assort them for the various purposes they are intended to serve: some are preserved in salt and water and the rest are converted into oil."

How gratifying is it to find that in the midst of all this plenty the poor are not forgotten, but are invited to share in the gifts dealt out by the Divine bounty. "It is a remarkable fact," says Mr. Chasseaud, "and one which proves the very ancient standing of the habits and customs of these people, that when a man has once descended from a tree, having shaken off as much fruit as his strength permitted, he will upon no consideration shake that tree again, however much fruit may have tenaciously adhered to the boughs. What is left is considered as the portion of the poor and the gleaner: in this instance the Druses, in common with all classes inhabiting Syria, act in strict accordance with the law contained in Deuteronomy: 'When thou beatest thine olive-tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow.'"

THE SHINING LIGHT.

EARTH is fading from my sight,
Time is ebbing fast away,
Never more that beauteous light
I shall see, that rules the day.
Naked, now my soul doth stand
On the brink of that dread sea
That divides this mortal land
From thy shores, eternity.

Close behind, the giant drives,
On the gloomy wave I leap,
And my fainting spirit strives
To battle with the fearful deep—
But in vain. 'Tis icy cold—
Ah! it takes away my breath,
Where art *Thou*? dost Thou behold
Me sinking in the pains of death?

Stretch thine hand. Ah! do not hide
From me now! Where is the light
I hoped had shone across the tide?
Oh, it bursts upon my sight!
Let me onward! Let me fly!
Let me gain that glorious shore:
Roll, ye billows, o'er me! I
Soon shall feel your chill no more.

Fainter earthly scenes are growing,
But that star doth brighter shine.
Mortal life is from me flowing—
Life divine shall soon be mine.
Let me onward! Let me fly!
Oh, it burneth like the sun!
Let me reach that light, and I
Shall be——Ah! the light is won.

A. C.

TRUE GREATNESS.—It would have been idle in Archimedes to have insisted on his royal descent in his books of geometry; and it would have been as useless for our Lord Jesus Christ to assume the state of a king for the purpose of giving splendour to his reign of holiness. He came fully invested with the lustre of his own order.—*Pascal.*

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.

THE first day of the week should always inspire our hearts with high joy and hope. If there ever was an event in the history of our planet adapted to cheer and revive the human soul, that event was the resurrection of our blessed Lord and Redeemer from the grave. On the other hand, that occurrence which preceded it, when the ghastly body of Jesus, all stained with blood, was taken down from the torturing cross and placed in the tomb of Joseph, was dark and dismal enough to the disciples. With that body of Jesus they buried also all their hopes and expectations, for they were earthly and corrupt. They "trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel." They had looked for a revival of the faded glory of the Israelitish nation through him. They expected to see him seated on the vacant throne of David in Jerusalem. They were anticipating the time when he would be clothed with purple and crowned with a golden diadem, and when they would be honoured to be his ministers of state, sitting on his right hand and on his left. These were the kind of visions the disciples indulged in to the last. They were earthly, carnal, and corrupt; but they were all "crucified with Christ." They perished at his death, and were buried in his tomb. But when he came forth risen from the dead, in his new and heavenly body, then there was a resurrection of brighter and diviner hopes in the souls of his followers. As the body of Jesus left behind it its earthliness, and came forth invested with the attributes of his spiritual body, so the earthliness and carnality of their hopes were left in the tomb to perish for ever, and nothing but that which was pure and spiritual survived.

How natural it is to the human heart, which itself may become earthly through its relation with this earthly body, to form hopes and expectations upon wrong principles—to build them upon the foundation of fiction and fancy. We must not be surprised if God should pierce such illusions, and cause them to perish. And when we see the child of our fancy and the bright pictures of our imaginations thus blasted, let us not grieve over them. Let them go. Let us try to hope for something better and truer, and to paint in less evanescent colours. And if we maintain a steady faith in God, then he may be preparing for us a higher good than we could imagine behind the blackest cloud. In that tomb, where the disciples could see only darkness and death, God, in that very darkness and death, was preparing for them a resurrection of brighter and more glorious hopes than they had lost.

On the morning of the third day after the crucifixion, being the first day of the week, and the morning after the holy sabbath, Mary, bearing sweet spices, goes to anoint the body of Jesus. She cannot restrain her ardent feelings sufficiently to wait until the morning light, she goes, therefore, while it is yet dark; but on reaching the sepulchre, she is overwhelmed with amazement on finding that the stone, which had been placed at its entrance and sealed for security, was no longer there, it having been rolled away. She is filled with still greater astonishment on finding that the body of her Lord is gone from the tomb. The thought of his resurrection does not enter her mind, for as yet she "knew not the Scripture, that he must rise again from the dead." Her first thought doubtless is, that in the dead of night some person had taken, perhaps stolen, it away. She hastens, without speculating further upon the mystery, to Peter and John, to tell them the sad tidings, throwing out, perchance, her own fears lest it should have been stolen. No sooner had she communicated this intelligence to the two disciples than she returns to the sad though hallowed spot. That sepulchre is the symbol of grief and anguish; it therefore accords the more closely with her feelings, and she feels consequently bound to it as by some magical spell.

You, dear readers, who have gone to the grave with the precious remains of your dear and honoured friends, know well how keen is that pang by which alone you can tear yourselves from a place so sacred and hallowed. You feel as if you could sit there and weep yourselves away in everlasting grief. Wonder not, then, that Mary should have been here so early, and that, after running to the disciples, she should again so soon return. She was weeping for one who was more to her than sister or brother, yea, than father or mother. It was for one she loved with more than human and earthly love, for it was one who had opened to her thirsting soul the crystal fountain of eternal life.

But we must by no means suppose that she came to the sepulchre merely to weep; she has come to seek Jesus. On her return, although her eyes are filled with tears, she stoops down and looks into the sepulchre. Instead of the body of the Lord, "she seeth two angels in

white, sitting, the one at the head and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain; and they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

The touching simplicity with which the sacred historian has narrated the points of interest in this almost unearthly scene, impresses the mind with its evident truthfulness. The nature of angelic beings and their relations to this world are subjects enveloped in mystery to the carnal mind; yet there is nothing in them conflicting with the deductions of sound reasoning. Indeed, the argument from analogy would lead us to the conclusion that if the great Creator has formed races of beings inferior to us, he may also have ordained other races of beings superior to man. If God placed man at the head of all the beasts of the field and creeping things, why should he have stopped just at this link, and not have added other links to the great chain of beings upwards towards himself? But we need no speculation, no argument from analogy, since the Bible declares that he has so created them—angels and archangels, thrones and dominions, principalities and powers, rising higher and higher towards the throne of the Eternal. And if there are such beings, why should they not take an active part in the affairs of man? Here, again, we gladly listen with docility, in a matter beyond the powers of reason, to the words of revelation: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Heb. i. 14. In this beautiful narrative we have one out of the many illustrative examples of their kind ministrations.

Mary was an earnest and sincere seeker and follower of Jesus. She was now sixty or seventy miles away from her home, weeping at the tomb of Jesus. She had received light, and help, and salvation from him, and she had come to this tomb to weep because he who had given her this heavenly succour was gone from her, and she knew not as yet what she was henceforth to do. Her mind may become dark again by contact with this vain world. She may fall into sin, and lose her present spiritual peace, if she be left to herself. She feels, therefore, as if she could not tear herself away from this holy ground, and return to the deadening influences of the world. She must continue to seek Jesus, even though it be in his empty tomb. And she was right in forming this resolution, for those angels were sent down from heaven to encourage her to seek her Lord until she finds him. Surely no poor soul ever sought Christ under more discouraging circumstances. If the example of the dying thief's successful seeking of Christ is given us to encourage the sin-burdened soul to confide in him even though life's sands are nearly run out, surely the example of Mary at the tomb is given to encourage all to seek him even though to sense it seems as hopeless as "seeking the living among the dead."

Jesus sees her tears, he feels the beatings of her almost broken heart, and he graciously reveals himself to her, and rewards her faith and pious affection and zeal. On turning herself from the hollow sepulchre, she saw Jesus standing, though at the time she knew not that it was Jesus. Some commentators and divines have said that the reason of her not knowing him is to be attributed to the darkness of the yet early morning. But it most probably had by this time become sufficiently light for that purpose, since she had gone into the city to Peter and John, and had held some intercourse with the two disciples, and returned to the sepulchre. By this time, unless her first going to the tomb had been very early indeed, the day had begun to break. But we need not interpolate any supposition of this kind, since it was characteristic of the first interviews of Jesus with his disciples after his resurrection, that they did not know him. John xxi. 4; Luke xxiv. 30, 31, 37.* Jesus at the first addresses Mary as if he were a stranger to her: "Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." John xx. 15. Jesus now speaks to her not as a stranger, nor with an unfamiliar voice, but in a way that impresses her at once that he is none other than her friend and Lord risen from the dead. "Jesus saith unto her, Mary!" That one word, Mary, thrills through ear, nerves, and brain, down into the very soul itself. What an influx of joy, and hope, and light flowed into that sorrowing heart by that one word, Mary! It is ofttimes in such a halo of light and love that Jesus enters the souls of those who truly and humbly seek him.

But now something very remarkable meets us. As soon as she had discovered that she is once more in the presence of her Lord, in the suddenness of her joy she exclaims, Rabboni—"My dearest friend and guide;" and it seems probable that she was about to embrace him in her loving arms; but he said, "*Touch me not.*" Why did he thus check her ardour and enthusiasm? Why did he seem to offer her a repulse, and thus quench her emotions as soon as he had

* The evidence of the identity of our Saviour's person is, however, afterwards established with a precision that would satisfy the strictest court of justice.

kindled them? It was doubtless that he might *purify and spiritualize them.* In the last discourses of the Redeemer, he frequently spoke of his departure from his disciples, and of his return to abide with them for ever. Mary had listened to these gracious words, but she understood them not, yet "she pondered them in her heart." When, however, she saw with her eyes that the Lord was risen, many of those things of which she had previously heard flashed afresh on her wondering mind. Now she thought, undoubtedly, that the Saviour had returned to abide with her for ever; and with the joy which such a hope had kindled in her breast, she ran to embrace him. But no, said the Saviour, this visible form is not to abide with you long. You must not, therefore, cling to *that.* Your hopes and expectations must not gather around and be dependent upon *that.* You must believe in my power, rely on my presence, and confide in my love, when this visible form shall be entirely and for ever withdrawn. And this must very soon take place, "*for I ascend to my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God.*" Jesus, therefore, was thus leading her, and us, to realize his *spiritual* presence and dominion, without the mediation of his bodily and visible form. He wished to impress her mind with the fact that so long as she allowed her thoughts and affections to cluster around that outward and visible presence, she would fail to recognise his true lordship and dominion in the kingdom of God. Very similar is the import of his reply to Thomas, when he, in a similar way, gave expression to his joy at seeing the Lord after his resurrection: "Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast *seen* me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have *not* seen, and yet have believed." John xx. 29.

How often does a similar clinging to the body of Jesus need to be checked in some of his disciples now, notwithstanding that our Master has told us plainly, "it is the Spirit that quickeneth"—*i. e.*, giveth spiritual life—"the flesh profiteth nothing." Oftimes this cleaving to the flesh will reveal itself in a wish to have been present with him when his blessed feet trod our earth, and so to have seen him. "Had I been with him, I should not have denied him as Peter, nor have betrayed him as Judas, nor have forsaken him as did all the disciples in the hour of his trial and sorrow." "Had I been privileged with personal intercourse with him then, I should have cared nothing for the world; its pleasures would have had no charms for me, its wealth no attractions, its persecutions no terrors." "I should have bathed myself in the light of his love, and all my affections would have been made spiritual." These imaginings are illusive, and when the heart solaces itself in self-complacency thereby, it is only another of the many instances we have of its deceitfulness. Has he not promised to be with us always? Has he not power to shed abroad upon us his love, and to take up into himself our hearts' affections, to purify and spiritualize them, now he is exalted at his Father's right hand? And, moreover, this yearning after his flesh betrays a latent questioning of the wisdom and adaptation of God's arrangements for the complete salvation of the human soul. It is assuming to know better than God what would be good for the soul. "It is expedient," says the Saviour, "*for you* that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." To cling, therefore, to the fleshly and visible presence, as if the power of Christ resided therein, is to make that power outward, earthly, carnal; whereas it is inward, heavenly, and spiritual. We must strive to believe that he is *personally* though not visibly present with us now as our Prophet, Priest, and King, and pray for the indwelling of his Holy Spirit to abide with us as a friend and comforter. Let us listen, then, to his teaching with more docility, trust him as our Saviour more fully, and serve and obey him more implicitly as his children, and then shall we feel the wondrous truth of the apostle's words: "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

SCIENCE AND INFIDELITY.

If there be a book written at various periods, and by the instrumentality of various persons, during a lapse of nearly two thousand years, and giving the history of more than four thousand; if this book has a single subject throughout, namely, the history, first prophetic and then personal, of a Redeemer; if it fastens by anticipation upon the race, the nation, the tribe, and the family of this being, and minutely records every circumstance and thing which has respect to or even foreshadows the august person thus ushered in in the fulness of time; if, moreover, this book, or collection of books, reveals, according to the advance of research, the utmost harmony of plan, its revelations advancing by degrees in fulness and clearness, like the light of the natural day, and never being at variance with itself, like the great system of nature; then the conclusion must irresistibly force itself upon the mind, that the production in question can have no other than a Divine Author. Such a work is the Bible.

Infidelity has never yet attacked the whole scheme of the Bible, but has confined its opera-

tions hitherto to a kind of skirmishing with details. Foiled in even these attempts, the *critical* school, answered by a host of continental divines, and in our own land by Graves and Paley; the *philosophical* school in France, a tree condemned by its own peculiar fruit, the Revolution; the *mythical* school in Germany, just now sinking under the weight of its own absurdity; have successively fallen before the majesty of truth. There remains at present but one system of infidelity, which, according to the confession of its advocates, has any chance of causing the great edifice of the Christian religion to crumble to pieces. So sure are its supporters of its ultimate success, that they are content to give up and even to repudiate all former methods, and to stake the issue of the contest upon this alone. I allude to the new *scientific* school of infidelity.

This school adopts for its central representative a modern French philosopher, much more remarkable for mistiness than profundity, whose invulnerability consists in his singular diffuseness. There is nothing seizable in him. It is useless to wrestle with the wave, or to inflict stripes, like the Persian monarch of old, upon water.

But the *principle* of the new school is more tangible, and may be easily stated. It is contended that science and revelation are essentially incompatible, that the one must destroy the other, and that since the evidences of science are incontrovertible, its advance must prove the wane of revelation, and the perfection of the one must be the total destruction of the other. Each successive scientific discovery must of necessity sooner or later annul its corresponding biblical illusion, directly or indirectly.

It is further asserted that religion is afraid of these discoveries, the ordinary proof being that a dark age and a corrupt church condemned Galileo's anticipations of the Newtonian theory. It is also urged that the Newtonian theory is itself incompatible with the phraseology of the Bible, when the latter declares, "the sun ariseth," etc., the obvious fact being that such language only proves that the Bible speaks as we all, and as the objectors themselves do, naturally and not unnaturally. It is not wrong for a person to say, "I went to such a place westward of me," nor does it betray any ignorance of the fact that if he could by any means isolate himself from the rotary motion of the earth, the place would in due time come to him.

It would be, perhaps, well to notice at the present juncture what are the prospects of this new gospel of science. Nothing is more evident than that modern science has been, and promises still to be, of incalculable benefit to mankind. But those who would make it serve as an instrument of attack upon revealed truth mistake its use, and are not its true friends. There are already abundant evidences that science will itself in the end vindicate its harmony with revelation, and in doing so, let us hope, convince those of their error who would employ it against a system still more divine, and yet more beneficial to suffering mankind.

Let us then, in the briefest manner, touch upon the principal points in which it was expected on the one hand, and feared on the other, that scientific discovery would clash with the Bible.

First, as to geology. It was confidently predicted that this new-born science would overthrow the Mosaic record of the creation; but on examination it has turned out to remove previously existing difficulties in the interpretation of it. The existence of the matter of the earth before the six days' creation was, as we may here assume, demonstrated. This cleared up the first clause of the book of Genesis, which had all along asserted the same thing. The occurrence of some convulsion, before the introduction of man and the present genera of animals upon its surface, which had reduced the earth to desolation, was argued by geologists from numberless evidences. This threw light upon the fact recorded in the second verse of the first chapter of Genesis, that the earth was confused and void, etc., a fact till then not clearly understood. Of course, in both these fundamental points geologists had to encounter opposition from popular interpretations of the Mosaic records; but they did not charge these imperfect views upon the Bible itself. Now, although some minor difficulties remain, so convincing has the harmony of geological discoveries with the Mosaic record become, that the ground has been gradually abandoned, and objections under this head are mainly retained on the plea of the discovery of human bones in early formations; as these remains, however, have been found at the mouth of caves frequented by wild beasts, and in recent limestone (a petrifaction of rapid formation, for all petrifying streams produce a limestone, under certain circumstances), they form no argument whatever against the revealed truth that man was first created on the earth six thousand years ago; and the remarkable fact remains that geology, which finds fossil remains in abundance, has never yet discovered the relics of man below the formations of the more recent strata.

The argument brought by the scientific school against the Mosaic record, from the undoubted presence of death on the earth before man's fall in Eden, is peculiarly unhappy. For, not to remind our readers that the point to be proved is not the presence of death on the earth, but "in the world," *i. e.* in the present creation

and system of things, "the heavens and the earth which are now," (2 Pet. iii. 7,) it does not appear that Scripture anywhere asserts that the lower animals were created immortal. The text of St. Paul (Rom. v. 12) expressly limits the "death," which was the consequence of the fall, to "all *men*." That the lower creation, indeed, suffer from the sin of man, is proved beyond all possibility of doubt, both by experience and science. There is a mysterious something which weighs upon man and all this world which revelation accounts for; but science never can. How should we value that Divine scheme of redemption which, the higher human attainments in skill and knowledge advance, does but the more display its infinite elevation above them all. From this it may be gathered what are the prospects at present that *geology* may one day invalidate the testimony of the Mosaic records. The attack has been hitherto directed solely against incidental particulars, and even in skilful hands the science has refused to do other than lay its testimony at the feet of that majestic truth against which it was directed.

Let us turn to astronomy, or rather to cosmogony, the sciences which determine the form, motions, etc. of the earth and heavenly bodies. It is contended that the idea the Bible gives of the world is that of an extended plain, supported on pillars. That such a construction may be put upon certain metaphorical expressions of Scripture is quite possible, every age naturally interpreting its words according to the extent of its own enlightenment; but that it is the true construction is not so certain. At any rate something may be said on the other side.

The globular form of the earth is not altogether a modern discovery. The Ptolemaic system of astronomy supposed it, and the philosophy of Pythagoras, ages before, was acquainted with it; the winged globe also of the Assyrian temples shows that the Chaldean astronomers were familiar with the fact, and at the same time with that of the earth's motion. It is extremely difficult to suppose that the Hebrews, who derived their astronomy from the Chaldeans, could have been ignorant of the rotundity of the earth; at least, it is more than we should be asked to allow for granted. Besides, is not the phenomenon in question one of those which are necessarily perceived, and cannot be supposed to have continued unknown, except by a miracle of inattention. Every time anxious friends watched an ancient galley receding from the shore, and dipping down the earth's slope, as first its hull and then its mast disappeared—every time the moon and the sun arose in heaven—the phenomena must have been noted and understood. To say the very least, the assertion that the Bible is convicted of absurd notions of cosmogony requires proof, elaborate and convincing, which, after all, would scarcely repay the trouble of producing it, as when adduced it would prove merely that the Bible had spoken about things incidental to its main subject, naturally and popularly, rather than scientifically.

Under the head of natural history, let me recall an anecdote related to me some years ago, and which bears sufficient internal evidence to serve the purpose of the present paper. At a meeting of a philosophical society, a gentleman had announced the discovery, by means of the microscope, not only of respiratory organs, but also of secretionary vessels in the leaves of plants, by which they took up invisible vapour in the air for their nourishment and growth. A member present, whose familiarity with his Bible was as great as it was with science, suggested that the profound discovery of the gentleman had been anticipated in the book of Job, perhaps the most ancient book of the Bible. On reference to the passage he indicated—(Job xiv. 9): "Through the scent" (or "invisible vapour") "of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant"—it was discovered, to the astonishment of the assembly, that the microscope had illustrated (if I may be permitted the expression) a leaf of the book of nature and of grace at the same time.

A great deal of stress was at one time laid on arguments against revelation derived from ethnology, or the natural history of man. It has been contended that it was impossible that races of men differing so widely in conformation of head, feature, and figure, as the Caucasian and the Mongol, the Malay and the Ethiopian, could have come originally from the same stock. For a time the difficulty seemed to have considerable weight. But further researches have elucidated that all the existing marks of races among men do but constitute varieties of a species—varieties, moreover, clearly referable to influence of climate and of manners, not yet fully investigated. And facts are still almost daily corroborating the conclusion from science alone, that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." For instance, it is found that in so short a space of time as a few generations, and notwithstanding continual importations from Great Britain, America has already lent a distinctive type to her hardy and enterprising sons, and that that type has a marked tendency to approach the characteristics of the one originally found on the continent. The same thing has already manifested itself in Australia. The ruddy colour of the Caucasian settler first disappears, the most active life in the open air failing to preserve it. All this goes to

form another illustration of the manner in which the advance of science bears ever increasing testimony to the truth of revelation.

The theory that the natural and invariable progress of man in society is from what is styled a state of nature, that is, of barbarism, to increasing degrees of civilization—which considers civilized life as invariably improved barbarism—so uniformly indeed as to exclude the idea of barbarism as a degraded civilization, long perplexed humble believers in the Bible; which certainly represents the primitive and normal state of mankind as civilized, and perhaps warrants the conclusion that the source of it is to be traced to the Divine Being, who inspired those grand original forms and ideas of association, of family, public relationship, and rights which we find to be common to nations the most widely separated and diverse—the western nations, the Chinese, the Birman, the Hindoo—the newest republic and the most ancient empire. If there had been no original mould, it would be difficult indeed to account for such universal types as the king, the chief or general, the council, the saga, the family, with the remarkable fact that in almost all languages the words denoting these things come from a common root. Thus the "roghi," the "rajah," the royal or regal power, the "rex," the "roi," the "sachem," the "saga," the "sheikha," the "chief," are the same things and words, and point to some common source. In short, more exact collation of facts has, independently of the Bible, led irresistibly to the conclusion that barbarism is a declension from a previous and perhaps originally universal civilization, complete in its moral and religious aspects; and that the only things which develop from rude to improved states are the physical appliances and sciences, and even these not necessarily or steadily. History here brings in its testimony. It is noted that ancient languages have a tendency to lose their copiousness, force and purity; that even arts decline if they have no other stay than themselves; that great polities have become extinct; that early missionaries have found high and holy words in the language of savage tribes which, at a later period, have by the onward progress of barbarism died away, or have been preserved only as charms; that the continents of America, and perhaps Australia, were once covered by a civilization which has for ages disappeared; that there are degraded representatives, like the Copts, of nations once highly intellectual and enterprising; in short, that there is a strong presumption that nothing but a *revelation* can preserve society, however exalted, from relapsing by degrees into barbarism. What a remarkable tendency has this science of ethnology to confirm the statements of holy writ.

It is not long, we may observe in conclusion, since it was predicted that the deciphering of hieroglyphics and arrow-headed inscriptions would be dangerous to the faith. So, too, said the divines of the seventeenth century to Bengel and Mill and the succeeding New Testament critics. What have events proved? that Champollion, and Rich, and Rawlinson, and Layard, have added, by the prosecution of their wonderful discoveries, a body of external evidence for the truth of Scripture, which has made the historic base of its statements impregnable for ever.*

If these few remarks should help to assure any humble Christian mind that we have nothing to fear, but, on the contrary, all to hope, from the progress of true science, their end will be gained. At any rate, if difficulties arise from time to time between science and revelation, is there not abundant warrant in the past for patient waiting till they shall of themselves clear away, more especially as they never have affected, and never can affect, the essential truths of salvation.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

Thou smilest in thy sleep, my child!
  Is a white-robed angel near,
Telling sweet tales of the far-off land
  Into thy listening ear?

Hath he come on his sounding wings,
  To speak to my darling girl
Of the glorious city with jasper walls,
  And radiant gates of pearl?

Perhaps, in a blessed dream,
  He taketh thee by the hand,
And leadeth thee down the golden streets
  Of the lovely and pleasant land.

And thou gazest on tearless eyes
  Which sorrow may never dim,
And hearest with joy the ceaseless cry
  Of the kneeling seraphim!

It may be, thy tiny feet
  Now stand on the crystal sea
And thy stammering tongue is loosed to join
  In heaven's high harmony.

Seest thou the shining bands,
  Walking in spotless white,
Striking their glorious harps of gold
  In the great Eternal's sight?

Softly!—the vision flies!
  Gently the lids unclose!
Still on the wintry plain of earth
  Bloometh my fresh young rose!

God give thee grace, my child,
  To realize things that seem,
And prove at the close of life, that heaven
  Is more than a mother's dream.

JOSEPHINE

---

* Champollion, who went out with sceptical opinions to prosecute his discoveries in the east, was, it is said, made a convert to Christianity by the confirmation of its truth which hieroglyphics presented.

Religious Intelligence.

London, May 31st, 1855.

It will perhaps somewhat augment our estimate of the value of the gospel, and of the instrumentality employed for its diffusion, if we take a passing glance at the rival claims which have just been re-asserted in favour of "another gospel," of which a weak and deluded mortal proclaims himself the author. At the beginning of this month of May, the walls of London were placarded with announcements that a millennium, of which Mr. Robert Owen is the originator, was to commence on the 14th inst., and that those who would receive the benefits he was ready to confer on them, would be redeemed from the misery, vice, and oppression under which the world is now suffering. The millennium of Mr. Robert Owen is to be free from all crime, ignorance, and poverty, and is to be distinguished by truth, peace, and universal charity. Religious truth, Christianity, prayer, and worship, form no part of the system with which this pseudo-philanthropist would bless the world; although it appears that Christians, Jews, and Mahometans are to be tolerated in their "educated notions of religion," which, as harmless matters, are to be endured, provided only that the adherents of these systems will seek to make their fellow men happy to the utmost of their power. At the period announced in the advertisements, Mr. Robert Owen appeared at a public meeting in St Martin's Hall, when he very fully expounded his system, which appears to differ in no respect from that which he published between forty and fifty years since. He would have every man to speak the truth, although he furnishes no new motives against falsehood; his system, that its blessings may be fully enjoyed, requires an early submission to a peculiar kind of education, and a revival, all over the world, of an organization such as he formerly possessed at New Lanark; and, in order that justice may be done to its merits, he prays that both houses of Parliament may appoint a commission to test the soundness of his views, or examine him personally as to their value. Although proposing to regenerate society by the speaking of truth, and the exercise of universal charity, he exhibited to the meeting the representation of an instrument which he calls the devastator, by means of which he states that armies and fortresses can be effectually destroyed. It is more than forty years since Mr. Robert Owen started his scheme for social regeneration, and now, when he speaks of himself as having nearly reached the close of a long life, he has to petition parliament to test the merits of a system which, by this time, ought to have shown its value by the abundance of its goodly fruits. The veteran visionary expects that before another year he shall have retired from a world which he has vainly endeavoured to benefit; and, if we may judge from the recent meeting, the new moral world and its author will expire together. There is in the history of this pretentious scheme, which may now be traced from its birth almost to its grave, a lesson which may be read with much profit in the month of May, when it comes before us in contrast with the interesting chronicle of the triumphs of Christianity, during the years it has been before the public.

In the "Religious Intelligence" of last month, and a paper especially devoted to "the Religious Anniversaries of 1855," we have noticed the reports presented by the principal religious societies during their recent anniversaries, and there are yet one or two more of these institutions claiming our attention.

Considerable interest has been awakened on behalf of Christian brethren in France, Belgium, Italy, and other continental states, who are carrying on the work of the Lord in circumstances of a very trying character. There are two societies formed in London—the Foreign Aid, and the Evangelical Continental societies, the first supported principally by members of the Church of England, and the second by Presbyterian and Congregational brethren, the object of both being to sustain the zealous labours of the faithful ministers of Christ on the continent by funds from England. To these, another society, it is expected, will be added, for the assistance of those French churches and pastors who have felt it their duty to support themselves without any assistance from the state, and who have hitherto been unassisted by funds from England. The co-operation of these English societies in aiding the faithful labourers in the Lord's vineyard on the continent is a pleasing illustration of Christian union and love; as, while differing on some points of church discipline and modes of worship, the supporters of these Christian labourers abroad are of one mind and one heart in their love for the Saviour, in whose service our brethren are ready, if necessary, to lay down their lives. While the emperor of France professes a desire that there shall be no persecution in his empire on account of religion, there are numerous instances in the south of France in which, through the influence of priests, and especially of Jesuits, chapels are closed, ministers of the gospel are cast into prison, congregations dispersed, and the people subjected to the rudest attacks if they venture to read the word of God. It was stated by M. Frederick Monod, that not long ago an officer of the police forcibly entered a house where some few people were assembled reading a book, and supposing it to be a copy of the Scriptures, he instantly seized it; but it proved to be a history of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which was returned with the remark, "It is well for you that it was not the Bible you were reading; for, if it had been, I would have prosecuted you." It is worthy of remark that the districts in which these persecutions are most prevalent are those in which the work of the Lord has been most prosperous. In one of these districts, but a short time ago, where we are told there was not a single Protestant, there is now not a single Roman Catholic, and many of the people are real Christians. With a view to the enjoyment of tranquillity, that they may prosecute their Christian labours, the pastors have resolved to apply to the prefects, and, in the event of failure, to the minister of the interior, and then, if necessary, to the emperor. If, after all, they are denied the liberty they claim, they are still determined to persevere, and submit to the consequences, whatever they may be. There appears to be no persecution among those Protestant churches in France which have sunk into a state of deadness and formality; the opposition to which we have referred being employed only where people are earnest and active on the subject of vital religion.

A very interesting meeting of the Congregational Union was held on the 8th of this month, at which two of the ministers, Rev. J. Ashton and Rev. J. Shedlock, reported a visit they had made to Mazamet, Du Tarn, in the

south of France, for the purpose of expressing Christian sympathy with the synod of the evangelical churches. This synod consists of twenty-five associated churches, containing about eighteen hundred members. When the deputation arrived, they found the synod assembled and engaged in the communion at the table of the Lord. During the meetings, which lasted nearly a week, many earnest and animated discussions arose on slavery, religious liberty, and various important questions relating to the kingdom of Christ, and the means to be employed for its extension in France. Attention was particularly called to the sabbath services which have been provided for English visitors to Paris during the Exhibition; and we take this opportunity of reminding any of our readers who may visit the Paris Exposition, that the different branches of the church of Christ in this country will be duly represented during the time in which the Exhibition is to remain open. Episcopalians, Wesleyans, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians, will not want their sacred homes in the French capital, and we hope they will show the people among whom they sojourn that they have gone from a land in which the day of the Lord is called honourable, and that they have grace enough, by their example, to protest against the sins which mark a French Sunday.

A noble stand has already been made by the "British Exhibitors" in Paris, who, instead of conforming to the evil custom of the Parisians, by the open profanation of the day of God, have proved their respect for the divine institution by closely covering up their stalls. This assertion of the sacred claims of the Lord's day has been made by the good people from Glasgow, by the engineering section, by the exhibitors of ceramic manufactures, by the Manchester houses, by the exhibitors of English silks and Irish poplins, in the English jewelry department, and also in the Indian court superintended by our own countrymen. It appears that this honourable position has been taken by all the British exhibitors with but one exception; and it can hardly fail to teach our Parisian neighbours, and the various nations represented in the Exposition, a lesson which they have had no previous opportunity to learn. They will not only ascertain the sentiments with which the day of God is regarded in this land, but they will also perceive how consistent is the regard of the sabbath with the exercise of that skill and industry in the arts and manufactures which lead to distinction and prosperity. The men who have had the moral courage to stand up for the sanctity of the sabbath, and to protest, in the face of the whole world, against its secularization, will be but little affected by any censures passed upon their "bigotry," while they will enjoy the approbation of their own consciences, the thanks of all good men, and, above all, the blessing of the "Lord of the sabbath," whose high command it is their privilege to obey.

It is very gratifying to learn that efforts made to prevent Sunday trading in the metropolis are being greatly sustained, not only by those who have no temptation to Sunday trading, but by large numbers who have been accustomed to waste and desecrate the Lord's day in that manner. The necessity of a day of rest is felt even where the blessings of the day are not appreciated, and people are anxious to enjoy the repose of the sabbath, if they can be protected from the loss of their trade by others who will not close their shops unless by compulsion. The archbishop of Canterbury has just expressed his thanks to Mr. Cochrane for the zeal with which that gentleman has been promoting the good cause of sabbath observance in Lambeth, where, for the last five months, he has been engaged in supplying the poor and neglected with food on the Lord's day, and conducting them in great numbers to the services of St. John's or All Saints' churches. These benevolent and persevering exertions have met with much success. On last Lord's day, the numbers taken to these churches were 217 women and girls, 76 men, 29 lads, and 86 children; in all 408. Their good conduct has been favourably noticed by all parties. With many, a marked improvement has taken place in their behaviour and appearance; and some who have obtained work now invite their former companions to accompany them to the house of God. It is stated that the Sunday sellers, buyers, and idlers in the New Cut have visibly modified their manners and habits, and have shown great gratitude for the attention and kindness they have received.

The movement in favour of sabbath observance in Lambeth appears to be very remarkable and determined. A printed circular from eighty or ninety tradesmen in the poorer parts of that parish is now in circulation. These tradesmen are chiefly dealers in meat, and other kinds of household requisites; some are dealers in shoes and clothing, others are news-venders and hair-dressers. They address themselves to their customers, whom they ask to relieve them from "unnecessary Sunday trading." They petition for rest, and say that, by keeping open their shops, they are exposed to the charge of being ungodly, although they are suffering in conscience as well as health, while their assistants suffer in a still greater degree. They add, "Most classes in society enjoy this happiness, and it is granted even to many beasts of burden."

This appeal, so far as it goes, is affecting and gratifying, and should induce the Christian more highly to value the privilege of his own undisturbed "Sunday at Home."

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

130. How many cures are recorded as wrought by our Lord on the sabbath day?

131. What words of Moses are quoted in the New Testament which we do not find recorded in the Old?

132. Prove from a reference to the epistles of Peter that the writings of St. Paul were recognised in his day as forming a part of Scripture.

133. What test is given by St. Paul by which to know the sons of God?

134. When did curiosity of the eye, through the mercy of God, lead to the belief of the heart?

135. Which of the inspired writers expressly asserts that God preached the gospel to Abraham?

136. What *test* of discipleship did Jesus give?

137. Can you prove that wilful ignorance of the need of our fellow-creatures will not be considered as an excuse for neglecting to assist them, if it be in our power?

138. Prove that faithfulness in reproving sin is a duty.

139. In what spirit should a Christian reprove an erring brother?

140. How did Jesus prove the doctrine of the resurrection by a reference to the Old Testament?

WHAT CAN HARM THE CHRISTIAN?

You take away his earthly store,
His treasure is on high;
You cast him from his native land,
His home is in the sky.

You haste to bind him fast in chains,
His conscience still is free;
Destroy his body—lo! his soul
Beyond your reach will be.

Even his dust shall rise again,
And soul and body share
All that the King of Glory doth
For his elect prepare.

L. M. THORNTON.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

SUNDAY EVENING OCCUPATIONS IN THE FAMILY AT MEADOWBANK

A SUNDAY AT MEADOWBANK.

PART I.

I AM a lonely woman, living, with my maid Ruth, in a pretty little cottage near a large village in Wales, which affords me some society, as well as opportunities of doing a little good in the world. I was not always lonely, and there was a time when the thought of such a life as I now lead would have filled me with distress; yet I enjoy much peace and comfort, and am often *really happy*. Such is the change which circumstances and the discipline of Providence can work in us. I have seen many changes and endured many trials, some of them exceedingly bitter; but looking back on the way in which I have been led, I can say with all my heart that affliction has been good for me; and now that I am in the decline of life, and surrounded by many comforts, though mingled with some privations, I do, I trust, enjoy the peaceable fruits of righteousness from all those afflictions.

I am not, however, intending to write my own history, but the account of a happy Sunday spent with some relations a short time ago, and which I have thought might interest the readers of the "Sunday at Home."

I have always been fond of society, and espe-

No. 62.—Published July 5, 1855.

Price One Penny.

cially of that of young persons. I feel a great interest in them, and a great desire to help them forward in the ways of true happiness and peace. I look back often on my own youth, and think "if some kind friend had warned me of such or such an error, or had invited me to follow such or such a course, how much folly and grief I should have escaped;" and then my heart yearns over the blooming youths and maidens that I see around me, and I would fain allure them into those blessed paths of peace and pleasantness which religion opens, and induce them to look for direction to that infallible Wisdom and boundless Love which offers to be the "Guide of their youth."

It was, therefore, most willingly that I accepted a pressing invitation from my cousin, Mr. Mortimer, to spend a few days with him at Meadowbank, on occasion of a journey which business obliged me to take some time ago. On my return from town, I quitted the road to my own cottage, and found myself, after a few hours' ride, safe and comfortable at the happy home of my kind relative. I had not seen him for many years, and had never been introduced to his wife or any of his family. I was received by all, however, with the kindest welcome possible, and was made at once to feel quite at home.

Meadowbank is an old-fashioned country house, near one of our large commercial towns. The situation is very pleasant. It stands in a large garden at some distance from the high road. A pretty lawn and shrubberies open into a paddock on one side and into corn-fields on the other. Some fine groups of trees give as much appearance of shade as is pleasant in our climate; but as it was the beginning of winter I did not see the place to advantage.

As my cousin had, I knew, been very successful in business, I expected to see a degree of style and elegance far beyond what he had been accustomed to in early life; for though he is a man of sense and piety, it is so common now-a-days for persons who have the means to fall into a showy way of living, that I could hardly hope he had escaped it. I was, therefore, agreeably surprised at the simplicity of all the appointments. The house is large and very commodious, comfortably and well furnished, but with plainness. The servants were quiet, neat, and exceedingly respectable. The gardens are nicely kept, but not with excessive exactness. You could see that the lawns were for people to walk on and children to play on; and, in a word, everything was for *use* and *comfort*, and nothing merely for *show*.

Mr. Mortimer received me with much kindness, and introduced me to his wife and children, with all of whom I was greatly pleased. Mrs. Mortimer is a liberal-minded, well-informed woman, of exceedingly pleasing manners and a countenance beaming with kindness. Her dress was simple and tasteful, suitable to her station and Christian profession. The family is large, consisting of four elder daughters, the eldest about one and twenty, two boys of twelve and fourteen, and four younger girls, the least three years old. These young people formed a charming group; they were full of intelligence and kindness, and their pleasing faces were radiant with health and good temper. I congratulated my cousin very sincerely on the many blessings with which he was surrounded; and—shall I confess it?—when I inwardly contrasted my little parlour and my lonely self with his large drawing-room filled with blooming, merry girls and boys, for a moment a feeling of envy crossed my mind; but it quickly passed away, and I felt that though *his* portion was so bright, *mine* was best for *me*, and full of blessings.

The more I grew acquainted with my young cousins, the more I was pleased with them. The young ladies were so intelligent, well-mannered, thoughtful, and kind; the boys were so frank and clever; and the little ones such sweet, simple, playful darlings that they quite won my heart. The remembrance of them gives me many pleasant thoughts during twilight hours in my little cot.

I found the conversation of my cousin and the friends who visited him, a great treat. He took a warm interest in all the important questions of the present day; and it is delightful to hear these great interests discussed on *Christian* principles by intelligent and thoughtful men. This was quite an intellectual feast to me; for I must confess that in my village home I have but few opportunities of really good society, and this is one of my privations.

As the days passed on, I was interested and gratified to see the arrangements of this large household. How the prudent mistress ordered her affairs for the comfort of the family, so that everything was well done, and at its proper time! How kindly the welfare of servants and dependents was cared for, and how quietly and punctually all was conducted, without making *order* and *punctuality* the *end* instead of the *means*! The children were kept in the most perfect obedience, yet how kind as well as firm was the discipline. Time was in every way improved. Everything was provided which could minister to the real advantage of the young people and promote their intellectual and moral progress. Books, maps, globes, music, all were of the best kind; and the children responded to their parents' efforts, and improved diligently the valuable privileges by which they were surrounded.

But I must not enlarge on the general history of the family, or I shall not have space to give

the account of the sabbath, which I wish to lay before my readers. On Saturday afternoon, before tea, I observed that all the young people were very busy putting away their books, toys, etc.; and one of the little ones, who had taken a great fancy to me, and often confided to me her little affairs, told me "they were putting away all their *week-day things*, and getting out the *Sunday books and toys;* and when all were arranged for the next day, the same little lady begged me to "come into the nursery and schoolroom and see how beautiful they looked." I followed my sweet little guide, and was very much pleased.

Everything was in perfect order. On the table were placed the most tempting-looking Sunday books possible; maps of the Holy Land, the voyages of St. Paul, etc., some dissected puzzles of Scripture stories, and two or three toys for the two youngest children, who were too little to take part in any of the occupations of the day. There was also a large portfolio of Sunday pictures. I was not, however, allowed to look into that, but had the assurance that they were the most beautiful that could be seen, and that I should see them all to-morrow. "All our Sunday books are so pretty," said Emily, my little companion, "and we are glad Sunday is coming, for we may not touch them on any other day."

After my visit to the children's apartments, I returned to the drawing-room to tea. When that most social of meals was over, we had some sacred music—(I should have told you that the young ladies played and sung with much taste and feeling)—and my cousin, Mr. Mortimer, read some passages of our Christian poets. As he reads with taste and feeling, this was to me a great pleasure, for I scarcely know a higher treat than beautiful poetry well read; and the accomplishment is unfortunately very rare. A slight refreshment closed the evening. I must not forget to tell you that family prayer was always solemnized night and morning; and much did I enjoy those precious opportunities so refreshing to a solitary like myself. Mr. Mortimer always read a portion of Scripture, and usually made a few most simple and impressive remarks upon it. And when the master of a household is able to do this, what an edifying and refreshing custom it is. I think there are many more who could do it, to the great benefit of their families, if they would "stir up the gift that is in them," and overcome a diffidence which is so injurious. But to return to my narrative.

After the reading the family all joined in singing a hymn, and good and pleasant it was truly to hear so many sweet voices engaged in praising the God of all grace. A simple and devout prayer closed the service, which Mr. Mortimer took great care not to make too long.

Sunday morning was beautifully fine, though cold. At breakfast my cousin said to me, "Hester, you are, I know, a good walker; will you like to *walk* to our place of worship to-day? We have about a mile to go, and we always walk if it is fine enough, for I like my horses to rest, according to the commandment. But I have no hesitation in using them if needful; so if you would prefer riding, the pony chaise shall be got ready for you."

"I shall like to walk much the best," said I; "you know I was brought up to that when young, and the feeling cleaves to me still." And then I added, "But do you not attend Dr. F.'s ministry? he is so celebrated."

"It is more than two miles to where he preaches," said Mr. Mortimer; "and if we went there we should be always obliged to use the carriage. I do not think it right, merely to gratify my *taste*, to do that. The minister on whom we attend is an excellent man, and preaches the gospel faithfully, though he is not so talented as Dr. F."

I could not but approve my cousin's reasons; and we walked to the house of God—parents, children, and servants in company. Only those who were too young, and the needful attendants, remained at home. Our walk was delightful, for the sun was bright and cheering and the prospect extensive; and when we reached the highroad, we saw many who, like ourselves, were going to worship. The service was interesting and impressive; and we listened to an excellent plain discourse. I was charmed to see the attention of the elder part of our young people, and the quietness and propriety of behaviour of the little ones. After the service, many friends spoke to us with kindly greetings; and we returned to a simple meal. In the week my friends dined late, but on Sunday the *whole* family took an early dinner together. When we sat down to table, Mrs. Mortimer said to me: "I am almost sorry to give you only a cold dinner to-day; but my husband said he was quite sure you would like us best to do as *we usually do*." I begged she would not say a word of apology; and Mr. Mortimer added: "I hope, Hester, you will not suppose that I think it *wrong* for people to eat hot dinners on Sunday; I certainly do not; and were I so circumstanced as not to dine in comfort with my family on other days, I should perhaps ask my wife to let me do so on that; but as this is not the case, I wish (and she does also) to lighten the domestic work as much as possible; and we therefore make it a luncheon rather than a dinner, and this is more suitable for an afternoon service which we are so old-fashioned as to attend.

After the afternoon service, we all met together at tea, which on the Sunday was not

served up in the drawing-room, but set out on the large table in the dining-room, and of a much more substantial kind than usual, in consideration of the early and slight dinner. Two of the young ladies had been attending the Sunday-school, and they had brought home with them some of their fellow teachers, which I found was a usual thing. The meal passed away very cheerfully; Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer inquired a good deal about the school, and all the young people were very communicative about their classes. They told us what had been the lessons for the day, and repeated many observations which had been made by a gentleman who was on a visit in the neighbourhood, and who had kindly given an address to the children. Other suitable topics were introduced, and there was no lack of pleasant conversation.

After tea Mr. M. said: "I am always glad to see my young friends on Sunday; but it is my rule that when they come they should take a part in our evening employments. We are now going into the drawing-room to begin them;" and turning to me, he added: "Hester, you will, I hope, feel quite at liberty to do as you please. The library is at your service, if you would like to be alone; but if you will join us, we shall be pleased to have your company."

"Do pray come with us, dear cousin," said little Emily. I did not want any pressing, but answered readily, that I should gladly spend the evening with them.

When we went into the room, I saw on the table the portfolio of Scripture pictures I have mentioned, and a stand for displaying them. What followed, however, shall be described in my next paper.

ENGLISH PRISONERS IN FRANCE.

AMIDST all the sorrows and vices of mankind, war even not excepted, there is one alleviation that fails not to bring relief to the worst of evils. Religion can cheer the heart of the prisoner, can soothe the couch of pain and sickness, and support the sinking soul even amid the shades of death. The presence of God can make the dying bed

"Seem soft as downy pillows are."

Not a few of our countrymen, now suffering under the awful calamities of the fearful struggle at present waging, have experienced, there is reason to believe, these consolations and this Divine relief. Can we not hope—and ought we not constantly to pray—that many of those who in the days of prosperity had remained ignorant of the true source of life and happiness, may find, amid sorrow and suffering, that peace which the world cannot impart—that out of death they may *receive* life, even *that* life which endures for evermore?

There may be some who, as they watch the progress of the events at present transpiring, are reminded of similar things that happened during the early years of their life, at the time of the great continental war, when many of our countrymen were detained in captivity by the tyranny of Napoleon, and some had to spend years of suffering and privation in tedious bondage. Then, too, our own prisons of war were filled with natives of various countries, and some efforts were made by those whose hearts yearned over the poor captives to relieve their distress, and to bring them acquainted with the things that belonged to their eternal welfare. Many were then first taught to read the Scriptures for themselves, and when they were released from captivity, carried to their native towns and villages the word of God, in their own languages; yet but little to what might have been done, was effected. Now that we have again an opportunity afforded us to do good to the wounded and the prisoners of the enemy, it is the solemn duty of the religious part of the community to do all that in them lies to turn it to account. As an encouragement to them to do so, we proceed to detail the following incident.

Every one remembers the alarm and consternation that were felt when Buonaparte committed that most surprising and atrocious act of tyranny — the detention of the English who were visiting France at the renewal of the war in the beginning of the present century. Multitudes of innocent travellers were suddenly arrested at a time of peace, and without the slightest warning of coming danger found themselves prisoners in a foreign land for an unknown period. Our countrymen, thus detained, were first stationed at Fontainbleau. Among their number was a young clergyman, who was making his wedding-tour with his bride, when the iron hand of war was laid on him and arrested his course. When he looked around him, after the first bewilderment of surprise, he found among his fellow prisoners persons of almost all ranks, and many of them very poor and distressed. A few who had it in their power to assist the most necessitous, after a time formed a regular plan of operation, and with active benevolence endeavoured to relieve, as much as possible, the sufferings of their poorer associates in calamity. Food and clothing were provided, and schools opened for the children and those of the adults who needed instruction. Mr. Wolfe (our young clergyman), anxious to contribute his aid to the good work, conducted divine service at his lodgings, and was applying for leave to procure a suitable place of worship when

an order was suddenly received that the prisoners must instantly be removed to Verdun. Great was the consternation produced by this unexpected proceeding. All classes among the prisoners were troubled and at a loss in so sudden an emergency, and the poorer among them were in the greatest distress, having no means to provide for their necessities, nor to pay the debts which they had incurred for lodgings, etc. To add to their perplexity, it was the depth of winter when they were called to travel so great a distance under such painful circumstances. It was no wonder that the inhabitants with whom they had lodged should be irritated at the pecuniary loss that impended over them, and in some instances their vexation vented itself in ill-usage on the unfortunate prisoners. But there were many cases in which great kindness and generosity were exhibited, accompanied with that peculiar grace and delicacy which characterize the French nation, and which, when they are not carried away by the excitement of politics or religion, give so much charm to their manners. Mr. Wolfe has recorded some pleasing examples that fell under his notice; and these amiable traits form almost the only memorial on which the mind of a Christian can look with satisfaction as he recalls scenes of warfare and mutual hostility.

Mr. Wolfe soon found that the majority of the prisoners at Verdun were not persons under the influence of religion. He laboured assiduously for their spiritual welfare; but his ministry was not rendered extensively useful among them, and indeed his own knowledge of Divine truth appears at this time to have been indistinct and limited. It was not till a later period that he adopted that earnest and awakening style of preaching which was afterwards rendered so successful. Having no books, he was necessarily confined to the study of the Holy Scriptures in composing his sermons, and he said subsequently that this was the means which was blessed by God to his own growth in knowledge and grace, so that he was gradually prepared for the work he eventually performed.

In the year 1805, Mr. Wolfe, being allowed by the French government to take the office of chaplain for British prisoners, removed to Givet. This place was his own choice, as he was permitted, in consequence of the appointment, to choose for his prison-house a depôt where his services were the most needed. Thither, with his wife and children (for he had become a father in the house of bondage), he repaired; and soon he discovered that he had undertaken a task of greater difficulty and danger than he had anticipated. It was a scene of the utmost physical and moral wretchedness and degradation. Of religion there was no appearance, except among some twenty poor Methodists, who were the objects of bitter hostility and persecution on account of their pious behaviour. The bodily condition of the prisoners was wretched in the extreme: they wanted the very necessaries of life, and were confined in a cramped and unhealthy situation; the only space allotted for their exercise being a slip of ground not more than ten paces in width, and exposed to the sun. In the hospital the captives were mixed with prisoners of other nations, and were in a shocking state of neglect, and covered with vermin. Not a single prisoner was allowed to leave the town, and it was almost impossible for them to receive remittances from their friends. So great was their distress that, unable to still the cravings of hunger, they were sometimes known to pick up the potato peelings that were thrown into the court and devour them! All this misery seemed but to harden them in vice, and the little money that did reach them was wasted in riot and drink, instead of being applied to necessary uses. No man cared for their souls; and left as they were entirely to themselves, none seeking to instruct or restrain them, either by force or persuasion, the depôt of Givet was at that moment one of the most reprobate places imaginable!

Such was the deplorable condition of the people for whose temporal and spiritual good the young pastor was desirous to labour. Truly he needed heavenly help, and a strong and lively faith! Amid all these discouraging circumstances, the excellent man, undaunted by the difficulties of his situation, commenced his plan of operations. From the time of his arrival at Givet he was looked on with an evil eye by the authorities, whose disgraceful extortions upon the poor prisoners he immediately detected and endeavoured to check. They were enraged that he should seek to expose their malpractices, and loudly threatened to denounce him to the government, and have him sent to the dreaded fortress of the Bitche. For two years this continued, and during the whole of that time he says that he never went to bed without the impression upon his mind that ere the morning came he might be suddenly marched off like a felon under some pretence of his enemies. These fears would probably have been realized in the end, for the rage of the officers increased, and they constantly laid traps for him; but, in the course of time, a gradual change took place, through the blessing of God upon the preaching and faithful efforts of the good man, and a great alteration was perceptible in the conduct of the prisoners; so that to drunkenness, disobedience, and treachery, succeeded sobriety, submission, and even cheerfulness; and the men who had been false to every idea of honour and truth became honour-

able and faithful to their engagements. Their word was as good as their bond; and the commandant and his people found the benefit of the improvement in their habits in the great alleviation of their duties of supervision.

The following particulars of this good work of grace are given in the words of Mr. Wolfe:—"Though exposed to many difficulties and trials as to their temporal condition, in the spiritual concerns of these poor men I had abundant cause for thankfulness. On my first application for a place of worship, none could be had beyond a room which would not hold more than two hundred persons. This I procured for the moment; and what was wanting in accommodation was amply made up by the spirit which was manifested among the prisoners. The place was crowded to excess, and the blessing of God was with us. The schools, too, were established, and though we had at the early period of our captivity great difficulty in obtaining funds for all necessary objects, yet we were able to carry on a system of education, which, for extent, usefulness, and the rapid progress made by the instructed, was quite satisfactory. It is, indeed, surprising at how small an expense a number of persons, generally amounting to between four and five hundred, were taught to read and write, to go through the highest rules in arithmetic, navigation in its various branches, the construction of maps and charts, etc. The small sums given to those among them who were capable of instructing their fellow prisoners, as masters or assistants, were very useful."

The immediate results arising from this employment of their time were highly beneficial. Their thoughts were diverted from dwelling upon their misfortunes, and the pernicious effects of idleness and discontent, which had been so injurious both in a moral and religious point of view, ceased to be seen.

In the midst of these useful occupations, the excellent pastor, who superintended the whole, did not cease to use all his efforts to direct their minds to the study of the Scriptures, and to the knowledge of the truth in Christ Jesus; nor were his labours in vain in the Lord. He records, with grateful joy, that the hearts of many were opened to receive the truth, and that some, advanced in years, learned for the first time to read, that they might study for themselves the word of God. A great sensation was created in the prison. As might have been expected, there were some who mocked, but there were also many whose hearts were opened to receive the words of everlasting life. Of these not a few continued faithful, and their instructor, looking back on that time, said: "I have not the least reason to doubt that the Lord fulfilled his promise to those who sought him, and that, even now, some have entered into his rest, and others are still so running that they may obtain."

The influence of religious principle soon became so conspicuous in the conduct of these men, that a spirit of confidence towards them sprang up; and whereas they were formerly closely confined, they were now permitted to go at large, and even to enjoy themselves, in some instances, as workmen or servants. It was observed that the religious men differed from the other prisoners in respect of honour and truthfulness, and they were treated accordingly.

At length, Mr. Wolfe succeeded in procuring a more commodious place for a chapel, when as many as were inclined had free opportunity to enjoy the means of grace. The disinterested pastor was very anxious that they should attend his ministrations from no feeling of constraint and from no hope of gain; and this he plainly made known. Yet the congregation increased; and those who began to show hopeful marks of a true change of heart were very rarely found to relapse into their former ways. The ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper were administered. "I shall never forget," said Mr. Wolfe, "the first sacrament I administered in the barracks. The number of communicants was about fourteen, chiefly old men; most of them had never before attended at the holy table; perhaps some had never been in a place of worship in their lives. I came to the depôt. They could not restrain their feelings, and most of them were in tears the whole time."

But the number of communicants speedily increased. The spirit of inquiry spread; and hundreds were awakened to thoughtfulness; gradually the work progressed, until, at length, during the latter part of Mr. Wolfe's stay among them, about two hundred were in church fellowship. The depôt was a very large one; sometimes the number of prisoners amounted to fifteen hundred. Formerly there was not a room where a man could have gone on his knees to prayer without personal danger of abuse and violence. Now there was not one in which some were not pious men; and everywhere peace and quiet were kept. Mr. Wolfe gives many pleasing particulars touching the conduct and progress of this infant church; but there is not space to speak of them here.

At length, after a period of nine years spent in captivity, Mr. Wolfe obtained his release. At first he had some scruple in seeking his liberty, as his ministry had been so abundantly blessed; but the claims of his growing family, his pecuniary affairs, and other considerations, determined him to do so. He obtained at first a three months' furlough upon parole; and coming with his family to England, he procured

his liberty before the expiration of the quarter. It was not till many long years after (1830), that he published his narrative, "On the Habits of the English Prisoners in France;" to which he appended a sort of retrospection of the whole, concluding with this satisfactory statement:—"In reviewing the state of the prisoners in France, I joyfully lay hold of the promise, and look forward to the time when I shall rejoice in eternal happiness with some who then were first impressed with the value of eternal things. Some I have met with who still continue steadfast in the faith. While I am writing, I receive a letter from one who, after returning home, and passing seventeen years in the busy scenes of a London house of trade, is still fighting the good fight of faith. I cannot doubt that the same grace is continued to, and increased in, others, of whom I have not heard. For some of our poor fellows I have been able to procure situations in this country, which their instruction in Givet rendered them capable of, and to which their good conduct recommended them; and I have been informed of many who are now occupying stations exceedingly superior to their original prospects in life, having been taught even to read during their captivity as prisoners of war in France."

Do we not see in these particulars how great a blessing is the religion of Christ, and how, under the most disadvantageous circumstances, it pleases God to bless the zealous, believing efforts of his people to do good? Are we not encouraged by all such past experiences to hope that God will still prosper the endeavours that are made under similar emergencies?

At present our own pastors and chaplains are engaged among our sick and wounded soldiers, and among our prisoners, in the same work of faith and love as Mr. Wolfe and his friends at Givet; and the accounts which have from time to time been received, through letters and in other ways, encourage the belief that their endeavours are blessed, and that their ministrations are eagerly desired and accepted.

A SAFE RESTING-PLACE.

It is not every resting-place that is safe. Bunyan's pilgrims, Christian and Hopeful, got shut up in a miserable dungeon for three days and nights, without a bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, through sitting down and falling asleep in a meadow belonging to Giant Despair. And Christian just saved his companion from a fatal error after this, when he reminded him of the caution given them by a shepherd, that they must not take repose upon the enchanted ground. Bitter experience has often confirmed this good advice; and every one ought to be careful as to where and when he rests. Rest, however, is as necessary as labour. We cannot labour long without it, and therefore the Creator and Father of men has provided plenty of means for its enjoyment.

Even those great giant rocks, over which the peasants and poor travellers in mountainous countries are obliged to climb, have many a hollow scooped out by the agencies of nature, in which they can take rest, and be safe too. Some of these may be seen in Switzerland. There the labouring population, in following their callings, especially those who carry goods through the hilly districts, often have to mount heights varying from 2000 to 8000 feet, in all weathers. Let it be remembered that 2000 feet is nearly five times the height of St. Paul's cathedral in London, and then some idea may be formed of the toil which these wayfarers must undergo. They could never do it, if the God who formed these steeps had not made resting-places ready for them. And these are most admirably adapted to their use. In the pass of the Gemmi, a perpendicular mountain of more than 2000 feet, ascended by a zig-zag path scratched on its side about half-way up, the solid rock overhangs the route. In winter, this is a sure retreat when the traveller hears the movement of any avalanche or loose rock coming down from above. If he can only get under this cavity, he is perfectly secure. In summer, it is a most delightful spot for a halt. The heat is usually strong in the middle of the day, as reflected upon you from the face of the seemingly endless wall of adamant, along which you pass. Very often in the ascent you have wiped your forehead, and wished for a shelter from the burning beams, and when at length you reach this cool retreat, you wish you could stay there always; and there, indeed, is the place to take out your Bible, and read the words of Isaiah: "And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

There is a close correspondence between the Bible and nature. Most of the prophets appear to have been lovers of natural scenery, and the Spirit who inspired them taught them to make use of the landscapes around them as furnishing the most beautiful and striking emblems of divine truth. This was especially the case when they were speaking about the coming Christ. Many of the most interesting objects that the eye saw in earth and sky, formed appropriate types of the Desire of all nations. And so God has constructed his book in such a manner that its truths may easily connect themselves with the daily scenes in which we move.

"THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK IN A WEARY LAND."

"The shadow of a great rock" gives us Isaiah's idea of the rest and safety which a sinner may find in Christ. We are sometimes weary with *a burden on the conscience*. This is one of the heaviest of all burdens; and there is no true relief from it, until it is carried to Christ. He, as a great sheltering rock, stands over us to shield us from the punishment due to our sins. As the projection in the Gemmi wards off the boulders loosened by the tempest, so has Christ stood before the justice of God for us, and has suffered that we might escape. Let the restless conscience cast its load upon him, and so find peace. "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed."

Many grow tired with a *load of care*. "Times are hard." Provisions are dear. Work does not pay as you hoped it would; and then you are anxious about to-morrow. Or an illness comes, and throws you back. Or your child is sick, and you watch day and night with weary eyes, afraid how it will end. Or trade has gone wrong lately, and the future makes you tremble. The world seems to use you badly, and you are faint-hearted with the long, long effort to rise, while you can scarcely keep from sinking. You think you must give up altogether, and struggle no more, but yield to despair. You want *rest*. Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." You must go under the shadow of the great Rock. Throw your care upon Christ. He rules over all things. He feeds the birds, and clothes the flowers. He will take care of you. To believe this, is to be at rest.

It is hard work to *strive against sin*. You know it is wrong. You want to avoid it. It grieves you to find that you have yielded to it. You resolve again to overcome it. Yet you learn more still of your weakness. You are like the mountaineer who has a great height to reach with a great weight on his back. It constantly pulls him downward; and though he goes plodding on, he scarcely seems to get any further. You want *rest*. Not that, in this case, it will do to sit down or stand still. Rest is needed in the form of strength. An eagle can do with scarcely an effort what all our power could never accomplish. And you want to "mount up with wings as eagles, to run and not be weary, and walk and not faint." Now you must get power from Christ to do this, and by his refreshing grace he will be "as rivers of water in a dry place." "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

An awful tempest will descend upon this earth before the transactions of time are closed. "The day of 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." In that dread day there will be but one safe refuge. Those only who have cast themselves upon Christ as their Saviour, will be safe. Reader! no storm will ever hurt you if you are found resting under the shelter of the Sinner's Friend!

THERE is many a wounded heart without a contrite spirit. The ice may be broken into a thousand pieces, it is still ice; but expose it to the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and then it will melt.—*Middleton.*

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

A MAN GREATLY BELOVED.

PART I.

"O Daniel, a man greatly beloved."—*Daniel* x. 11.

ONE of the great excellences of Scripture is, that it points out to us the path of duty, not only by precept, but by example. Not to mention the perfect pattern of a holy life, which it sets before us in the character and conduct of Christ, it presents to our view men of like passions with ourselves, in almost every possible variety of situation; and while it urges us, by the most powerful motives, to become followers of those who, by faith and patience, now inherit the promises, it clearly describes the way which led them to glory; and teaches us, by their example, in what manner to discharge the duties, support the trials, and overcome the temptations, of our probationary state.

Of those whose characters are thus recorded for our imitation, few, if any, will be found superior to Daniel. His life, as described in Scripture, appears to be without blemish. He is almost the only eminent saint there mentioned of whom no fault is recorded. Nor was his character for goodness merely of the negative kind. Even during his life, he was placed by Jehovah himself in the same rank with Job and Noah—men eminent in their day for faith and piety. In addition to this infallible testimony in his favour, we find him, once and again, addressed by an angel, as a man peculiarly dear to God. "O man greatly beloved," says he, "fear not; peace be unto thee; be strong, yea, be strong." The same title is given him in our text, by one who appears to have been the Son of God. "I lifted up my eyes, and looked," says the prophet, "and behold a certain man clothed in linen, whose loins were girded with fine gold of Uphaz. His body also was like the beryl, and his face as the appearance of lightning, and his eyes as lamps of fire, and his arms and his feet like in colour to polished brass, and the voice of his words like the voice of a multitude. . . . . And he said unto me, O Daniel, a man greatly beloved, understand the words that I speak unto thee, and stand upright; for unto thee am I now sent."

My friends, nothing is more indispensably necessary to the welfare of all creatures than the favour of their Creator. To be greatly beloved of God is the highest honour and happiness to which we can possibly attain, either in this world or the next. Hence it becomes a matter of infinite importance for us to know how this privilege is to be obtained. This knowledge we may easily acquire, from an attentive consideration of the life and conduct of Daniel. We know from infallible testimony that he was greatly beloved; and have therefore every reason to conclude that all who resemble him will enjoy the love and favour of God. Let us then carefully examine his character, and ascertain, if possible, why he was so greatly beloved by his Creator.

The first thing in his character which deserves our attention is his early piety. Like Josiah, though he was very young when carried captive to Babylon, yet even then he appears from his conduct to have been eminently pious. He must therefore, like Josiah, have begun at a very tender age to seek after the Lord God of his fathers. At a period of life when most young persons are wholly engrossed by follies and trifles, and know nothing of spiritual and divine things, he was well acquainted with the law of God; and, though a child in years, was a man in knowledge and understanding. This remembrance of his Creator in the days of his youth, when mankind generally forget him, was doubtless one among other things which gave him so distinguished a place in the divine favour; for God's language to his creatures is, "I love them that love me."

Another trait in the character of Daniel, deserving our attention, is the caution, zeal, and resolution which he displayed in keeping himself unspotted from the world. This, the apostle James informs us, is an essential part of pure and undefiled religion; and for this Daniel was highly distinguished. When carried to Babylon, he, with a few companions—children in whom was no blemish, but who were well-favoured and skilful in all wisdom, cunning in knowledge, understanding science, and possessing ability to stand in the king's presence—were selected from the other captives, and taken into the royal palace, that they might acquire the learning and language of the Chaldeans. In this situation, the king appointed them a daily provision of his own meat, and of the wine which he drank; so nourishing them for three years, that, at the end thereof, they might stand before the king. But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the king's meat. Various reasons might induce him to adopt this resolution. He might do it from love of country and his fellow captives, with a view to show his sorrow for their calamities. He

could say with Nehemiah, "Why should not my countenance be sad? why should I indulge my appetite in feasting when the city and place of my father's sepulchres lieth waste, and the gates thereof are burned with fire? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning: if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." For a Jew to be joyful when his nation was thus smarting under the judgments of heaven, was not only unsuitable and improper, but highly displeasing to God: for we find in the prophet Amos, a woe denounced against those who eat the lambs out of the flock, and the calves out of the stall, and drink wine in bowls, in a time of public calamity, but are not grieved for the afflictions of Joseph. A regard to his country, and to this threatening, might possibly have some influence in producing Daniel's resolution not to defile himself with the king's meat. But it was, more probably, from a principle of obedience to the divine law. You need not be told that, by the law, the Jews were strictly forbidden to eat certain animals which were used for food among the heathen; and that all kinds of food which had been previously offered in sacrifice to idols were considered by them as unclean. Had Daniel shared in the king's provision, he would have been under the necessity of eating, not only meats which had been offered to idols, but meats which were absolutely forbidden by the law of Moses. He, therefore, resolved not to defile himself by partaking of it; but to live only on herbs and water. If we consider the circumstances of his situation, we shall find reason to admire the firmness, zeal, and tenderness of conscience, displayed in this resolution. In age, he was but a child. The royal delicacies which he was invited and even commanded to partake of, would doubtless have been highly gratifying to his appetite; and he might easily have invented many plausible excuses for enjoying them. He might have pleaded that he was a captive, and under obligation to obey those into whose power Providence had thrown him. He might have pleaded that by refusing to partake of the king's meat, he should bring upon himself much ridicule and reproach, and perhaps expose himself to severe punishment. He might have pleaded that the Jewish ceremonial law was not intended to be binding in a foreign country; and that since he was among the Chaldeans, he was under the necessity of complying with their manners and customs. With much less plausible excuses than these do young persons, in general, satisfy themselves for complying with the sinful customs and manners of the world. But Daniel, notwithstanding his tender age, had sufficient firmness of mind to reject them. Be the consequence what it might, he was determined to maintain his integrity, and to preserve himself unspotted in the midst of a luxurious court and ensnaring examples. Thus he early began to deny ungodliness, and every worldly lust, and to live soberly and temperately, presenting his body as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God. This conduct, doubtless, had a tendency to secure the divine favour, and to render him a man greatly beloved by his Creator. It proved that he was not ashamed of his religion, his country, or his God; and that, like Moses, he chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

A third remarkable trait in the character of Daniel, is the holy indifference and contempt with which he looked down on worldly honour, wealth, and applause. We have already seen how little he valued, even in his youth, those worldly, sensual pleasures by which the young are so often fascinated and ensnared. As little did he value wealth and honour. Though he was of royal descent, and though he had, from his infancy, been educated in courts where religion was neglected, God dishonoured, and the world idolized as the one thing needful; and though he possessed, in the court of Babylon, every possible opportunity and advantage for acquiring riches and honours, yet he seems to have overcome all these temptations, and to have considered all these ensnaring objects, for which millions barter their souls, as trifles unworthy of his pursuit. It is true, he obtained both riches and honours; but it is no less true that he never sought them. They came to him unasked and undesired. He evidently appears to have preferred a calm, retired, humble station, to all that kings and courts could give. Witness the manner in which he treated the monarchs under whose government he lived. Instead of flattering them, as did others, and as he would have done had he aimed to secure their favour, he never failed to reprove them for their sins, when a favourable opportunity was offered him. Hear with what boldness he reproved the proud Nebuchadnezzar, the most powerful monarch on earth. "Break off thy sins," says he, "by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor." This was strange language to the ears of a prince who was accustomed to hear nothing but the most extravagant praises and flatteries, and who was never addressed by his subjects without their prostrating themselves before him. With the same holy zeal and fortitude did he reprove the impious Belshazzar. When he offered to clothe Daniel in scarlet robes, adorn his neck with a chain of gold, and make him the third ruler in the kingdom, he replied, with a holy contempt for these glittering trifles, "Let thy gifts

be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another. Thou, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all that befel thy father, for his pride; but thou hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven, and the God in whose hands thy breath is thou hast not glorified." This evidently is not the language of a man of the world, who wished for the riches and honours which kings bestow on their favourites. No; it is the independent language of a man crucified to the world, and regardless of what that world could bestow. This trait in his character was indispensably necessary to render him beloved by his Maker; for we are expressly assured that the love and friendship of the world are enmity with God.

Another part of Daniel's character which we are called to notice, is his exemplary piety and devotion. He was emphatically a man of prayer. Though he lived in the midst of the tumult, noise, and confusion of a court, and during a great part of his life had almost the sole direction of the counsels and offices of a powerful nation, which must necessarily involve him in an ocean of business, cares, and perplexities; yet he daily found much more time for secret prayer than many Christians can find at the present day, who have nothing but their own private concerns to engage their attention. He never pleaded, as an excuse for neglecting this duty, that his body was too much wearied, or his mind too much perplexed by constant care and fatigue, to perform it. No; whatever obstacles might oppose it, or however loudly necessary business might demand his attention, he prayed to God regularly three times in a day; and he would much sooner have thought of neglecting his daily food and sleep, than of omitting these accustomed devotional exercises. He lived, in this respect, like a man who knew that his soul needed daily refreshment, as well as his body; and who felt that, without God, he could do nothing. Praying was not with him an idle form, a heartless ceremony, or a duty performed merely to quiet his conscience. No; it was his joy and delight; it was the very life of his soul; and with almost as much ease might the sun be turned from his course, as he from his daily approaches to the throne of grace. Even the commands of the king, and the certainty of being cast into the den of lions, could not, for one moment, deter him from the performance of this duty. My friends, do you love prayer thus fervently and sincerely? How often, think you, would you approach the throne of grace, if your way to it lay through a den of lions?

In addition to the prayers which Daniel offered up, three times in a day, he frequently set apart seasons for more especial attention to this duty. He set his face, as he expresses it, to seek the Lord God by prayer and supplication, with fasting, and sackcloth, and ashes; and in the performance of these duties he sometimes spent the greater part of every day for weeks together. Since God loves those who love him, we cannot wonder that a man whose fervent love for his Maker led him so frequently and constantly to the mercy-seat, should be greatly beloved in return.

[To be continued.]

A SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.

When all the busy cares of day were pass'd,
And the broad setting sun was sinking fast,
Far from the noisy din of men retired,
I sought the calm seclusion I admir'd;
And in a deep sequestered secret bower.
During the cool and sweetly silent hour,
With eager heart I read the moral page,
To store up maxims that might sweeten age.
At length, when day's illusive views were fled,
(Retir'd for needful rest upon my bed)
Soon as soft slumbers lulled me in repose,
The following vision to my fancy rose.

Beneath a lofty beech's rev'rend shade,
Whose moss-grown boughs o'er-canopied the glade,
Where hanging willows wav'd with solemn grace,
And shed a pleasing sadness o'er the place;
Beside a silent water's rushy brink,
In pensive mood, I sat me down to think.
Much on the miseries of life I mus'd;
How oft poor man, by foolish hopes abus'd,
(His life one constant scene of toil and pain)
Finds all his searches after bliss are vain;
And as I pored upon the book below,
"Oh happiness!" I sighed, "I fain would know
Thy hid retreat, that, free from that fell strife
Which so embitters all surrounding life,
I might each pleasure seize, and miss each woe,
And nothing here but constant sweetness know;
Nor let an hour unbless'd pass by, but all
With pleasure loaded, and unmixed with gall:
But ah! no such delights for me remain."
For this, for this, alas! I sighed in vain.

While thus I mus'd, a splendid form appeared;
Her soft and smiling looks my fancy cheer'd,
And to the sullen gloom which ruled my heart,
She said, or sweetly seemed to say, "Depart!"
Her sparkling eyes with softest lustre play'd,
And sweet sensations to my heart convey'd.
A downcast, modest, and attractive grace,
Dwelt on each feature and o'erspread her face.
Smooth were her accents, languishing her air,
And all her manner elegantly fair.
Smiling, she cried: "I come thy gloom to cure;
Haste! follow me, and happiness is sure;
My skill shall bid thy ev'ry sorrow cease,
Soothe all thy cares, and tune thy soul to peace.
Avoid ambition—splendour of an hour,
The slipp'ry summit of unbounded power.
Envy not him whose brow yon gem adorns,
For ev'ry crown is lined throughout with thorns;
With me shalt thou thy future hours employ,
In one continued scene of rapturous joy.
Pause not a moment; happiness is mine;
Come, follow me, and all its charms are thine."

I rose, enamour'd with her soft address,
Eager the promis'd blessings to possess,
When lo! a still small voice assail'd my ears—
"Trust not the alluring form which Pleasure wears;
False are her joys, and her endearments vain;
Though seeming sweet, they lead to certain pain;
Smooth though her words, deceitful in the end;
Be wise, and to my counsels sage attend.
Is happiness the object of pursuit?
Then sink not to the level of a brute.
Shall man, for noblest purposes design'd,
Form'd in the likeness of th' Eternal Mind—
Shall he extinguish all his heavenly fire,
Debase his birth, and wallow in the mire?
Oh shame! Degenerate mortal, ope thine eyes,
Nor think with Pleasure dwells th' exalted prize.
Yet, if thou'rt bent the desp'rate hope to try,
And her false charms still revel in thy eye,
Go on, till thou by sad experience find
Her richest joys but leave disgust behind.
But if thou wiser art, content to shun
Those rocks on which so many are undone;
The heav'nly blessing shall thy cares control,
Fit only for the cultivated soul.
Trace learning's flow'ry paths, with studious care,
For they alone the way to bliss declare;
With calm philosophy thy passions quell,
And bid each meaner appetite farewell:
While science' mystic way thy hours employs,
The soul shall banquet on ethereal joys.
Direct thy future conduct by my plan,
I'm Reason, faithful guide to erring man."

Caught by her promises, with joy I cried:—
"Oh sovereign Reason! thou shalt be my guide;
O'er the vast field of knowledge, while I stray,
Be thou the guiding star to mark my way.
Thou, from thick films shalt clear my clouded eyes,
And make me happy, as thou mak'st me wise."

With joy elated, certain of success,
Her steps I trod, in search of happiness.
Through many a toilsome track she led me on,
From morn to eve, from eve to morning sun;
And as with pain our tedious course we bent,
Hope fill'd my heart, and promis'd rich content.
No path, howe'er obscure, to her was strange;
All things, she said, were subject to her range.
With faith implicit, I her course pursued;
Yet difficulties still were unsubdued;
Into each sidelong path she turned her view,
Searching for ever, still for something new,
Too proud to own she trod forbidden ground,
Though disappointments multiplied around;
And often turn'd her circling feet about
To the same spot from whence we first set out.
At length, advanc'd upon a dreary wild,
On whose rough face no cheering sun had smil'd,
Thick hanging mist obscured the light of day,
On every side a thousand dangers lay,
And not a track to point the likely way.
When so much anxious search and toil were spent,
To gain the long-sought object—true content,
My guide's best pow'rs with sad surprise I found
Were to a very scanty limit bound:
Too self-sufficient, yet, alas! was she
The proper limits of her pow'rs to see.
At length, compell'd, she stopp'd: perplexed in mind,
I turn'd, and lo! my boasting guide was blind.
Amaz'd, distracted, filled with wild despair,
In vain I beat my breast, and tore my hair;
No gleam of hope the desert prospect cheer'd,
And ghastly forms on ev'ry side appear'd.
Feeble and dark, oppress'd with bursting grief,
"Oh, gracious Heaven!" I cried, "afford relief;
In kind compassion, send some friendly hand
To lead my footsteps from this dreary land."

I spake, and lo! the dusky clouds were rent,
A sudden radiance spread the firmament;
Far and more far retir'd th' oppressive night,
And heav'n's wide arch was wrapped in glorious light.
Behold! high-seated on a silver throne,
The fairest of the heav'nly train came down;
She seem'd th' Eternal Father's loveliest child,
And on her brow such sweet complacence smil'd,
With tender pity mix'd, and mercy mild.
With blooming laurel were her tresses crown'd,
And circling stars their splendours darted round;
Full on her breast a glorious sun appear'd,
Aloft in air a bloody cross she rear'd;
In her right hand an open book she held,
And bade me read the blessings there reveal'd;
Her left a branch of peaceful palm embrac'd,
Beneath her feet were earthly glories placed;
Crowns, sceptres, diamonds, orient pearls, and gold,
Spurn'd and neglected, in confusion roll'd.
She rose, and waved the mystic purple sign,
With step majestic, dignity divine;
Smiling, she seized my trembling palm, and said:
"Hush'd be thy sighs! be all thy griefs allay'd!
From sorrow's harsh domains I set thee free;
Renounce thy learned pride and follow me.
Reason conceited, ever prone to stray,
Without my aid can never find the way;
Her bounded power (for earthly things prepar'd)
Has boldly to the heights celestial dar'd,
And in false ways too often leads her train;
Who trust alone to her will find their trust is vain.
But lo! the gracious God of love reveals
Mercy supreme, which sure salvation seals
To ev'ry humble soul that in the ways
Of faith and holiness his love embrace."

With gentle force my willing steps she bent,
And down a steep declivity we went;
The way was slippery, but my careful guide
Sustain'd my steps, nor suffered me to slide;
And oft, when fainting underneath my toil,
She beam'd rich comfort in a gracious smile.
Encourag'd by this kind assiduous care,
I asked the name of the celestial fair;
With kind complacence, and a look benign,
Which cheer'd my heart, she answer'd, "Grace Divine;"
And added: "From the Eternal Father's throne
'Twas Jesus' intercession sent me down.
While thou through error's mazy path hast strayed,
Thy every step with pity I survey'd;
I knew thy toils in search of happiness,
Saw all thy woe, and felt thy deep distress;
Soon as thy suit had gain'd the Almighty's ear,
Fondly impatient to dispel thy care,
I stood prepar'd with instant haste to fly
And bring th' implored assistance from the sky.
Then sweetly spake the high exalted Son—
'Father! Oh let thy loving will be done!
Hast thou not given all those souls to me
Who seek from false delusion to get free?
I claim my own; let Grace Divine descend,
And tell him Jesus is the sinner's friend;
Ah! let her lead his wand'ring steps aright,
And clear from earthly films his clouded sight;
Direct his progress through faith's hallow'd ground,
And show him where true happiness is found.'
The Father smiled, and all the heavenly choirs
Instant to boundless mercy struck their lyres;

His loftiest strains each raptured seraph sung,
In high response the heavenly mansions rung,
Ecstatic raptures fill'd the courts above,
And ev'ry angel soul o'erflow'd with love.
With sweet delight I now thy guide become,
To lead thee safely to that happy home,
Where thy long-sought-for happiness is found,
And richest undecaying joys abound.
And now no more thy toilsome search shall fail;
Through sweet humility's luxuriant vale,
The path is plain to where the dwelling stands,
A building fair, not raised by mortal hands,
Favoured by God, by men but seldom found,
Who still will stray through pride's deceitful ground,
And follow phantoms which before them fly,
Mock at their grasp, or in possession die;
Though still deluded, they their course renew,
And find, each day, fresh follies to pursue.
See, where the sacred walls appear in sight,
I point thy way; pursue the path aright;
Each winding way with strictest caution shun,
Press forward till the glorious prize be won.
Marked in this sacred page, the holy way
Is clearly seen; do thou the track obey;
So shalt thou surely reach the happy land.
(She smil'd and gave the volume to my hand.)
Me, now no longer does high Heav'n permit
Thus visibly to lead thy willing feet;
But cease thy doubts, dispel thy every fear,
For though invisible, my aid is near;
Yet know, ere thou shalt gain the happy dome,
And gladly call the blissful seat thy home,
A thorny path with patience must be trod;
Though sometimes rough, it leads thee to thy God.
But peace celestial will its power display,
And with sincerest comforts strew thy way;
Then thou shalt be no more a prey to care,
Thy Father's love shall guard thee from each snare.
And faith in him shall give a true repose,
And make thee fearless of terrestrial woes;
With fervent love thy holy breast shall glow,
While resignation sweetens all below;
No conscious guilt shall agitate thy breast,
And heaven shall largely give its promised rest.
Such are the joys which crowd Religion's road,
And bless the souls that humbly serve their God.
Such are their lives; more joyful still their end.
The consolations of their heavenly Friend,
In rich abundance, then upon them shine,
And prove their cheering energy divine:
Till when the mandate comes for their release,
Kind angels waft them to eternal peace."

She spake, and vanished from my raptured sight.
Now morn drew back the curtain of the night,
And leaden sleep relaxed its heavy reign:
I woke, and rose to worldly care again,
But found these truths upon my heart impress'd:—
"No real transport fires the guilty breast,
No sublunary joys can fill a mind
For heav'n and immortality design'd;
Nor can unaided Reason's little line
Trace all the height and depth of love divine."

THE RED LETTER.

THE widow Geharty's cabin was situated in a deep glen, through which there ran a little stream as clear as crystal. It had once been a happy home for a large family; but the famine came, and Micky Geharty died; and, after him, his eldest son Tim, and then little Mary and Peggy, and all that remained were the widow and three children. Micky Geharty had wasted away for some time before he died, and at last became so thin from famine that, as he himself expressed it, "Sure there's only the bones of me to go;" but while he thus wasted in the outward man, he was becoming stronger and healthier in his soul than he had ever been before. Jim Dowling, the Scripture reader, had pointed out to him, from an Irish Bible, how entirely the blessed Jesus was able and willing to save the soul; and Micky, who was too weak to go to work upon the roads, lay all day long in a corner of his cabin, thinking over the wondrous things he now for the first time heard.

"'Tis a wonderful thing entirely," said the dying man to his humble teacher, "that what you spake of, Jim, is to be had for the asking, without paying anything down at all, at all. Sure 'tis little chance the likes of me would have if I had to pay, whin I couldn't raise a sixpenny-bit in the world."

"'Tis wonderful," answered Jim, "and maybe that's the reason so few will believe me when I tell them of it; but there's many a thing that's wonderful that's thrue."

"Come here, Biddy," said Mick Geharty; "Jim won't do ye any harm, he's as quiet as a baby." But no words of the dying man could induce his wife to stand at the same side of the bed as the heretical Scripture reader. The bed consisted of a few bundles of straw, which this same Jim Dowling had begged from a friend for the poor dying man; but neither this fact nor any other made the reader a fit companion in Biddy Geharty's eyes. The quick approach of death, however, did what all persuasion had failed in accomplishing, and a change in her husband's countenance made his wife hasten to his side.

"'Tisn't long I'll be with ye now, Biddy," said Mick Geharty, as he looked earnestly at his wife; "and now I'm going I'm happier than ever I was when the praties were flourishing, and the childer were all here; that's a wonderful letter that Jim Dowling has, and let him read it to you when I'm gone."

What answer Mrs. Geharty would have given to this request we cannot tell, for she loved her husband as much as she disliked Jim Dowling; but poor Mick changed so suddenly for the worse, and became unconscious, that she was spared the pain of saying "yes" or "no."

Jim Dowling gave her every help that lay in his power; and, with his own hands, dug Mick Geharty's grave, for there were few to do the friendly office for the dead in those dreadful days. All this, however, did not soften the widow's heart; she was willing to accept Jim's

visits as a friend, but not as a Scripture reader. It must not be supposed, however, that poor Bridget Geharty was an enemy to everything that was good; far from it—she hoped to go to heaven; but then it must be through her own merits and the intercession of the Virgin; for as to the *love* of Christ, she couldn't see that at all; so far from seeing him as a being full of love, she always looked upon him as one that must be interceded with through the Virgin, and that was too far removed from her to care for her or do her good.

Week after week passed away, and the Gehartys kept on in the same miserable condition—half-starved—hanging between life and death. At length a gleam of sunshine burst in upon them; twenty girls from their parish were to be sent abroad, and Mrs. Geharty had the offer of sending Ellen if she wished. Ellen was what in Ireland is called "a likely girl;" she was a fond daughter and a loving sister, and was full of intelligence and life; at least as full of the latter as she could be, under the present circumstances. The temptation was great, and the struggle in the widow Geharty's heart was very strong; but at length the thought of the famine prevailed, and she determined to let her go.

The time of departure drew near, and late the night before Ellen Geharty started, she and her mother sat over the embers of the usual turf fire. They had no candle; it was a long time since one had been lit in the cabin; but they could read each other's countenances by the red glare of the turf.

"'Tis a long night I'll have in my heart when yer gone, my darlint," said the widow; "'tis a hungry heart I'll have: 'tis bad enough to be hungry in the other way, but 'tis worse entirely to be hungry in the heart."

"'Tis poor comfort ye'll have, mother; but wait a while, and I'll write ye a letter, and send ye what I can;" for Ellen Geharty had been taught both to read and write in the palmy days before the famine.

"You won't forget yer ould mother," said the widow; "and maybe we'll all meet again; but I'll know ye remember me by the letter."

Much of the night was spent by the mother and daughter over the fire, and the last thing that Mrs. Geharty impressed on her daughter was "the letter."

Ellen Geharty emigrated, and in due course of time was landed in Australia; she had been well fed upon the voyage, and when she arrived in her new country was a fine strong girl. In two or three days after landing she found herself in a good situation, but she was to move far up the country. As soon as she was engaged she had to take her departure, and it was several months before any opportunity offered of sending a letter to her mother.

Meanwhile, things had not much improved at the widow Geharty's cabin. The dreadful pressure of famine had, it is true, been removed; but its effects could still be seen in the children and herself. Her greatest trouble, however, was, that no letter arrived from her daughter. Month after month passed away, and she heard nothing either of her or from her.

Jim Dowling was the only comforter the widow had. He told her he was sure her daughter had not forgotten her, and that she would some day have good cause to know that it was so. "What will persuade ye?" said Jim one day, after he had listened to the widow's fears that either Ellen must be dead, or she had forgotten her.

"What will persuade me?" said Mrs. Geharty, taking up his words; "a letter will persuade me; and till I see a letter, I won't believe that she's alive, or that she cares for me."

"'Tis mighty vexed Mrs. Geharty is within herself," said Jim Dowling, and he turned his steps towards home.

The following week the worthy Scripture reader was passing through the village, when he heard himself called by the familiar voice of Mr. Welsh, the postmaster. Half thrusting his way through the small square door in the window, he asked Jim "if he was going by the bridge to-day, for that there was a letter for Mrs. Geharty; and 'tis little likely she'll send for it," said the postmaster, "for she never had one before; it's often she's been here for one, but never a one came, and she's given up better than three months ago."

"Show it here," said Jim: "'tis it:" said he, "'tis the one she's looking for this long time. I'll take it to her;" and off started Jim with the letter to the Gehartys' cabin.

"I've brought it to you at last," said Jim, as he rushed almost breathless into the cabin; "there it is, all the way from 'Straly, as large as life; there's the mark upon it," said the Scripture reader; and he put his finger on certain lines and figures which were no better than so many conjuring marks to the widow.

It would require a more powerful pen than ours to picture the scene that the cabin presented on this auspicious occasion; but, after kissing the letter twenty times, the question arose in Mrs. Geharty's mind as to how she was to find out its contents.

Jim Dowling offered to read it; but she seemed to hang back; at last he said, "Maybe you don't trust me, Mrs. Geharty; if there's good news in it, 'tis I'll be glad to tell it to you."

This seemed so natural, and there appeared so little reason why Jim should not be trusted, that Mrs. Geharty gave him the letter; and what a letter it was!—full of love from beginning to end, and enclosing money to bring them out; for Ellen had married a man well to do in her adopted country; and most delightful, and at the same time most wonderful of all, the end was written in red, which ran as follows:—"And that you may know you have my heart's love, I write it with my heart's blood, the heart's blood of your own loving child, Ellen."

Ellen had indeed drawn a pen full of blood from her arm, and written the end of her letter with it.*

"And won't ye be persuaded that Jesus doesn't forget ye, when he writes to you himself, Mrs. Geharty, and that with his blood? look at it here;" and Jim pulled out his Bible and read, "I lay down my life for the sheep." "Here's the letter," said Jim, holding up his Bible, open at John x.; "and isn't it red all through?—and isn't it full of love?—and doesn't he send you to come to himself? He's as good as Ellen anyhow; and won't ye believe him?"

The letter had indeed come to Mrs. Geharty: before she left Ireland, the veil had fallen from her eyes, and the tenth of John was always known by her as THE RED LETTER.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

HEBREW HUSBANDRY.

Isaiah xxviii. 27, 28.

THE interesting allusions to the operations of the Jewish husbandman contained in this passage are illustrated with remarkable exactness by a passage in the last work of Dr. Layard's, "Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon." In order that the value of the illustration may be fully perceived it is necessary to notice the improved translation of the passage by the Rev. John Jones:—

"The dill is not threshed with *the threshing sledge*,
Nor is the wheel of the wain made to roll over the cummin.
Bread corn is threshed:
But not for ever will he continue thus to thresh it;
Though he driveth along the wheels of his wain,
And his horses, he will not bruise it to dust."

"The oxen and the young asses that till the ground
Shall eat clean provender,
Which hath been winnowed with the shovel and with the fan," (xxx. 24.)

"Behold I have made thee a new sharp threshing wain (sledge) *armed with pointed teeth*.
Thou shalt winnow them, and the wind shall carry them away." (xli. 15, 16.)

Referring to his late journey through Armenia, on his way to the Tigris, the writer says: "The threshing-floor had been seen in all the villages we had passed during our day's journey. The abundant harvest had been gathered in, and the corn was now to be threshed and stored for the winter. The process adopted is simple, and nearly such as it was in patriarchal times. The children either drive *horses* round and round over the heaps, or standing upon a sledge stuck full of sharp flints on the under part, are drawn by oxen over the scattered sheaves. Such were the '*threshing-sledges armed with teeth*' mentioned by Isaiah. In no instance are the animals muzzled—'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn;" but they linger to pick up a scanty mouthful as they are urged on by the boys and young girls, to whom the duties of the threshing-floor are chiefly assigned. The grain is winnowed by the men and women, who throw the corn and straw together into the air with a *wooden shovel*, leaving the wind to carry away the chaff whilst the seed falls to the ground. The wheat is then raked into heaps, and left on the threshing floor until the tithe-gatherer has taken his portion. The straw is stored for the winter as provender for the cattle."

The husbandman now, as in the days of the prophet, employs various instruments adapted to the various kinds of grain which he has to thresh, never using greater power than is necessary for the result required. He never has recourse to the "sledge armed with pointed teeth" when he has to thresh out the delicate "dill" and the "cummin," for which the staff and the rod are sufficient. In like manner, the Lord, who is "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working," and from whom this discriminating skill "cometh forth," and who had been threatening his judgments against Israel, would temper mercy with judgment, and would not lay upon them a heavier weight of suffering than was required to take way their love of sin. When Draco was asked why he made death the punishment for most offences, he answered, "Small ones deserve it, and I can find no greater for the most heinous." How different is the Divine administration! Never is the sword employed, if men will but "hear the rod and Him who hath appointed it." Fire is not employed where water will suffice. "The wheel of the wain" is not "made to roll over the cummin." Cain may complain that his punishment is greater than he can bear, but he dare not say it is greater than he deserves. Ezra speaks for all true Israelites when, in the review of all their afflictions, he says, "After all that is come upon us for our evil deeds, and for our great trespass, thou, our God, hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve."

* A fact.

Page for the Young.

THE BOY SOLDIER.

EARLY on the morning of his eighth birthday, Herbert Lee entered his father's library. On the table there were several brown paper parcels, each of them directed to Herbert. The boy's eyes glistened with pleasure as he opened the packets one by one. His father's gift was a beautiful Bible, with maps and references; his mother's present was a neat mahogany writing-desk, and each of his kind uncles and aunts had sent him some token of their love. Amongst other things, there was an excellent map of the Crimea, with all the positions of the allied armies accurately marked out. Herbert was delighted with this present. Like many other little boys, he had often thought what a delightful thing it must be to be a soldier, and wear a fine uniform, and carry a long sword, and have a *real* gun! The sight of the map brought back all his longings, and he was bending over it with a flushed cheek and kindling eye when his father entered the room.

"Many happy returns of the day to my dear little son," said Mr. Lee, affectionately kissing him; "may God bless you, Herbert, and make you wiser and better every year."

"Oh! dear papa," cried Herbert, "*many many* thanks for my beautiful Bible; and look at all my nice presents," continued he; "and here is a map of the Crimea from uncle John, and it has set me thinking so much, papa."

"What about, Herbert?"

"Why, papa," said the little boy, hesitating, "how much longer do you think I shall have to go on learning lessons?"

"That will in a great measure depend on yourself; but why do you ask?"

"Because I should so much like to be a soldier, papa, and go to the Crimea, and fight the enemy: I see you are smiling, papa; I know I'm not very big, yet, but—"

"And are you so very anxious to fight battles, Herbert?"

"Oh yes," cried Herbert, "what a splendid thing it must be to gain a victory, and to feel yourself a conqueror! How old must I be before I can be a soldier, papa?"

"I promised long ago that you should be one, Herbert," replied Mr. Lee, seriously.

"Oh, papa, are you in earnest?" said Herbert, with sparkling eyes, "and are there really such things as boy soldiers?"

"There are, indeed, Herbert, and the dearest wish of my heart is to see my little son enrolled amongst them."

"Well, papa, I *am* pleased; I never thought you would consent; and *when* may I begin to be a soldier?"

"This very day, this very hour, if you choose."

"Hurra for queen Victoria," shouted Herbert.

"The great king for whom you must fight, Herbert, is far more powerful than our queen."

"What do you mean, papa?"

"My dear boy," said his father, "for many years I have prayed that by God's grace my son might enrol himself as one of a very numerous army, and that he might fight manfully under the banners of the greatest and most powerful of kings."

"And you never told me about it, papa, and you never had me taught how to be a soldier?"

"The great king has published a book, Herbert, containing full directions for his soldiers."

"Have I ever seen the book, papa?"

"You have had a copy of it ever since you were first able to read; and this morning I gave you another."

"This morning, papa? do you mean my beautiful Bible?"

"Yes, Herbert."

"But, papa, I don't quite understand you; this great king of whom you speak is —"

"God, my son, and it is in *His* service, and as a soldier of the cross, that I am desirous of seeing you. The enemies you will have to fight against are far more formidable than any *earthly* foe. The promptings of Satan, a naturally sinful heart, violent tempers, selfishness, idleness—these are but a few of the assailants which will encounter you on every side. But if the conflict be more severe, so will the victory be greater. What does God himself tell us? 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.'" Prov. xvi. 32.

"But it is *very, very* difficult to be such a soldier as that, papa," said Herbert, sorrowfully; "I fear I should never gain a victory."

"It would be not only difficult but *impossible*, my dear boy, if you relied on your own strength alone; but the great king, who knows the weakness of his soldiers, has given them directions about the armour they must wear;" and opening the Bible, Mr. Lee read as follows: Eph. vi. 13–17, "Wherefore, take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

"How far nobler is this, my dear Herbert," continued his father, "than all the glitter and tinsel of earthly armour! and how comforting the thought that, so armed, success is certain! Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

At family prayers that evening, Mr. Lee remarked that Herbert remained on his knees longer than usual; and, on coming to wish his father good night, the little boy, with moistened eye, whispered, "Dear papa, I have asked God to help me to be one of his soldiers."

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

141. From whence was the fire originally obtained which was kept perpetually burning on the golden altar of incense?

142. On what occasion did God make use of a dumb animal to reprove the mad obstinacy of an ungodly man? Where is this incident referred to in the New Testament?

143. What promise has God given for the encouragement of those who train up children in his fear?

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

SABBATH EVENING DISCOURSE AT MEADOWBANK.

SUNDAY AT MEADOWBANK.

PART II.

In my last chapter I left the children standing before the portfolio of Scripture pictures which were to form the recreation of the evening. The little ones had their turn first. When all was arranged, Mr. M. took the chair placed for him, while we all seated ourselves around. A picture was then taken out and placed on the stand: it was quite a new one, and the little ones were in raptures. It was, indeed, very pretty. After a few minutes had been given to admiration, the children were desired to tell what was the subject; and a great many questions were asked, which they answered exceedingly well, and with the most animated interest. Then questions were asked all round; no one was allowed to remain a silent spectator. I was surprised to hear how much interesting information was brought out in the course of the exercise, and to see the pleasure every one seemed to take in it. When it was over, the rest of the pictures were shown, and the little ones pointed out their favourites, and told the subjects of them with great accuracy. The portfolio was then closed, and a little basket was handed round, with cards in it, on which were printed some of the plainest

No. 63.—Published July 12, 1865. Price One Penny.

and best-known texts of the Bible; we each took one, and read them in turn, and were expected to tell where they were to be found. When this was done, Mr. Mortimer said to me: "I think this is a useful exercise, as well as a pleasing one, for it tends very much to impress upon our minds the chapter and verse of many important passages of Scripture. I assure you that, though intended only for my children's benefit, I have gained much from it myself. After the texts were finished, one of the elder daughters played two or three of the pretty hymns now used for children; all joined in singing them, and then the little ones bade us "good night" with happy faces.

It was now the turn of the elder party. They read a chapter, and their father asked many questions upon it. Parallel passages were quoted, some allusions to eastern customs well explained, and then followed questions on the sermons of the day, by the answers to which I quickly perceived how attentive they had been. All the young people took part in this exercise, and I was greatly pleased with many remarks they made, indicating earnest and serious minds. I was struck also with the skill and affection with which the father conducted this interesting conversation. How kindly he encouraged and drew out the more timid. His remarks were so instructive and weighty, and arose so naturally out of the subject, that they could hardly fail to benefit his young hearers.

When the account of the sermons was over, he asked whose turn it was to propose a text. Alice (a girl of fifteen) opened her Bible and read one she had chosen. It was from Luke x. 41, 42. The subject was the "*one thing needful.*" As *she* had selected the text, she was required to show how she thought it should be treated; and she proposed the following natural and pleasing division: "I would first give some little account of Martha and Mary, and the circumstances mentioned in the text. I would then show that, though there are many things *very* precious and necessary to us, yet one is so infinitely beyond them all in necessity and excellence, that it may well be called *the one thing needful.* I would then describe this great blessing, and dwell upon the assurance that if we choose it, it will never be taken from us; and I would finish by an earnest exhortation to all to seek at *once*, and with all diligence, that interest in the Saviour which is the *one thing needful.*" Her father approved her sketch, and all were called, in turn, to furnish the filling up. This they did with great readiness and skill; and I much regretted that I could not retain the many excellent and valuable ideas which were thrown out by these young persons, during the happy half-hour which was spent in this interesting and improving exercise. When it was terminated, music was proposed; and the whole party sang, with animated devotion, several hymns and sacred pieces. Refreshments were then handed round; and after a little pleasant and cheerful general conversation, the guests took their leave. They could not stay to family worship, because of the distance they had to walk to reach their homes.

When the evening was over, and all the young people had retired, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer and I drew round the fire, to spend the delightful hour which closes a winter's day. I could not help expressing warmly, as is my wont, the great pleasure I had taken in all their engagements, and congratulating my friends on the happy manner in which they had succeeded in employing the sabbath, which in so many religious families is dull and tedious to the young.

"I assure you," said Mrs. Mortimer, "it has cost us much anxiety and reflection to make Sunday pleasant and profitable to our children. We have in a tolerable measure succeeded; and I trust that as they rise up into life, we shall see, by the blessing of God, that our efforts have not been in vain."

"We do not," said her husband, "always spend the evening in the same manner. We vary our employments a good deal. Our children do not learn any catechisms by heart; but every now and then we go through some of the best, asking the questions and obliging them to answer from their own resources. They will do this very well to the plainer questions; and where there is more difficulty, their mother and I assist them with our explanations. I find this far more interesting and instructive than the mere repetition of truths learnt by memory. Sometimes we give out a subject, such as faith, patience, etc.; and each is expected to repeat a passage of Scripture, or verse of a hymn or psalm, appropriate to it. This is a favourite exercise, and they are very quick at it. In short, we endeavour, as much as possible, in harmony with the sacred character of the day, to call forth their powers of mind. This is always agreeable to children with any intellect; and, as you saw to-night, all are eager and animated in the lesson."

"That was what so pleased and surprised me," said I. "I could not have thought that so much knowledge, and such just ideas and feelings, could have been elicited from these little ones, who answered beautifully. But who were the young persons who were your guests?"

"They are all engaged in business in the town. Many such young people belong to our Sunday schools; and I consider it a duty, as it certainly is a pleasure, to notice them in this way. It is a treat to them to come here, and

I think not altogether without profit. When the weather permits, we always have some of them here."

"Is that young lady, whom you called Miss Norton, and whose remarks were so superior in intellect and piety, really engaged in business? I felt quite interested in her. Her manners and appearance are very pleasing, and she seems to possess rather uncommon abilities."

"She is, indeed," said Mrs. Mortimer, "quite a superior person. She is employed as first hand at one of our largest and most fashionable milliners; during the week she devotes her talents to her business with as much diligence and zeal as she gives on the sabbath to higher pursuits. She has resided here about two years. She had very high testimonials from her former pastor, who was a friend of our minister, and he has introduced her to our school, in which she is a most assiduous and excellent teacher. I became acquainted with her at the shop in which she is placed, for I deal there. I perceived, from some remarks which she made (in the most unaffected and modest manner) one day when she came here to take some orders, that she was no ordinary character, and on further acquaintance, my interest in her has grown into the most affectionate esteem. We have proposed more than once to procure her a situation more suited to her merit; but she always declines the offer. She says, 'I am happy and useful, where I am; and what can I desire more?' Having been left an orphan very young, she was brought up by an aunt, who gave her an excellent plain education, but without any accomplishments. The aunt died, and left her little property to her niece; but it was placed in the hands of one who proved dishonest, and the poor girl never received a single penny. Happily, she had about two hundred pounds, which had been left her by her father. The want of accomplishments made her unfit for a governess; so she took her resolution at once, and placed herself under good teaching to learn the millinery business, for which she has very great taste, and has succeeded so well that she now fills a very excellent situation. It is singular that, although she has so much mental power, and is fond of all intellectual pursuits, she seems quite happy and contented in a sphere so much below what she might occupy. 'Why should I not be happy?' she said to me one day. 'It is the work my Master has appointed for me; and it is a happiness to be found serving him in any station. I assure you I have many delightful thoughts of him while my fingers are employed with my needle.' I shall have occasion to go into the town to-morrow about some bonnets for the children, and you will then see her entering with great energy and taste into the business of the day, and, as she says, 'trying to adorn her Christian profession by being the best milliner in C——.'"

I was very much interested in this little history, and willingly promised to accompany my friend to see the subject of it, who was rendered so attractive to me by her humility and Christian spirit as well as by her talents.

"Miss Norton is, I think, quite right," said Mr. Mortimer; "she is supporting herself honourably, in a way which promises her, by-and-bye, a fair and comfortable competence. She is also, I feel assured, exercising a high and happy influence over many young persons who are associated with her in business, and over her employers. My daughters," he added, "value her society very highly; and she is always a welcome visitor here."

I had noticed that during dinner the young people chatted freely on various topics, all interesting and innocent, but that they did not refer at all to the sermon, or the peculiar duties of the day. I was a little surprised at this, for when my cousin and I were young, I remembered well that it was a rule for us that, if we did not talk what is called seriously, we were not allowed to talk at all; and I resolved to take an opportunity of speaking to him about it. That opportunity I considered had now arrived.

"My dear cousin," said I, "may I ask you a question?"

"As many as you please, Hester," he replied; "but I shall exercise my discretion as to whether I will answer them. Pray what would you ask?"

"Well, you remember, I dare say, the rule when you and I were children—that we were not to talk of anything but the sermon and our good books, when we came home from worship; and that we used to be sent into rooms alone to reflect on what we had heard."

"I do remember it full well," said he; "and also that my meditations were very often of an exceedingly unprofitable nature. I suppose you would ask, why I have not adopted that rule in my own family?"

"Exactly so," said I. "Not that I feel quite sure it was a good one. Yet you had so great a reverence for your father's character, that I thought it might have extended to all his plans."

"That is, indeed, true; it *was* a great argument with me in favour of any practice that *my father* used it. But I feel so fully convinced that the regulation you refer to was undesirable and injurious, that I have never adopted it. I know it did *me* harm; and it is, in my judgment, opposed to the nature of the human mind and to our practice in other matters.

"When young people have been attending for some time to any scientific or philosophic

pursuit which taxes their powers, we do not say to them when the lesson is over, 'Go, and think and speak of nothing but your lesson, *for fear you should forget it.* Do not let your attention wander from it for a moment.' No; we say, 'Go, and turn your thoughts to something else, that your powers may be refreshed and rested by a change of ideas.' And do we find when they return to their study (whatever it may have been) that the change of employment, or the recreation, has obliterated the previous lesson? On the contrary, the mind is keener for the rest; and the memory is brightened, and retains more firmly what it had acquired. Why should this process be reversed in religious matters? It is the same mental nature with which we have to do. Attention to spiritual subjects requires a great effort of the mind, and after a time that effort fatigues and oppresses. Then a change of thought is necessary; and I think," he added, after a moment's pause, "you observed that my young people had not forgotten the sermons when they were questioned about them."*

"No, indeed," I answered, with eagerness; and I expressed strongly the pleasure and surprise I had felt at the thorough recollection they had shown of the whole substance of the discourses they had heard, and the intelligent remarks they made upon them: especially as I understood he did not allow them to make notes, wishing they should give themselves up entirely to the impressions of the moment, and also learn to trust their memories. "Your children," I added, "are all very promising. You are very happy in them."

"We have, indeed, great reason to be thankful," he replied; "but I often feel anxious: none of them have yet been exposed to the temptations of the world, and till tried we cannot tell what is the strength of principle. I look upon them as I do upon an orchard in full and luxuriant blossom. May God grant," he added, with deep feeling, "that the blossoms may mature into excellent fruit, to the praise of his glory."

A silence of some moments followed; and I believe all our hearts rose in silent prayer that this wish might be fulfilled. Then the conversation was renewed. We spoke about the domestic instruction of servants; and my friends told me that they had given up the plan of direct personal instruction on the sabbath evening, finding it was generally so repugnant to the feelings of the domestics; but that they provided them with such books as were fitted for a kitchen library, as well as the best and most suitable religious magazines, and the various publications of the Religious Tract Society; that every opportunity was taken in the family worship to give useful and valuable exhortation; and that Mrs. Mortimer took private opportunities of conversing with them separately on serious topics as occasion offered. "And if any one comes into the house ignorant of reading or writing, or but imperfectly acquainted with those important arts," said Mr. Mortimer, "we take care that they shall be properly taught."

After some moments he added: "My desire and aim are, to make the sabbath a delight while keeping it *holy;* we, for that end, accumulate in it all the innocent pleasures we can. Our young children take their meals with us on that day, which they consider a great privilege. We invite those to visit us to whom it is a treat to come out into the country in the summer, or to join our social circle in the winter; and who not having homes of their own, are not able to pass the day so pleasantly and profitably as they can with us. Our Sunday books, toys, puzzles, etc., are the choicest we can procure. They are carefully shut up the whole week; this helps to make the return of Sunday an object of desire, as they are so attractive that the little ones long to look at them again."

"Tell me," said I, "where you get your Scripture pictures: some of them are really beautiful."

"We have had considerable difficulty," said mamma, "to procure them, as we wanted them of a large size. Some are prints, which the girls have coloured, and some are drawings. Lucy has a more than common talent for that art, and she is pleased to make such a use of it. Two or three are her own designs, and some subjects are enlarged from small prints."

"You must see her portfolio," said her father, with eagerness; "it is really worth looking at." And, added he, "Many young people lay aside their accomplishments when their school-time is over, because they can make no use of them. I try to find a use for all my children's talents."

"Well!" said I, "I have passed a delightful day, and gained many new ideas, which will afford me pleasant and profitable subjects for reflection in my solitude. But you must allow me to ask you one thing more. How have you succeeded in escaping the contagion of that love of show and style which so many who have, like yourself, prospered in the world, indulge in?"

"Ah, my dear cousin," said he, "there was a time when I was on the point of falling into that snare; but my good wife was the means of saving me. When I proposed to her to launch out into a style of living which my income could,

* On these points much must be left to a Christian parent's wise discretion. While secularism must be guarded against, a forced and harsh reining in of the conversation of the young to exclusively religious topics is apt to defeat the object intended, and a judicious leading of the conversation, and gently drawing it back when it wanders to improper topics, is therefore to be preferred.

indeed, well afford, but which did not accord with the simplicity in which we were both brought up, she only answered: 'Think, dear Charles, how often we have admired the wisdom and magnanimity of the Shunammite, when in reply to the prophet's offer to advance her interests, she declined it, saying, I dwell amongst my own people.' I was so struck by this remark, that I renounced the plan I was contemplating, and have never been tempted again. Three reasons have had great weight with me. One is, that I should, by adopting such a style of living, cut myself off from the valued friends and companions of my early life, who could no longer associate with me upon equal terms, if my mode of living were so much above theirs. Another reason was, that it is surely unbecoming a Christian, who professes not to love the world, nor to seek his portion in it, to be so anxious and eager to conform his manner of living to that of his superiors in birth and station, because he happens to have money enough to enable him to do so: and, lastly, that it would be cruel to my children; for with so large a family, I cannot reasonably expect to place them all out in life, in affluence; and they could not sink below the style in which they had been brought up without many painful and discontented feelings. Therefore, while thankfully enjoying the many blessings and indulgences which a bountiful Providence has bestowed upon us, and availing ourselves of all the means of improvement placed within our reach, we keep our modest simple station, and affect not the show and magnificence in which many delight. Such things are becoming and proper for those to whose rank and position they belong, but not to mine. And now, Hester, do you agree with us?"

"Yes, indeed, my dear cousins," said I, as I rose to retire; "and may God, who has hitherto blessed you, and preserved you amidst the temptations of prosperity, still keep and bless you, and make your children blessings. And now, good night."

"LEFT!"—WHY?

OR, SUGGESTIONS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

THIS little word is suggestive of very melancholy reflections to every superintendent of a Sunday school. Our principal concern now is with the teachers, for whom this paper is directly designed, and opposite whose name from time to time this word is found.

"Left!" Why? Because the work was commenced in his own strength, and he very soon became tired. In this case the person entered unthinkingly into the responsible position of a Sunday school teacher; he did not think that it required any particular exertion; it never occurred to him that for such a little work as teaching a few children, so awful an instrumentality as the energy of the Holy Ghost was required; and so he soon found himself unequal to what he had undertaken, and dropped away. And what else are we to expect? We cannot hope that men will thrive apart from God, or that he will honour the toils or the intentions of any who do not put him in his proper place.

"Left!" Why? Because he grew tired of the sameness of his work. Sunday after Sunday there were the same dull and heavy boys. Very little progress did they make; very little variety was there in the school routine; our teacher first grew discontented, then tired, and at last he went away. And yet the children were not altogether so dull but that he might have not only succeeded in interesting them, but in interesting himself with them. Some of those boys have turned out very well under a teacher who took pains to bring out their faculties, who did not spare himself, for he had a right good heart for his work; but this teacher had neither patience nor energy, and so he left.

"Left!" Why? Because he was offended. Some of his class were moved up; *he* was not consulted in such and such an arrangement that was made; he thought that some one was put above him, and so his pride was hurt. And because of this he left; to gratify his own vanity he deserted his Lord's work, and by trying to make himself something, he became worse than nothing. It never struck such an one that the interests of the school were to be placed above all others, and especially above all personal considerations; that the Lord's people are in service, and should therefore think of their service, and not of themselves; that in the school as well as elsewhere, a Christian must be content to take the lowest room. Think, dear reader, if you ever feel inclined to become a deserter on this account, how very sad a spectacle you must present in the sight of God. He sees you as one who prefers a position of honour amid his fellow-men, to one in the vineyard and the sight of the Most High; as one who would rather allow souls to perish, than to abate one jot or tittle of his dignity; as one neither knowing nor practising the example of the humble Christ. What have we, as hard working men in the vineyard, to do with earthly honour, or earthly praise? If our work were of the world, or for it then, indeed, there would be some sense in striving for a foremost place; but our work is not of the world, the world has nothing to do with it; to the future, and the

future alone, should we look for position and reward, for then shall every man have praise of God.

"Left!" Why? Because he got married, and thought his wife had more claim upon him than God. Until he was married, he was a most excellent and regular teacher; but after that, he first became irregular in the hour of attendance; then he was absent about once in three weeks, and then he "left." How can we hope to be blessed in our new relationships of life, if we allow them to make us less active for the Lord than we were before? Is there not too much reason to suppose that the Lord will reckon with us in the very quarter in which we sin, and that we shall have no real, no abiding blessing in that which we are making a curse to ourselves, by allowing it to keep us from his work? We cannot forget what was said of one who made this very excuse—"I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come."

And thus we might go on, giving reason after reason for all these melancholy entries in the rolls of our Sunday schools; but we forbear. Let us earnestly hope that what we have said may help to keep some of our readers steady to their post and work, when the tempter comes and tries to tear or seduce them away. We would affectionately remind you, dear friends and fellow-labourers, that you are not your own, but are bought with a price; that you possess no inherent power to discharge yourself from the warfare in which you have engaged; that it is he only who endures to the end that can hope to receive the promised crown. We remind you that however voluntary your work may be, your responsibilities are not voluntary, but are on you, whether you will or no; and we would pray you to take all this into account before you finally determine to have appended to your names in the Sunday school roll this word, "Left!"

And oh! surely far, far above any sense of responsibility should be the devotion of love. You cannot bring your minds to leave the Shepherd's lambs, if you love the Shepherd himself. Leave them not, for *they* are the Lord's; leave them not because *you* are the Lord's. Who can tell what mischief will come to the little flock if you be unfaithful, and if they be "left?"

ROMANISM IN IRELAND.

PART III.

WELLS OF STRUEL.

THE tenacity, so to speak, of superstition, in retaining its hold upon a people around whom the light of truth has been for some time diffused, is strikingly illustrated in the history of the wells of Struel. These wells were up to a recent period the resort of multitudes, and the veneration cherished towards them through many centuries still lingers in the hearts of the Roman Catholic peasantry of the county of Down. That county is situated in the favoured province of Ulster, and since the beginning of the seventeenth century, when English and Scottish colonists began to settle there, it has enjoyed peculiar advantages of a religious character. The ministers of the church of Scotland, who followed their countrymen to the shores of Ulster, were men illustrious for their apostolic zeal and piety, and the chief scenes of their early labours were the two neighbouring counties of Antrim and Down. With the latter county are still associated the memories of Livingston of Killinchy, of Cunningham of Holyrood, and their co-presbyters; as well as a pleasing scene recorded by Cunningham, where the episcopal bishop of the diocese, who, like USHER, afterwards looked with a friendly eye on the Scottish evangelists, took part in the ordination of one of them, by imposition of hands, asking leave to come in only as a simple presbyter on the occasion, and this with the view of giving a necessary legal sanction and continuance to their work. With many vicissitudes in its history since that time, evangelical Protestantism struck deep its roots into the soil of Downshire; the Bible has for many generations been a household book to its farmers and yeomanry; Sunday-schools and daily scriptural schools have here numbered their largest returns; and in "Protestant Ulster," this county was and is the most Protestant. Still, in what might be called the "hill country," running southward and terminating in those magnificent Morne mountains, which,

> "Like sentinels to guard the land,"

extend for nearly twenty miles along the Irish Channel, there has always been a numerous Romish population almost inaccessible to Protestant influence. Amongst these, as well as their co-religionists scattered over this large country, spiritual darkness reigned, and at Struel wells its power was annually displayed in a manner most startling and painful to the enlightened Christian observer.

Within the distance of one mile and a half to the east of Downpatrick, and within about half a mile of Slieve-na-Grideal, one of the most celebrated of the ancient pagan high places, is a hill of about 150 feet perpendicular elevation, called *Struel Mountain*. For ages this hill remained uncultivated, producing a little mixture of grass and shamrock, with a few hawthorns, and an abundant crop of furze. At the foot of this hill, which was regarded as holy ground, formerly stood, at the distance of two miles, a monastery which,

according to popular tradition, was built by St. Patrick and St. Bridget; near this was a well bearing the name of the former saint, supposed to possess extraordinary virtues, both in healing the diseases of the body and in cleansing the pollutions of the soul. A *sacred* stream, supplied by this spring, ran (unpolluted by any other stream) until it arrived at Struel. Originally it fed four wells, but latterly only two of these have been supplied by the direct course of this consecrated stream. Still four wells were preserved, two of them being filled by spouts, one of which had a fall of three, and the other of six, feet into the fountain supplied by its tributary waters. One of the wells was appropriated to the cure of the blind, one to select company, one to general and promiscuous use, and one was reserved for drinking. Near the top of the gable which enclosed the principal well, was a carved figure of St. Patrick's face, which in recent times was nearly worn away; but the patients seemed to think it necessary to put their fingers in a hole in the wall connected with it. They then touched the remnant of the figure with their hands, which they devoutly kissed.

As to the number of pilgrims annually frequenting this place during the long period of its popular reputation, those resorting thither from all parts of Ireland, and some, it was said, from Scotland also, amounted to about one thousand persons. Besides these, there was always a great crowd of spectators, amounting, probably, to a thousand more. The season of midsummer was that set apart for this annual pilgrimage. On the plain beneath, a number of tents were erected, where provisions were supplied to the multitude, together with ardent spirits, the never-failing accompaniment of scenes of this description. The ceremonies commenced the Sunday preceding, and commonly ended on the Sunday succeeding Midsummer-day. The latter day is called "big Sunday," and then the virtues of the place, which had been gathering strength each day, had reached their height.

The penitents in the first instance repaired to Downpatrick, where each procured a portion of "blessed clay" from the grave of St. Patrick.* Thence, after hearing mass, they set off at once for Struel.

"The penance," says Mr. Hardy, "begins at the foot of the hill, which they climb upon their bare and bleeding knees, by a steep and stony narrow path, originally intended as an emblem of the way that leadeth to eternal life. A few, whose sins are of a milder cast, may run up this path barefoot; but those who have been guilty of black and grievous offences, besides crawling upon their knees, must carry a large rough stone, with their hands placed upon the back of their necks. When they reach the top of the hill, they run down at a quick trot on the other side, and returning to the narrow path, ascend as before. This they repeat three, seven, nine, or twelve times, or even a much greater number, according to the nature of their transgressions. The more respectable among them keep up their reckoning by beads; while the poorer sort lift up a pebble to mark each ascent. After having completed their rounds, they are next turned into what is called St. Patrick's chair. This is a kind of chair formed of four rocks, so placed, apparently by nature, that three of them serve as a back and sides, and the remaining one as a bottom to the seat. It stands about the middle of the mountain, a short distance from the narrow path. Each penitent takes a seat in this chair, and is turned in it thrice by a person who acts as superintendent of this part of the ceremony, and who receives a penny from each for his trouble.

This portion of the penance being over, the penitents descend into the plain, where they move round certain cairns of stones, some crawling, and others running as before. Each individual, however, must here carry a stone, which he adds to the heap. These cairns are in groups of seven and twelve, which respectively denote the days of the week and the months of the year; or, as some will have it, the seven churches and the twelve apostles. Around these they go seven times, or seven times seven, and twelve times, or twelve times twelve — measured, as before, by various degrees of criminality.

The next part of the ceremony is to proceed to the large well, termed the body-well, or, by some, the well of sins. Before entering it, however, they approach with reverence a flag of freestone, which is placed in the wall, and is possessed of some peculiarly sanctifying powers. This they touch with their fingers, and then cross themselves repeatedly, and thus become prepared for the purification of the holy wells. If they can afford a few pence of admission money, they may enter the larger (covered) well, where they will have room to undress; if not, they must be content with the second, or limb-well, into which they are admitted free of expense.

The celebrated antiquary, Harris, in his history of the county of Down (A.D. 1744), states, that at each Midsummer eve, precisely at twelve o'clock, the waters of Struel wells began rapidly to rise, and overflowed their bounds in a copious stream. The water was transmitted at pleasure to the wells through pipes, from a sluice fixed

* It is a significant illustration of the increasing Mariolatry of the church of Rome, that by a pastoral of Doctor Cullen, issued a few years since, St. Patrick was virtually deposed from his accredited and long-standing seat, as patron saint of Ireland, and the country formally placed under the protection of the Virgin Mary.

A PATTERN IN CONNEMARA.

for the purpose on a small stream in the neighbourhood. An able writer, Mr. Stuart, the learned author of "The History of Armagh" and of "The Protestant Layman," (a series of letters addressed to the late Mr. O'Connell,) referring to Harris's exposure, adds (A.D. 1827): "Notwithstanding this exposure, the trick, a *pious fraud*, has been persisted in even till the present year. The sluice, indeed, no longer exists, but in its place a temporary dam or rampart was periodically formed, in which the water was retained till the arrival of a particular minute, when an opening was made for it to flow on to the *blessed wells!* In the year 1825, however, a truly respectable inhabitant of Belfast, induced by what we had written on the subject to visit the place, thrust a stick through the rampart, and let the stream prematurely escape in another direction. The summer was a dry one, water was everywhere scarce, and the pools of Struel, by our incredulous Protestant thus robbed of their wonted supply, exhibited nothing to the eyes of their disappointed visitants but *puddle*. Notwithstanding this glaring fact, several zealots entered the well, and rubbed their naked bodies with the sacred mud—the blessed depository, as they fondly supposed, of St. Patrick's precious boon. Others ascended the adjacent steep and stony hill on their bare and bleeding knees, and having gained the summit with incalculable pain and toil, were received by a *mock friar*, though a *genuine* knave, who thrice turned them round, and then placed them in the rocky and mysterious chair of their national saint, whose deputy he is."

The suppression of these holy wells eventually took place, and was a step in advance by the Romish bishop and his clergy. It was by the power of public opinion, enlightened by the Bible and the gospel, that the evil was put down. Let every reader then gratefully remember how much we owe to that blessed book, even for its indirect influence on national morals. Let him pray that its influence may be more and more diffused in Ireland; and, above all, whether the reader be called a Roman Catholic or Protestant, let him, by personal repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life which is through him.

We conclude this paper with a graphic illustration of an "Irish pattern."

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE MAN GREATLY BELOVED.

PART II.

ANOTHER trait in the character of Daniel, was his strong faith and confidence in God. That he possessed such a faith is evident from the frequency and fervency of his prayers; since none truly pray but those whose faith is strong and lively. That his faith was of this character is further evident from his conduct, and from the testimony of Scripture. It was this which enabled him without shrinking to enter the lion's den, and which preserved him there unhurt. He was taken up out of the den, we are told, and no manner of hurt was found upon him; why?—because, says the inspired penman, he believed in his God. This, this alone preserved him. Like Moses, he endured as seeing him who is invisible. By faith, he could realize God's presence and his ability to shut the lions' mouths. It was in consequence of possessing such a faith as this that Abraham was called the friend of God. My friends, is your faith of this kind? Does it produce effects similar to these? Does it support and comfort you in dangers, trials, and temptations? It will do so, if it be genuine. But if it is not, if it is mere natural, speculative belief, it will have little effect. It will not overcome the world; it will not lead you to encounter perils and difficulties for the sake of Christ; it will not enable you to see him who is invisible. It is without fruits; it is dead.

Again; profound humility, and a consequent disposition to give the glory to God, is another remarkable trait in the character of Daniel. This appears in his confessions and praises. Notwithstanding his eminent piety, we find him saying, "O Lord, we have sinned, and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly, and have rebelled by departing from thy precepts and thy judgments." He seems to be at a loss for expressions sufficiently strong to describe the greatness of his sins, and heaps words together in order, if possible, to show the deep sense which he entertained of his guilt and unworthiness. In the exercise of the same humble temper, we find him renouncing all pretensions to any worthiness or righteousness of his own, and depending entirely on the sovereign mercy of God. He might have trusted to his own prayers and merits with as much propriety as any man that ever existed; but, instead of this, we find him saying, "O Lord, unto thee belongeth righteousness, but unto us confusion of face: we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousness, but for thy great mercies." The same humble temper is strikingly expressed in his language to Nebuchadnezzar, when he revealed to him his dream with its interpretation. Instead of taking to himself the glory of this interpretation, he says, "There is a God in heaven who revealeth secrets; but as for me, this secret is not revealed to me for the sake of any wisdom that I have more than others." Here, my friends, you see the genuine language of humility. He was afraid that the king would suppose, either that he had discovered this secret by his own wisdom, or that it was revealed to him for the sake of his own superior goodness; and that thus God would lose the glory of his own work. With a view to prevent this, and to lead the king to give the glory to God, he modestly disclaims all praise, and refers it to him to whom it was due. He who thus humbles himself shall be exalted.

The last trait in the character of Daniel which I shall mention is, that his religion was habitual, uniform, consistent, and lasting. He was always the same. In childhood, in youth, in manhood and in age, he inflexibly followed the path of duty, and steadfastly adhered to the God of his fathers. Nothing could seduce, nothing could drive him from his course, or induce him to deviate from it, for one moment, in the smallest possible degree. Of this, his conduct, when his enemies conspire to ruin him, affords a striking and satisfactory proof. When he knew that the decree, condemning any one who should pray to God for thirty days to be cast into the den of lions, was irrevocably passed, he went into his house and prayed to God as usual, three times a-day, his windows being open towards Jerusalem. Yet how many plausible excuses might he have made for acting differently; and how many would he have made, had he resembled some professing Christians of the present day. He might have pleaded that his life was of great consequence to his countrymen; that it was in his power to do much good in his then elevated station; that he was bound to obey the king his master; that it was his duty to preserve his own life; and that it would do no harm to any one, on such an occasion, to abstain from prayer for thirty days. At least, he might have urged that it would be justifiable, in such circumstances, to shut his windows, and pray in private, and thus disappoint the wicked designs

of his enemies. These excuses any one but a real Christian would have made, and considered himself justified in omitting prayer entirely, or at least performing it in secret. But Daniel was really religious, and therefore could not be deceived by these plausible excuses. He knew that he was watched. He knew that if he neglected to pray with his windows open, as usual, his enemies would assert that he had omitted that duty. He knew that, in this case, it would be said, "See; Daniel, notwithstanding his pretended firmness and piety, can, like others, make his religion bend to his interest. He prefers his life to his duty. He cannot trust in his God to save him. His God, therefore, can be no better than the gods of the nations, and his religion is no better than ours." Thus God would be dishonoured, the Chaldeans would be prejudiced against the true religion, and a glorious opportunity of suffering for Jehovah would be lost for ever. These reasons did not allow Daniel to hesitate a moment respecting what he ought to do; and for him to know what he ought to do, and to do it, were the same. He never troubled himself about consequences. He only asked, what is duty? When he once saw the path of duty, he would follow it though hell should open her mouth in his way. This, the whole tenor of his conduct proves; and a similar course must be pursued by all who wish to be, like him, beloved by their Maker.

From this subject, we may learn, in the first place, my readers, how religion dignifies and ennobles our nature, when it is entertained in its power and purity. How noble, how dignified, how sublime, does the character of Daniel appear! That you may see this in its true light, bring him forward, and compare him with the nobles, princes, and great ones of Babylon. See them indulging in sensual pleasures, proud of their wealth and birth, panting for riches, honour and applause, seeking these transitory trifles by every possible means, neglecting immortal honours and glories, and meanly envying and hating that excellence which they could not reach. See Daniel, on the contrary, calm, firm, and self-collected, with an eye fixed on God and heaven, despising the trifles which they pursued, aiming at the glory of his Maker, and the happiness of his fellow creatures, and following, with unconquerable, undeviating resolution, the path of duty. While they grovelled on the earth, his head and his heart were in heaven; while their minds were darkened by the clouds of ignorance and prejudice, and their breasts convulsed by the storms of ambition, avarice, envy, and revenge, his exalted soul dwelt in regions of eternal day, far above the clouds of mental ignorance, and the storms of contending passions. That you may, still more clearly, discern the superiority of his character, compare him with the kings whom he served. See Belshazzar making a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and surrounded by everything which could dazzle or delight the senses. See Nebuchadnezzar, walking in the midst of his palace, reflecting with self-complacency on the nations he had subdued, and proudly exclaiming, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?" Then turn your eyes to the prophet. See him, with that heroic boldness which nothing but true piety can give, reproving the pride of one of these kings, and the impious extravagance of the other; see him, in defiance of threats and impending danger, bending his knees to the only being whom he feared; see him, with unshaken calmness and serenity, sitting in the midst of ravenous lions, who, like lambs, crouch at his feet; and then say, which was the more dignified character, he, or the proud kings of Babylon? Nay, more, say which possessed the more enviable titles and honours—he, or they? They were styled princes on earth; but he, as a prince, had power with God and prevailed. They were honoured, admired, and applauded by their fellow-worms, but he was greatly beloved by his God. Who would not be Daniel in the lions' den, rather than Belshazzar at his feast, or Nebuchadnezzar on his golden throne? O how evidently does it in this instance appear, that the righteous is more excellent than his neighbour. Such being the superiority of Daniel's character, permit us farther to improve the subject, by enquiring,

2. Do you, my readers, possess a similar character? This all must allow to be an important question; since, if we do not resemble Daniel, we are not, like him, beloved of God. Say then, does your temper, your conduct, resemble his? Did piety like his distinguish your early years? Have you kept yourselves unspotted from the world, when temptations to sensual indulgence were peculiarly plausible and urgent? Have riches as little attraction for you as they had for him? Is your piety habitual—the same in all circumstances; and are you equally fervent and persevering in prayer? Have you the same strong faith, and equally triumphant in the darkest times; and do you manifest the same deep humility and unmoved firmness and resolution?

Lastly, permit me to improve this subject, by urging all who read this to imitate the conduct of Daniel. To induce you to this, consider what an unspeakable honour and privilege it is to be greatly beloved of God. It is the highest honour and happiness to which a creature can arrive. It

includes everything which creatures can possibly desire; for, if God love us, then all things are ours—all things must work together for our good, and nothing can do us any real injury; for, says the apostle, "if God be for us, who can be against us?" O, then, if you love life, if you love happiness, if you love yourselves, be persuaded to copy the example of Daniel. Let those of you who are young, begin early, like him, to seek after the Lord God of your fathers, and remember your Creator in the days of your youth. Begin from this day to cry unto him, "My father, thou art the guide of my youth." Let those who have lost this precious season, remember that it is not yet too late, and strive to redeem the time which they have wasted, by double watchfulness, zeal, and diligence. Above all, let those who profess to be the people of God consider their peculiar obligations, to imitate this ancient worthy. Would to God, the readers of these words could be prevailed upon to feel the force of these obligations! Would to God that every one of you were a Daniel in weanedness from the world, in humility, in resolution, in faith, and in prayer! How would religion then revive and flourish among us! How would gainsayers be confounded! How would our hearts be encouraged, and God be glorified! How would your own souls rejoice! My Christian friends, why will not each of you be a Daniel? Are there no motives, no considerations, which will rouse you to exertion? Is there nothing in your natures on which we can operate; no spark of holy ambition, of sacred zeal, which can be blown up into a flame? O that we could breathe a divine, celestial, ardour into your souls, and fire you with inextinguishable, insatiable desires after growth in grace! O that we could persuade you to pursue religion, with that patient, zealous, habitual, unwearied diligence and resolution with which you pursue the things of this world! Then should we see our wishes realized; then would the church be as a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and as a royal diadem in the hands of our God: then would there not only be some, but many, among our readers to whom angels might say, "Fear not, but be strong, O ye, who are greatly beloved of your God."

SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ROBERT NEWTON.

The name which we have just penned is a familiar one to thousands. This, however, is but a dubious eulogy. Notoriety and worth are linked together by no inseparable tie—a truth which has often been mournfully exemplified in the history of man. But Robert Newton was one whose life is worthy of being held up both for our admiration and our imitation, and we will attempt to string together a few illustrations of his character, and at the same time briefly to follow the leading outlines of his biography.

Robert Newton was born at Roxby, a sea-coast hamlet between Whitby and Guisborough, on the eighth of September, 1780. Passing over his earlier youth, we come upon him in the dawn of manhood, quitting his father's home to commence that career as a preacher of the gospel which he ran so long and so successfully. His father accompanied the youthful evangelist a few miles across the moors, and, with a faltering voice, at length took his leave, saying, "Preach repentance, faith, and holiness, my lad;" to which his son responded, "I will, father." They then parted; but before Robert had finished his journey over the moors, he dismounted, fell upon his knees, and earnestly invoked the blessing of God upon himself and his labours. Before this time, however, he had begun to call sinners to repentance, although he was admitted into the ministry on probation before he was nineteen. In 1802, he married the daughter of a deceased military officer, whose widow resided at Skelton Hall, near York. Mr. Newton was appointed to a Scotch circuit, and such was his popularity at Stirling—which was included in his district—that several gentlemen proposed to erect for him a commodious place of worship, and to secure to him in perpetuity a liberal salary. But this offer he saw fit to decline.

Returning afterwards to England, he settled in a quiet and retired part of Yorkshire. Of the simple habits of the people among whom he was placed, the following sketch gives us an interesting picture.

"On the week-day evenings the men usually appeared in their smock-frocks, and on the sabbath-day in coats of a russet colour, with a red kerchief round their necks. The women were mostly seen in the villages with red cloaks and black silk bonnets, remarkable for their neatness and the absence of ornament. The sound of instrumental music was never heard in these rustic assemblies, and the use of a tune-book was unknown. The singing was perhaps not always scientifically correct, and such as would have thrown Handel into raptures of delight; but it was lively and devotional. Sometimes the farmers' labourers, who rose early in the morning, and worked hard through the day, found it difficult to avoid drowsiness under a sermon, especially if it were somewhat heavy, or of immoderate length; and in such cases the preacher seldom hesitated to request some one to awake the sleeper. I well remember an honest man of this class, who voluntarily closed his eyes, that he might hear the sermon with

undistracted attention; and, hearing the preacher say, 'Some one of you, have the kindness to awaken that good man,' opened his eyes, and said, 'I am not asleep, sir; I am listening to all that you say.' Mr. Newton, being a young man, was not wont to take these liberties with his hearers, and his preaching was such as to command fixed and general attention."

His ministrations appear to have been conducted with great power and success, and attended by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Yet his path was not altogether free from perplexities. Through one of these, detailed in the following incident, he was, however, mercifully guided. The occurrence was as follows:—

"Before he left the Holmfirth circuit, he was subjected to painful trials, arising from the agitated state of society in his neighbourhood. The protracted war which arose out of the French revolution was still prosecuted; provisions were dear; the privations of the poor were severe; disaffection to the existing government was deep-rooted and widely spread, exasperated by inflammatory publications. An imaginary personage, bearing the name of General Ludd, was said to be arranging his plans for the cure of existing evils, and to avenge the cause of the poor. A gentleman named Horsfall, returning home one evening, was shot in his gig; marauding parties sallied forth during the night, breaking machinery in factories, stealing fire-arms in private houses, and plundering defenceless families. The fire-arms that were thus collected, professedly in the name and behalf of General Ludd, could not be discovered. It was at length suspected that the roof of a chapel in Mr. Newton's circuit was occupied as a depôt for this kind of stolen property. It was accordingly searched, but no fire-arms were found; yet the answers of the chapel-keeper, when questioned on the subject, were so equivocal and unsatisfactory, as to produce an impression that, with his connivance, the place had been so occupied. He was therefore dismissed from his situation.

"A more sincere friend to the poor did not then exist than was Mr. Newton; but he knew that acts of violence would not improve their condition, and therefore bore a faithful testimony against these lawless proceedings, and warned the people against them. On this account, as well as on account of the dismissal of the chapel-keeper, he was understood to be an object of hostility among the adherents of General Ludd, and not a few of his friends were alarmed for his safety; yet he was not a man that would shrink from the discharge of his duty in any circumstances, however perilous. Two loaded pistols were found secreted in a hedge near his dwelling; but whether they were intended to be employed against him, 'the day will declare.' He left the circuit without sustaining any personal injury; and one of the magistrates addressed to him a letter, thanking him for his loyalty, and the valuable use which he had made of his influence in support of law and order."

Mr. Newton rose to distinguished eminence in the Christian body with which he was connected. After labouring in various circuits, in 1822 we find him in Ireland, a country which he often visited in succeeding years.

In 1840 he visited America, and the following extract will furnish an example of the kind of reception he met with, and of the effects which his sermons produced. "The next morning the people began to assemble long before the time appointed for the public service. Ministers of various denominations were present, and the church was densely crowded. Mr. Newton read as his text, in his own peculiar manner, 'The Lord God of your fathers make you a thousand times so many more as ye are, and bless you, as he hath promised!' (Deut. i. 11.) The effect of his sermon was most extraordinary. For a time the utmost stillness prevailed in the congregation; and as the discourse was addressed particularly to the ministers who formed the Conference, it might be expected that they would control their feelings, however strongly they might be excited. But, ere long, both they and the rest of the congregation were carried beyond all ordinary bounds. Their eyes were suffused with tears; they sobbed and wept aloud; they shouted for joy; they clapped their hands; while the preacher, in strains the most eloquent and impressive, expatiated upon the great things which the Lord had done both for them and their fathers, and the innumerable and endless benefits and blessings that were secured to them by the promises of him whose goodness and truth can never fail." Sympathy and excitement have perhaps much influence in these electric outbursts of emotion; but still most readers, we imagine, will deem the above a striking token of the powers of our preacher. The scene, too, is interesting as a study of human nature.

In 1852, Dr. Newton withdrew from the duties of the ministry, after labouring therein for more than half a century. In 1854 he died, and we will give one or two glimpses of his death-bed. "In the evening he desired Mrs. Gill to remain, that she might read and pray with him. She complied, and repeated to him his favourite hymns and texts of Scripture. Once he interrupted her, saying, 'I am a happy man! I am a happy man! I'll praise, I'll praise!' One of his daughters finished the sentence for him—

'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath.'

He raised his hand, and smiled, saying, 'O yes,

yes; you are right! Religion in the heart and life. How happy! God is good, and doeth good. God is love. Then if God is love, love is of God; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God.' He repeated this several times. Then, leaning back in his couch, as if he felt his extreme feebleness, and clasping his hands, he said, with a deep, hollow voice, 'I am going to God. I am going to glory soon, soon!' On Friday evening he conversed with more apparent ease than he had ever done since his attack. All his family, with two exceptions, who were unavoidably absent, were at his side. He said to them, 'I am dying; I am dying fast; I shall soon be dead; but whosoever liveth and believeth in him shall never die. I am the resur——' His daughter again completed the sentence; and he repeated with her, 'I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me shall never die! It is almost done; it is almost over. Praise, glory to THEE!' He inquired for those members of the family who were absent; and when he was asked if he had any message to send to one of them, he said, 'Tell her to live devoted to God.' Mrs. Gill repeated the hymns, beginning—

'Come, let us join our friends above
That have obtain'd the prize:'

and—

'Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain:'

and when she came to the verse—

'Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear,'

he interrupted her, saying, 'I have no fear, no alarm. Perfect love casteth out fear.' Mrs. Gill said, 'Perhaps you may be in heaven before nine o'clock to-night.' He looked up, and said, slowly and calmly, 'I am ready at any time to die.' Turning afterwards to his daughter, he said, 'He that believeth shall never die.' Then, addressing another member of the family, he said, 'Preach from the heart. Preaching that flows from the heart does good every day. Live to God; follow religion in the life and conduct.' He was speaking very rapidly, and in a feeble tone of voice; so that it was difficult to apprehend his meaning. Presently he stopped; his eye lighted up; he raised himself on his pillow, and, with what appeared to those who were present a superhuman smile, he beckoned repeatedly to the further end of the room, bowed, and waved his hand, an expression of rapture resting upon his features; and then, as if in answer to some inquiry, he said, 'I am a Methodist preacher; an old preacher; an old Methodist preacher.' Possibly his mind was wandering, and he imagined himself to be before the gates of the eternal city, with the holy angels full in his sight." May we not also add, that possibly he then obtained a real glimpse of that world on whose boundaries he was then standing? We could enlarge on such death-bed scenes as this as a valuable, and, so far as we know, an unwrought vein in the mine of Christian evidences; but here we must refrain. But to come to the farewell—the very verge of the better land. "In about an hour he sank back exhausted; his lips moved, as if in prayer; he folded his hands on his breast, and was heard pouring out his soul in prayer for his family. By putting the ear close to his mouth, we heard distinctly his dying testimony: 'I am going to leave you, but God will be with you. Jesus is the resurrection and the life, and the life of Jesus is life from the dead. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. By their prayers they shall prevail—by their prayers and tears. Hear thou their prayers and tears. He shall see Jesus in the day when all tears are wiped away, and sorrow and crying are no more. The righteous shall never die. Fear sin, not death!' Then, after a brief interval, he said, 'Farewell. I am going to join the myriads of angels and archangels before the throne of God. Farewell sin, and farewell death. Praise the Lord, praise him for ever.' After another interval he again made an effort to speak, and we heard him say, 'Praise God—praise;' and at one o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the voice that had so often led the prayers and praises of religious assemblies was hushed for ever." He died on Sunday morning, April 30th, 1854.

The spirit in which Dr. Newton passed through his course of popularity is worthy of observation. As a public speaker, he was admired by all classes of people, and admired from the beginning to the end of his public life. His visits to the agricultural districts to open a new chapel, or to attend a missionary anniversary, created a sort of festival. The surrounding country was in motion. Along the roads were seen farmers with their wives and daughters in gigs, market-carts, and other vehicles of less pretension; grey-headed men, each supported by his staff; labouring men in their Sunday clothing; and poor women in their cloaks and plain bonnets; young people, whose countenances told of health and of godly cheerfulness; all wending their way to hear the far-famed "Robert Newton;" every one bringing some pecuniary contribution towards the advancement of the good cause. In these places, the windows of the chapels where he preached were usually wide open, and the places crowded to suffocation. When he visited London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, he was always attended by eager multitudes, among whom were usually persons of distinction. For forty years he was familiarly known in nearly all the cities and large provincial towns of England,

and, with scarcely any exceptions, his visits to the end of his life were hailed with undiminished pleasure by the people. One cause of his popularity, doubtless, was his very agreeable manner and his matchless voice; but the principal charm of his preaching was unquestionably to be found in his spirit and the evangelical character of his sermons. The gospel, as it was expounded and proclaimed by him, presented a rich supply for every spiritual want, a healing balm for every wound and malady, an antidote to every grief and fear. The rich and the poor, the aged and the young, miners, manufacturers, artisans, agriculturists, men of science, and men without any education but that of rude nature, were all alike interested in his preaching, for it was an unmistakeable echo of the prophetic exhortation, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye." The spirit of the preacher was in full accordance with his message. The people felt that he was concerned for their welfare; they were attracted by his benevolent tenderness; and, as in the case of Paul at Athens, "certain men clave to him," and looked eagerly for the time when he would repeat his visit, so that they might "hear him again of this matter."

We must now bid adieu to this noted preacher, this great advocate for the heathen world, who perhaps did more to fan the flame of missionary zeal in the church than any man of modern times. Dr. Duff has observed—too truly, we fear—that "despite many auspicious surface appearances, the real scriptural design of missions, in its world-wide, God-glorifying grandeur, and the real spirit of missions, in its soul-loving, self-sacrificing, Christ-like devotedness, are neither apprehended nor felt in any adequate degree by any one of our evangelical churches or communities." May God raise up a host of men to tread in the steps of Robert Newton, in arousing the church of Christ to a deeper sense of the solemn work committed to its hands—even the evangelization of a fallen world.

THE VILLAGE PRIZE-FIGHTER.

Some years ago, in the village of R. in W., there lived a man notorious for the practice of every kind of wickedness: there was not a street brawl in which he was not sure to be found a prominent ringleader; in every drunken orgie his voice rang the loudest and coarsest; and for miles round a bolder blasphemer, a more besotted character, could not have been discovered. He was a man of immense strength and gigantic stature, and he too often used his brute force against his unoffending wife and children. At all hours, screams of terror were heard issuing from his dwelling: it was called the den of the wild beast, and not without dread did people walk by it, for when his evil passions were roused he cared very little upon whom he visited his terrible anger. His wife seldom appeared in the village without having her face blackened and bruised by blows received from her unnatural husband, and his little daughter had been maimed for life through a missile he had hurled at her in one of his fits of intoxication. To the age of forty-three he had lived a vicious and reprobate life; his heart seemed an impregnable fortress of evil; with every avenue through which truth and conviction might enter closely guarded by emissaries of the wicked one, he defied those precious influences which have for their end the spiritual freedom of our nature, the religious triumph of our whole being. With a hardened heart and a seared conscience, no man seemed more thoroughly given up to vicious habits and inclinations. For him to have become a spiritual character would have been the Ethiopian changing his skin, and the leopard his spots; but the word of the Lord came to him in an hour that he looked not for it, and under circumstances apparently most unfavourable to its reception. At the period of which we are writing, village fairs were at the height of their popularity; they were held at certain seasons of the year, and to them at the appointed time might have been seen repairing young men and young women to be hired as servants, drovers taking sheep and cattle to the market, poor women carrying in their hands stockings of their own knitting for sale, and hawkers with all kinds of wares. These fairs were the occasion of much real harm to those who frequented them, for the business of the day being over, the evening—sometimes the whole night—was spent in debauchery and revelry. We grieve to say that amid the many unlawful amusements of the fair-day, that of *fighting* was the most conspicuous. It was no unusual thing to see men rush from their business, leaving their property quite unguarded, to witness these degrading exhibitions of brute strength. Thus low and fallen has human nature become, that it can find its highest pleasure in the uttermost depth of debasement.

The man of whom we are writing was always one of the principal actors in these fair-day contests, his great strength and ferocious daring having obtained for him the name of champion. He had been known indeed to fight fourteen battles in one day, and to come through them all unhurt and unvanquished. He sought every opportunity for displaying his almost superhuman strength; in the most insulting terms he would goad men on to a combat with him, and only rejoice if he inflicted upon them injuries from which they would never recover. But the time came

when he, with all his strength, was to feel himself weak and powerless as an infant; when he, who had never been known to feel afraid of anything in the world, was to be filled with trembling at the thought of his past history and future destiny. He was to feel that inward shrinking from "that which is to come," which fills with cowardice and dread the heart of the bravest and stoutest when bound in the chains of remorse. It was on one of these fair-days, and after he had been engaged in six or seven battles, that he heard words which fastened themselves upon his attention, and gave him no rest until he had for himself learnt their meaning. They were spoken by a man who, from a strong sense of duty, had come to the fair that day. He was an itinerant preacher, and, notwithstanding taunts and ill-usage, whenever he could gain a hearing, he perseveringly proclaimed the message of salvation. While he was in the act of doing this, "the champion," attended by a large concourse of people, drew near, to hear perhaps what the "babbler" would say. The preacher, nothing daunted, boldly seized the opportunity of telling those miserable creatures before him the exact truth about themselves: he solemnly remonstrated with them upon their course of life, revealing the awful responsibilities of those who were trifling with themselves and with their Maker, and madly rushing to an eternal world in an unprepared state; adding, in conclusion, that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Loud shouts of laughter prevented the preacher from speaking further: and the subject of this sketch, who was one of his audience, throughout that day was engaged in more flagrant acts of wickedness than ever. But the arrow had entered his soul; it had been fastened in a sure place, and he could not dislodge it. The words he had heard were, by the blessing of God, made instrumental in revolutionizing his whole being, and in bringing about a reformation of his entire character. In the middle of the night he awoke from a brief perturbed slumber, and felt as if he were never to sleep again. In the darkness of his chamber, his imagination carried him on to the unseen world of which the preacher had spoken in the morning. Before his quickened conscience there stood, as it were, a vision of the judgment-seat, the great white throne, and Him that sat thereon. The record of his past life was unrolled before him, and he had not power to contradict one particular in it. He felt himself sinking down into an abyss of darkness, when suddenly there recurred to him the scene of the itinerant preacher in the village market-place, and the words he had uttered, "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," rang in his ears.

In an agony of mind he rose, left his house, and wandered forth into the dark night, still having his thoughts fully occupied with the thoughts of judgment. He felt bowed down by the weight of his past history; like a nightmare it pressed upon his heart, and bound him hand and foot in despair. For more than a month he lived a prey to the most distressing thoughts and feelings; he did not dare to open the real state of his heart to any one, and no one imagined that a great inward change was taking place in the "wild beast." But God in mercy revealed himself unto him, as a God pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin. The blood that cleanseth from all sin was applied to his heart, and at length he was enabled to find joy and peace in believing. The effect of his conversion had a very beneficial influence upon his associates. At first they used every effort to induce him to return to his old habits and haunts, but he steadily refused, and, with tears in his eyes, besought them to flee from the wrath to come, and in some cases not without success. He could not himself do enough to manifest his love to the Saviour who had redeemed him; but always, in his conversations with the ungodly, the most forcible appeal he could use was the mercy that had been shown to him. "*He saved me, the chief of sinners, and he can save you.*" He has now been dead for many years, but he still stands before us as a monument of the fact that the most degraded can obtain salvation through faith in the blood of atonement. From the many lessons which this true narrative suggests to us, we select these two as of practical import.

1. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." Count no man, however depraved and guilty, as beyond the reach of mercy, and let no opportunity of doing good pass by unheeded. Be instant in season and out of season. In every society let us be on the watch to speak a word for Christ; every day we meet men whom we may never meet again, and whom we might have directed to the Lamb of God.

2. "It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Let no one, then, be afraid of approaching a throne of grace, for he is able to save unto the uttermost. He who saved others can save us. Men of all characters sought the Saviour in the days of his flesh, and received blessings from him; and his love is still as great. "Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

Page for the Young.

THE MISSING PLUM CAKE.

My dear children—In the year of our Lord, 18—, a worthy old clergyman, now sleeping peacefully beneath the clods of the valley, established, at his own expense, a school for the benefit of the poor neglected children of the hamlet of M., situate in the county of S., a coal district, inhabited by people who were drunkards, sabbath-breakers, and swearers.

Now this worthy old clergyman did not reside in that neighbourhood, but being requested by a friend to preach for him at his church, about three miles distant, he chanced to pass through the village on a sabbath day; and I am sorry so to tell, but on that blessed day a revel, as it was called, was held in the churchyard, and there, on the tombstones, and among the graves, lay the living, "dead in trespasses and sins," fighting, swearing, drinking, smoking, and practising all kinds of wickedness, no fear of God being before their eyes.

This dear old pastor was very sorry, but what could he do? his voice would have appeared as "the voice of one that mocked" to that sinful crew. My dear little ones, he prayed to God for them; and when you are grieved at the wickedness you see around, do you pray; and your Almighty Father will listen even to the petition of a child.

So, as he prayed, it came into his heart, that if a school were opened in that neglected village, the little children would be taught to read their Bibles, which would make them wise unto salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; and the Holy Spirit would so change their sinful hearts, that when they grew older they might become a blessing, and not a curse to all around.

Well, this good pastor was rich; and, as he anxiously desired to spend and be spent for the glory of God and the welfare of his fellow-creatures, he soon hired a barn for a school-room, employed the village carpenter to make forms, desks, and necessary fittings, and engaged a pious old couple, from a neighbouring city, as master and mistress; and, in a very few weeks, that building was filled with little, clean, happy faces, many of whom had scarce known a kind word before in their lives. Fathers and mothers also beheld with surprise and pleasure the improvement in the habits of their children, and obeyed the exhortation of the apostle: "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

But it was soon found that there were some very little ones that could not be admitted, as they interfered with the lessons given to the elder children; therefore, a class of these babes, or an infant school, as it would now be termed, was formed, and one, a child herself in years, entrusted with their sole care, apart from the elder pupils. The little mistress proved fully equal to her task, the school increased, and a new and neat stone edifice was built. The blessing of the Almighty rested on the undertaking, and it prospered.

Three years had passed since the solitary ride of the Rev. Mr. F. beside the churchyard of M., when on the 1st of May, the anniversary of the opening of the school, a coach and four horses stood before a town residence, and soon was placed therein a box containing handsomely bound Bibles and Testaments, together with several pretty little books, with pink, blue, or lilac covers; a neat writing-desk was next carefully deposited, also several bonnets and rolls of clothing; then followed a second box with a supply of very large plum buns; finally, three ladies, a little girl, and a gentleman, entered the carriage, and it drove rapidly away into the sweet lanes and hedgerows of the country.

If my young readers could now behold the staid person who is writing to them, they would trace little resemblance in her pale care-worn face, hair streaked with grey, and thin, attenuated form, to the rosy-cheeked, plump, and blooming child, with hair like golden threads, in massy curls, and eyes blue as the violets she then carried in her hand, who, on that brilliant May-morning, stepped joyously into the carriage to attend the festival of the pastor's school. Alas! ere night tears had dimmed the eyes of that bright child, falsehood had polluted the ruby lips, and shame dyed the fair forehead, and with aching head and sorrowful heart she returned to the home she had left so merrily and with such anticipations of pleasure. The apparently trifling cause of this sin and distress was a tempting fresh-baked currant bun. But this I shall come to by-and-bye.

I must now, for a short space, retrace my story. The child-teacher, herself one of the pupils of the school, had instructed the little ones placed under her sole care with such gentleness and patience, and was so steady in her general good conduct, that some ladies, friends of Mr. F.'s, determined to reward her diligence by the present of a suit of new clothes. To her girl-pupils, eight in number, were to be presented a bonnet and cape, while shoes and pinafores were to be given to the remaining five little boys. All these various articles, it was arranged, were to be brought forth on the anniversary, together with the Bibles, etc., the general rewards of the school.

Those tippets and pinafores I had been allowed to assist in making, the donors of them being my great aunts, with another friend.

On the morning in question, as already stated, we started for the country. Child as I was, I admired the primroses, violets, narcissuses, polyanthuses, wall-flowers, and peonies, which grew in the cottagers' gardens; while the apple-trees in full bloom, and the early cherry, plum, and pear-trees, gave a promise of rich fruit.

On our arrival at the school, we were greeted by a loud and continued cheer. The master and mistress had marshalled the children in double lines; the girls held bunches of flowers—cowslips and purple crocus; and the little creatures made their best bows and curtsies as we passed slowly through the ranks to seats provided for our party and the parents of the children. The school-room was prettily decorated with spring flowers, evergreens, and cotton flags of bright colours. A hymn was sung and the examination commenced.

I will not make my story too long, by telling you how George Ruffles was the best boy, and was rewarded by the gift of the pretty writing desk, and how Martha Challenger, who repeated the three first chapters of St. John's Gospel, without missing a word, received the handsome Bible with gilt edges; but pass on at once to the distribution of the buns, and the relation of my sad fault and its consequences. This I must do, however, in the next paper.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE OLD CLERGYMAN'S DOMESTIC STORY.

THE SPOILED CHILD;

OR, A FATHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

On the borders of Bedfordshire is situated a romantic and picturesque little village. It lies in a valley, through which runs a small stream, that winds its way under drooping willows at the bottom of the churchyard, and passes on thence to sing its melancholy song beneath the shade of some aged firs, at the lower boundary of the garden belonging to the parsonage house; thence it pursues its peaceful course, laving at intervals the gardens of the cottages, the road, and the fields, in its way to a more open country.

I once had the happiness to spend a summer month in this delightful place, and the friend with whom I was staying being on very intimate terms at the vicarage, I became a frequent visitor there. The worthy man who then had charge of the parish had numbered his "three-score years and ten," and was hasting on the wheels of time to sleep with many whose bodies he had committed to the dust, and some of whom he hoped to meet in a better and happier state. As a man he was a pattern to all around; open, firm, and unflinching in what he believed to be right, but willing to be convinced of an error, and as ready to resign a wrong opinion as

No. 64.—Published July 19, 1855. Price One Penny.

he would be to maintain a just one. His benefice was not a rich one, but he gave of his little to a great extent. To the poor, he was a father and a friend; to the farmers, an adviser and a counsellor; to the few rich, he was a faithful monitor. All loved and feared him. If any had done wrong, his greatest earthly dread was that the vicar should know it. As a preacher, he surpassed many. His style was clear and intelligible to the meanest capacity; his delivery bold, easy, and pleasing; while he zealously and uncompromisingly preached the doctrines of the Reformation.

Of his good wife I knew nothing but by the hearing of the ear, for she was at a distance from home, visiting a sick friend. Enough to say, she was represented to me as a true Dorcas, and the fit partner of such a worthy man as her husband.

Though generally of a cheerful demeanour when in society, the vicar at times appeared strongly affected with a sadness approaching to melancholy, and would be often alone when he might have been in company. As I often spent my evenings with him, I had frequent opportunities of eliciting useful information from him; and what made his conversation the more enchanting to me was, the happy method by which he would adorn it with the most interesting and instructive anecdotes, illustrative of the matter of which we were speaking.

The evening before my departure from the village, I went to take leave of my aged friend. I found him (as was usual with him at the evening hour) alone in the beautiful bower at the bottom of his garden, from which you could see nearly the whole of that delightful spot of earth, which was laid out with considerable taste, and kept exquisitely neat. The bower was formed of garden shrubs, having a front of iron-work, rising into an arch over-head, and overspread with woodbine, which was then in full bloom, and enwrapped the whole of its locality in an atmosphere of delicious perfume. To the right and left stood a moss-rose tree, gay in colour and fragrant in breath. On the farther side of each, a neatly trimmed fir raised its head, as sentinel of that peaceful retreat. Behind it was heard the music of the brook, rippling over its stony bed. Facing you, as you were seated within, was a small pond, fenced by mimic rocks, from the centre of which a neat fountain issued its varied jets. Beyond, stood the good man's house, round the porch of whose door crept a modest jessamine, and on each window-sill were placed geraniums of various sorts, boxes of mignionette, etc.

I entered, receiving a cordial welcome from the venerable man. He had been reading, but laid aside his book to chat with me. Our conversation soon turned upon this, my last visit.

"My young friend," said he, "you have heard many tales from me, and appeared pleased with them; if you have no objection, I will tell you one more before we part: perhaps it will afford you a lasting lesson through life. You are entering on the world, and I would help you, if I could, to avoid many snares into which I have fallen; for while travelling to this white head of mine, I have learned many sad truths by experience. Let me exhort you to learn submission to the will of Providence from the following account.

"Having finished my studies at Oxford, I was ordained to the curacy of the parish church of a town in Somersetshire, and some time after married an amiable young creature, whom I had loved from boyhood: the same is now my wife. At the time I was married, I was in my twenty-sixth year; my spouse had just entered her twenty-fourth. Fourteen months after our union we became parents of a son, whom we named James, after myself. He grew healthy and strong till nearly four years old, when a fever, following a severe cold, prostrated him, and there was every prospect of his being taken from us by death. I was almost distracted with the thought of losing my boy; my dear wife bore it with more patience, and exhorted me, who should have strengthened her, to hope for the best, and submit to the will of God. Her entreaties were of little use; I would not be comforted. I prayed continually, without reference to the Divine will, that God would spare the child; and at last I had the joy of seeing a favourable change. My spirits began to flow afresh, and everything was more pleasing around me. My boy recovered fast, and in the course of a month was able to take the air and be about a little. Another month made him quite strong. My wife and I were now happy with the prospect of a son who should be a blessing to our hoary hairs. Alas! we cherished hopes that were never realized.

"This was the only child we ever had; he was therefore much petted by us. Everything he wished for was granted, so far as our means would allow. Till ten years of age I instructed him myself, but was then obliged to send him from home to be educated, for I had so much indulged him that I had no command of him, and he learned but little. When he came home at the vacation, he represented the master as a great tyrant and a cruel man. He so entreated me, that I removed him to a school where there was professedly no corporal punishment. This he liked little better than the first, but I hoped he would become more reconciled to it, and continued him there.

"My son continued in his course till his expenditure greatly exceeded his income. Surrounded by those who were practised in every artifice of fraud and crime, he drank of their spirit, and adopted their plans. Having involved himself in debt to a considerable amount, and finding himself pressed for payment, he resolved on a fatal scheme, and forged his employer's name to a cheque for a hundred pounds.

"In the course of the following week this gentleman, when with his banker, discovered what had occurred, and immediately measures were taken to find out the offender. An officer was informed of it, and ere the day closed my son was apprehended on suspicion. I knew nothing of the affair till the next morning, when distress again compelled him to appeal to me. I procured what legal assistance I could on so short a notice, to aid him at his examination; but nothing could prevent his being committed to take his trial as a forger.

"Here was a stroke for us! To mourn then was useless: we resolved that nothing should be wanting on our part to save him from an untimely end. We retained the best counsel our means would allow, and left not a stone unturned that we thought would in any way bear upon the saving of our boy. Not one could we get to speak to the correctness of his character. All chance of affecting his position by influence was cast to the winds: we had but to pray and hope that grace might reach his heart.

"The time that elapsed between his committal and trial was about a month, during which time his mother and I were permitted to see him often; and on these occasions we conversed with him on the sad prospect that was before us. He now appeared to mourn in earnest for his past conduct, and feared lest his mother and I could not forgive him; but we soon undeceived him, for still he was our own son, and we loved him with a tenderness equal to that which was manifested by David to that child whose name I have so often applied to my own.

"At length, the trial came on, and lasted nearly a whole day. My wife stayed at home, wrapped in grief almost inconsolable. I had asked her sister, a woman of fine feeling and sound piety, to visit us, and so, by her consoling sympathies, hoped to avert the dreadful calamity which I feared would overwhelm my partner's soul and reason. In the care of this dear creature I left my wife, and taking a friend with me, I remained in court till the termination of the trial.

"I cannot tell how I was supported; but I stood it till the end. Throughout the entire proceeding, I could see no hope of an acquittal. The time was arrived that should decide the fate of my boy: the counsel pleaded, the judge summed up, the jury retired, and in less than a quarter of an hour returned to their place. A death-like silence prevailed. I know not how I felt: it was the worst part yet; but I was prepared for it. The verdict was given—'Guilty'—and sentence of death was passed in a very solemn manner. My boy, who had manifested the most intense grief and anxiety while witness after witness was being examined, seemed overpowered with a blank amazement, quite indescribable, during the interval in which the jury were deliberating; but when he saw them again entering the court, he seemed recalled to a sense of his position, and then, hearing the decisive word, he buried his face in his hands and wept very audibly, continuing in the same state till removed by the officers.

"It was with trembling steps I left the court with my friend and returned home. My wife understood the end of the matter as soon as she saw me. She wept sorely, but bore it better than I had expected.

"I cannot tell you how that last fortnight of my boy's life was spent by us, except that we visited him as often as we were allowed, and exhorted him to penitence. We also endeavoured to obtain a reprieve, but without avail. At our last meeting we all wept bitterly. He asked our pardon, which was freely granted; and we pointed him to the only source of true forgiveness and happiness. He appeared penitent, and said he hoped in his Saviour. We left, and spent the night in prayer for him.

"The chaplain of the prison behaved very kindly to him and to us. Immediately after the execution, the good man had the corpse conveyed to my house, in a coffin I had ordered for the purpose; and in the course of the day he called upon me, according to a request I had made, to inform me of the last moments of my poor boy's existence. He assured me that the state of the poor fellow's mind was quite that which he should wish to see in any one under the same circumstances; that his last sentiments were penitence, and his last accents prayer.

"We buried him after four days, and I went up to my chamber, exclaiming in the words of David, 'O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!'

"Thus died my poor boy, at the age of twenty-two years, the victim of over-indulgence; and in his death the terrible remembrancer of sinful unsubmissive prayer answered. At the head of his grave I placed a small stone with his initials engraved thereon, the date of the year in which he died, and the following words: 'Thy will be done.'"

When the old man had finished his narrative, a tear stole over his cheek, and we remained

silent for a few minutes. He then resumed: "My young friend, learn one or two things from this sad tale: whenever you ask a favour of God, add—'Thy will be done.' If I had prayed thus, perhaps my boy would have died in infancy; but no, I prayed unsubmissively for his life: it was granted; but how dearly have I paid for it. You also see that God will answer prayer, according to his promises, and that one of the Saviour's especially, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.' I prayed earnestly, and pleaded promises, and fully expected the answer to be according to my will, and it was so: God granted me the desire of my rebellious heart, in which I was backsliding from him, and so he filled me with my own ways; for the same feeling that urged me to this revolt against his will, also prompted me to neglect training my son with due parental authority; and so having sinned like Eli, I, like him, was punished by the untimely death of that child who had drawn my heart from God: but whether the all-wise Father will cut me off as suddenly and terribly as he did Eli, I know not: however, if such be the termination of my earthly career, His will be done."

Years have rolled into forgetfulness since I heard the old man's tale, but its remembrance has influenced me at many turns in my pilgrimage, and led me, when circumstances have seemed adverse, to pray, "Thy will be done."

THE HUNTED STAG.

THERE are some passages in the word of God which, over and above their own intrinsic dignity and power, have an additional interest, from their being associated with the religious experience of God's children. Such, for instance, is that passage, "the just shall live by faith," which is inseparably connected in the minds of all readers of the history of the Reformation with the biography of Luther—as having often given him comfort in the hour of perplexity, when about to be again entangled in the web of popish superstition. In a somewhat similar manner, the subjoined eloquent passage from a divine of the last century, independently of its intrinsic beauty, is dignified by the circumstance of its having cleared the mind, and strengthened the faith, of the Rev. Thomas Scott, the eminent commentator, when groping his way from Socinian error to gospel light. To all readers, indeed, concerned about the safety of their souls, it is a profitable exposition of the mode in which a soul, awakened to a sense of its guilt and danger, finds peace and safety by fleeing in faith to the Saviour.

The stag, roused from his lair, shakes his dappled sides, tosses his beamy head, and conscious of superior agility, seems to defy the gathering storm. First, he has recourse to stratagem and evasive shifts; he plunges into the copse, darts across the glade, and wheels about in doubling mazes, as though he would pursue even the foe he avoids. The full-mouthed pack unravel all his windings, and drive him from his wily arts.

Now he betakes himself to flight, and confides in his speed; he bursts through the woods, bounds over the lawns, and leaves the lagging beagles far behind; the beagles, slow, but sure, trace his steps through woods, through lawns, through half the extended forest; unwearied, still unwearied, they urge their ardent way, and gain upon the alarmed object of their pursuit.

Again he flies; flies with redoubled swiftness; shoots down the steep, strains up the hill, sweeps along the fields, and at last takes shelter in the immense recess of some sequestered grove. The sagacious hounds hang with greedy nostrils on the scent; they recover, by indefatigable assiduity, the ground they had lost; up they come a third time, and, joining in a general peal of vengeance, hurry the affrighted animal from his short concealment.

Perplexed and in the utmost distress, he seeks the numerous herd; he would lose himself, and elude his pursuers amidst the multitude of his fellows; but they, unconcerned for a brother's woe, shun the miserable creature, or expel him from the selfish circle. Abandoned by his associates, and haunted with apprehensions of approaching ruin, he trembles at every leaf that shakes. He starts, he springs, and, wild and swift as the wind, flies he knows not where, yet pours all his soul in flight. Vain, vain are his efforts. The horrid cry, lately lessened, thickens upon the gale and thunders in his ears. Now the poor breathless victim is full in view; his sprightliness forsakes him; his agility is spent: see! how he toils in yonder valley, with faltering limbs and a hobbling gait. The sight of their game quickens the pace, and whets the ardour, of the impetuous hounds. With tumultuous violence they rush in, and with clamorous joy demand their prey.

What can he do, surrounded as he is with insulting tongues and ravenous jaws? Despair is capable of inspiriting even the timorous breast: having nothing to hope, he forgets to fear. He faces about, and makes a resolute stand. The trunk of a sturdy tree covers his rear, and his own branching horns defend him in front; he rushes upon his adversaries, gores some, lays others groveling on the turf, and makes the whole coward pack give way.

Encouraged by this unexpected success, his hopes revive; he rallies once again his drooping spirits; exerts the little remainder of his

strength, and springs through the midst of the retiring rout. It is his last, last chance. He stretches every nerve; once more loses sight of the rabble from the kennel; and, finding no security on the land, takes to the water. He throws his burning sides into the river, sails down the cooling stream, and slinks away to the verge of some little shelving island; there, finding a resting-place for his feet, he skulks close to the shady margin; all immersed in the waves, except his nostrils, he baffles for awhile the prying eye of man and the keener smell of brute.

Discovered at length, and forced to quit this unavailing refuge, he climbs the slippery bank. Unable to fly any longer, he stands at bay against an aged willow; stands, all faint with toil, and sobbing with anguish. The crowds that gather round him, with merciless and outrageous transport, triumph in his misery.

A multitude of blood-thirsty throats, joined with the sonorous horn, ring his funeral knell. The tears, till this fatal instant unknown, gush from his languishing eyes, and roll down his reeking cheeks. He casts one more look on the woods, the lawns, the pleasing scenes of his former delights. Adieu! a long adieu to these! he now expects his murderers, and prepares, as his last poor consolation, to sell his life as dearly as possible.

At this most critical juncture the royal sportsman comes up. He sees the distressed creature; and as soon as he sees, he pities. The clemency which attends the throne accompanies even the diversions of majesty. He issues the high command. The prohibitory signal is given. The pack, though eager for blood, are checked in a moment; and not checked only, but called off from their prey. Disappointed and growling, they retire, and leave the intended victim of their fury to enjoy his liberty again.

How striking an illustration is this of a soul convinced of the guilt and evil of sin!

The strictness of the Divine law pursues it, dislodges it from every refuge of lies; and never remits its terrifying menaces till the poor delinquent ceases from self-confidence, and fixes on Christ for his whole salvation.

The man, perhaps, is awakened into a serious concern for his eternal state; in consequence of which he relinquishes his profane and iniquitous practices, breaks the sabbath and defrauds his neighbour no more. But the law quickly represents, and in a glaring light, that a negative obedience is by no means sufficient. Upon this he betakes himself to a course of positive holiness; gets acquainted with religious people, and performs religious duties; prays in secret, and attends public ordinances; conscientiously observes the Lord's day, and regulates his behaviour by the rule of God's commandments. Now he is ready to congratulate himself on his remarkable and hopeful reformation.

Soon he perceives that all his proficiency is but skin-deep; a mere outside varnish, which has not penetrated the inner man. He begins, therefore, to watch over the motions and bewail the evils of his heart; he labours to subdue pride and curb passion; to purge out filthy lusts, and to banish spiritual wickedness. Notwithstanding all his vigilance, conscience flies in his face, either for the neglect of some virtue or the commission of some sin. The law rings in his ear that terrible denunciation, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them."

Struck by this conviction, his wounds bleed afresh; he is obliged to seek some new balm for his sore. In order to appease an offended God, and atone for his sinful relapses, he makes many sorrowful confessions, possibly submits to voluntary sufferings; he denies himself, and bestows liberally on the poor; he sighs deeply and mourns bitterly. But can waters that are muddy cleanse the garment that is filthy? Wilt thou satisfy, O vain man, wilt thou satisfy for one sin by committing another? In these penitential exercises, were thy thoughts steadily devout? In those acts of beneficence, were thy affections truly charitable? and did both proceed from a pure undefiled heart? If not, such fancied reparations of past faults only aggravate the heavy score. What shall he do? He cannot pay; to beg he is ashamed: fain would he enter into life, yet not be too much indebted to grace: he attempts therefore to compound with heaven; he binds himself by solemn vows, perhaps by sacramental engagements, to use greater circumspection for the future; then turns his eye to the Divine Mediator, not with a view of relying wholly on his righteousness, but only to obtain such a supply as may make up the deficiencies of his own. Somewhat like this was the mistake of the Galatian converts, against which St. Paul, in his epistle to that people, so solidly disputes and so sharply inveighs; assuring them that if they add to their Redeemer's death and obedience any other requisite in the matter of acceptance with God, Christ shall profit them nothing.

For a while he holds forth his purposed integrity; at length falling short, evidently if not scandalously short, in executing his part, a startling voice sounds in his ear that dreadful alarm: "Cursed is he that continueth not in all things." An impartial conscience interprets the voice, and undeniably proves that whoever commits the least sin, or fails in any point, does not continue in all things. His heart sinks with discouragement, and all his resolutions hang their enfeebled heads. He has tried every method that he can devise, and has found every method

ineffectual. All his expedients are a spider's web, and his hope is as the giving up of the ghost.

His soul, pursued by the law, and hunted by terror, is brought to the gates of death, or the very brink of despair. And now the Prince of peace—now the Lord our righteousness—appears for his rescue. Now is accomplished that gracious declaration: "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." Driven from every false refuge, and drawn by the blessed Spirit, he comes weary and heavy laden to Christ. Convinced of the sin of his nature, the sin of his life, and the sin of his best duties, he renounces himself in every view. This is all his salvation and all his desire, that he may win Christ, and be found in him. Did that poor afflicted woman say, "If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole?" With equal ardour does this enlightened sinner cry, "If I may but have fellowship with the glorious Immanuel in his merits and in his Spirit, I am alive from the dead, I am happy for ever."

Having seen a glimpse of the Redeemer and his transcendant excellency, having received a taste from the inexhaustible fulness of his grace, oh how he longs for brighter manifestations! how he thirsts after more plentiful draughts! Whosoever comes to Christ shall in no wise be cast out. He that awakens these ardent desires, in his due time gives the desired blessings. After various conflicts, the poor ungodly wretch believes; he believes that the Son of the Most High died in his stead, and was obedient for his justification; believes that all the riches of the adored Mediator's life and death are for sinners, for the worst of sinners, even for him.

By faith receiving Christ and his benefits, his heart is purified, his heart is quickened. He abhors every evil way, and is fitted for every good work: though temptations assault him, he derives strength from his Saviour, resists the devil, and is faithful unto death; though corruptions defile him, he flies to the fountain open for uncleanness, makes daily, hourly application of the blood of sprinkling, and goes on his way rejoicing in God his Saviour.

We are assured by unerring wisdom that "Christ is the end of the law." It points invariably to him; it terminates wholly in him; and then obtains its principal purpose, when sinners are brought to their Divine Redeemer for righteousness. Then there is no occasion for a mitigation of the law, for an abatement of its demands, or a moderation of its curse; because we have that in Christ which fulfils its demands and exhausts its curse, which maintains its honour, yet justifies its transgressor.

The law hath concluded all mankind under sin; hath drawn, as it were, a net of guilt and vengeance round the whole world; yet, not with an intention that any should be discouraged now or perish for ever, but that every one may see his inexpressible need of a Saviour's death and of a Saviour's obedience; and being thus prepared both to value and receive so precious a blessing, the promise of justification by faith in Jesus Christ may be given to them that believe.

SACRED POETRY.

THE PROPHET.

PART I.—THE RIVER.

No words to soothe, no smile to cheer,
No kind embrace, no gentle tear,
No mother's care or love;
But silence, solitude, and fear,
Dull waves around, and dangers near,
And lurid skies above.
So slept the infant in his ark,
Within that small, rude, fragile bark,
Where hope and faith his couch had spread,
And love had laid his gentle head,
And o'er the river's reedy bed
Sent forth this homeless dove.
How waked the babe in childish fright,
How watched to see the welcome light
That ever still had met his sight,
And chid his wish to weep;
That sunbeam wandering from the skies
Which rested in his mother's eyes,
And fixed his look of glad surprise,
Uproused from dreamless sleep.
And weeps the babe? is there no sign?
No presence of the Power Divine
That holds his little life amid
The dangers in those waters hid?
Is there no dream of Horeb's mount?
No vision bright of Sinai's flames?
Of the parched desert's springing fount?
Or of the conquered nation's names?
No, cradled thus in God's right hand,
The future all to him unknown,
While Power preserved and Wisdom plann'd,
The infant wept alone, alone.
While Canaan stands secure in crime,
And Israel sleeps in bondage base;
While in the book of future time
Recorded stands each deed sublime,
And every sin of Eber's race;
While rests the yet unsmitten land,
While wait the plagues on God's command,
While o'er the fierce oppressor's grave
Rolls on the undivided wave;
This little spark of heavenly light
So soon to dazzle Egypt's sight,
This little banner just unfurled,
Whose folds shall shroud her haughty king,
This arrow by Jehovah hurled,
This eagle with its folded wing,
This silent trumpet of God's wrath,
This champion in the tyrant's path,
Like bubble on the waters thrown,
Weeps on unheeded and alone.
He sees no omen in the sky,
No token of his bright career,
No angel messenger stands by
To chide his grief or calm his fear;
No seraph's wings are o'er him spread,
No rainbow circles round his head;
But Sovereign Power the breeze shall guide
That o'er his cradle bend the reed;

And all the waves that onward glide,
And every flower that grows beside,
And every beam that sheds its light,
And every wing that murmurs by;
All things of sound, or sense, or sight,
Each being of earth, or air, or sky,
In life's mysterious chain-links wove,
Fulfil his purposes of love,
And work the plan his power decreed.
Tremble proud monarch on thy couch,
Before thy senseless idols crouch;
Invoke the soothsayers to thy need,
Call forth the wise, the valiant lead,
Thy seers consult, thy warriors arm,
Try prayer and vision, spell and charm;
Even now within thy lordly hall
By pitying hands a foe is brought,
A foe, at whose inspired call
The heavens shall with thy woes be fraught.
That little helpless wailing thing
Destruction to thy power shall bring.
Securely dost thou sleep? while now
The tempest lowers above thy head;
That infant bears upon his brow
A name that strikes thy first-born dead.
That name thou knowest not, nor shall know,
Till in thine hour of wrath and pride
The waters o'er thine armies flow,
And on the heaven-obeying tide,
While rushing to destruction dire,
Thou raisest one despairing cry,
And seest, in characters of fire,
Jehovah written in the sky.
No mortal's tear, or angel's smile,
The infant's loneliness beguile
On the dark waters of the Nile;
No mortal's love, or angel's care,
Surround the lonely mortal there;
The infant's solitary state
Pourtrays the prophet's future fate,
The man's mysterious life,
Of toils unshared, of fears unknown,
Of joys unspoke, of griefs unshown,
Of weakness, power, and strife.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

NATIONAL SUCCESS RETARDED BY INDIVIDUAL TRANSGRESSIONS.

WHEN a professing Christian people is at war, it behoves them to take diligent heed of what is written for their instruction in "the book of the wars of the Lord." They may learn thence under what circumstances the God of battles was wont to go forth with the armies of his chosen, to crown them with victory, to enable "one of them to chase a thousand, and two to put ten thousand to flight." They may learn also how and why he was at times provoked to withhold from them his countenance, to leave them a prey to disaster and defeat, and to sell them into the hands of their enemies. They may do this, moreover, assured by the unchangeability of his character, that as he acted formerly, he will, under similar circumstances, act again; that the same line of conduct now pursued by those who have been called by his name and avouched to be his people, will move him now, as it did in times past, either to fight for them their battles, or to deliver them to those that hate them.

There is, perhaps, no incident in the eventful history of the wars of Israel more fraught with instruction, or more suitable for personal practical application, just at present, than that recorded in the seventh chapter of Joshua, in immediate connection with the taking of Jericho, and the subsequent conflict with the people of Ai. A solemn prohibition had been uttered by the Most High, as we learn from the preceding chapter, against the appropriation of any portion whatsoever of the spoil of Jericho. "The city is accursed, and all that is therein;" and "ye shall in any wise keep yourselves from the accursed thing." The only exception to this stringent rule was with regard to the silver and gold and vessels of brass and iron, which the Hebrews were permitted to take, but solely for the purpose of bringing them as consecrated things into the Lord's treasury, not for that of making use of, or appropriating them to themselves. One of the people, however—Achan, the son of Carmi, of the tribe of Judah—"took of the accursed thing." He saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonian garment, and two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels weight, and coveted them, and took them; and instead of bringing them into the treasury of the Lord and dedicating them to his service, he "hid them in the earth in the midst of his tent." The consequence of this, the sin of one individual in the congregation, was, that when they went up against Ai, in a spirit of exulting confidence, which led them to say to Joshua, "Let not all the people go up; but let about two or three thousand men go up and smite Ai, and make not all the people to labour thither, for they are but few"—they nevertheless "fled before the men of Ai; and the men of Ai smote of them about thirty and six men: wherefore the hearts of the people melted and became as water." And, further, when Joshua complained to the Lord, and enquired of him as to the cause of this unexpected discomfiture, he was expressly told that "Israel hath sinned, and they have also transgressed my covenant which I commanded them; for they have even taken of the accursed thing, and have also stolen, and dissembled also, and they have put it even among their own stuff: *therefore* the children of Israel could not stand before their enemies."

Now this "happened unto them for our example," and is "written for our admonition." It cannot, therefore, but be right and profitable for us to consider the analogy between our circumstances, our duties, our dangers, our transgressions, and theirs, and between God's consequent mode of dealing with us and with them. Is there, in the first place, any prohibition addressed to us by the Most High similar to that whereby he sought to withhold the people of Israel from appropriating to themselves the spoils of Jericho? "Be not conformed to this world." "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world: if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him; for all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." "The friendship of the world is enmity with God." They who read these and similar passages, interpreting them according to their plain import, can scarcely for a moment doubt that there is such a prohibition. The fact, moreover, that there has been a curse pronounced upon this fallen world similar to that recorded against Jericho, and that there hangs over it a doom of which that of the heathen city was but a shadowy though solemn type, serves to render the analogy the more striking. The exception, too, in each instance—there being a lawful use of the silver and the gold of this world now, even as there was then of the costly spoils of the ancient city—and that use, in the one instance no less than in

the other, being the consecration of them to the service of Jehovah—makes the similitude, and the practical application resulting from it, altogether complete. To take the world's wealth—to make its acquisition the one sole object in which and for which we live, and move, and have our being; and then either to squander it altogether upon ourselves, or else to hoard it for our children, that they may in like manner squander it when we are gone—this surely is the sin of Achan, committed against prohibition as express, against warning as solemn, as any that had sounded in his ears.

Are there no Achans amongst God's professing people now? Are there none with whom to see within their reach the goodly garment and the precious metal, is to covet them—to grasp at, to appropriate, and to secure? Are there none who, if called upon to render an account of their stewardship, to acknowledge where, in whose keeping, and at whose disposal the wealth which they have acquired is placed, must answer that, instead of its being in the Lord's treasury, expended in his service, consecrated to his glory, it is, like Achan's, hidden in the earth? It is hidden where the heart's affections lie buried with it, where its thoughts and anxieties keep untiring watch over it, and where its being is a robbery of God.

One of the characteristic features of the present time is the "making haste to be rich:" would that we could say that it was also characterised by the consecration of riches to God. But, alas! while wealth is increasing, gold-fields being discovered, resources developed where previously they were not imagined to exist, the work of God, both at home and abroad, is allowed in too many instances to stand still for want of friends to help it forward; the silver and the gold, which ought to be in the Lord's treasury, are, like Achan's, hidden in the earth. Is it not worth while to consider and to lay it to heart, how far there may in this respect be an hindrance to that sure and speedy victory which Israel of old was ever wont to gain, no matter how numerous or how powerful were their enemies, when Jehovah went forth with them to the battle, because their ways were well pleasing in his eyes, and by which Great Britain has heretofore in like manner been scarcely less signally characterized?

There seems also to be solemn matter for searching practical application and inquiry, suggested by the fact that in this, as other instances, it was one man's sin that brought guilt and discomfiture upon the entire people. That which at first sight wears a national, is thus made to assume an individual, aspect. We are each taught that our own sin, be it what it may, does not affect ourselves alone; that, like the leaven to which it is compared in Scripture, it "leavens the whole lump;" that it is pregnant with consequences to ourselves and to others of which at the time of its commission we are perhaps little aware. We are taught, therefore, that national inability to stand before our enemies—national ill success, or indifferent success in war—anything which falls in any measure short of that triumphant victory which the God of battles was wont to achieve for his people—should send each individual of whom a Christian nation is composed to his heart and to his knees, to search and to inquire before God as to how far his own particular sin may have been the cause of national disaster or delay; how far it may have contributed to swell the cloud of accumulated transgression, which hides at times the face of Jehovah from his people, and which even their prayer cannot pierce through.

But perhaps the most instructive incident in the sacred narrative is the course which Israel pursued at the commandment of the Most High, to put away from amongst them the accursed thing, and thus to qualify themselves to go forth, assured of victory, to battle with their foes.

They sought out the individual by whom the sin had been committed, and required from him a full confession and exposure of his guilt. They brought him, and the spoil which he had thus unlawfully taken, into the midst of the assembled congregation, and there they destroyed both it and him and all that pertained to him before the Lord. "So the Lord turned from the fierceness of his anger." The name of the place was called "the valley of Achor," (that is, trouble); and we read the promise of Israel that God would give them "the valley of Achor for a door of hope." (Hosea ii. 15.) Even so should we at all times—and more especially when a season of war and its attendant trouble brings us into a position of urgent waiting upon God—search and try our hearts, to detect the sin—the covetousness, the worldliness, the self-seeking—that may be lurking there. Even so, when detected, should we bring it forth into the light of a full acknowledgment before Him whom it has grieved and dishonoured, remembering that it is written, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John i. 9.) Even so, moreover, should we bring the cause of the sin, whatever it may be, and give it up to God, even though the surrender of it may be to us as the plucking out of the right eye, or the cutting off of the right hand. Thus, and only thus, can we as individuals, or as a nation consisting of individuals, expect that "God, even our own God, shall bless us"—that he will make our enemies to be at peace with us—that he

will be our shield and our help in the day of battle.

It were, however, unduly to restrict the applicability of Scripture were we to confine the instruction to be gathered from this portion of it to a period of national war. The life of the Christian, from its commencement to its close, is one continued warfare. Internal peace he is indeed possessed of—the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keeping his heart and mind through Christ Jesus—but entire cessation, though it were but for a brief season, from hostilities with Satan, the world, and the flesh, is a blessing, secured to him indeed hereafter, but which he may not look for on this side of the grave. As with Israel, so with him, the assailing foes are numerous and mighty; his defences few and weak and frail; but "the Lord of hosts is with him, the God of Jacob is his refuge." He will make him, for he has promised, more than conqueror, through him that loved him and gave himself for him.

There are seasons, however, when, like Israel, "he cannot stand before his enemies;" when with him, as with Peter, temptation prevails, and the Evil One gets for a time the upper hand. How solemnly instructive is this passage as to the cause of such discomfiture. "There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, oh Israel! thou canst not stand before thine enemies until ye take away the accursed thing from among you." Christian reader! be upon your guard against the secret sin—the bias of the heart towards earth and earthly things—which, if indulged, if not uprooted, must leave you a prey to Satan, and incapacitate you to stand before your enemies. Pray for light to detect, for grace to confess, for strength to renounce and to abjure, the "accursed thing."

A SUNDAY MORNING IN WALES.

In the summer of last year it fell to our lot to spend the sabbath day in a small village in South Wales, and we have often remembered it as one of the most delightful days we have ever seen. We had then an opportunity of witnessing the real value of the sabbath to the labouring man, in the deep religious thoughts and feelings it called forth in him, and the heavenward impulse it administered to his whole being.

It was a sequestered little spot, surrounded by richly wooded hills, down the sides of which trickled gentle streams, making the meadow lands beneath fresh and verdant. The village itself had not any very great attractions; it was composed of houses clumsily put together, many of them being built of wood which had become green with age, and scantily covered with decayed thatch, through which the rain often found an entrance. But within these curiously constructed dwellings there reigned an air of comfort and decency; we entered one, and found that though the floor was of clay, it was swept perfectly clean; the chairs and tables were ricketty, and fast falling to pieces, but they were all arranged to the best possible advantage; the mantle-piece was quite brilliant with polished tin candlesticks; and on the wall, fastened by four pins, there was a frameless picture of the great Welsh preacher, Christmas Evans. The air of neatness that prevailed throughout the entire habitation was a palpable proof that penury and good household management can exist together. To a casual observer the inhabitants, who were chiefly occupied in agricultural pursuits, would have appeared dull and sense-bound, with little or no life underneath those labour-begrimed countenances, unmoved and uninfluenced by the glorious beauty of the scenery around them. But many of them had been taught of God, and had within them a depth of religious experience that would have awed into silence the mere intellectualist and man of learning; they had that which was higher than all mental gifts—religion in the heart. They could speak with a degree of intelligence that was surprising upon many subjects; they were deeply interested in the great topics of the day; and it would have done no harm to those who stand at the helm of public affairs, to have heard the comments which these simple-minded men made upon the movements of the time. Outwardly, you could not wish to see men more clownish and dull than these were; but as they began to speak of the great things of eternal life, their external stolidity peeled off, and there stood revealed a radiant manhood, glowing with enthusiasm and earnestness. They could not utter all they felt, but the signs that they made, by their broken, ungrammatical language, were far more potent in convincing the heart of their genuine sincerity than the most polished eloquence.

The subject that these peasants, for such we may call them, could talk best about was preaching and matters pertaining thereunto. Many of them had heard the great preachers of Wales, and had been roused into spiritual vigour through the influence of their fiery words. They had heard Williams of Wern, and other worthies of the Welsh pulpit, who were mighty men in their day, and who amid mountains and valleys, in farm-houses and gentlemen's mansions, had sounded forth the word of life with the gigantic strength of real faith. They remembered many of the sermons they had heard preached, the "famous sayings," as they called them, that were in those sermons, and would

recount them with unfeigned delight. The shaking hands with a great preacher was an event never to be forgotten, and many a child we found bearing the name of some departed servant of Christ. One man remembered that when he was a child he had saddled the horse of the good Christmas Evans, and had been patted on the head and called a brave lad; another that he had walked twenty miles to hear him, and another that he had "set the tunes" at an "association." They seemed to take more interest in religious services than in anything else, and we were told that it was counted very unfriendly if a minister passed through the village without giving a word of exhortation to the people. Even in the season of harvest, it was no unusual thing to see the men run from the field to such and such a farmer's kitchen where a minister was about to preach. We longed for the dawn of the sabbath, that we might worship God with these simple-hearted villagers.

The sabbath came: it was a beautiful morning, the sun shone brightly upon the wood-crowned hills, and high over our heads the larks were filling the air with their joyous carols. From the fields, in which the corn was gently waving in the summer air, there came a healthy fragrance, and the hedges sent forth an odour of wild flowers. Nature seemed calling upon man to join in its song of praise to the bountiful Giver of every good and perfect gift. The road to the chapel was dotted with persons dressed in every variety of costume; but the men, for the most part, were clothed in white smock frocks, and the women, to a dress of humble neatness added the high-crowned hat.

In front of the place of worship was a small grave-yard, overshadowed by full-grown yew trees: this little burial-place was something like a family vault, for nearly all who had been interred therein were relatives, and around every grave sacred associations gathered. Attached to each other were the tombs of four pastors who had successively presided over the church; and in modest, scriptural language their epitaphs set forth what these men were and what they did, ascribing all to the Saviour who strengthened them. There was not to be found on any stone a high-sounding eulogium; if they had been good men, it was through the agency of the Holy Spirit, and to the grace which brought salvation all the glory was rendered. The whole grave-yard seemed to breathe humble hope and confidence in the resurrection to eternal life. Two or three new graves there were, adorned with box and summer flowers; and we saw mourners, refusing to be comforted, watering the green hillocks with their tears, because those whom they loved had gone to return no more. Upon entering the sanctuary, we found it hard to reconcile its appearance with the extravagant descriptions of its beauty which we had heard from those with whom we had conversed about it. To them it was a perfect cathedral, noble in design, and faultless in erection; but a more uncomfortable looking place we never beheld. Even with the warmth of a July sun upon them, the walls were damp and clammy; the galleries almost touched the ceiling, through which many a peep of day was visible; the pulpit was large enough to hold three preachers without inconvenience, and the pews were so constructed that when the people sat down in them, only their heads were visible.

But men are apt to speak of their place of worship according to the spiritual seasons they have enjoyed therein; their religious emotions consecrate the place, and give unto it a beauty not its own. Is not every place holy and beautiful in which we have been born again, or held sweet intercourse with God? The most dilapidated barn gradually dissolves into a glorious temple, if we meet the Saviour there, and realize the sacred presence.

As soon as the pastor appeared, a grave and thoughtful-looking man, the congregation, numbering between two and three hundred persons, thronged into the chapel. A funeral sermon was to be preached that morning for a good man in the neighbourhood, who had lately gone to his rest; and a look of tender sympathy was thrown towards the mourners as they entered. The service commenced by the people singing that beautiful hymn—"How blest the righteous when he dies," etc., to a grand old minor tune. O! that singing; shall we ever forget it? It was not so much the beauty of the vocal tones which impressed us, as the deep heart which vibrated through the whole; this gave a force and a melody to the singing which we have in vain looked for in those who outwardly have been most accomplished in music. It was literally making melody in the heart to the Lord; and we can well understand how a celebrated man who had travelled in many parts of the globe, could say, "I never heard true singing until I was in Wales!"

After a prayer of extraordinary fervour and sweet pathos, which drew tears from many in the congregation, the preacher proceeded to name his text in both the Welsh and English dialect: "What is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." It is very difficult to give any true idea of the sermon; the mere outline which we took will give the reader but a very faint conception of its real power. The earnestness of the preacher, with the genuine Welsh fire in him, the tones of his voice tremulous with feeling, and the responsive sighs of the moved congregation,

ought to have been seen and heard, to give an adequate idea of what the sermon was, and its effect upon the people. In very simple terms the preacher introduced his subject. They knew what a vapour was; often upon an autumn morning they had seen a grey mist covering the tops of the mountains, and sometimes hiding from their view the farm-house on the hill side, which at other times they could see very well: that was a vapour; and about nine o'clock they had seen the sun burst grandly forth from behind the cloud, and gradually under its influence the mist had melted away: that was the passing away of the vapour, and our life was like that; we appeared for a little while on the earth, and then vanished away! Again, last night, if they had watched the heavens, they would have seen gliding through the air things like shafts of light, called meteors; very beautiful and splendid they were for a moment, but then they vanished for ever. And so, although men made a great show in the world, lived in fine houses, and surrounded themselves by all the splendour that wealth could purchase, they would one day have to leave all behind; their life was as much a vapour as that of the poor man—as the life of the man they were that morning shedding tears for.

Our life, then, was like a vapour, because of its *exceeding frailty;* how difficult mothers found it to rear little babes; upon what a slender thread their little lives seemed at times to hang; how often had they expected that before the morning dawned their dear ones would have said adieu to the world. And even those who were in years, when they had been laid low by fever, had felt that had their illness been a little more severe, they would have been quite gone. Human life was a frail thing, whether in the infant, child, or full-grown man.

And our life was like a vapour, because of *its exceeding brevity.* "We appeared but for a little time;" the longest life was after all a very short one; fifty years to some of them would appear little more than a week; but, then, no man's existence was too brief for him to take care of the concerns of his soul, and to become reconciled to God through the death of his Son. Several other analogies between man's life and the vapour were noted, and spiritual lessons derived from them; and, in conclusion, the preacher exhorted his hearers to remember that though our days in this world were very few and uncertain, it was possible for us all to have something very real and substantial as the basis of our life; we could all build on the rock against which the gates of hell could not prevail; the rains might descend and the winds blow, but if we were built upon the rock we should remain secure and steadfast. We had a Saviour into whose keeping we could commit our souls, and no one was strong enough to pluck them out of his hands.

We still see this earnest preacher before us, although now he too has gone home to God: the tones of his voice, now swelling into a thunder roll, now sinking into a subdued pathos, still ring in our ears, and once more we behold this little village congregation, in simplicity and faith, worshipping God. Upon leaving the place, we were curious to observe the effect of the service upon the people: they gathered together in knots in the graveyard, and began to speak of the one who had been so recently removed from them by death, and then they discoursed upon the applicability and power of the sermon; it had evidently found its way to their hearts, and roused them to think of life and immortality being brought to light through the gospel: they would return to their homes feeling the importance of spiritual things, and be determined to use their few years of life well, in the fear of God, in the faith of the gospel, and in the hope of everlasting glory. We involuntarily asked ourselves, Would this effect have been produced had these men spent the sabbath morning in the Crystal Palace? Would the highest triumphs of art have produced anything like such an effect? No! The poor man, worn out by the week's labour, wants something better than fine statues and gilded rooms to refresh his heart and mind: his moral nature, let our new teachers say what they will, cannot be educated by such things; and we know and are sure that, however laborious a man's occupation may be, he will enjoy a truer and a sweeter rest by bringing his nature under the influence of gospel facts and principles on the sabbath, and rise with a healthier impulse to his work on the succeeding day, than the man who wanders listlessly about through fields and lanes, or as listlessly through the Crystal Palace. We left the little village, feeling convinced that the sabbath was the secret of what life there was in it; that the holy day gave a religious tone to the whole week by inducing men to live continually under the influence of sabbath thoughts and feelings. May the time never come when the blessed day shall cease to be regarded as holy and honourable unto the Lord!

AN INTERVIEW WITH NEANDER.

It is now a long time since I was favoured with a short acquaintance with the celebrated Neander: the writer of this reminiscence was then in his youth, and the professor in the prime of his days. Duty called me to reside for a while in one of the large cities of Germany, and

in carrying out some objects for the spread of truth, I had occasion to correspond with some Christian ministers and friends in Berlin.

I was sitting one summer's evening, enjoying the cool breeze wafted from a large navigable river, flowing at the back of the house in which I had apartments. Market-boats were gliding along, carrying their owners to their distant villages. Fishing prahms were proceeding seawards, after their cargoes had been disposed of in the city. Large vessels, bearing the flags of different nations, were striking sail as they approached the booms; and small pleasure-boats, filled with tradespeople and their families, were taking an airing on the placid stream; while the songs of fatherland were heard from different parties, blending most harmoniously. It was life in its most attractive appearance, and afforded instruction to the contemplative mind.

I had just finished tea, when the door-bell rung, and I heard myself enquired after by a voice I did not know, and shortly after the servant ushered in two persons, a male and a female, of not very inviting appearance. The former stepped forward and presented to me a letter, on which I at once recognised the well known handwriting of Pastor Jaenicke of Berlin.

"This," said the stranger, "will inform you who I am, my dear Mr. ——." I opened the letter, and found, to my great delight, that Professor Neander and his sister stood before me. I welcomed them most cordially, had my tea-pot replenished, and was soon on the most friendly terms with that eccentric but excellent man.

His appearance was far from indicating the genius with which he was inspired. His figure was diminutive, but he had a finely shaped head; his countenance rather swarthy, and only slightly Jewish; but his features were fine and regular, and his eyes soft and brilliant. He was very negligently dressed; having on a common snuff-coloured coat, rather the worse for wear, a loose silk neckcloth round his neck, knee small clothes, and light grey stockings. His sister's attire was also of the plainest kind, and she had not that neatness which distinguishes the German ladies, at least when they visit. She was rather taller than her brother, and had much of his cast of face; but her countenance was darker, and had more of the lineaments of the Jewish race.

Our conversation was rather dull at first, for my guest seemed to be suddenly lost in contemplation. Miss Neander was more talkative, and, after having been refreshed with tea, went out on the balcony towards the river, and looked with wonder on the scene I have described. It was new to her, Berlin possessing no such attractive sights. I left her to enjoy the prospect, and returning to the Professor found he had not noticed my absence, being still apparently lost in some profound abstraction. Eventually, however, he became animated and talkative.

"I love your country," he commenced in very good English; "it is the land of light and gospel liberty. I have read your best authors on theology, and have been greatly strengthened and built up by their writings."

"You have also," I replied, "some excellent works of German divines, such as Arndt and others, besides those of your great reformer."

"Yes," he said, "but they are not now popular, and are but little read; the philosophy of Kant has done much injury. It is one of the things mentioned by Solomon, by which the earth is disquieted: 'A handmaid has become heir to her mistress.' Our colleges and schools are fast coming under its influence. How is it that in England you have so well escaped the poison?"

"The British people," I replied, "at least a great proportion of them, love their Bibles, and believe that infinity cannot be amplified nor truth improved by the wild reasonings of fallible men. They have had a succession also of faithful preachers of different denominations, who have endeavoured to excel each other in holding forth the gospel of Christ."

The Professor again fell into a fit of musing, and it was only occasionally that he favoured me with a few remarks, chiefly of enquiry concerning the constitutions of our different churches. At nine o'clock he and his sister departed, being engaged to sup with an aged German disciple of Whitfield—one who had frequently been his attendant on his preaching tours. The next day I dined in company with them, at the hospitable table of Herr Van —— and for a few days afterwards Dr. and Miss Neander became my guests.

I began to understand the character of Neander better, on his second visit to my abode. His sweet disposition shone forth in every conversation, and he seemed richly imbued with the spirit of Christ. He was not a controversialist, yet he was very desirous of knowing the grounds of that diversity of opinion about church order and discipline which prevailed in Britain, and made his comments freely to such answers as I gave. But nothing could exceed his smile of triumph, when speaking of the glory that would assuredly burst forth in the latter days; it was heavenly; and he appeared to me at the moment a humble resemblance of the apostle John. He spoke of the promise that we should "all see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion;" for he would gather the inhabitants of the earth into "one fold, under one shepherd."

There was obscurity in his views (as it ap-

peared to me) on some subjects, but I knew and remembered that he was almost alone in the Christian world. He seldom had communion with any earthly friend, so his sister told me; his books were his only companions. As his Bible was his principal well-spring of life, I did not fear for him; but perhaps he was not sufficiently impressed with the scriptural adage, that as "iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

Towards the latter part of our converse, I asked him to give me some account of his conversion from the creed of Judaism, in which he was brought up, and how he had been able to throw off that yoke of unbelief and hardness of heart in which the Jewish fragment of the noble house of Israel was still bound.

"I was not converted from being a Jew," was his reply, "but from being a mere sinner of the human race."

I required an explanation of this remark, as I scarcely understood its bearing. At length I think I caught his meaning—that it was not the mere reasoning generally used with the Jews that had impressed his mind, but the internal evidence of the Gospels.

"I had occasion," he said, "to read the Gospel of John, and I was struck with its sublimity—its total dissimilarity to all the writings of men. 'None but God could have compiled that Gospel,' I said to myself. It bears the clearest proof of the Divine hand. The transition from astonishment into love was easy. I saw therein the glory of Christ—his character as a redeemer and intercessor, his power over diseases, sin, and death, his sacrifice for transgression, and his glorious victory over the grave. I was humbled into nothing, and spent many days and nights in seeking to know the great mystery of redemption through the cross. I found that knowledge, for God called me by his grace to the belief of the truth. Thus, if I am saved, I am saved as a poor wretched miserable sinner of the human race, without regard to my descent or early creed, and I desire to think no other."

I could never afterwards bring Dr. Neander to speak on this subject, or to tell me the views he entertained of the present condition of his kinsmen the Jews, further than to say:—"Work on for the enlightenment of that people, but leave the whole to the Lord's disposal. He has Judah in his own hand, for a purpose he himself has declared. They will be brought in with the fulness of the Gentiles, but when or how he has not revealed."

The benefits which the church of Christ on the continent, and indeed generally, has received from the talents of Neander, afford a substantial proof of the blessings that arise from endeavouring to convey the gospel to the Jewish people. The natural energy of the Jew, when rightly directed, generally becomes, as in the subject of our notice, a powerful instrument in the communication of Divine truth to others.

Many conversations I had with this remarkable man. We parted with prayers for each other's welfare, and we never met again. I trust he is now before the throne above, in the presence of God and of the Lamb.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

107. Probably about one hundred years. Compare Gen. vi. 3, with 1 Pet. iii. 20.

108. One year and ten days. He went into it in the six hundredth year of his life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, Gen. vii. 11, and left it the next year in the second month, on the twenty-seventh day of the month, ch. viii. 14.

109. 2 Cor. v. 1. "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." 2 Pet. i. 13, 14. "I think it meet as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance; knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle."

110. Acts xx. 35. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

111. Nehemiah viii. 4. "Ezra the scribe stood upon a pulpit of wood."

112. Prov. xi. 10. "When it goeth well with the righteous, the city rejoiceth."

113. It was shortly after the decree had been sent from Shushan the palace, at Haman's request, for the destruction of the Jews, that king Ahasuerus, being unable to sleep, the chronicles of the country were brought and read before him. Here he heard of Mordecai's discovery of a conspiracy against the king, which led to the public honours given to Mordecai, the first step in Haman's downfall. On Mordecai being raised to power, he sought and obtained permission to send to the Jews another decree, authorizing them to defend themselves against any who might seek their hurt. See Esther vi. and following chapters.

114. Ps. xxii. 16. "Dogs have compassed me: the assembly of the wicked have inclosed me." Ps. lix. 6. "They return at evening; they make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city." Philippians iii. 2. "Beware of dogs." Rev. xxii. 15. "Without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolators, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

115. After their return from the Babylonish captivity. See Nehemiah viii. 15—18. . . . . "And all the congregation of them that were come again out of the captivity made booths, and sat under the booths; for since the days of Joshua the son of Nun unto that day had not the children of Israel done so."

116. Moses. Exodus ii. 10. "And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son." Esther. Esther ii. 7. He (Mordecai) brought up Hadassah, that is, Esther, his uncle's daughter, for she had neither father nor mother, and the maid was fair and beautiful; whom Mordecai, when her father and mother were dead, took for his own daughter."

117. 1 Sam. vi. 21; vii. 1, 2. In Kirjath-jearim.

118. See Acts iv. 25. "Who by the mouth of thy servant David hast said, Why did the heathen rage, and the people imagine vain things?"

Page for the Young.

THE MISSING PLUM CAKE.

PART II.

The examination had ended; rewards were given to the most deserving; and again youthful voices swelled the hearty cheer. A man now entered, bearing a tray filled with large plum cakes. The children's faces beamed with pleasure; they were formed into a wide circle, and to each was given a cake; the company left their seats, and kindly conversed with the little ones, while, accidentally, I became mixed with them, and also received a cake. I was very hungry, and it looked very nice; no one, as I then believed, observed the mistake that had been made, and I stood viewing with much amusement the passing scene. Suddenly, as a little pale sickly looking girl held out her small thin hand to receive her cake, some one said, "There is none to give you; the buns are all gone!"

Now up to this moment I had not intentionally done wrong; and if I had had the moral courage to say at once, "I have had a bun—it was offered to me, and I took it," the mistake would have been easily cleared up; but I felt shy, and hesitated to speak. The disappointed child burst into a flood of tears, and I felt a choking feeling; and, still wanting the courage to do right, endeavoured to conceal the missing sweet morsel in the folds of my dress. I would gladly have thrown it away, only I perceived that an eye was on me in surprise and doubt. It was that of the young teacher. She advanced with her sweet gentle face and a winning smile; "If you please, ma'am, I will give my cake to little Sally Harris." "But in that case, my dear girl," replied one of the ladies, to her disinterested offer, "I fear we shall not be able to send you another, and you will lose entirely your share, which you so well deserve." "Oh, do not mind that, ma'am; I can do very well without it," was her self-denying answer.

"It is very strange!" said my aunt, looking hard at me; "I believed the buns to have been calculated for the exact number of the children." Alas, the ready lie rose to my lips, "Perhaps some child has had two given to her." "It may indeed be so," my aunt replied; but she did not pursue the matter further, and turning to Mr. F., she observed, "My dear sir, we have been truly gratified by the progress of your little flock. Surely your reward is with you, and we must thank you for a most happy, and, I trust, profitable day."

Mr. F.'s hair was silvered by time, and flowed on his shoulders, but love beamed in the glance of his mild blue eyes, and benevolence sat on his fine forehead; he loved all children, and I was his especial favourite. Totally unsuspecting what had occurred, he now gently took my hand, and led me very unwillingly to a raised platform at the top of the room, and thus commenced an address to the children:—

"My dear young friends," he said, "a few more words before we part. I have often told you of the sad state of heathen lands, and we have together rejoiced that you were born happy English children, and early taught to worship your Father in heaven, not gods of wood and stone. I wish now to present to you a little girl, younger than many that surround me this day, who (this was the fact, for I had often said so) has expressed an ardent desire to leave, when she grows up, her home, dear friends, and native land, to carry tidings of the blessed Saviour to the poor ignorant oppressed negro; she has known many missionaries, among them Mr. Campbell, the noted African traveller, some of whose smaller books are among your rewards this day; he has told her stories of poor Hottentot children, which have never appeared in print, and I think she could remember a little anecdote to repeat for your example and improvement: speak, dear child, of Latakoo."

He ceased; for, in surprise or anger, all eyes were fixed on me, with my white dress greased, and my mouth smeared, as I had attempted hastily to swallow some portion of the cake. My cheeks were crimsoned with shame, and, with the missing bun still held in my hand, I presented a truly pitiable object. In all that throng, I recognised but two faces—my aunt's stern countenance, and the pitying gaze of the village teacher.

An hour later, penitent, humbled, and weeping, I was sitting on the rank grass which grew on the grave of one who for ages had been numbered with the dead, in the churchyard. My venerable friend and pastor was beside me. Gently had he chidden me, firmly had he shown me the exceeding sinfulness of my own heart; but it was not his to break the bruised reed. He had taken the occasion to show me also the necessity of true sorrow for my sin, and of applying the blood of Christ, by a true and living faith, to my own heart.

Soon the shadows of the tall yews began to creep over the ground, the descending sun was far advanced in the west, and the heavy patter of some summer drops was heard among the trees. My aunt advanced to me, and the pastor rose and placed my hand in hers. "Pardon her, my Christian friend," he said; "she sees now her sin, and is sorry for it." He raised his head to heaven, and, as the rays of the sun shot upward from purpling clouds, its mild effulgence lighting up his fine expressive countenance, he breathed a prayer that when a few more suns had rolled over those graves, we might rise to the life immortal, and be united, through the merits and intercession of our blessed Saviour, to part no more.

Children, farewell. Always have the moral courage to speak the truth, and pray for the Holy Spirit to give you strength to do so. If one young heart has been warned how immediately exposure may follow the slightest deviation from what is right, and has been led to reflect on the consequences of a single lie, this true tale has not been written in vain.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

144. On what occasions was the river Jordan divided?

145. Where can you find in Scripture a sublime description of a thunder-storm?

146. Where is the grace of the Holy Spirit compared to oil?

147. Where are his influences compared to wind, and why?

148. What pious king of Israel before going into battle sought help from God, confessing his belief in God's power to help by any instrumentality, weak or strong? Give the words of his prayer.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

TWO WAYS OF SPENDING A DAY.

A CONTRAST.

Sophia Norton was the only child of a rich London merchant. She was idolized by her parents, and courted, caressed, and admired by her friends. In person she was beautiful and attractive, and in temper naturally amiable, though constant self-indulgence had already made her too indifferent to the wants and feelings of others.

Her constitution was an excellent one, and her health uniformly good, though she often felt languid and listless from having no settled purpose and occupation. She excelled in music and other lady-like accomplishments; but since her last governess and master had been dismissed, she had paid but little attention to any of these pursuits. On a dark and rainy morning in November, Sophia was awakened from a long and dreamy sleep by the bustle of the housemaid, who was engaged in lighting a fire in the adjoining dressing-room, to be ready by the time her young mistress rose to dress. With a shrug of her shoulders, Sophia turned round in her warm and comfortable bed, and as she once more composed herself for another slumber, the thought passed through her mind, "How dread-

ful to be obliged to get up so early in the morning this cold damp weather, and to have to light the fires and sweep the rooms by candle-light." In a few moments she was again asleep, and did not awake till her maid came to the bedside to say that it was past nine.

Sophia yawned, stretched herself, and, after ten minutes time spent in looking at the handsome fringe of the bed curtains, she slowly got out of bed and crawled into the dressing-room. The sight of a blazing fire inspired her with courage enough to begin the arduous task of dressing, which, in about an hour and a half, with the assistance of her maid, was completed. When she reached the breakfast-room, she was informed by the attending servant that her mother was confined to her bed with a sick-headache, and that her father had already breakfasted and was gone to the city.

"How disagreeable to be alone," thought Sophia, as she sat down to her sumptuous meal; "and what horrid, wretched-looking weather." She ate without relish, for long morning slumbers are not generally favourable in producing a keen and healthy appetite. When the breakfast things were removed, she walked to the window, and stood for some moments watching the falling drops of rain. "No going out this morning," she said aloud, as she sauntered to the piano and carelessly played a few bars; and then opening a book of songs, began to sing; but after she had got through one verse, she hastily closed the book, and shutting the instrument, walked into the library, where she stood for some moments looking over the well-filled bookshelves, as if undecided which volume to choose. At length, having fixed upon a tale of wonder and romance, she returned to the breakfast-room, and, drawing an easy chair close to the fire, began to read; but her mind, satiated and palled with frequent novel reading, hardly felt any degree of interest even in the exciting and unreal scenes through which the heroine of the tale was made to pass; and after vainly attempting for a quarter of an hour to become interested in the story, she at last threw down the book in disgust, and again rose and looked out of the window.

The rain still continued to fall slowly and steadily; everything out-of-doors looked dreary and desolate, and Sophia felt so too, even in the midst of affluence and luxury. After a few more unsuccessful attempts to employ herself, she once more threw herself into the easy chair, and with a dissatisfied and almost sullen expression on her face, she fell into a long reverie, which lasted for more than half an hour. What thoughts passed through her mind during this period it is impossible to say; but whatever they might be, they did not succeed in chasing away the listless indolence which appeared to have taken possession of her. The fire had become very low, and though Sophia had remarked it several times, she had felt disinclined to stir even to ring the bell; but at last feeling cold and chilly, partly from the sedentary morning she had passed, and partly from the dampness of the weather, she hastily started up and pulled the bell violently. The servant soon appeared, and the young lady exclaimed petulantly, "Why do you not attend to the fire? pray make this up directly; I am half perished with cold."

The servant made no answer, but did as she was desired, though she thought to herself as she passed out of the room, "I suppose it was too much trouble just to ring the bell before the fire got so low."

In a few minutes Mrs. Norton came into the room, looking pale and weary, and as if she needed sympathy and kindness. Sophia kissed her mother, and in a few hurried words expressed a hope that she would soon be better; but she rendered no kind attentions or assistance, and after the first greeting was over, took no more notice of her invalid parent.

In a little while Mrs. Norton took up the newspaper, which her husband had left on the table, and tried to read, but finding that it increased the pain in her head, she held the paper towards her daughter, with a request that she would read the article aloud. But Sophia exclaimed, in an irritable tone, "Oh! *anything* but that, mamma; you know I detest reading aloud, it always makes my throat sore; and the *newspaper* above all things I abominate."

"Never mind, dear," replied her too indulgent mother; "I thought you seemed to have nothing particular to do, that was one reason why I asked you."

Another half hour passed in almost total silence, and then luncheon was brought in. Mrs. Norton only took a little wine and water and a biscuit. Sophia made a tolerable meal, but ate more for the sake of passing away the time than from any real appetite.

In the afternoon the rain ceased, and there was a faint gleam of sunshine. Tired of idleness, and weary with sitting still for so long a time unemployed, Sophia made up her mind to take a short walk. Mr. Norton's house was situated in one of the fashionable squares in London, not very far from Regent-street, to which place Sophia directed her steps; for the glittering and well-filled shops had more attractions for her than the purer air of the Parks. She paced slowly through the principal streets, every now and then looking in at the shop windows when anything particularly attractive met her eye; and after an hour thus passed, turned homewards.

When, on her return, she had dressed for dinner, she found that her father had just returned from the city. "There is a concert at Exeter Hall to-night," he said, as she entered the room, "and as I thought you would like to go, Sophy, I have purchased tickets for all of us; but I fear, my dear," turning to his wife, "that you will be unable to go, as you are suffering so much from your head."

"Oh, yes! I must quite give it up," answered Mrs. Norton; "but, Sophia dear, your cousin Ellen will be delighted to accompany you, and you could set out a little earlier, and call for her on the way."

"That will be just the thing," said Sophia, brightening up, and looking more alive than she had yet done throughout the day; and, though she was hardly conscious of it, the following thought passed rapidly through her mind: "I would much rather have Ellen for a companion than mamma, for we can talk and laugh together, but mamma likes to sit quite still and listen to the music."

After dinner Sophia played at chess with her father, who was particularly fond of the game; and so the evening passed till it was time to prepare for the concert. To that we need not conduct our readers.

When the concert was concluded, which was at rather a late hour, they returned home. Mrs. Norton had already retired to rest; and after partaking of some slight refreshment, Sophia and her father also withdrew for the night. The former soon dismissed her maid, and after a hasty and careless prayer, uttered without any thought of its meaning, she laid down to sleep. So passed the day, unimproved, wasted, and thoughtlessly thrown away as worthless—a murdered portion of an invaluable talent, to be accounted for to God the Giver, at the great time of reckoning. This is a fearful consideration for the time-waster, whose days are frittered away in dreamy idleness, unblessed by one useful action, and unsanctified by one holy thought. There are many Sophia Nortons, who live to no purpose but to kill time, seeking to pass away its precious hours by engaging in the vainest and most frivolous pursuits. "But she that liveth in pleasure is *dead* while she liveth"—"dead in trespasses and sins"—dead to the value of her own soul—dead to the awfulness of eternal condemnation. Unless timely awakened, this fearful sleep of death must end in hell, "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." May any thoughtless reader of these lines pause, consider, and flee for refuge, before it is too late, to the hope set before her.

We will now turn to a more pleasing narrative of piety in humble life—of a day passed in the exercise of unostentatious duties and quiet unpretending usefulness.

Mary Gray rented a small room in a one-storied house, which was situated in the suburbs of London, and about a mile from Mr. Norton's. Green trees and flowers were not quite so rare in the neighbourhood as in the more crowded parts of the city. There was not much furniture in Mary's little room; but what there was, though plain, was good of its kind, and well kept. Mary would not have exchanged it for the handsomest modern articles, for it had belonged to her father and mother, who were both dead, and she felt almost an affection for objects which, though inanimate, reminded her of the departed. The four-post bedstead with blue checked curtains, which stood in one corner of the room, the ticking clock, the round mahogany table, and the old armchair, in which both her father and mother had breathed their last, were like old and familiar friends—friends of her childhood and youth, and now the companions of her loneliness. For Mary, since her mother's death, had lived a solitary life, though by no means an idle one; she was dependent entirely on her own exertions, and indeed had been nearly the sole support of her mother during the last five years of her life. Mary earned from six to ten shillings a week by taking in needle-work of different kinds, with which she was well supplied, and for which she was well paid by the ladies in the neighbourhood; among whom she was respected and valued, not only on account of her uniform steadiness and good conduct, but also on account of her beautiful needlework.

"I do like Mary Gray's work," said Mrs. Liston to her sister, after she had been carefully examining some baby linen which had just been brought home; "besides being very neatly done, it is always kept so clean that it hardly looks soiled at all. Really the black-looking stitches and grimy seams of some workwomen are quite disgusting, and even a thorough washing hardly removes the stains. But this is never the case with Mary's work."

Mrs. Liston was right; for Mary was always careful to have clean hands before she sat down to needlework. She had always a basin of water, a piece of soap, and a towel at hand, which she never failed to use after the most trifling domestic occupation; and by this attention her work was always kept clean and unsoiled.

Mary was no longer young, for she was considerably past thirty, nor was she beautiful, for her features were rather plain than otherwise; besides this, she walked lame, from a contraction in one of her hips, which had been occasioned by

an accident in her childhood; but there was a pleasant, cheerful expression in Mary's face, and a smile which found its way to every heart, and told of love and joy reigning in her own. Mary had good reason to be happy, inasmuch as she had found "peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." She had felt the burden of her sins, and had been enabled by faith to cast them all on her Saviour, and to believe that she was pardoned, justified, and sanctified, being no longer an "enemy to God by wicked works," but a dear child, for Jesus Christ's sake.

At the time of which we are writing, Mary had a set of nightgowns to make for Sophia Norton, which were to be sent home as soon as possible. She awoke early in the morning, and after a short but fervent prayer for God's blessing and guidance through the day, rose quickly, dressed herself, and then proceeded to sweep her little room, light the fire, and set on her little copper teakettle to boil, while she carefully dusted and arranged the room and furniture. By the time all these duties were concluded, it was eight o'clock, and she began to feel in want of her breakfast. When the water boiled, she made her cup of tea, and after toasting a slice of bread (for she was rather short of money that week, and could not afford butter), thankfully sat down to her frugal meal. When it was over, she washed the few things she had used, put them away in the cupboard, and took down her Bible from the shelf, for this portion of the day was always devoted to reading the word of God, to prayer and meditation. And much she enjoyed these quiet seasons, when, undisturbed, she could hold heavenly communion with her God and Father, gather strength for the coming duties and trials of the day, and seek for grace to glorify her Maker even in her humble and lowly station. At nine o'clock she sat down to her needlework, and at the end of two hours had made considerable progress with one of the night-gowns; for constant practice had made her very expert with her needle.

Soon after eleven, there was a low tap at the door, and an elderly woman walked in. She looked pale and care-worn, but in answer to Mary's inquiries, said she was pretty well.

"And how is poor John?" asked Mary.

"Oh! very bad, very bad," replied the woman; "he's wasting away slowly but surely, and his appetite's quite gone; the only thing he relishes is a little broth, and then, alas! I can't afford to buy meat to make it, though it goes to my heart to see him longing for what I am not able to give him, and he such a good son as he is: why he's been everything to me, since his poor father died."

"Well," replied Mary, soothingly, "don't be cast down; you know where to go for help. God is able to supply all your wants, and I am sure he will do so, if you trust him. How did John like the tracts?"

"Oh! so much!" answered the woman; "he's had them on the bed ever since you brought them; but I must not stay talking," she added; "only I was going past, and I thought I'd just look in, for somehow a word with you always does me good."

"Stay a minute," said Mary, rising and going to the cupboard, from which she took out a plate containing a small bit of a neck of mutton. "This will make him a little drop of broth," she continued. "I am so glad I had it by me. No, don't say a word against it; I can do very well without it, and I hope poor John will relish it."

"Thank you a thousand times," said the woman, with tears in her eyes; "but, indeed, I don't like to rob you of it."

"Don't be uneasy," said Mary, smiling, "I've plenty to eat without that."

"Well, it is as I said," replied the woman, as she turned to go away, after once more warmly thanking Mary; "you always do me good in one way or another."

When she was alone, Mary again took up her work, and continued diligently seaming and hemming for an hour or two longer. She then rose, and after folding up her work, laid a nice white cloth over her little table, and going to the cupboard, brought out the remains of a loaf and a small piece of hard cheese. The bit of mutton had been given her by her sister-in-law, and Mary had intended to have it for her dinner, for she enjoyed a little meat, though she was seldom able to afford it. But she had cheerfully and willingly denied her own appetite for the sake of a sickly invalid still poorer than herself; and she now sat down to a rather scanty dinner, which she ate with a zest and enjoyment often wanted by those who are surrounded by tempting luxuries and costly viands. He who has promised that the simple cup of cold water, given in the name of a disciple, shall not lose its reward, marked with an approving eye the quiet self-denial of his lowly child, and blessed her in her deed of mercy, by filling her soul with a holy peace and joy that none but himself can bestow.

When her humble meal was over, Mary cleared the table, swept up the hearth, and after washing her hands, again took out her work. Her Bible lay open before her, for she liked now and then to glance at its hallowed pages, as it kept away unprofitable thoughts, she used to say, and always gave her something pleasant to think about. Towards four o'clock the rain, which had been falling at intervals all day, ceased, and the sky cleared a little. Mary had

to take home some work which she had completed the day before, and for which she hoped to be paid. She also wished to call upon a poor woman advanced in years, and who was dying of a painful cancer, that she might take her a little roll of linen, which she had begged of a kind Christian lady on purpose for poor Mrs. Jones. Mary, accordingly, put on her bonnet and shawl, and first of all carried home the shirts she had finished, for which the lady paid her at once, and gave her sixpence more than she had expected on account of there being two rows of stitching in the collars. Mary thankfully received the money, and laid out part in a few necessary purchases of firing and food. This done, she hastened to the house where Mrs. Jones lived.

"How I wish I could take her some nice little thing that she would relish," thought Mary, as she walked along. "Well, Mrs. Lawton has paid me sixpence more than I expected; I'll lay out that." Just at this moment she was passing a shop where newly-laid eggs were sold, and going in, she asked the price: they were twopence each; she, therefore, bought three. Mary knew the woman to whom the shop belonged; she had once sat up several nights with Mrs. Wood's little boy, when he was ill with the croup, and his mother had just been confined; since that time Mrs. Wood had felt a great regard for Mary, and often gave her something out of the shop, which she thought would be a treat.

As Mary was turning to leave, Mrs. Wood called her back, and said: "I've just had some beautiful fresh butter in from Hampshire, and you shall take a slice home with you, as I know you like fresh butter."

Mary cordially thanked Mrs. Wood, and then went on to Mrs. Jones's: she found the poor woman asleep, and, unwilling to disturb her, left the linen and eggs, and returned home.

After tea, she again sat down to work, and continued busily employed till near nine; at which time she put away her work, and enjoyed a quiet season of communion with her God and Saviour. And after committing herself to his care for the night, laid down to rest, tired indeed in body, but with a peaceful and happy mind.

We leave our readers to apply the contrast.

SACRED POETRY.

THE PROPHET.

PART II.—THE DESERT.

THE desert stretches far and wide,
In grandeur stern and silent pride,
The wild, vast wilderness;
Unburden'd by man's want, or care,
Unblest by love, or hope, or prayer,
Uncursed by misery, guilt, despair,
In sinless loneliness.
The desert bird is soaring high,
With freedom in his voice and eye,
For no man's pleasure doomed to die,
His wing unclipp'd, unchained.
The desert flower is springing wild,
From soil by labour undefiled;
The sunshine's growth, the dewdrop's child,
By mortal breath unstained.
The morning sun is rising bright,
None rise to curse his blessed light,
His beams appal no sinner's sight,
He wakes no man to crime.
The evening breeze is sweeping past,
No sinner's groan pollutes the blast,
No wretch laments the daylight past,
The sinless know not time.
Here lacks the noble toil of life,
The swift man's race, the strong man's strife;
No hope, no triumph here;
The light of smiles, the dew of tears,
The honoured wealth of struggling years,
The hopes of youth, the faith of age,
Are all unwritten on this page
Which lies so bright and clear;
Without a mystery unrevealed,
Without a sin to be concealed;
A land without a home or tomb,
Without a shade by memory cast,
Without a history of the past,
Or purpose for the time to come.

Slowly he walks, his wandering thought
Returning to the sandy plain,
Returning to the battle fought,
The deadly blow, the bloody stain,
The hurried burial of the slain;
The weary way, the toilsome road
That brought him to this wild abode.
And further still his memory strays
To half-remembered childish days;
To all the pomp of Pharaoh's court,
To all the love of Pharaoh's daughter,
The wise debate, the martial sport,
The maiden train's light-hearted laughter;
The royal lady's kind embrace,
Her gentle voice, her placid face,
The magi's words of learning high,
The awful monarch's flashing eye.
Again, before his gaze appears
His foster mother's quiet smile;
Again, from her soft lips he hears
The oft-told story of the Nile;
And then, within his visions, rise,
The aged teacher, stern and wise;
And science, lore, and art,
All passions of the high-wrought mind,
And pleasures, studies, hopes, combined
Are clustering round his heart.

A fire is rising, bright and high,
Between him and the darkening sky,
Which hides its own inferior light,
And turns to twilight at the sight.
From out the mass of glowing flame
The slender branches spread around;
Each blade of grass remains the same,
Unscorched upon the sacred ground;
The clustering leaves are smooth and green,
The purple flowers are bright with dew,
The graceful sprays unbent are seen,
The opening buds peep softly through;
The perfume of the blossoms fair

Ascends like incense on the air;
The lambent tongues of liquid fire
Are rising in a cloud-capp'd spire,
Or clinging round each slender bough.
Approach! soul-burdened man; admire!
Thy father's God! thou hear'st him now.

"This lonely life is not for thee;
Go back; the work awaits thy hand;
A nation by thy side shall be
When next thou walk'st this desert land.
Go, tell my name, and plead my cause,
Declare my deeds, pronounce my laws;
Go, brave proud Pharaoh's vengeance stern,
The unbelief of Israel learn,
Their stubbornness, their fear:
Go, bring them forth; and then return
To die in silence here.
Go, pray for those who cannot pray,
Go, weep for those too dull to weep,
Go, mourn ye while the godless play,
And labour while the idle sleep;
Go, watch for those who careless sit,
Go, think for those to think unfit;
Go, speak for those who fear to speak,
The poor, the timid, and the weak.
Go; stand in this my might
Between the tyrant and the slave,
With power to vanquish and to save;
Then find thy solitary grave
On earth's most lonely height.
Go, Prophet, guided by my hand—
Go, bring my people to their land."

THE BIRS NIMROUD.

THIS Arabic expression, which signifies "the palace of Nimrod," is, as many of our readers are aware, applied to the remarkable pile of ruins which is supposed to have stood in the immediate neighbourhood, if not within the very walls, of ancient Babylon. The town of Hillah, containing eight or nine thousand inhabitants, stands on the western bank of the Euphrates, and the Birs is about six miles to the south-west of Hillah, and is the principal ruin on this western side of the river. The accompanying engraving will give a correct view of this great pile of masonry. Mr. Rich, whose measurements are quoted and confirmed by Mr. Layard, states that the mound rises to the height of 198 feet, and has on its summit a compact mass of brickwork 37 feet high by 28 broad.

Mr. Layard, by whom this mysterious structure was visited in the winter of 1849, says it is too solid for the walls of a building, and its shape is not that of the remains of a tower; that it is pierced by square holes, apparently made to admit air through the compact structure; and that, on one side of it, beneath the crowning masonry, lie huge fragments torn from the pile itself. He adds that the ruin is rent almost from the top to the bottom; and from the calcined and vitreous surface of the bricks fused into rock-like masses, he supposes that their fall may have been caused by lightning. This huge mass, although covered with a coating of earth, is quite destitute of vegetation, in consequence of the presence of nitre in the soil.

Until the last few months, the origin and object of this remarkable structure had been veiled in impenetrable darkness—a darkness which, we have satisfaction in stating, has been at length dispelled by the persevering labours of modern explorers. It may assist the reader to estimate the importance of this discovery, if we notice the opinions formerly entertained respecting the origin and use of this mound.

There has been an almost universal concurrence of opinion among travellers of all creeds, Jewish, Christian, and Mahometan, that the Birs Nimroud was identical with the Tower of Babel. The distinguished Jewish writer, Benjamin of Tudela, says that "the tower built by the dispersed generation is four miles from Hillah. It is constructed of bricks called Al-ajur (the word still used by the Arabs for kiln-burnt bricks); and the base measures two miles. A spiral passage, built into the tower, leads up to the summit, from which there is a prospect of twenty miles, the country being one wide plain and quite level. The heavenly fire which struck the tower split it to its very foundation." His opinion, as the reader is aware, has been very widely diffused, and has had the support of very distinguished names; while others, of equal reputation, have maintained that this celebrated heap formed the structure which was surmounted by the ancient temple of Belus.

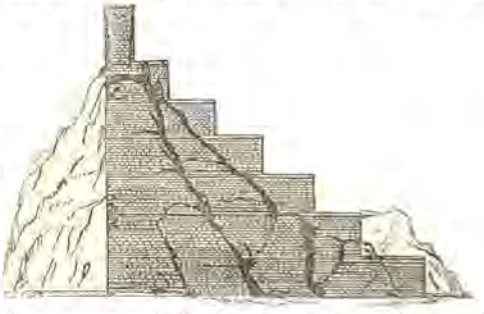
While awaiting the light which has been recently obtained, it is due to Mr. Layard to notice the valuable suggestion which he had made in consequence of the observations taken during his last visit, and which he gives in his "Discoveries of Nineveh and Babylon." He says: "I have found in a treatise by M. Von Gumpach, some remarks on the sun-dial mentioned in 2 Kings xx. 8—11, and Isaiah xxxviii. 8. The author conjectures that it may have been presented to Ahaz by Tiglath Pileser, and he restores it very nearly in the shape I have suggested as having been that of the edifices of which the Birs Nimroud and other great ruins in Mesopotamia are the remains; namely, a series of steps or terraces, on which an upright pole cast its shadow. He observes that the hours were marked by the coincidence of the shadow of the gnomon with the edge of the steps (degrees)." Mr. Layard then asks: "Could these great structures have been raised for any astronomical purpose?" The history we have to record will furnish the best reply to this significant query, although not in a manner anticipated by its author. We shall presently see that the Birs Nimroud was an astronomical temple.

It should be remembered also that attention had been called to the fact that the thousands and tens of thousands of inscribed bricks found in these ruins, all bore the name of one king, Nebuchadnezzar, showing that the building, either in its original or secondary use, was closely identified with that monarch. "This fact," observes Mr. Layard, "is no proof that Nebuchadnezzar actually *founded* the building. He may have merely *added to* or *rebuilt* a former edifice." The proposed restoration of the eastern face of the Birs Nimroud shows the appearance of the mound as originally sketched by the late Mr. Rich.

Such was the state of our information and conjecture respecting this remarkable ruin when Col. Rawlinson, our consul at Bagdad, and distinguished, as is well known, for his skill in translating Assyrian and Chaldean inscriptions, succeeded in dispelling the mystery in which it had been shrouded for ages. The experience he had gained in former excavations enabled him to give positive and minute directions to a gentleman who was sent to the mound, for the purpose of superintending the operations of a large number of excavators. The workmen were directed to sink a perpendicular shaft in the mound, and to descend until they should reach something indicating a wall or terrace, on reaching which they were to work horizontally right and left until the cutting ended in the angle which, it was expected, would be discovered leading off to the other side of the mound. After two months' excavation, Colonel Rawlinson was summoned to the spot, by the information that such a wall had been found and laid bare to the length of nearly one hundred and ninety feet; and that it turned off in right angles at each end, going probably all round the mound, forming a square of about twenty-seven feet in height, surmounted by a platform. The colonel immediately rode to the excavation, and examined the spot, where he found the workmen quite discouraged and hopeless, having laboured long and found nothing. He immediately pointed out a spot from which he directed that a number of bricks should be removed. In half-an-hour a small hollow was found, from which the head workman was directed to "bring out the commemorative cylinder." This command was obeyed, amidst the wonder of the workmen around; and a cylinder was immediately brought up, covered with inscriptions, as clear and defined as if they had been just cut. A second cylinder—a duplicate of the first—was soon after discovered at the other corner of the terrace.

These commemorative cylinders have been read, and are found to begin with the name and usual titles of Nebuchadnezzar, and then to furnish a summary of the buildings in Babylon which the monarch had repaired or erected. The cylinder speaks of the building in which it had been deposited as the "temple of the seven spheres," which had been built by an early king five hundred and four years previously, (about 1100 B.C.) and had become ruinous, owing to a neglect of the drainage, which allowed the rain to penetrate; and, the sun-dried bricks causing the outer covering to bulge out and fall down, the god Merodach had put it into the heart of the king to restore it. The inscription states that the king did not restore the platform, which was unimpaired, but that all the rest of the building was restored by his commands.

The building itself is found on examination to correspond with the description given in the cylinder, being composed of a series of square platforms, one over the other, diminishing in diameter, as they recede from the ground, being seven in number, each dedicated to one of the planets, and bearing externally the colours attributed to the seven planets in the works of the Sabean astrologers, and traditionally handed down from the Chaldeans. We have had the privilege of seeing the model of this vast "temple" prepared under the direction of the learned secretary of the Asiatic Society, in



whose museum it is placed, corresponding, as it does in appearance with the restoration given in the woodcut, which, by the courteous permission of the publisher, we have copied from Mr. Layard's valuable work, except as regards the number of terraces, which should be seven instead of only six.

This most interesting discovery not only dissipates the clouds which have hitherto enveloped one of the most remarkable monuments of antiquity, but it also furnishes a fresh confirmation of the records of Scripture. It is evident from Daniel iv. 30, that Nebuchadnezzar was a king who looked with haughty pride and self-satisfaction on the power which enabled him to adorn the capital of his kingdom with the magnificent products of architectural skill. The prophet Daniel describes him, as he walks

proudly in the palace of the kingdom of Babylon, soliloquizing thus within himself: "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?" His sinful pride showed itself in that particular form indicated on the cylinder, which, as we have seen, gives a catalogue of the buildings which he had repaired or erected in Babylon. How he gloried in these great works of architecture we see still further from the close of the inscription on the cylinder, which records his aspirations for the eternal duration of his work, and the continuation of his family on the throne for ever.

It is easy to perceive in the restorer of the temple of the planets the monarch described by the prophet as looking with such insane pride on the great Babylon, and the house of the kingdom which he had built. It is now about two thousand five hundred years since these cylinders were deposited, most probably by the hand of the king of Babylon himself, in the receptacles whence they have been brought forth, as new witnesses to the truth of the inspired record.

By this discovery we have clearly ascertained the use of this temple of the planets, not only from the time of Nebuchadnezzar, but from the period, five hundred years previously, at which it had been erected by some earlier king whose name is not preserved. We shall not, however, be justified in concluding, from this discovery, that the king who first dedicated the temple of the planets did not avail himself of some previously-existing mound or structure, which from its vastness and its elevation may have been favourable to his object. The temple of the planets *may* have stood on the remains of the tower of Babel; but this notion has no support stronger than conjecture; and conjectures must not be classified with ascertained facts. It may suit the advocates of error to mix up false witnesses with the true, but such evidence cannot be too carefully rejected by those who are collecting evidences of the truth of Scripture.

Considerable surprise having been created by the fact that Colonel Rawlinson knew the exact spot on which these long-hidden cylinders were to be found, we wish the reader to notice particularly the statement, that "he was guided by the experience gained in former excavations." Mounds very similar in shape, though much smaller in size, were discovered by Mr. Layard in his journey to the Khabour, of which he observes, that their similarity of form (to the Birs)—a centre mound divided into a series of terraces, ascended by an inclined way or steps, and surrounded by equilateral walls—would lead to the conjecture that they were temples, or vast altars, destined for astral worship. He observes that the Birs "is very nearly the same in shape." In such structures, then, the author of this important discovery had acquired the knowledge which he has applied with admirable skill and gratifying success. The colonel states that the fame of his magical power having immediately after his discovery reached Bagdad, he was besieged with applications for the loan of his wonderful instrument to be used in the discovery of hidden treasures. The instrument by which this triumph has been gained is that judicious and persevering study which has enabled the faithful labourer to collect his offerings, and add them to the records which enrich and adorn the temple of sacred truth.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE UNFAILING WELCOME.

"And him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—*John* vi. 37.

THE *first* great aim of the Christian ministry is to arouse the hearer to *come to* Christ. This is a matter of inconceivable difficulty, as appears from the fact that, in only a few instances, comparatively, the ministers of Christ succeed in this task; and then it is solely by the supervening influence of the Spirit of God. The thousands to whom the gospel has come, and who listen constantly to its call, are not seen eagerly arising to hasten to the Redeemer's feet. The vast majority remain unaffected, or at least unmoved to obedience to the heavenly call. Why is this? Because, chiefly, they are not convinced of their danger, and their consequent need of such a Saviour as the gospel exhibits. Engrossed by the objects of sense, immersed in the occupations of the world, and intoxicated by the indulgences of sin, they are fatally indisposed to the consideration of their present guilty life, and the prospect before them, in the state to which they are going. Yet must the ministry not refrain its warnings to these. By a faithful display of their awful condition, as under the wrath of God, must it endeavour, to the very last moment, to send the thrilling message of woe to their hearts, in hope that the Spirit may at length convince them of righteousness, of sin, and of the judgment to come.

But the *next* aim of the ministry is to encourage and direct those who are awakened to a sense of their danger, and who are, with true earnestness, asking the way to be saved. To *these* we have to preach Christ and him crucified, as wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption; as the propitiation for sin—the only name by which we can be saved—the almighty Saviour. And this, again, is a work requiring for its effectual success with the sinner, the all-powerful working of the Spirit of grace. The means owned of the Spirit, and employed by him, are the preaching of Christ, in his glorious person as God manifest in the flesh—in his divine appointment as Saviour—in his offices as our priest, prophet, and king—in his spotless obedience and sacrificial death—in his resurrection, ascension, and intercession; and the enforcing his commands, invitations, and promises, given to those who are willing to receive him. By the blessing of the Spirit on these "things of Christ"—on this exhibition of Christ crucified—the soul is strengthened to believe on him unto life eternal.

In the text we have one of the declarations of our Lord suited for the latter class—for those who require encouragement and strengthening; and may He who spoke these gracious words, now speak them again by his Spirit to the broken-hearted, that so they may have peace and joy in believing.

There are three points to be considered in this declaration: first, what is included in *coming to* Christ; secondly, the extent of the welcome promised; thirdly, the certainty of such welcome.

First, we may inquire, What is included in coming to Christ? This is often a point which painfully perplexes the sincere inquirer, and often even the established believer falls back into momentary uncertainty and fear respecting it. He often asks himself the question, Have I come to Christ truly, or not? for if I were sure that I have come to him, in the manner he prescribes, I should have no doubt of the safety of my state, since my safety would then depend on *his* truth and faithfulness, and be transferred from me to him who spoke the promise. And it may be observed that the same species of difficulty surrounds, to our apprehension, the whole class of those terms in Scripture which describe essentially the same act—the act of a perishing soul uniting itself to Christ by faith. It is essentially the same point which we try when we ask, What is involved in contrite, believing prayer? what is it to believe in Christ? what is faith? what is implied in looking unto Jesus? what is it to receive Christ? what is it to cast ourselves on Divine mercy in Christ? or, finally, what, in precise and explicit terms, is it spiritually to come to Christ?

Some of the abstrusest operations of thought, if we attempt to analyse and delineate them, are often beautifully and effectually taught in Scripture by examples; and one grand end of the narrated incidents of the New Testament is to convey, in a single action, a clear, practical meaning, by engaging the mind unconsciously into a sympathetic train of thought and feeling. Thus, if we adduce a few of the examples of coming to Christ, in which there was indubitable sincerity, followed with indubitable acceptance, though we define little, we may teach much.

See you that array of guests reclining at the sumptuous table of Simon the Pharisee, most of them being of that same proud, ostentatious class? There also, amongst them, is the Lord Jesus. But see you that woe-stricken form, bending over his feet, bedewing those toil-worn feet with tears she could not repress, and wiping them with her dishevelled hair? She hath *come* in her speechless woe *to* Jesus; she hath stolen thus silently to his feet; she cannot doubt his mercy; and she feels that she has had much forgiven, for she loveth much!

> "Once on the raging seas they rode,
> The storm was loud, the night was dark,
> The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
> The wind that tossed their foundering bark."

Thus tempest-driven and with no hope left, were the disciples in their fragile boat, crossing the sea of Tiberias, while now the shadow of midnight was fallen upon them. Suddenly they mark, faintly in the distance, but approaching on the waters, an undefined form, which they could not think human—which they had not faith to think Divine. But as that form comes nearer, the voice of their Lord hails them across the surges, and is heard amid the howling wind: "It is I; be not afraid." On this, with his Lord's permission, Peter also steps forth upon the deep; but his faith faltering, he begins to sink, and cries, "Lord, save me, or I perish;" and he is rescued! In these acts, he truly manifests faith in the Saviour.

When Jesus descended from the mount of transfiguration, he found at the foot of the mount his disciples, who had preceded him, engaged in the ineffectual effort to expel the demoniac spirit from the ghastly, contorted form of a youth whom his father had brought thither, in the hope that the word, or even the name of Jesus, would not in vain be uttered over him. But they fail, and now their master is come, the father appeals in anguish to Jesus. He is called on to exercise faith; but all the faith he could avow was couched in terms of almost doubtful import: "Lord, help my unbelief." Yet in this prayer there was faith; he had truly come to Jesus.

But it would occupy us too long to dwell thus minutely on each of the incidents of the like significant character which are given in the narratives of the evangelists, and each one of which was designed, and is beautifully adapted, to convey instantaneously to the very feeling of our hearts, the simple, summary import of coming to Jesus. To come to him, is to trust him with the centurion—"Only speak the word, and it shall be done;" it is to believe with the leper—"Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean;" it is to plead unyieldingly, with the Syrophenician woman—"Truth, Lord; but the dogs receive of the crumbs which fall from the master's table;" it is to cry with the publican—"God be merciful to me a sinner;" it is to join in the confession of the prodigal—"I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight;" or with the thief on the cross, in the last extremity, to appeal believingly to Jesus—"Lord, remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdom."

And by scrutinizing and comparing these instances, it may not be impossible to discern those feelings and views which, in their combination, may define with sufficient practical accuracy the principles involved in them all. There is apparent in all these examples a deep sense of unworthiness; there is in all an unfeigned and heartfelt sense of the need of Christ; there is in all an act of the soul by which it imploringly looks to him for mercy; there is in all a perfect assurance of his being such a Saviour as he professes to be; and there is in all something of a hope and trusting in his mercy and will to save, no less than in his power.

Let us ask, then, dear reader, have *you* felt after this manner? Without affecting a literal exactness in the comparison, we ask, have you been convinced of your guilt before God? Are you filled with shame, remorse, and fear, on account of your rebellion? Is your sense of unworthiness such, that you abhor the idea of any salvation but by grace in Christ? Is your conviction of your peril so real, that you cannot rest without going to Christ in prayer? Have you applied to him in this way? Are you willing to part with sin and self-righteousness, that you may be found in Christ? Do you believe that he is what he is declared to be, Jehovah our righteousness, our Emmanuel, the one anointed to be Redeemer? Do you believe his sacrifice perfect, his merit infinite? Do you believe he is risen, and ascended? Do you hope in him? Do you begin to follow his commands? Are you conscious of some drawing of your spirit to unite with him? Are you willing to take up his cross, to confess him before men, and wholly to live to him? If so, may we not safely venture to assure you, that you are come to Christ? You may not be strong in faith, perfect in love, or advanced in holiness; but you are come to him, and these other stages will follow.

II. Consider, in the next place, the extent of the welcome here promised. This extent is expressed in a single word, or in the form of the declaration used; "Him that cometh." In other words, "whosoever cometh," or "all who come." It is in this sense unlimited, and includes every one, or any one, that cometh. Such is the unlimited, universal tenor of all God's invitations. "Ho! every one that thirsteth." "Let, the

wicked," any and all, "forsake their way." "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." "If any man thirst." "Go, preach the gospel to every creature." "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." God "will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." "Repent and be baptized every one of you, for the remission of sins." "God is not willing that any should perish." Jesus is "able to save to the uttermost." He saveth the "chief of sinners." "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst, come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

If these expressions are fairly weighed, if we attentively review the whole manner of the Divine invitations, we shall see reason for the conclusion, that within the compass of the sacred volume no truth is more clearly written than that it is impossible for any one to be rejected that cometh to Christ. This matter is so plain, that the difficulty is to impress it in any other manner than by simply repeating the words of the text itself. "Him that cometh!" Let him have been the most wicked, the most vile, the most opposed to God; if he does but come, filled with remorse, bewailing his sins, seeking to be delivered from their guilt and power, and casting himself on the mercy of the Redeemer, he shall be welcome, he shall be saved!

This strips the affair of salvation of all personal distinction, and of all peculiarities of guilt. It contains a promise of welcome to the greatest sinner, if penitent and believing, as well as to the less flagrantly wicked. It reveals the exceeding magnitude of Divine mercy, like an ocean in which the highest mountains of guilt are lost, as well as less aggravated rebellion. It reveals also the fact that while the differences of sin are truly great in human character, the principle of sin is the same in all, requiring in all instances the application of the same atoning blood, and the exercise of the same infinite mercy on the part of an offended God.

III. The certainty of a sinner's welcome remains to be set before you; and how again shall we put this forth more convincingly than by the very words of our Lord, "I will in no wise cast out." In considering the extent of the welcome, we had to examine the range of human character and human guilt which it included; and we found that all are invited to come, and that whosoever cometh shall find mercy. Our present enquiry relates to this point more specially; supposing any do come, what assurance have we of the certainty of their acceptance? We reply, that the Saviour's own word of promise must be the ultimate basis of such assurance. But we may be able to enforce this assurance, or rather deepen the impression of it, by various considerations.

Such assurance may be enforced from considering the fulness and strength of the language employed by the Saviour, especially if it be borne out by similar and repeated expressions. Our Lord's language, when he invites sinners to himself, is not cautiously narrow, but vehemently, affectionately, large and comprehensive. It is not solitary in its occurrence, nor occasional; but earnest and constant. Christ often said, in effect, he would cast out none; and by his word and Spirit he says so still.

The gracious welcome promised in the text may be impressed further, if we consider this language more expressly in connection with the truth and faithfulness of the Redeemer's character. Would He who is truth itself deceive a sinner to his ruin—he who calls himself the way, the truth, and the life—who is the true and faithful witness? Can Jesus, we ask, deceive? Is it possible for him to break his promise?

But consider again his language in the text, in connection with the very design of his coming into the world, and of his death on the cross. Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. He gave his life a ransom for many. He atoned for sin that he might freely welcome returning sinners. To welcome such, therefore, is to see the travail of his soul, and to be satisfied.

Nor, finally, are there wanting examples of this welcome being received. There is an host without number now in glory who came to Jesus, and came not in vain. There are countless thousands on earth who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, and have found peace and joy in believing. There is, on the other hand, no single instance in all time of the rejection of any one who truly has gone to him. No degree of guilt, no circumstances of aggravation, have ever prevented the welcome of the genuine penitent.

What, then, is your present state, dear reader, and what your resolution? Do you feel heavy laden with iniquity? Are you overwhelmed with anguish and sorrow? We invite you to Jesus! Reader, listen to his voice. Go to him as you are. Cry to him for mercy and for grace. Believe in him unhesitatingly. Cast yourself on his free mercy—on his infinite merits. Distrust him not. Receive him as your all-in-all. Take hold of his strength and be at peace. Are you come? Then will he in no wise reject you. "Him that cometh"—these are his gracious words—"him that cometh, I will in no wise cast out."

"GEMS FROM THE CORAL ISLANDS."

Such is the title of the first part of what promises to be an interesting little work, just forwarded to us by its esteemed author, the Rev. W. Gill, who has recently returned from the scenes which he depicts, and the labours which he chronicles, in the far-off Pacific. Seventeen years ago he left this country to proceed as a missionary, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, to the islands of the South Sea. During this period he has been actively engaged in the Christian instruction, and the consequent civilization, of the barbarous and savage tribes inhabiting those islands. He has witnessed, in the truest sense, "moving sights both by flood and field," and, in eight or nine parts of the little work bearing the above title, he proposes to give a brief but clear account of the introduction and triumph of the gospel in the islands that lie three thousand miles westward of the Tahitian group, with which we have been rendered so familiar by the narrative of Captain Cook, the "Polynesian Researches" of Ellis, and the remarkable volume of the missionary, John Williams, of which the present archbishop of Canterbury once said, at a public meeting, that "he knew not whether he would not willingly put away at least half of the folios which he possessed rather than part with it."

The feature of Mr. Gill's production likely to arrest and detain the attention of the Christian and the philosopher is not the description of what previously was, to a very large extent, a *terra incognita*, although that is not without its interest, or the terrible details of degradation and debasement, of fiendish ferocity and revolting superstition, from which the islanders have been delivered by the grace of God and the power of his "glorious gospel;" but the fact that in every island westward of Tahiti, where the people have renounced idolatry and embraced Christianity, the gospel was introduced and successfully taught by *native* evangelists, who, themselves having experienced the saving and sanctifying influence of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, impelled by the power of Christian compassion, undertook, at the peril of their lives, to land, and teach the savage and cannibal inhabitants the word of the living God; and further, that there are, in the Hervey, Samoa, Penrhyn, New Hebrides, and New Caledonia groups, many missionary stations and churches occupied and efficiently instructed by *native* pastors and teachers.

The "part" before us is devoted to the delineation of the island of Mare, one of the Loyalty group in Western Polynesia. It lies about three thousand miles west of Raratonga, and sixty from New Caledonia. It is a low coral reef land, about seventy miles in circumference, and has a population of nearly six thousand souls. This population is divided into four distinct tribes or clans, which, when first visited by the missionaries, were continually at war with each other, and were amongst the most embruted of the savage races that inhabited the islands. In early youth, the entire male population was consecrated either to the office of the priesthood, or to the service of war. "War," says Mr. Gill, "was their constant employment, and in it they had the greatest delight; in its practice they were strangely clever and fiend-like. In most instances excited by revenge, and at all times impelled by cannibal propensities, the warriors were frantic in their efforts to secure victims." We cannot transfer to our pages the descriptions that follow, illustrative of the appalling cruelties which were ordinarily practised on the victims taken in battle, although the language is guarded, and the details, horrifying as they are, need to be given, in order to bring out in its true colours and blessed realities, the glorious and happy change that has been wrought through the instrumentality of the Divine word.

The first Christian teachers who landed among this wretched people were two converted natives from the Raratonga and Samoa Islands. It was their own spontaneous desire to make known unto others that by which they had been blessed themselves. They were fully aware of the danger to which they exposed themselves; that very likely they would be slain and banquetted upon by the unhappy people whom they desired to benefit; but, nowise deterred by these considerations, they calmly and prayerfully made all requisite preparation to enter upon the work to which they had devoted themselves. They were Christ's, and not their own. If they died, it would be in his service. If they lived, they would promote his glory. He knew their desires, and they commended themselves to his care. The spot was chosen where they would open their commission. The native Christian church with which they were associated assembled to implore on their behalf the Divine protection and blessing, and to set them apart to their selected "work of faith." They embarked. The long voyage was taken. The island of Mare appeared above the horizon. A few hours more and they had landed, and were alone among the fierce and savage objects of their solicitude. Their lives were spared. Their first difficulty was to make their intentions known to the groups of excited warriors and priests by whom they were surrounded. The difference between the language of the teachers and that of the western islands is as great as that which exists between the languages of

France and England. Signs took the place of sounds, until by patient and persevering efforts the language of the island was mastered, *and for the first time it received a written form.*

As the teachers were becoming proficient, and were cheered by the daily attendance of many of the natives on their instruction, a fatal epidemic broke out. Great numbers died on the day they were attacked, and in great agony. Various rites were performed by the "sacred men," but all without avail. The pestilence continued to sweep down crowds of victims, and lamentation filled the land. At length, "with a view to propitiate the gods, two of the 'sacred men' were appointed to die; a day for the sacrifice was fixed on; the people who could attend assembled round the altar; the victims were murdered; but there was no abatement of the disease, and many of the people were taken off daily by its virulence.

"In the midst of this extreme distress, it was concluded *that the teachers of the new religion* must die, and be offered to the gods. Knowing the superstitious opinions of the islanders, the native Christians realized their danger, and calmly resigned themselves to the will of God. The time of trial was now come. An influential party of heathen natives came from a distant district to that where the teachers lived, and with much solemnity demanded an interview with the principal chief. They said, that they had brought a present of food and native property to him, and expressed their determination to take off the Raratonga and Samoa teachers, to put them to death immediately, and to present their bodies to the gods; stating that this was the only hope left to them to save their people. The old chief Jeine accepted the present thus brought, and consented to the proposal of the visitors. Death seemed inevitable. But God interposed through the means of Jeine's sons." They had attended the instructions of the teachers, and caught a glimpse of the truths of revelation. Much distressed at the decision to which their father had come, they placed what was deemed by both parties a suitable ransom in the hands of the visitors, and thus on that occasion the teachers escaped the death to which they were doomed.

For incidents of a similarly exciting character we must refer our readers to the book itself. Despite of many difficulties, and after having experienced manifold trials, the faithful teachers saw the ripening of the harvest, the seed of which they had sown in tears. Jeine, the aged chief, who to within a short period of his death resisted the gospel, said to his sons (who had embraced Christianity) on his death-bed: "I have been wrong in my opposition to the word of Jehovah; attend you to my advice, and continue as you have begun; LET THE HEATHENISM OF OUR FAMILY DIE WITH ME; be kind to the teachers, and never again let cannibalism be practised in this land." Among his last utterances were the words, "Jesus is the only Saviour."

On his death, his eldest son gathered together the principal people of the district, and placed before them the past history of heathenism in contrast with the effects and claims of Christianity. At that conference they avowed themselves to be Jehovah's servants, that he was the living and true God, and that all their influence would henceforth be devoted to the diffusion of his word and worship in the land. A new life seemed to take possession of the people. Heathen practices were abolished. Schools were erected. Those taught by the teachers became in their turn the instructors of others. The savages became men and women, and vengeful hatreds gave place to human sympathies, awakened and cherished by the love of Christ. The sabbath began to be observed. The social condition of the people underwent a remarkable and beneficial change. And seven years after the landing of the teachers, early in 1851, these people erected a spacious place of worship, so that those who had previously observed the sabbath in small and scattered congregations might live nearer to each other, and under one roof, on the Lord's day, unite in the praise of Him who had called them "out of darkness into his marvellous light." This building was 130 feet long, 36 feet wide, and 42 feet from the ground to the beam of the roof.

The day on which this "house of prayer" was opened will never be forgotten in that island. For three months they had waited, in the hope that the missionary ship from Raratonga would visit them, and perhaps have an English missionary on board, who would take part in the services. They were disappointed. At length they decided upon a day for its solemn dedication to the worship of God. Early in the morning, messengers were despatched from clan to clan to announce the auspicious event; and as they passed along they might be heard saying, "Brethren! come to the opening of the house of Jehovah; come! the house is finished, the feast is ready." In obedience to the joyful summons, tribe after tribe came to the new settlement, and with emotions as novel as they were peculiar, attended the opening services. At an early hour hundreds of visitors had arrived, of whom, with the people of the district, more than a thousand entered the building. Who can describe the feelings of the two devoted men, who saw their toil thus rewarded, and their labours thus receiving the sanction of their Lord? As they reviewed the past, their

hearts overflowed with gratitude to him who had given them to see that day. After a short prayer, a hymn of praise was sung, translated into the language of Mare from the Raratonga hymn book. Portions of the Scriptures were then read, and the whole assembly bowed in solemn prayer. Another hymn was sung, and then one of the teachers ascended the pulpit, and preached a sermon from the first verse of the sixty-first chapter of the book of the prophet Isaiah:—*Good tidings to the meek, healing to the broken in heart, liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison-house to them that are bound.* "This scripture," adds Mr. Gill, "was fulfilled that day in the people of Mare. Those who had made a profession of faith in the gospel were confirmed by the hallowed services of the occasion, while many from a distance, who heard for the first time the plan of God's salvation plainly unfolded, were led to see the folly of heathenism, and gave themselves to sincere enquiry after the truth.

"After the morning service, most of the people sat down under the shade of trees, and partook of a feast prepared by the inhabitants of the village. In the afternoon they reassembled in the chapel, and held a kind of public meeting. One of the teachers presided, and many of the people gave short addresses. They spoke of the change which had come over them and their land in contrast with former days; they expressed their joy at their present altered and happy condition; and they proclaimed their intention to adhere with constancy to the instructions they were receiving from the word of God."

The same scene has since been repeated in other parts of the island. Books in the language of Mare have been printed at the mission press in Raratonga. The work of God continues to progress. The island has been visited by Dr. Selwyn, bishop of New Zealand, and officers of her Majesty's ships cruising in the Pacific, who corroborate the statements of the missionaries; and when the English missionaries visited it in 1854, they recorded as their dispassionate judgment on what they beheld, "that education, civilization, and Christianity are steadily progressing, and that the altered condition of the people is such as has never before been witnessed in so short a time under similar circumstances, either in Eastern or Western Polynesia."

We shall be glad to hear of the wide usefulness of Mr. Gill's little work, and, in the forthcoming parts, to read of the "gems," destined to shine for ever in the crown of the Redeemer, that have been brought up out of the dark mines of heathenism, through the self-sacrificing devotion of the native teachers in the Coral islands of the Pacific.

In conclusion, we cannot avoid saying that when Romanism, secularism, and philosophic spiritualism can point to fruits such as those that bless the efforts of the simple teacher of scriptural Christianity, then, but not till then, are they deserving of the notice of the men of England. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and by this test the believer in the gospel of the Saviour of the world can afford to abide.

THE PURSUIT.

"Faint, yet pursuing."—*Judges* viii. 4.

MAN, from the period of his infancy down to that of his decrepitude, from the prime and spring of his manhood even to the decline and winter of his old age, is ever in pursuit of some real or fancied good. In how few instances the good is attained, how seldom the object of ambition is reached, the many stories of prostrated talent and blighted hope too often and too plainly reveal. Yet who can pass through the various lanes of life and not perceive them crowded with travellers, whose abstracted gaze and rapid footsteps show that they are hasting to some bourne, or striving after some attainment, which engrosses by its interest their every thought—their exclusive attention?

Passing through the crowded streets of a populous city, such meditations as the above were filling my mind as I gazed on the busy multitude, among whom I passed unnoticed; and the words by which the inspired writer describes the feelings and situation of the intrepid Gideon and his dauntless though limited band, recurred to my mind as I meditated on the eager chase of these busy followers after fame or pleasure. Yet how different is the application of these words! "Faint, yet pursuing," he indeed was. The preparations for battle, the midnight attack, the defeat of the enemies of the Lord, the chase after the discomfited foe, the long and untiring pursuit of the retreating Midianites—all this formed part of his mission; and though delegated to fulfil it to the uttermost, yet was he not rendered proof against the fatigue and roughnesses of the path. Thus was it that when at length the morning dawn showed the bright stream of Jordan before him—on one side of the severing waters the breathless but victorious troop of Israelites, on the other, the affrighted foe—Gideon found himself, as he paused on the brink of the river, a God-commissioned but still mortal chieftain, "faint, yet pursuing."

But, unlike him, what is it we are pursuing? Alike in ardour, but not alike in aim. As I asked myself this question, seeking an answer in the countenances of the busy throng around me,

I was startled from my musings by a lively tap on my shoulder, and, on turning round, the hand of a city acquaintance was cordially presented to my grasp. It was that of my friend Mr. C., a gentleman whose energetic character was largely manifested in his application to business—whose name was widely known in the commercial transactions of that city, of whom it might be truly said, "her merchants are princes;" and the hand I had thus somewhat unexpectedly clasped with my own had been extended for a farewell pressure. In answer to my enquiries as to whither he was bound, he informed me that he was on the very point of sailing for America. Trade, said he, had taken a turn very favourable to his interests there; and he was now starting on his journey to conduct a speculation, which, he had every reason to believe, would prove extremely successful, and would make large additions to his already immense wealth. He looked pale and anxious as he hurriedly gave me this information; haste was printed on every line of his countenance; and despite the smiles of prosperity which had long lighted his path, I could see there no gleam of satisfaction with his lavish and varied gifts. I inquired after his family, from whose companionship he was for a while sundering himself, and was not surprised to gather from his replies that he soothed himself with the idea that it was for his children he was making these efforts and bearing these privations. I sighed as I bade him farewell, after expressing to him a wish that the angel that stood by Paul in his prison bark, might accompany him on his voyage, and bring him in safety to the haven where he would be. As his rapid steps momentarily increased the distance between us, I could not refrain from echoing the words of the text, "Faint, yet pursuing;" for faint indeed must he ever be who derives his sustenance alone from the unsatisfying fruits of this world, and his refreshment from its broken cisterns, which can hold no water.

These sombre reflections had brought me unconsciously to a part of the town where I was in the habit of occasionally visiting some poorer friends, who stood in need of either temporal or spiritual assistance; and finding myself not many steps distant from the residence, humble though it was, of one of these, I entered with a countenance somewhat clouded, and a heart saddened by the thoughts I had been entertaining.

The humble tenement I had entered was the home of a poor woman, now confined to her bed by a lingering complaint, never to rise from it again. Somewhat above the class of the mendicant poor, I had become acquainted with her, in the first instance, at the commencement of her illness. Having for some consecutive sabbaths missed her from her accustomed seat at the house of God, where, till confined to her room, she had been a most constant and devout hearer, I traced her to her humble dwelling; and since then, I had been from time to time a visitor at her bedside. Many times, when feeling myself despondent, and when the cares of the life that now is had pressed heavily upon me, had the conversation and example of this pious woman cheered me onward, and I had, on those occasions, experienced the fulfilment of that promise, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself."

Entering now that chamber of poverty, but of faith, I perceived that a change had come over my friend since my last visit, that dissolution had made yet nearer approaches, and that the land which is very far off would soon be beheld by her with other eyes than those of faith. A faint smile welcomed my entrance.

"You are come, sir," she feebly articulated, "to watch the last steps of a poor pilgrim; to see the poor bark encounter the last storms of this troublesome world, before it finds a safe anchor in the haven above. The race is nearly run; but, thank God," she added, lifting up her dim eyes with a look of indescribable and grateful triumph, "the great recompence of reward is in view; and weary as I am of life, with its trials and its sins, I am still in pursuit of the glory that shall be revealed."

"And a blessed pursuit you find it," I returned, as from exhaustion she paused for awhile; "and a successful pursuit you will eternally find it, through the merits of Him who has trodden that path before you." And as the recollection of my previous train of thought recurred to my mind, I added: "You also are now, my friend, on the banks of Jordan; but, like Gideon of old, you can say, as you stem the rising flood, 'faint, yet pursuing!'"

"Yes," she faintly answered, "I can indeed!" 'Faint,' indeed I am, yet still 'pursuing.' Faint to think of the perils I have encountered on my way, and of the dangers I have passed. But oh! to think of that moment when pursuit shall be for ever at an end, the battle fought, and the victory gained. The text you have brought to my recollection expresses my feelings now; and content am I to be, while waiting his summons, 'faint, yet pursuing!'"

I took my leave of this dying believer soon after—and, as it proved, for the last time—with a deepened feeling of the futility of all other pursuits save the "one thing needful," yet with a heart brightened by a contemplation of that faith, whose exercise can find matter for rejoicing in scenes that would fill many with consternation and dread. Happy those whose watchword at the gates of Zion shall be these words of pious confidence—"faint, yet pursuing."

Religious Intelligence.

London, June 30th, 1855.

While there is a gloomy prospect of the continuance of those dreadful conflicts, which we had hoped by this time would have been brought to an end, it gives us much pleasure to know that the people of God are earnestly engaged in praying for those who are prominently exposed in the scenes of danger, and that there are among them a goodly number who fervently pray for themselves. Of this happy circumstance, the following interesting illustration was given, in a letter dated the first of this month, by a soldier in the camp before Sebastopol. The writer says: "To have a quiet meditation a few Sundays ago, I took my Testament in my pocket, and left the din and confusion of the camp, and went and placed myself among the rocks of the ravine which forms the Woronzoff road. I sat down, and had not been reading long, before a gentle breeze brought to my ear a sound of voices; it ceased, but the wind brought the sound again: my curiosity was excited, I got up and looked about; at first I could only discern a great many groups of men about, chiefly Frenchmen, washing their linen in the ravine, and a few bât-men grazing their horses; but the song went on. I heard the voices more distinctly, though a good way off. On the opposite side of the ravine, I observed against a stone wall, four soldiers in full dress, and a man in the costume of a servant. I watched them, and in a few minutes the voices ceased, and I saw them all go down on their knees, in which posture they remained about ten minutes, when they rose, and left in the direction of the second division. I felt thankful that there were a few worshipping soldiers even in that mountain, in the sight of Frenchmen and English bât-men, and also in the presence of Him who looketh down on the children of men, to see if there be any that understandeth and that seeketh after God."

A most interesting communication from the Rev. Robert Moffat is on the eve of publication by the London Missionary Society; it relates to a very successful missionary journey which that faithful herald of the gospel has paid to Moselekatse, a great prince of South Africa, whose people are composed of the Motabele or Zulus, the original stock, and of every tribe, from the Bakone tribes to the south, and the Mashona to the north. On reaching the abode of this great African prince, Mr. Moffat found him sick, and anxious that the missionary should minister to his health; "which," says Mr. Moffat, "I consented to do, provided he would, like myself, drink no beer, and eat only the food I prescribed. The means used were, by God's blessing, successful." A visit had been paid, twenty years previously, to Moselekatse by Mr. Moffat, in consequence of which his people imagined that during that visit some influence or charm had been applied to the heart of their ruler, by which his government had been greatly improved, so that cruel and revolting forms of execution became nearly obsolete, while a sense of the value of human life and the guilt of shedding blood, characterized his measures to an extent his subjects had never before witnessed. This great man, though benefited by those lessons which he had been taught, was unwilling that his people should hear the gospel, alleging that the word of God was good for him, but at the same time hinting that his nobles and warriors might not like it, from the principles of peace it inculcated, and being, it is probable, afraid that his power might be diminished when his people learned that "there was a greater God than Moselekatse." At last Mr. Moffat overcame all these objections, and obtained full permission to preach to the prince and his warriors the gospel of salvation. "Daily (he says), at a minute's warning, they were assembled before me, and much nearer him, who sat at my left hand, than they dared to approach on any other occasion." Never did this faithful missionary witness such rivetted attention and astonished countenances, while, amid stillness like the grave, he published to them the great doctrines of the word of God. Thus is another door opened for the gospel in Africa.

The Bible Society gives most encouraging accounts of the distribution of the Scriptures in Constantinople, and in the missionary stations within reach of that city. Our troops passing through that city, on their way from India to the theatre of war, will, by this agency, be furnished with the word of life. The Scriptures are being forwarded to the missionary stations at Tocat, Harpoot, and Salonica, to which, and to other stations, a large number of religious publications in the Armenian language have just been forwarded. Our ambassador at Constantinople has recently stated the pleasure it afforded him to hear that the Turks were receiving with more readiness the word of God. We earnestly pray that as one result of the present conflict, the Turkish government will be induced to tolerate the open profession of Christianity on the part of those who had been the followers of Mahomet.

The religious intelligence from the continent of Europe is of a very chequered character. It is most painful to observe the continued increase of Mariolatry, in new and aggravated forms, since the promulgation of the immaculate conception, Christ being more than ever set aside, and the virgin exhibited as the sole object of adoration. Equally distressing is it to hear of the persecution of the faithful followers of Christ, not only in popish countries, as in the south of France and in Austria, but also in those lands which were favoured with the teaching of Luther and his fellow-labourers. In the south of Sweden a clergyman has gone so far as to excommunicate eighteen persons merely because they had met together to edify themselves with the grand doctrines taught by Luther. In another place, near Christianstadt, a number of peasants, while engaged in singing, and reading Luther on the Galatians, were broken in upon by the public accuser and dispersed with violence.

Such of our readers as have been aided in their devotions by Kelly's hymns, will join with us in the tribute we pay to the memory of their author—the heavenly-minded Rev. Thomas Kelly—who, on the 14th of May last, in his eighty-sixth year, fell asleep in Jesus.

The friends of humanity will be much gratified with a statement which Lord Brougham has just made in the House of Lords respecting the decrease of slavery in Brazil, in which country the following satisfactory result has taken place in the course of four years. The number of slaves imported in the first year of the four was 50,000, in the second year 30,000, in the third year 3,000, and in the fourth year the importation had entirely ceased. Of the 3000 imported in the third year, 1500 were taken possession of by the police and set at liberty.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE SWEDISH PRISONERS DEFILING BEFORE PETER THE GREAT.

THE TOBOLSK SCHOOL.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.)

At this moment, when everything pertaining to Russia, but more especially her places of exile for, and treatment of, prisoners of war, must be matter of eager interest to England, it cannot but be welcome to Christian wives, mothers, and sisters, (whose heart's treasure may, by the fortune of war, be temporarily consigned to Siberia's dreary wastes,) to learn how God has, in by-gone days, transformed even that howling wilderness into a fruitful garden, in which plants have been trained up for the paradise above. It must be agreeable to learn how brave soldiers of an earthly prince have been taught in Siberia to "take unto themselves the whole armour of God," and to fight manfully and successfully under the banner of king Jesus.

The outward leadings of God's providence, and the powerful influence these are often made to exercise in "turning men from the error of their ways," are well deserving of being pondered by observers, as well as thankfully acknowledged by those who are the subject of them; and lessons on this thesis are rife, not only in sacred and profane history, but in the experiences of most thoughtful minds. And thus,

from the rescue of Moses from a watery grave, to Joseph's dream-effected release from the dungeon; from Daniel's safety in the lions' den, down to Paul's escape from Damascus; from Augustine's emancipation from the fetters of worldly wisdom and the snares of sin, down to Luther's Bible-excited conviction in his convent cell; from an Oberlin, to whom it was given to transform his barren Steinthol into a garden of the Lord, down to the humblest missionary of our own times, who, himself a brand plucked from the burning, is honoured to kindle a fire by which thousand of cold souls are warmed into spiritual life; the Bible-taught observer of the ways of God will trace a long-descending chain of miracles, on each link of which is legibly inscribed, "He filleth the hungry with good things, but the rich (in their own estimation) he sendeth empty away." Hence, the very humblest tale of every day life, which affords opportunity to track the operations of grace, deserves to be carefully noted, truthfully recorded, and widely diffused, not to minister to vanity or engender spiritual pride, but as part of the "Lord's ways," which man is warranted to study, though "the thunder of his power" none can understand.

Such a Divine act will be recognised in the Siberian captivity of Kurt Frederick von Wreech, with all its momentous consequences to himself and others, which the following biographical sketch so strikingly depicts. Yet before entering on the narrative, it may be well to state how it fell into the hands of the writer of these pages, who was until very lately as unfamiliar with the name of von Wreech as most of the present generation probably are, and as surprised as any reader can be to find, in this long "hidden one" of the last century, a forerunner of some of the eminent men of our own times.

When the well known count Zinzendorf journeyed in 1736 from Renneburg into Livonia, he was waited upon, in the neighbourhood of Riga, by several Swedish officers, who had, some years before, returned from a long captivity in Siberia, whither they had been sent as Russian prisoners of war, and where they had learned to become actively instrumental in advancing the kingdom of God. Among these was Kurt Frederick von Wreech.

Of the others, several joined themselves to the church of the United Brethren; in particular one Major von Brumm, who died in its service at Herrenhaag.

Short biographical notices of these excellent men, which occur here and there in the writings of the Moravian brethren, stimulated the writer of these pages to farther search, which was rewarded by the discovery of a sort of diary, published by von Wreech himself in 1728. From this work the following particulars have been carefully gleaned, and are now given to the public, not without a hope that the imperfect details may yet be filled up by some more fortunate discoverer.

The events of the war preceding the battle of Pultowa are familiar to the readers of history. We shall, therefore, only cursorily recapitulate a few facts. Charles XII, rendered disdainful of Russian prowess by his hitherto easy victories, and intoxicated with his successes in Saxony and Poland, pressed forward with the most infatuated foolhardiness into Russia proper, in the midst of winter, and dreamed of sustaining his already luxury-accustomed Swedes, during that inclement season, in the barren Ukraine, with the ultimate design of falling upon Moscow upon the first blush of spring. His aim, in fact, was none other than to hurl his rival, Peter the Great, from the throne, and to overthrow the Muscovite empire. But the country he had selected for winter quarters was wholly unable in itself to furnish supplies for his troops; and the Cossacks, on whose foraging services Charles had placed much reliance, having been gained over by Peter, the constancy of their leader, Mazeppa, was of small avail to remedy their defection. The winter proved even unusually severe. Hardships and privations of every kind increased daily in the small army of invaders, which, moreover, was ceaselessly harassed by the enemy.

What a melancholy picture was now presented in this camp! The cavalry had no boots, the infantry were devoid of shoes and almost of clothing, in lieu of which they stitched together, as well as they could, the skins of wild animals, for day as well as night covering. Nearly the whole of their artillery had been necessarily abandoned, either in the various morasses and rivers through which their march had led, or from the impossibility of obtaining fresh horses when their own became too weak or too few for the task. And thus the 30,000 strong, highly-equipped, and victorious Swedish troops became soon reduced to 24,000, and continued so to dwindle that when at last, in the end of May, Charles was enabled to commence the long-projected march upon Moscow, hunger and disease had melted his army down to 18,000.

The first object aimed at was the conquest of the city of Pultowa, from which the Swedes promised themselves immediate relief and ultimate enrichment; for the czar Peter had laid up immense stores of provision and ammunition within its walls. But the siege of this place proved much more difficult than Charles had expected (the Russians having at length learned to fight from the Swedes), and during its con-

tinuance he was himself severely wounded. Meanwhile Peter advanced with an immense army, at once to raise the siege of Pultowa and annihilate its besiegers. The result was not long doubtful. The czar led on his fresh and overwhelming forces against the poor remnant of the once-dreaded Swedish troops, and, though they fought with bravery, the battle ended in their total defeat. Almost the whole were either left dead on the field of battle or made prisoners by the Russians; a mere handful escaping, with the king, to the Turks; while the few wretched individuals whom flight scattered through the wild steppes of the Ukraine, or left lurking in the forests of Poland, were subjected to a more fearful fate than that of their fallen or captive companions.

The position of Sweden in respect of the rest of Europe was entirely changed by that day of misfortune, and the imposing prestige of the indomitability of its armies vanished, never to return.

Among the captives which that last battle consigned to the Russian captivity was Captain von Wreech, who commanded a troop in Colonel Albydel's regiment of dragoons. Of his earlier life the diary affords only very meagre notices; but we learn that his father was a general—probably also in the service of Sweden—and that he was born at Stargard, where General von Wreech had fixed his abode on retiring from active service.

Captain von Wreech was a married man, and had taken part in the Polish campaign; but, having fallen ill, was at home on sick leave, and, as it seems, far from recovered, when he was summoned to rejoin his regiment for the invasion of Russia. After the defeat at Pultowa, he was carried by his conquerors to Newsky, a town on the borders of the Ukraine, which he reached in a state of great bodily suffering and exhaustion. The soldiers who had him in charge treated him with much brutality, and continued their barbarity even after they reached Newsky, and when he was prostrated by severe illness.

"This," says he in his diary, "combined with my bodily sufferings, so affected me that I became a prey to despondency, and the natural hardness of my unconverted heart suggested very desperate thoughts, over which I brooded as a means of relieving myself from my tormentors. But my compassionate and long-suffering God, who, in love to my soul, entertained the merciful design of bringing me from darkness to light, and then making me an instrument of his mercy and grace towards others, held his hand over me, and suffered me not so to sin against him and my own soul."

Here, as in many other parts of his diary, von Wreech takes occasion to enlarge on his spiritual state up to the time of his conversion, which he depicts as one of entire estrangement from God (both in heart and life), notwithstanding occasional intervals of what he himself deemed, when they occurred, repentance and reformation; but the spurious nature of which was proved by their passing away like "the morning cloud and early dew," and giving place to a renewed pursuit of the pleasures of sin. Yet while frankly avowing that his previous life had presented only an alternating between open profanity and the assumption of a self-deceptive religious exterior, his self-accusations are wholly free from that complacent dwelling on by-past enormities (either to the indulgence of morbid melancholy and self-torment, or in the still more disgusting form of expatiating on former sins, as if living them over again in memory) by which some autobiographies are disfigured; and the confessions of previous unworthiness seems, in von Wreech, to spring wholly from a manly disdain of being deemed by fellow-creatures better than he really was, coupled with a deep humility and contrition in the sight of God.

The practical ignorance of God's truth was further accompanied in von Wreech by an unusual degree of theoretic unacquaintedness with the doctrines of Scripture, which augments the surprise we cannot but feel on noting the rapidity with which the gospel took possession of both his head and heart. The doctrinal ignorance of von Wreech and several of his subsequently converted friends, would strike us as nothing to be wondered at, were it not that the account he gives of the general spirit which pervaded the bulk of the Swedish army at that period is such as to excite both respect and esteem; since, apart from an occasional outbreak of immorality or infidelity among the prisoners, it is evident that the majority showed not only outward reverence for, but a great susceptibility to, religious impressions. The Swedish troops had been blessed with a sufficient supply of pious chaplains, who not only conscientiously discharged the duties of their sacred calling while the army was in the field, cheerfully sharing in very many of its hardships and sufferings; but, being taken prisoners likewise, continued to do so in the exile to which they accompanied their spiritual charge. Under such circumstances the word might well indeed have become "the savour of death unto death," had it been despised and rejected by those to whom it was addressed, and thus the provision made by their religiously disposed king for their salvation have proved their destruction. But the testimony of von Wreech warrants the belief that the word of exhortation was, by the larger proportion, listened to with humility and submission to the authority of God, even when used

by his servants as the instruments of rebuke. We further learn that very many of the officers had provided themselves with Bibles at the commencement of the expedition, and were solicitous to secure them among the small proportion of baggage they could carry with them into captivity.

Amidst the severe corporeal sufferings which von Wreech experienced on his journey, God procured him a most effective alleviation through the kind interposition of his colonel, von Albydel, who exerted himself to the utmost to lessen the fatigues and soften the hardships which the journey occasioned, and even found means to accommodate his sick officers in his own quarters at Newsky, where convalescence speedily followed. But, as he himself tells, though von Wreech was restored in great measure to bodily health, the leprosy of self-righteousness still cleaved to his soul. His devotions were regularly gone through, but he sang and prayed either from habit or in the hope of establishing a righteousness of his own; and in a similar spirit exerted himself to minister to the bodily necessities of some non-commissioned officers and soldiers who were in the same town. He even went so far as to visit the sick and read sermons to them on Sundays.

It was at this time that, by the good providence of God, he found, in the house of a colonel's widow (a descendant of one of those old German families who had settled in Moscow and its suburbs), a German Bible, with Luther's introduction and notes, which von Wreech eagerly and diligently studied. "More especially," says he, "the Lord so blessed to my soul Luther's introduction to the epistle to the Romans, that *one* perusal sufficed to convince me that my supposed gospel faith was spurious, and not that of the operation of the Holy Spirit, and that consequently I was still under the curse."

And now began in his mind an earnest search after truth, and a real wrestling in prayer. He expended the last money he possessed, amounting to two roubles,* in the purchase of a German Bible, and spent days and nights in reading the word of life. Thus engrossed, it gave him but little concern when, in the middle of December, an order arrived for the immediate removal of all the Swedish prisoners to Moscow, that they might grace the triumph of Peter the Great.

A German officer in the Russian service made him a present of a covered sledge; and thus, deeply pondering the Scripture wonders he had already learned, our Bible student passed over, in health of body and cheerfulness of spirit, the tedious route from Newsky to Moscow, a distance of two hundred German miles. Nay, such was the pre-occupation of his mind, that he felt comparatively indifferent to being compelled, on the 1st of January, 1710, to figure personally in the czar's triumphal entrance into the ancient Muscovite capital, although no circumstance of humiliation was wanting to make it deeply painful to flesh and blood.

By two and two were the poor captive Swedes, with Count Piper (the prime minister of Charles XII), field-marshal Reinschild, count Löwenhaupt, and generals Schlippenbach, Stackelberg, and Hamilton, at their head, made to pass in long defile, under seven successive triumphal arches, amid the booming discharges of two hundred cannon, and the ceaseless ringing of all the church-bells in Moscow! Behind rode the czar, surrounded by his generals, exulting in the vain-glorious spectacle, while the Swedish spoils, consisting of cannon, standards, drums, and ammunition wagons, brought up the rear.

The greater part of the captive Swedes were retained in Moscow until February, when they began to be dispersed throughout the immense Russian empire. The officers were sent off by a hundred at a time, and the private soldiers in still larger detachments; care being taken, however, to sever them widely from their former commanding officers, as a prevention against any attempt at either mutiny or flight.

Very many, both of officers and soldiers, were accompanied by their wives and families, and these generally found themselves appointed to localities already colonized by their own countrymen; for Peter the Great had a peculiar knack of inoculating his barbarians with the elements of civilization, through the introduction of German and Swedish settlers, of whom whole families were, from time to time, carried off, under the name of "prisoners of war," from the conquered provinces, and widely scattered through his empire. Policy, therefore, dictated distributing the *real* prisoners among those congenial settlements, in the hope that attachments might arise, and links be formed, which would ultimately increase the number of colonists.

The detachment to which von Wreech was appointed had its first head-quarters at Clinoff (a town on the Wiatka), which was reckoned, even then, to belong to Siberia. On the journey two officers attached themselves to him—a Captain Tabbert and Cornet Paul—whom he had previously heard mentioned, during the Polish campaign, as religious enquirers. Tabbert was fortunate enough to have secured among his baggage, Arndt's "True Christianity;" also some publications by A. H. Francke, of Halle,

* Probably silver roubles, value about 4s. sterling each.

particularly his "Festival Sermons," and his "Contemplations on Grace and Truth." The perusal of these books, and a cordially confidential intercourse, soon stirred up these three friends to become fearless and joyful witnesses for the grace of which they had been made partakers; nor was it long before their frank and manly avowal of their faith won over others of their comrades to join the Lord's standard. No chaplain having been selected to accompany their detachment, they strove to promote each other's edification; they held divine service regularly on the sabbath, and had soon the joy of seeing more than one hitherto careless soul awakened from its security.

Yet, even in Clinoff, there was to be no rest for the captives! And in the spring of 1711 they received orders to "make preparations" for removal to Tobolsk.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

NOWHERE is there a more palpable demonstration of the important truth, that the day of small things is not to be despised, than in the history of Christian missions. Again and again, as we read the wondrous records of what a wonder-working God has wrought in all ages of his church, for the maintenance and the diffusion of his gospel amongst mankind, are we reminded of that aspect of the kingdom of heaven, under which it is likened to "a grain of mustard seed, which is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof." The lessons to be practically learned from this are obvious. It is designed to teach us humility, by showing us that the work is thus manifestly God's work —that omnipotence alone could evolve such mighty effects out of causes so apparently inadequate. It is intended, again, to afford encouragement, seeing that the smallness of the commencement and the feebleness of the agency are reasons in favour of, rather than against, the expectation that vast issues will nevertheless ensue.

Perhaps the entire history of missions scarcely supplies an instance more strikingly illustrative of this than that of the Baptist mission to India. A journeyman shoemaker, named Carey, a Baptist, who resided in the small hamlet of Hackleton, a few miles from Northampton, had his mind awakened to, and impressed by, the appalling fact that there were then four hundred and twenty millions (alas! how many hundred millions more are there now) of pagans destitute of the knowledge of that *only* name under heaven given amongst men, whereby they may be saved, and which had been "as ointment poured forth" to his own sin-convicted soul. With this impression strong upon his mind, he removed to the neighbouring village of Moulton to preach to a small congregation of Baptists for a salary of about twenty pounds a-year, and to eke out an addition to this pittance by the teaching of a school. Here he made himself familiar with Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French, in which languages he continually read his Bible. Here, too, he sought to instil into his pupils a missionary ardour similar to his own; pointing out to them upon a leather globe of his own construction the benighted portions of the earth, and exclaiming in accents of deep emotion, "These are pagans—these are pagans!" After some difficulty he obtained permission to bring the cause of the heathen before the small religious community to which he belonged, and thus a missionary society was formed. The collection made, however, was only twelve pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence. Such was the origin, in October, 1792, of the Baptist Missionary Society; altogether too despicable, one might have well supposed, to attract the notice, much less to provoke the scorn, of the Rev. Sydney Smith, in an article upon Indian missions in the 'Edinburgh Review.' Such an article appeared, however, in which the learned and witty writer avowed his determination to "rout out this nest of consecrated cobblers;" asking, "why are we to send out little detachments of maniacs to spread over the fine regions of the world the most unjust and contemptible opinions of the gospel?" and adding: "Let any man read the Anabaptist missions; and can he do so without deeming such men pernicious and extravagant in their own country, and without feeling that they are benefiting us much more by their absence than the Hindoos by their advice?"

Carey, however, moved, we may not doubt, by the Spirit of God, and nothing daunted either by the coldness of friends or the scornful scurrility of enemies, set sail for India in 1793. He was driven by the jealousy of the East India Company out of an English ship in which he was about to sail, and accordingly took his passage in a Danish vessel, and chose a Danish settlement in India for his place of residence. All this was truly the day of small things. So marvellously, however, did God prosper abroad this true disciple, thus derided and reviled at home, that he lived to see from a printing-press, which he had himself established at Serampore, the issue of two hundred and twelve thousand copies of the Holy Scriptures, in forty different languages, the tongues of three hundred and eighty out of the four hundred and twenty millions of pagans,

and of whom more than one hundred millions were British subjects; also to expend upon the very object for which that first collection of twelve pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence was raised, the vast sum of ninety-one thousand five hundred pounds.

The expenditure on the different translations of the Scriptures upon which Carey and his fellow labourers in that glorious cause were engaged, amounted to more than ten thousand pounds per annum, half of which sum was the fruit of their own personal labour.

Never, we believe, was a work such as this permitted to go on unhindered. Satan is too vigilant not to interfere, and too powerful and crafty not to know best how to shape his interference so as most effectually to mar, or to retard its progress. Accordingly, on the tenth of March, 1812, a fire broke out in the printing-office at Serampore, by means of which in a few hours several complete editions of the Scriptures, together with founts of types, reams of paper, and printed sheets, were totally consumed. But here, as in the case of Job, we find the permitted evil overruled of God for good, and promoting the faith, the prayerfulness, and the liberality of his people. Upon the intelligence of the disaster reaching England, so strongly was Christian sympathy elicited that, in fifty days, more than ten thousand pounds, the estimated amount of the entire loss, was collected and sent in.

The history of missions will scarcely be found to furnish a more interesting or instructive incident than this. It teaches that no station in life is so humble or so obscure as of necessity to preclude its occupier from becoming eminently useful and honoured in the service of God, and in promoting the best interests of his fellow men. It teaches us, moreover, that neither ridicule nor calumny proceeding from man, nor disaster coming from a hand above that of man, need, or ought, for a moment to discourage us; that if the work in which we are engaged be truly God's work, he will carry it triumphantly forward over every obstacle to its completion; that he will make in it the wrath of man to praise him, while the remainder of wrath he will restrain.

CHINESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

"The Jews then which were with her in the house, and comforted her, when they saw Mary, that she rose up hastily and went out, followed her, saying, She goeth unto the grave to weep there."—*John* xi. 31.

Our picture exhibits a fond mother weeping at the tomb of a much-loved and dutiful son. She appears to have erected a shed, according to the Chinese custom, as a partial defence against the inclemencies of the weather, that she might take up her constant abode near the remains of the dear object of her solicitude. Its situation is pointed out to be among the hills by the appearance of the pine-tree, that lover of the mountain brow. In China, the graves and monuments are uniformly situated upon the hill-sides. This practice has three several advantages. The brows and declivities of mountains being unfit for cultivation, none of the arable, and consequently useful, portion of the soil is appropriated for burying-grounds. As these barren slopes are well exposed to the winds, every kind of noxious exhalation is dissipated before the breeze on whose wings it is wafted can reach the distant village. Hills, too, are, in the Chinese mind, associated with the pleasing appearances and fructifying effects of the atmosphere, and are no less intimately connected with many a curious legend and bewitching story.

Hither, therefore, the dead are brought in substantial coffins, and deposited in graves prepared for them, according to the ability of the survivors. And here dutiful sons, affectionate mothers, and forlorn widows pitch a temporary habitation, and, regardless of the bleak winds and lowering sky, sigh and wail as those who sorrow without hope. It is then that they eat the "bread of mourners," the "sorrowful meat," to which Job compares the ungracious and ill-timed remarks of his friends (Job vi. 7). They wrap themselves up in the coarsest cloth, and forego every custom of personal attention. Rules are established by etiquette as to the time which the nearest relatives ought to spend at the grave of the deceased; but natural feelings overbear fashion, it would seem, in the majority of instances, and the period occupied in such self-denying obsequies is regulated by the esteem with which the dead are remembered. A wife who has lost her husband, or a maid her espoused lover, will sometimes show an extraordinary example of patience and self-mortification. But the admiration and applause bestowed upon conduct so exemplary shows that it is not common. We have seen a widow striving to bury herself in the grave of her husband, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her friends; but though we often passed by the spot, we never saw her kneeling at the grave afterwards, like the female in the picture. A shed had been erected; but after the funeral was over, and the mourners no longer needed a place to sit and sip their tea and watch the progress of the grave-diggers, it was taken down. The storm of grief had passed away, and given place to more authentic signs of deep-felt melancholy—the unbidden sigh, the anxious countenance, and the averted eye.

The grave in our picture represents a sample of the middle kind. Some are much larger, con-

sisting of a series of semicircular areas, and are then executed with great attention to neatness and finish. By their glistening whiteness, and their conspicuous situation upon the bare sides of the mountain, they may be seen from afar. But such costliness is somewhat rare, as the greater portion of society are unable to sustain the necessary outlay. Poor people, who cannot afford a little masonry, content themselves with a barrow, which they repair and decorate with gaudy trifles once or twice during the year.

The practice of interring the dead is thus accounted for by Chinese writers. Men in the earlier stages of society carried forth their dead, when the presence of a corpse within their narrow domiciles could no longer be endured, and laid them in some remote spot, that they might be out of their sight. But some of them happening to pass near this spot, espied a pack of dogs eagerly engaged in tearing the dead corpses to pieces. The sight of a body, once the residence of a spirit dearly beloved, now sadly disfigured by the sharp teeth of the hungry animals, shocked the gazer so much that he made haste to prepare a hole wherein it might be hid from further injury. Posterity ever after followed his example, and the hills of a country that is chiefly mountainous are studded with tombs of all sorts and sizes. All of them are formed upon the same model, and resemble a circular chair. The medial line in the back is occupied by a tablet, which briefly tells the name and pedigree of the deceased.

There is much that is very becoming in the regard which the Chinese pay to the dead, but there is nothing belonging to human nature, however amiable and innocent it may appear, which will not, by excess, degenerate into something that is false in principle and wicked in practice. The farewell uttered, in mournful strains, was at first accompanied by the bow, then the prostration, and, lastly, with the meat-offering and the drink-offering. Thus a fond imagination exalted a poor worm to heaven, and enrolled him among the gods. And here we find the root of a great portion of the world's idolatry. A part of mankind worshipped the heavenly orbs, but the rest paid their adoration to beings who once dwelt in houses of clay, and contrived to gain ascendency over their fellows by real or imaginary virtues. It was not hard for a doting fancy, while the body was stretched in the attitude of profound worship, to believe that the object of its attachment having mounted to some higher order of beings, was present at the grave to inhale the fuming incense and the fragrance of the libation that was shed upon the ground, and, lastly, that he would hear prayers and send timely succours to his mourning friend who lavished these honours upon him.

None of these feelings were harboured in the bosom of Mary, who had chosen that good part which could never be taken from her; yet with what a tenacious fondness she dwelt upon the memory of her brother, and seemed to find a delight in pouring forth floods of sorrow; insomuch that the Jews joined in the lamenting strains, and even our Lord himself; for as the evangelist tells us with sublime simplicity, "Jesus wept," thus giving a hallowed beauty to the grief of mourners. He himself mingled with the afflictions of man, that the heart-aching moan and the broken sigh might possess a sweetness and perfume unknown before. When in the straits of mental affliction, wandering in the dark valley of humiliation, or leaning over the grave of a valued friend, it is soothing to remember that our Divine Master has given a sanctity to these things by enduring them when on earth.

In Genesis xxiii. 2, we read: "And Sarah died in Kirjath-arba; the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan; and Abraham came to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her." On this occasion, the father of the faithful put on mourning garments, and wept aloud over the remains of one who had been his companion and fellow-traveller in all his pilgrimages. The expression "Abraham came," seems to indicate that this mourning was performed in a solemn manner. His whole retinue, consisting of several hundreds of individuals, it is likely, lifted up their voices and cried aloud, responsive to the cries of Abraham their master, who acted as precentor. The anxiety he exhibited to obtain a burial-place for Sarah reminds us strongly of a similar feeling in China. There individuals sometimes spend their little all in the purchase of a right to bury in some particular spot. In one corner of a house visited by the writer, a coffin was seen. The host, upon being asked why he kept it laid up at home, said he must wait till he had gained thirty dollars before he could bury it, as that would be the cost of the ground and the rites of the funeral.

"In the choice of our sepulchres," said the sons of Heth, "bury thy dead." No, thought Abraham, let me have a place of my own, assured to me by a perpetual and undisputed title. And after a little negotiation, which is a model for the openness and good feeling with which it was conducted, "Abraham weighed to Ephron the silver, which he had named in the audience of the sons of Heth, four hundred shekels of silver (about 50*l*. of our money), current money with the merchant," etc.

In this cave was Abraham buried, as we are expressly told (Gen. xxv. 9, 10): "And his sons Isaac and Ishmael buried him in the cave at Machpelah," etc. Within the precincts of a field secured to Abraham and his descendants by

acts of such public notoriety, Isaac was interred, though there be no mention of the fact, as he died near the spot. Hither were the remains of Jacob brought. When the servants of Pharaoh, the elders of the land, and the elders of his house, with all the house of Joseph and his brethren, stopped at the threshing-floor of Atad, they made a lamentation during seven days, so that the inhabitants of the place said, This is a grievous mourning of the Egyptians, and named the spot Abel-mizraim—"mourning of the Egyptians"—as a record of it. The loud wails of so many persons, sustained without intermission for so long a time, must have had an effect not easily imagined in this country, where grief is vented for the most part in the sigh and the tear, and where men and women do not weep in large companies.

During the writer's sojourn in the Sandwich Islands, one of the wives of a former king died. As soon as she had breathed her last, an attendant quitted her side and went out, and took her standing at the corner of a house within the enclosure. As soon as she had uttered a loud and shrill cry, which ended in a deep sob, another, who had placed herself near the door of the house where the body was lying, replied to her in a kind of dolorous antiphony. This alternation of cries was soon augmented by the wails of other females, who hastened to join the chorus. This commenced about ten o'clock in the morning, and was sustained during the day, as companies flocked from all quarters to bear a part in the mourning. Late in the evening some of the assembly began to feel a doubt as to the propriety of this practice. "Now we have cast off all our old customs, is it right for us to retain this?" they enquired. The matter was referred to the missionary, who said to the writer, "What shall I say? for if we interpose an opinion, those who find fault with us will say that we take from the natives the liberty of bemoaning their dead." "A certain measure of grief is due unto the memory of the deceased; but as the mourners have now been crying unceasingly for twelve hours, this debt seems to have been fully paid," was the reply; which we immediately translated into Hawaiian, and conveyed to the parties, who forthwith began to slacken their efforts; and in a short time silence took the place of a loud din.

Happy indeed are those mourners whose tears the hand of Jesus wipes away!

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

MEDITATION FOR SABBATH MORNING.

"Worship God."—*Revelation* xxii. 9.

THE brevity of this sentence, the situation which it occupies in God's word, and the circumstances under which it was delivered, all unite to give it a peculiar degree of solemnity. But beyond all these is the *subject* to which it refers—the worship of God. The words are very weighty, and deserve the most fixed and continued attention. The wondrous vision granted to John was drawing to a close, and the much-favoured man was filled with emotion almost too great for his nature to sustain. Under these circumstances, he was about to make a great mistake, which he thus ingenuously confesses:—"And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things." But this act of religious homage was positively and promptly forbidden: "See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God."

We may consider these two words as containing a *caution*, and some *counsel*. The worship of all other objects and beings, besides God, is positively prohibited; and there is much need for this, for there is a tendency in man to worship anything or everything rather than God. This is at once his crime and his curse, to "worship and serve the creature more than the Creator." Rom. i. 25. This has been done long and on a large scale. Element-worship, angel-worship, saint-worship, devil-worship, talent-worship, hero-worship, mammon-worship, have long defiled and degraded the church and the world. We are all in danger of worshipping the wrong object, and are continually tempted to do so. If Satan had the boldness to ask the Son of God to worship him, and to tempt thereto by a promise of earthly glory, we may be sure that he will try us, and that the cautions of Paul and John—"dearly beloved, flee from idolatry;" "little children, keep yourselves from idols"—are yet needed.

Still, it must be borne in mind that this prohibition does not interfere with the various relationships of life and grades in society. Proper respect should be paid towards our superiors in rank and station, and proper behaviour manifested towards parents and friends; only let us take care not to put the creature "in God's stead." Gen. xxx. 2.

But we shall chiefly regard the words as containing some important counsel, directing man to cultivate, as his first duty and highest happiness, a right state of heart and conduct toward God. Man is a religious being; there is the habit of veneration in his nature; he must and will be a worshipper; and the only effectual preservative from the worship of the creature in some form or other, is the worship of God. Worship as regards God, may be defined as *the homage of the heart manifesting itself in devotional acts, and in a devoted life.* It amounts to the same thing as what we call religion; it is paying due respect, veneration, and homage to the Deity, under a sense of our obligation to him.

Worship is various—inward, private, domestic, and public. It may be associated with different forms, and expressed in a variety of ways. It should be decorous and solemn (Psalm lxxxix. 7); simple (Isaiah lxvi. 2); cheerful (Psalm c. 2, 3); sincere (Isaiah i. 12); and pure (Isaiah lvii. 15). In all our acts of worship we should think on the words of the Saviour, "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

The manner in which external worship should be offered must depend upon time, place, and circumstances. Internal worship, which is the essential point, and which consists of trust, prayer, fear, reverence, love, and gratitude, is independent of all these. At any moment, in any place, and under any circumstances, the heart that is right with God may worship him. Still, to neglect stated seasons of worship, in the closet, the family, and the assembly of the saints, is decidedly wrong, and opposed to all scripture teaching and examples. With these explanations let us pass on to consider *the preparations which God has made for his own worship; the pleasure connected with true worship; and the profit resulting from the same.*

In dwelling on these points we wish to have reference to both internal and external worship, to the heart of the worshipper and the house of prayer.

I. THE PREPARATIONS OR PROVISIONS which God has made with a view to his worship. By studying these, we shall come to know the high degree of importance which he attaches to it. Man has made some provision for worship in the way of erecting buildings, providing forms of devotion, and books of hymns; but God has done infinitely more. We may trace his kindness in this respect in five particulars. *The*

revelation which he has made of his name. How glorious and how gracious are the titles which he has taken and revealed in connection with a throne of grace. How suited to inspire with devotional feelings, to lay us low in humility, to strengthen our confidence, and to feed our hope. *In the appointment of a meeting-place.* The Jews of old had their temple, altar, and most holy place; the substance of these is found in the Lord Jesus, who is greater than the temple (Matt. xii. 6); concerning whom we may say, "We have an altar" (Heb. xiii. 10), who is our true mercy-seat or reconciliation residence. (Rom. iv. 25), and who, as our high-priest, is entered within the upper sanctuary. *In the provision of suitable words* wherewith to worship. He who invites us to worship him, says, "Take with you words." There is no such book of devotion as the Bible. What should we do, as regards either prayer or praise, if we had not the Holy Scriptures; but having them we need never be at a loss. *God has also promised help;* he has engaged to give us his Holy Spirit, to teach us "what to pray for as we ought," to help our infirmities, and to revive our strength (Rom. viii. 26, 27). *He has also raised up patterns of worship in ages past, and is raising us up associates now.* In his holy word he shows us how his ancient servants worshipped. Here we see Abraham on his face, Jacob on his knees, Moses and Elijah agonizing, Solomon stretching forth his hands, David sitting before the Lord overwhelmed with gratitude for his mercies. We are also told how angels and glorified saints worship; and above all, we see Jesus, who is worthy to receive all worship, himself a worshipper. Around us, too, are yet many worshipping souls. May their number be increased! and may we all make a right use of God's gracious provision!

II. THE PLEASURE OF TRUE WORSHIP.—What are the chief sources of misery and sorrow to the sons of men? The answer must be—*guilt, fear, care, bereavements, loneliness, and pride.* In worship, an antidote is found. They can be all supplanted, and something opposite to them enjoyed. Real worship brings the soul into a new world, with a new element around it, and peoples that world with new associates and enjoyments. In worship we receive divine forgiveness, and this brings triumph over guilt. We come into communion with him who is "ready to forgive" and rich in mercy to all who call upon him, and shelter ourselves under those wings of forgiving love where guilt cannot obtrude. In worship we realize Divine friendship, and thus fear is banished. We do not fear our friends, nor shall we fear anything else, when we are persuaded that we have an almighty and ever-present Friend. In worship we rest on Divine faithfulness, and this banishes care. Having by prayer and supplication made our requests known to God, and cast all our care on him, he fulfils his word whereon he has caused us to hope, and then we are anxiously careful for nothing. In worship we come into contact with infinite fulness. We find all relationships, all treasures and blessings in God in Christ, and this compensates for all losses and trials. Nor can those be lonely whose fellowship is "with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ;" nor proud who come into communion with infinite beauty. The discovery of God's glory lays the soul low. Lowliness is the place of blessing, for unto such God, the high and lofty one, will have respect, and with such he will dwell.

III. Consider the PROFIT RESULTING FROM WORSHIP.—Many have asked, and that in no proper spirit, "What profit shall I have if I pray unto him?" The answer is most full and satisfactory. The profit resulting from spiritual worship will be seen—*in the sanctuary.* Those who worship God intelligently and devotionally will hear with profit. Loose worship brings unprofitable hearing. If the closet is neglected, or family worship omitted or hurried over, and the house of God not entered till nearly half the worship is over, how can persons expect a Divine blessing on the word preached? On the tempers and habits, worship will exert a salutary influence. Nearness to God calms, elevates, and ennobles the mind. "I have been with God," says the soul; "let me walk worthy of him, and retain a sense of his presence; let me watch mine own heart, that so I grieve not the Holy Spirit of God."

The benefit will be seen *in the family.* If God is worshipped really, there will not only be answers to prayer, but many collateral and indirect blessings will follow, and many evil things be prevented. A worshipping man will also be an honest and a patriotic man. He will "do justly and love mercy," while he "walks humbly with his God." Thus the community among whom he resides, and the country to which he belongs, will be benefited by him. From him will flow rivers of living water. Those words of testimony and reproof will be weighty which come from a devotional heart. As regards the people of God, they, too, will be enriched. In ancient times, worshipping men were considered as "the chariots and horses of Israel," and they are such still. The importance of a man to the church of God must not be estimated by station, gifts, property, or zeal, but by his devotional habits. Devout worshippers will, as they have opportunity, be diligent workers; and those who hold intimate communion with God will be most full of sympathy, love, forbearance, and gentleness.

Let, then, this provision on God's part be met by preparation on ours. Let us seek to worship in a way corresponding with his glory and his grace. To have a religion without spiritual worship is a fatal failure. It was said of one of old, that "he did evil because he prepared not his heart to seek the Lord." Of another it is attested, "Thou hast prepared thy heart to seek God." To which class do we belong? The one great business of life is to be trained up for the worship of eternity. Is the work begun? Is it progressing? If so, let us aim to get nearer and nearer to God. It is a real good to do this (Psalm lxxiii. 28). Let us also mourn over the dishonour done to God. There are few worshippers of God in the world. Heathens, deists, Mahommedans, superstitious and nominal Christians, are numbered by millions; but how few "stir up themselves to take hold on God." Let us live listening to the admonition of our text, "Worship God," and daily and hourly cry, "Arise, O Lord God, and plead thine own cause. Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee."

SOME ACCOUNT OF BERNARD GILPIN.

Amongst the celebrated reformers of the sixteenth century, no one is more remarkable for his courage and for his piety than Bernard Gilpin. This excellent man was born in 1517, and from his earliest childhood was noted both for the thoughtfulness and the energy of his character. After receiving a somewhat better education than was usual at that period, he was sent to the university of Oxford, where he greatly distinguished himself, and was made a fellow of Queen's College. Here, however, a great change was destined to take place in his opinions. He had been educated in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church, and so firm a believer was he in her tenets that he was unanimously chosen to oppose Peter Martyr, whose vigorous attacks on the abuses of Romanism were beginning to make the Romish party tremble.

Had they, however, understood the character of their champion, Gilpin would probably have been the last person whom they would have selected. His great and comprehensive mind was never meant to be bound by the shackles of superstition, and no sooner were his thoughts turned in earnest to the subject in dispute, than he recognised the fact that truth was with his antagonists and not with himself. To argue for a cause in which he no longer believed, was a thing impossible to Bernard Gilpin; and utterly disregarding the peril to which he should expose himself, or the overthrow of all his hopes of worldly advancement, he boldly confessed his sincere conviction that Martyr was in the right, and bade the Romish party find some other champion, "for he would no more of the argument."

Fortunately for Gilpin, Edward vi had now ascended the throne, and both the king and his advisers favoured the reformed faith. Gilpin was desired to preach before the court; and he so charmed his audience by his eloquence and his boldness, that Sir William Cecil presented him with a general licence for preaching, and he was appointed to the small living of Norton in Durham. With his accustomed energy he immediately set to work to reform, not only the lives, but the habitations of his parishioners. At the advice, however, of his uncle, Tonstal, bishop of Durham, he relinquished his sphere of usefulness for the time, that he might travel for some years on the continent, in order to enjoy the society of learned men, few of whom at that period took up their abode in England. On his return, the bishop presented him with the living of Easington; but here he made his parishioners so extremely angry by the freedom with which he reproved the laxity of their doctrines and the immorality of their lives, that it required all the bishop's influence to prevent their fastening upon Gilpin the charge of heresy; and, hoping to remove him to a less dangerous sphere, his uncle presented him to the living of Houghton-le-Spring, which henceforth became the scene of his unwearied and untiring benevolence.

The malice of his enemies, however, stimulated by the change of sentiments in the authorities consequent on the reign of queen Mary, was not to be so easily baffled. They scrutinized every word that he uttered, until at length they concerted thirty-two charges against him, plausible enough to be forwarded to bishop Bonner. Less would have sufficed with so vindictive an adversary.

"Send the heretic to me," exclaimed Bonner; "in a fortnight he shall burn at the stake."

This was even better than his enemies had dared to hope, and they lost no time in acquainting Gilpin with their triumph, and that he was to be sent instantly to London to receive from the bishop's lips his doom. But their savage joy was turned into shame by the calmness and gentleness with which Gilpin received the intelligence.

"God forgive you," he said, "and give me strength to undergo my trials."

He instantly set about making preparations for his journey, and especially desired his servant to "look out a decent habit that he might wear at the stake." Then, with perfect resignation to God's will, he bade farewell to his weeping parishioners, and commenced his journey towards

London. He had not, however, gone very far when his equipage met with an accident, and one of his legs was broken. "Ah!" said one of his opponents, sneeringly, "I thought you were fond of preaching that nothing happens to men except for their good; what say you to your broken leg?"

"That we must wait and see what God intends by it," replied Gilpin, with entire composure. And in ten days the wisdom and the goodness of God's ways were justified. Queen Mary died; Bonner's reign of terror was at an end; and Gilpin, thus wonderfully saved from a cruel death, returned to Houghton amidst the delighted acclamations of his people, who welcomed him as one returned to them from the grave.

From that hour Gilpin determined to devote himself entirely to their good; and although queen Elizabeth offered him the bishopric of Carlisle, no temptation of worldly wealth or power could induce him to relinquish a post to which he felt he had been so wonderfully restored, and where he knew that he was so eminently useful.

Amongst the remarkable acts by which his whole life was distinguished, perhaps none is more remarkable than the reformation which he wrought in the wild border district of Northumberland — a tract of land only inhabited by banditti, and over which no peaceful traveller dared to pass. Nothing daunted, however, by the fame of this territory, Gilpin determined even there to win souls for God; and with the gospel as his sole companion, he departed on his truly apostolic mission. The fame of his virtues had preceded him, and though the wild robbers of Tynedale might refuse to listen to his teaching, yet not one would lift his hand against his life. Undeterred either by hardships or by his apparent want of success, Bernard Gilpin persevered in his work, patiently sowing the good seed, until at length it began to spring up and bear fruit; and perhaps no portion of his pastoral work was more interesting to Gilpin than the months which he spent yearly amidst this once half-savage population. A curious incident, well worth remembering, is connected with one of these journeys. He had made all his arrangements for starting on one of his visitations, when he received a missive from the then bishop of Durham, desiring him to preach the visitation sermon in his presence on the following Sunday. Gilpin immediately wrote to the bishop, begging to be excused, on the plea that as he had already fixed the various places in which he was to preach to his strange wild converts, and as many of them would come from far to hear him, it was impossible he could disappoint them. Receiving no answer from the bishop, he concluded his excuse was accepted, and that he might start before his time. Alas! on his return he found that he had been suspended for this act of disobedience.

A short time passed away, and Gilpin was summoned to meet the bishop and a large body of clergymen. On obeying the summons, he was ordered to preach before them; and such a sermon did he preach, so clearly pointing out to the bishop that he was responsible for the welfare of the souls of those committed to his charge, and that if he threw impediments in the way of those who would show them the path of life, he must take the responsibility of their eternal destruction upon himself, that the friends of Gilpin trembled, dreading lest such bold words should draw down a still greater punishment on himself. The service, however, ended, and the bishop made no remark; but soon after, when Gilpin called upon him, he said: "Mr. Gilpin, I mean to see you in your own home." The visit was not long delayed; when the bishop, taking Gilpin by the hand, exclaimed, "I have come to you to ask your pardon. Believe me, I feel you are more worthy to be bishop of this diocese than I am myself. Rest assured, from this hour, that as long as God grants me life, no one shall have power to harm you."

The bishop kept his word, and from that time till the day of his death Bernard Gilpin was never interfered with in his works of benevolence, and the whole country rang with the wonders that this one man had been able to effect. The influence which he exercised over the minds of others may be exemplified by the following anecdote. In one of his journies through the wild countries of the north, his horses were one night stolen from their stable. The loss was soon bruited far and near, and the thief, who was ignorant at the time whose property he had stolen, was so alarmed when he found that the horses belonged to the good pastor, Bernard Gilpin, that he instantly restored them to their owner, telling him "that he had dreaded lest the devil should carry him off bodily before he could make restitution; for that a crime against so holy a man must place him in the power of the evil one."

It was not possible that any constitution, however strong, could support the fatigue to which Gilpin was constantly exposing himself, and old age came prematurely upon him. Still he had the comfort of feeling that "those also serve the Lord who only stand and wait;" and nothing could exceed the perfect patience and resignation with which he submitted to his increasing infirmities, teaching lessons by his illness quite as valuable as those which he had spent his strength to inculcate. At length the summons came, and on the fourth of March,

1583, in the sixty-third year of his age, this truly apostolic man was called to his reward, and now, in the presence of his Saviour and his God, is doubtless enjoying the fruits of all his earthly trials. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his."

SACRED POETRY.

THE PROPHET.

PART III.—THE MOUNTAIN.

Not sick, or bent, or dim, or grey,
Not feeble, worn, or weak,
Is he who climbs the path to-day
To Pisgah's highest peak.
His foot is planted firm and sound
Upon the rough uneven ground:
  Unmoved he views, the while,
The dangerous path, the frightful steep,
The giddy height, the yawning deep,
  With calm and quiet smile.
'Tis right his frame should lack no strength,
'Tis meet his eye be bright,
His longing gaze beholds at length
The promised land in sight.
From the high mountain's topmost ledge
He sees the dim blue line
That marks the far horizon's edge;
And, Israel, this is thine!
Close underneath, in stately rows
Beside the sheltering mount,
The tents of Jacob standing close
His watchful eye can count;
The desert pathway lies behind,
Before, the fertile valleys wind,
The host encamped between;
For forty years the man of God
That barren sterile tract has trod,
To reach this wished-for scene.

"Thy people, Lord! not I, but thou
Hast brought them to the promise now:
  Thy chosen Israel see!
Thy servant renders up his charge,
A weighty trust, a reckoning large,
  Known but to him and thee.
If ever thou thy truth hast shown,
And I have failed to make it known,
Their ignorance rests on me alone;
  Thy servant, Lord, forgive;
Forgive the weakness or the pride
That from thy law has stepped aside;
And double grace, when I have died,
  Pour out on those that live.
If I have feared the oppressor's sword,
Or staggered at thy promise, Lord,
Or disobeyed thy sacred word,
  Thy pardon now I crave;
And may thy power, with tenfold might,
On Joshua's conquering arm alight,
Thy glory on his path be bright
  Through Jordan's severed wave.
If I have fainted in the way,
Or murmured at my hope's decay,
My sorrows here I humbly lay,
  And thank thy chastening love;
And when the sun my grave shall gild,
Oh! be thy purpose all fulfilled,
Be every blessing thou hast willed
  Showered freely from above.
If I have grieved for aught that stood
Between me and thy people's good,
Lord, thou my nature understood:
  Thy just demand I bless
At last with firm unwavering voice,
And say, My Father, I rejoice
In death, at my heaven-guided choice,
  And would not have it less.
Thou Hope of Israel! be thy power
On every work in every hour;
Thou strength of Jacob! be thy face
For ever turned towards his race;
Into the 'Rest of promise' led,
Oh! may thy hand be ever spread
  Around, above, beneath;
To hold, to help, to keep, to guide,
From every foe on every side;
To give obedience, truth, and peace,
Thy love, thy fear, bright hope's increase,
  And never questioning faith."

More brightly now his spirit glows;
No pain of death the prophet knows;
In all the strength of manhood's flower
He waits the quick approaching hour;
No shadow on his soul reposing,
No darkening fears around him closing;
But warmer growing each fervent thought,
Each clear perception rising higher,
He seems, not to death's confines brought,
But heaven to him approaching nigher.
And now, on his prophetic vision
Arise the scenes of coming years;
In rapid change and quick transition,
The work of time to him appears:
The stately city, rich and fair,
The palace and the fortress there,
Princes in purple, chiefs in mail,
Princesses with gold-woven veil,
Stern warriors with the sword unsheathed,
Rich-vestured priests of Aaron's name,
Altars in incense smoke enwreathed
Or bright with heaven-kindled flame.
Nor less the softer beauties seem
Which rise to form that happy dream;
The homes of Israel, now no more
The dusty tent on barren sand;
But on the hill, the vale, the shore,
Fair houses set in fertile land.
And tender vine-trees gently creeping,
And lofty palms their broad leaves sweeping,
The graceful olives meekly bending,
The cedars and the myrtles blending;
Broad fig-trees with their luscious weight,
Tall dusky pines in gloomy state;
Round every rock a rose-tree twines,
O'er every stream the lily shines;
The fields, in well-planned order seen
With harvest white, with pasture green,
Usurp the place where on the ground
The flowery growth was thickest found,
Where wildest spread the tangled bloom,
And richest rose the sweet perfume.
Oh Zion! with thy bulwarks strong,
Theme of the royal minstrel's song,
Never, in real splendour, thou
Appearedst more beautiful than now:
The joy of earth, of heaven the care,
The subject and the place of prayer:
Well might the dying prophet see
His journey's hope fulfilled in thee.
Did his soul's sight the dome behold
In which Jehovah pleased to dwell,
Its floors of marble, roofs of gold?

Or then, upon his spirit fell
Some murmur of the glorious burst
Of prayer and praise, which rose that hour
When he—of wisdom's children first,
The great in glory, strong in power—
Beheld with solemn, sacred dread
The wondrous Spirit-presence spread!

Thou favoured mortal, honoured saint,
Signal in birth, in death sublime;
Thine inmost history to paint
Belongs not to the voice of time;
We only know that quickening faith
Upheld thy life and brightened death;
We only feel the happy thought
That thy last hour such rapture brought
As gilded all the past;
Thy spirit, which had suffered much,
It may have been, of sorrow's touch,
Wore now the glory on thy face
Once by God's presence cast;
Thine outward life all we can trace,
The Nile thy first cold resting-place,
But Pisgah was the last.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

119. Joshua vii. 16. "So Joshua rose up early in the morning, and brought Israel by their tribes, and the tribe of Judah was taken," &c. Thus Achan was discovered. So in the choice of a king: 1 Samuel x. 20, 21. "When Samuel had caused all the tribes of Israel to come near, the tribe of Benjamin was taken . . . . . the family of Matri was taken, and Saul the son of Kish was taken." Jonathan was thus discovered when he had taken the honey in the wood: 1 Sam. xiv. 41. Again, thus Jonah was pointed out as the cause of the storm sent by God: Jon. i. 7. The soldiers cast lots for the seamless robe of Jesus: John xix. 23, 24. The disciple in the room of Judas was chosen by lot: Acts i. 26.

120. Heb. iii. 1. "Consider the apostle and high priest of our profession, Christ Jesus."

121. See Heb. vii. 1. His priesthood is after the order of Melchizedec, an order far superior to that of Aaron. 2. His priesthood is *unchangeable*, because he ever liveth, while "they truly were many priests, because they were not suffered to continue by reason of death." 3. Being perfectly holy, he had no sins of his own to atone for, while they needed daily to offer up sacrifice, first *for their own sins*, and then for the people's. 4. Aaron's priesthood offered worthless animals without moral efficacy. Christ presented himself a perfect sacrifice, "once for all."

122. Very few things recorded by the other evangelists are repeated in this gospel. St. John records more of our Lord's discourses. 2. The prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem, as delivered by our Saviour, is here omitted, probably because that event had taken place. 3. The history of the raising of Lazarus is here given, which is not alluded to by any other evangelist, probably because the subject of the miracle was alive when they wrote, and was the object of much hatred among the Jews. See John xii. 10, 11. 4. In the account of the capture of Jesus, the names of Peter and Malchus are given us, which are not found elsewhere. 5. St. John dwells much on the Divinity of our Lord, probably on account of the existence, when he wrote, of the sect which denied that great doctrine.

123. St. Luke. Compare Acts i. 1 ("The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and teach") with Luke i. 1—4.

124. 1 Samuel iii. 1. In the days of Eli, before Samuel was raised up to judge Israel.

125. Amos viii. 11, 12. "Behold the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land; not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord. And they shall wander from sea to sea, and from the north even to the east, they shall run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord, and shall not find it."

126. To know Christ, Phil. iii. 10. To win Christ, iii. 8. To be found in Christ, iii. 9. To be conformed to Christ, iii. 10. To magnify Christ, i. 20. To rejoice in the day of Christ, ii. 16. To be with Christ, i. 23.

127. That of the Syro-Phœnician woman, as recorded in Matthew xv. 21—28.

128. Rom. xiv. 14, 15, 21. "I know and am persuaded by the Lord Jesus, that there is nothing unclean of itself . . . . . But if thy brother be grieved with thy meat, now walkest thou not charitably. Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died. It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." 1 Cor. x. 23, 24. "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient; all things are lawful for me, but all things edify not. Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth." 1 Cor. viii. 13. "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

129. John xi. 51, 52 . . . . "Jesus should die for that nation; and not for that nation only, but also that he should gather together in one the children of God that were scattered abroad." 1 John ii. 2. "He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world."

130. Seven.—Mark i. 21–29; John v. 9; Matt. xii. 9–13; John ix. 14; Luke xiii. 14; Luke xiv. 1.

131. Hebrews xii. 21. "I exceedingly fear and quake."

132. In 2 Peter iii. 16, the apostle speaks of those who wrested some things in St. Paul's epistles, "as they do *other* Scriptures."

133. Romans viii. 14. "As many as are *led by the Spirit of God*, they are the sons of God."

134. In the case of Zaccheus, as recorded in Luke xix. 1–10.

135. St. Paul. Galatians iii. 8.

136. John xiii. 35. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

137. Proverbs xxiv. 11, 12. "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? And he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? And shall not he render to every man according to his works?"

138. Leviticus xix. 17. "Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him."

139. Gal. vi. 1. "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one *in the spirit of meekness*, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

140. Matthew xxii. 31, 32. "Have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead, but of the living."

141. It came from heaven. See Lev. ix. 24.

142. In the case of Balaam: Numbers xxii. 22—34. "The dumb ass speaking with man's voice forbad the madness of the prophet." 2 Pet. ii. 16.

143. Proverbs xxii. 6. "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

Pages for the Young.

AUNT CLARA'S STORY;

OR,

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

FLORENCE and Ellen were sisters: they were blessed with pious and tender parents, who took great pains to teach them to fear God and to behave kindly to each other. But these little sisters had naughty hearts, like other children—like each of you, my dear little readers; they needed to be washed in the blood of Jesus, and to have new natures given them by the Holy Spirit, before they could really know how to please God and keep his commandments. They often forgot what they had been told about God's eye watching them every moment, and sometimes they did not remember to ask God to help them to do right, and then they were sure to fall into trouble. They did not always behave to each other as kindly as little sisters should. Florence was rather too fond of having her own way, and of making Ellen give up to her in everything, and Ellen was apt to be fretful, and to cry passionately if hurt or teased. These disputes happened very often, and made them much less happy children than if they had dwelt in love, spoiling many a pleasure which would otherwise have afforded them great enjoyment. I am now going to tell you of a lesson they received, which they never afterwards forgot.

It was Ellen's birthday—a beautiful day in July—and it had been promised that they should spend it in the country, at Aunt Clara's pretty cottage. Nurse walked over with them early in the morning, and the little girls were so full of glee and spirits, at the idea of a day spent with Aunt Clara, who loved them dearly, and always knew how to make them happy, that they could scarcely contain themselves. She received them very kindly; and, as it was Ellen's birthday, gave her a beautiful book full of pictures and stories. The little girl was of course delighted, and Florence was almost as much pleased as her sister.

After breakfast Aunt Clara went into the greenhouse to water her flowers, leaving her nieces to amuse themselves in the pleasant breakfast parlour. For a time they were very quiet, but she was sorry to hear them presently begin to dispute as usual; as the greenhouse door was open, she could see and hear all that passed.

"It's mine; it's mine; you sha'n't have it; let go directly, I say."

"No, I won't; you *shall* let me look."

"Be quiet, then," screamed Ellen; "or you'll tear the cover off."

But Florence would not yield, and being the stronger of the two, forcibly snatched the book from her sister, who struggled violently to retain her treasure; so that, in the contention, the elegant binding was sadly defaced, the back broken, and several of the leaves and pictures torn out. When Florence saw what she had done, she became quiet, for she felt ashamed of her violence, as well as afraid of the punishment which she knew she deserved; but Ellen began to cry passionately, and to exclaim, "Oh, my book, my beautiful book, Aunt Clara's present; oh, what shall I do!"

So loudly did she sob and cry, that she did not know any one had come into the room, and started when she heard a voice behind her say, "What's the matter Ellie, darling?"

She turned quickly round, and seeing her aunt close beside her, exclaimed, amidst tears and sobs—

"Oh, Aunt Clara, it's torn, it's torn!"

"What is torn, Ellie?" asked Aunt Clara, taking the weeping child in her arms, and seating her in her lap.

"My book," sobbed Ellie, "my beautiful book; *your* book, Aunt Clara."

"Well, don't cry so, darling; perhaps I can mend it; where is it?—let me look."

Ellen dropped the folds of her frock, which she had wrapped round the volume, and said, "Oh no, you can't, Aunt Clara, it's all to pieces—only see!"

Aunt Clara saw at once the hopelessness of the case, and felt very sorry for her little niece.

"How did it happen, Ellie? tell me all about it, darling," said Aunt Clara, kindly; for though she had seen the whole disaster, she knew the children were not aware she had been observing them, and she wished to hear Ellen's account of the matter.

"Florence wanted to take it away, Aunt Clara, and when I wouldn't let her have it, she snatched it and tore it like this," said Ellen, beginning to cry again.

"It was Ellen's fault as much as mine," said Florence, sullenly; "I only wanted to look at a picture, and if she hadn't pulled it away, the book wouldn't have been hurt."

"Florence," said Aunt Clara, very gravely, "do not deny your fault, instead of confessing it. I was in the greenhouse and *saw* you snatch the book with great violence from Ellen, and I am afraid you even struck her to make her give it up."

Florence's cheeks grew crimson, and her eyes filled with tears, when her aunt said this; but she made no answer.

"I am shocked and grieved, my dear child," Aunt Clara went on, "to see that you still indulge such selfish and evil tempers. I am afraid you do not pray that the Holy Spirit may be sent into your heart, to fill you with love, and to make you gentle and kind. Do you not remember that Jesus said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another?" Oh, how much happier would you and Ellen be, if you dwelt in love, instead of quarrelling and teasing one another, as you so often do."

"Aunt Clara," said little Ellen, "did *you* ever know any little children who never quarrelled, and who always lived in love?"

"Yes," said Aunt Clara, "I did; and I will tell you a story about them, to show you what a sweet and beautiful thing it is to see children love one another, and how very happy it makes them."

"When I lived in Edinburgh, some years ago, I was acquainted with a widow lady named Mrs. Graeme; she had two sweet little boys, called Ernest and Bertram. Ernest was ten and little Bertie only seven, when first I knew them. I often met them in my walks long before I knew their names, and, indeed, scarcely a day passed without my seeing them, as they usually went by my window on their way to school. I was first attracted

towards them by observing the great affection of Ernest for his little brother. He would carry his books, and carefully protect him from being pushed or trodden upon, always making him walk on the side of the path farthest from the road, as if fearful of his brother being exposed to any danger, which he did not hesitate to brave for himself. One day, little Bertie was greatly terrified by a drove of unruly cows. Ernest vainly tried to pacify him, but Bertie would not listen, and only screamed the louder. 'They'll eat us; they'll eat us.' 'Look here, Bertie,' exclaimed Ernest, 'you stand there,' pushing him as he spoke close to the railings and placing himself before him; 'now they can't touch you; they *must* kill me first; but I don't think they will, for God will take care of us; and if they do, never mind—I shall only go to heaven the sooner.'

"As my window was open, I heard every word of this dialogue, and seeing that there really was cause for alarm, I called the children, who gladly took shelter in my parlour until the streets were quiet again. I was much struck by the beautiful faith and love displayed in Ernest's words and conduct, and I felt sure they could only come from a heart in which the Holy Spirit dwelt; for he, you know, my children, must come into our souls before we can be really good and gentle like Christ our Saviour.

"In the afternoon, Mrs. Graeme called to thank me for the protection I had given her children. I related what I had seen and heard, and she, in reply, assured me that it was only such behaviour as she had frequently observed in Ernest. 'I often tremble,' she said, 'as I look upon him, and listen to his gentle words, and watch his sweet unselfish ways. He seems so ripe for heaven, so full of love to his heavenly Father and his Saviour, that I am sure we shall never keep him long!' I then noticed the great affection which he displayed towards his little brother. 'Yes,' replied Mrs. Graeme, 'it is truly wonderful; I am never afraid of letting Bertie go anywhere if Ernest is with him, for I well know he would brave any danger to shelter his brother.' She then related several interesting anecdotes of Ernest, which you shall hear some other day, for I have not time to tell them to you now.

"After this, I became very well acquainted with my little friends and their mamma. Ernest and Bertie always nodded and smiled as they passed my window, at which I regularly seated myself with my work after breakfast. One morning, about six months after I had first spoken to them, Ernest passed alone; he did not look up as usual, but walked very slowly, holding his pocket handkerchief to his eyes, as if crying bitterly. I felt very sorry to see this, for I feared little Bertie might be ill, and I knew how much that would grieve his fond brother. I anxiously watched for Ernest's return in the middle of the day, but he did not come. Alarmed at this, I resolved, immediately after dinner, to call upon Mrs. Graeme. When I reached the house, the servant, in reply to my question, Is your mistress at home? answered that she was, but could not receive visitors. Finding it difficult to understand the girl, who spoke in the broadest accent I had ever heard, I gave her my card, requesting her to carry it to her mistress, and to say that I should be glad to speak with her, if only for a moment. She then asked me to walk into the drawing-room, while she took my message up-stairs.

"In a few minutes my poor friend came to me, pale, agitated, worn out with weeping, and scarcely able to speak. She grasped my hand, and with a choking effort, exclaimed at last, 'Oh, my sweet Bertie!' 'What has happened to him?' I asked, almost in terror, for I felt sure that something very dreadful had occurred; he is not dead? 'Not dead,' she almost shrieked; 'but, oh, I would almost rather look upon him if he were than as he lies now.' I became alarmed at the wildness of her manner, and said everything I could think of to soothe her. Presently she grew calmer, and was able at length to tell me that, on the evening before, Ernest and Bertie had been to drink tea with some little companions, at the house of a lady who was extremely fond of them. Among other pleasures, she had provided a swing placed between two tall trees in the garden. Poor little Bertie had never been accustomed to the amusement, and had fallen out of the swing, from a great height, upon the gravel walk beneath. He was taken up quite senseless; and every effort to restore him proving vain, he was, at last, brought home to her, apparently dead. Two physicians had been called in, and though they did not say the case was hopeless, feared the brain and spine had received very severe injury. He had neither moved nor spoken since the accident, but lay in a death-like stupor, from which nothing seemed able to arouse him. Of course, I wept much, on hearing this sad tale. I did not ask to see him, for Mrs. Graeme had said the physicians had declared the most unbroken quiet absolutely necessary. As I rose to go, for I felt that I could not detain her from her child's sick bed, I inquired for Ernest. 'Oh, it is heart-breaking to see him,' sobbed the afflicted mother; 'he seems inconsolable, but he does not show his grief as children of his age usually do. When told by Dr. H. that he must not remain in his brother's room, he neither murmured nor wept, but he has looked so inexpressibly wretched ever since, yet so patiently, so sweetly resigned, that it distracts me to see him, and I sent him to school for the whole day, hoping that occupation and change of scene might be of service, for I cannot attend to him now; and, as poor little Bertie is quite unconscious of those about him, it is useless to expose dear Ernest to the misery of watching his helpless suffering. My sweet boy submitted without a murmur, and kissed me with a look that wrung my heart—only begging that I would let him know how darling Bertie was, in the course of the day. I promised; but, really, I scarcely know how I shall be able to keep my word, for both my servants are so occupied that I cannot tell how to spare either for a moment.' I offered to be the bearer of any message; my friend gladly accepted the proposal, and the physician entering a few minutes afterwards, I took my leave."

[To be continued.]

THE PELICAN.

"MAMMA, a story once I heard
Of one fond, self-devoted bird,
Who for her young, by hunger prest,
Will plunge her beak into her breast,
And pour from thence her warm heart's blood,
To still their famish'd cries for food.
I wonder if such tale be true;
I cannot think it is, can you?"

"No, it is only fiction, dear;
Yet may we find a moral here,
If it but serve us to remind
Of One more pitiful and kind,
Who bids us on his flesh to feed,
And says his blood is drink indeed.
Oh look upon his pierced side,
Whence flows for you that crimson tide:
Behold the nails and cruel thorn
With which his head and feet are torn.
In *this* no fable we behold;
Here all is true we *can* be told.
Think what a ransom it has cost
To save our souls from being lost!"

ELLEN ROBERTS.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE SWEDISH PRISONERS ON THE WAY TO TOBOLSK.

THE TOBOLSK SCHOOL.

PART II.

THE preparations for removal to Tobolsk, to which reference was made at the close of the previous chapter, was almost an impossibility, for the allowance to the poor captives by the Russian government was a mere pittance, and those of the prisoners who received money assistance from home, formed a small minority; so that the long journey was commenced under feelings of universal despondency.

From various towns and villages on their route, accessions of prisoners were successively made to their ranks, all destined for the Siberian capital. Nor was it long ere the mode of their weary journey was changed (we cannot say relieved) by the land march being exchanged for a voyage on the river Wiatka (one of the many streams which take their rise in the Ural mountains), as far as the city of Solikamskoy. Peasants were ordered to row the prisoners, in light boats, from station to station; but the impoverished officers gladly took this severe labour on themselves, whenever the peasants would consent to relinquish the payment they were to receive, in their favour. On reaching the Ural district, the boats required to be

No. 67.—PUBLISHED AUGUST 9, 1855. PRICE ONE PENNY.

dragged forward by horses; but even here many officers petitioned to be allowed to make the further journey on foot, and to appropriate to themselves the money allowed by government for furnishing horses to the additional number of boats their conveyance would have rendered necessary.

But this want-suggested undertaking, though preferred as a lesser evil, was beset with many unforeseen difficulties and hardships. Clouds of mosquitoes fell upon the poor captives. The boats were old and leaky, and often required to be pulled by main force over the impediments which frequently presented themselves in the shallow sluggish stream; and from aiding in such labours the foot travellers were not exempted. Beasts of prey disturbed their sleep, however way-worn and weary they were, and appalling were the gloom and darkness of the primeval forests, through which the Wiatka slowly wound its way.

At length, after eight days of weary and continuous travel, the wanderers emerged once more into the light of an open and inhabited district. Few and wide apart were the villages by which their road lay; but their poor inhabitants evinced much friendliness towards the wretched wayfarers, even sharing with them such provisions as they possessed. These were indeed of the most primitive description, consisting chiefly of the seeds of the cedar, a very small kernel found in the cones, and forming, when freshly gathered and roasted, a species of food which the inhabitants of that wild region regard as nourishing as well as palatable.

In Solikamskoy, the prisoners were so fortunate as to find a compassionate commandant, who benevolently lent them money, and made what arrangements he could for lightening the hardships of their further journey, which was now continued by land, and proved no less fatiguing than their previous one; until at length, on the 24th of August, they arrived, in tolerable health, at their final destination, Tobolsk. Their division, which had gathered like a snowball in its course, then presented a motley mixture, consisting of officers of all grades, commissariat officials, military chaplains, and private soldiers. These last, however, were soon dispersed among various smaller towns, where they were set to work in the iron mines. The officers were indeed spared this humiliation and drudgery; but they and their families were abandoned to all the miseries attendant on poverty and want of occupation.

The necessity to which they were thus reduced became, however, to the Swedish captives the mother of more than "invention," namely, of a high, holy, and enduring benefit. For, whilst a very few remained wedded to their old accustomed vices, or sauntered about in listless idleness, there was awakened, in the most widely-severed places, and among the most unconnected individuals, an almost simultaneous longing after the salvation of Christ. The subjects of this change of mind naturally spoke with each other concerning the state of their hearts and feelings; they next formed themselves into little societies for prayer and reading; and the letters which from that time emanated from those captive freedmen bear affecting testimony to the bliss-giving powers of Divine grace over the heart of man, whatever may be his outward circumstances.

This effusion of the Spirit was not, at the first, either shared or understood by the chaplains, who seem rather to have stood in doubt of its source, and to have mistrusted its effects. They were, in fact, though good and sincere men, too much encased in the buckram orthodoxy of that period to be able to reconcile themselves at once to so irregular and *ex cathedra* an excitement. But by degrees they, too, caught the flame, and joyfully linked themselves with the ever-extending bond of supplications and prayers, by which the captives were bound to each other, and in the exercise of which they increasingly felt that all their need was more than supplied by God's riches in Christ Jesus. Indeed von Wreech more than once declared, in reference to this period: "The benefit which the Lord has bestowed on us by bringing us into such straits is incalculable, even apart from all consideration of the collateral blessing which the awakened exiles became to the land of their captivity."

A genuine, and for the world a still more convincing, evidence of their spiritual elevation was furnished by the unwearied, self-sacrificing diligence manifested by the new converts, in endeavouring to supply their own wants and those of others. Officers of high rank might be seen working as journeymen or apprentices with their former subordinates; and the most nobly born were not ashamed of any species of work by which an honest livelihood could be obtained; while in default of such, they preferred living, in times of dire extremity, on what they could gather in the woods or procure by hunting wild beasts, (whose skins could occasionally be well disposed of,) to putting in a claim to the aid of the benevolent. What in earlier, happier days had served to while away an idle hour, was now frequently resorted to as a means of procuring the necessaries of life; and many a precious ornament, composed of mammoth tooth and gold, fabricated by the high-born and the tenderly-nurtured, made its way to Moscow, and was well paid for by the rich of the land, though, alas! the middle-man, who carried it thither, derived the chief profit.

Those who found sedentary employment uncongenial or injurious, perambulated the country in all directions; examined the strata of its mountains; explored its forests; navigated its rivers; made their way into the dwellings of various isolated tribes; hunted and fished with them, learned their languages, and made notes of what they saw and heard among them; acquiring by such means no inconsiderable acquaintance with parts of the empire, of which the Russians themselves had little or no knowledge. The description given by those early investigators of the Siberian nations differ, however, in no essential point from those furnished by modern travellers. Nor need this surprise us; for, alas! Christianity, the unfailing harbinger of civilisation, is, among the poor fishermen or woodmen of these regions, limited, even up to the present hour, to the act of crossing themselves, according to the Greek ritual, while no small proportion of the interior is inhabited by Tartars, who hold firmly to the doctrines of Mohammed.

When von Wreech had been but a very few weeks in Tobolsk, he was strongly urged by a captain of dragoons, who was reduced to the utmost state of destitution, to undertake the tuition of his son, a boy of seven years, the officer adding that both he and his wife felt such confidence in von Wreech, from what they had seen of him during the journey, that they were sure their child could not possibly be in better hands. On the other hand, an officer who at the time shared his room with him, said everything he could to dissuade him from accepting what he regarded as a proposition derogatory to von Wreech's social position. But he replied, *that* argument could have no weight with him, since he was firmly resolved, by God's grace, no longer to permit pride to regulate his actions, and that his chief desire was to be useful to his fellow men. He, accordingly, took the child, and gave it not only instruction, but board and lodging.

The very first lesson, however, showed him how deficient he himself was, in all the rudiments of religious knowledge. He found, to his surprise, that even the phraseology of Luther's Smaller Catechism had been but imperfectly learned by him in youth, far less that its full meaning had been ever comprehended by him; further, that of the contents of the Bible he was far from being master, having, alas! never read it through but once in his life, and that since he had been taken prisoner.

These discoveries of his spiritual wants drove him to the throne of grace, and he agreed with his friend, Cornet Paul, to devote all his attention, for a time, to the historical parts of the Bible, in order to supply their deficiency in this branch of scriptural knowledge. By unwavering resolution and unrelaxed efforts they soon made advances; and now they associated with their Bible reading a diligent study of Spener's Catechism, a copy of which had also fortunately reached Siberia in the possession of one of the prisoners.

The boy's parents were highly satisfied with his progress; and as new prisoners arrived almost monthly at Tobolsk, bringing children in their train, who became candidates for instruction, the labours of these devoted teachers held full pace with their encouragement. But trust in the Lord was their strength! Very soon, not content with imparting school instruction, they began to assemble the adult prisoners about them several times a week, and read to them either a sermon, or some other edifying religious publication. This, as matter of course, gave rise to opposition, and drew on them no small share of reproach and derision from one portion of their fellow-prisoners.

The year 1713 witnessed new and important phases in the history of the Swedish captivity. Not only did the school progress by the accession of children, but it now numbered among its inmates many adults of the lower class, some of whom received both board and lodging; at the same time the number of the voluntary instructors was necessarily proportionally increased. But the strongest impetus was given to it in this year by a very remarkable correspondence, which commenced between the Swedish captives and some German Protestants in the service of Russia—a correspondence the consolatory benefit of which was strongly felt by both parties at the time, but the full extent of whose blessings it is probably left for eternity to disclose. It took its rise in a letter from von Wreech to his wife, which, as it must needs, in conformity with government regulations, pass through the hands of Colonel von Isendorf in Moscow, was read by that officer, in his official capacity, and its perusal made so deep an impression on him, that he immediately wrote to von Wreech, expressing the joy he felt over his spiritual state, and entreating the favour of his correspondence.

"Would that," writes the colonel, "I could daily receive such letters as yours! for it is a real soul-refreshment to be permitted to note the workings of Divine grace, and many Christian friends here have rejoiced with me in the grace of God which hath been given you, and which you so movingly depict in your letter to your beloved wife. I would gladly learn if there be with you many like-minded with us; many who have received God's Spirit into their hearts, and submitted to his holy operations and guidance."

This letter from Colonel von Isendorf was accompanied by a small book by Professor

Francke of Halle, exciting to a *union* of efforts (an evangelical alliance, in short,) for the extension of the kingdom of God; and this again stirred up the captive Swedes to write to Francke, expressing, in terms of much simplicity and fervour, their gratitude for the edification and strength which all the writings of his that had come into their hands had afforded them; "and while," say they, "we feel impelled to communicate to you also the saving power which God has displayed towards us, we further entreat you, and all Christian friends with you, to pray for us, that the Lord God may be graciously pleased to carry on and complete his own work among us, so that our whole number may be brought to believe and confess the truth, and thereby not only the God of all grace be glorified in all of us prisoners, but his holy name be extolled by those by whom we are held captive."

The Rev. Mr. Roloff, at that time pastor of the German Lutheran church in Moscow, and who appears to have been a man of great benevolence, activity, and zeal, undertook the forwarding of this letter to Halle, which, however, though it left Tobolsk in June, did not reach its destination until November.

Notwithstanding the almost overwhelming extent of Francke's duties, he did not forget his hapless Siberian correspondents, but replied at once, by a letter which, as well as several others that followed, is highly characteristic of this singularly devoted man. The joy of learning that even Siberia contained believers in the Lord Jesus seems to have inspired his pen with such love-breathing words, that it is impossible to read them without picturing to oneself the delight which the letter must have given to the exiles, when read in their assembly.

"God," he writes, "hath brought you low that he might exalt you. He suffered you to be overcome that he might make you more than conquerors, through the faith to which you have now attained, and which is 'the victory that overcometh the world.' He permitted you to be taken captive that he might make you truly free. He let you be sent into exile that you might be brought into your true fatherland. He sent you afar that you might learn to draw near to him. And then, oh! what an unspeakable blessing is it, that not to one and another merely, but to great numbers, in that distant and isolated region, God hath given one mind, to the acknowledgment of him that is true, even of his Son Jesus Christ, who is the true God and eternal life. Since, then, God hath already done such great things for you, in that he hath redeemed your souls from destruction and enlightened them with the light of life, oh! may he henceforth work all your work in you, and maintain in you the simplicity that is in Christ, even unto the end! May he soften the hearts of those in whose hands you are, that they may feel constrained to behave kindly and friendlily towards you. May he further bless your teaching and example to those in whose houses you have been brought to dwell. Yea, may he render you a blessing to all Siberia and the surrounding countries, and use you, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, to bring very many captives to his feet. In fine, may he shelter you under the shadow of his wings, nor suffer you, although called to bear the cross, to feel the want of any good thing, but comfort you as one whom his mother comforteth. This is the prayer which is daily offered up for you by myself and others here, who have expressly commissioned me to greet you in their behalf, and to assure you of their fervent love towards you. Most cordially do I thank you for remembering me in your prayers, and entreat you to continue the same, and to commend the whole work of the Lord in this place to his gracious countenance. I would further beg you, so soon as this letter comes to hand, to write to me again, and communicate, in so far as such may be allowable, both your inward state and outward condition. And could you append thereto such information respecting Siberia and its adjacent regions as may have come to your knowledge, you will confer a great obligation on me and others of your Christian well-wishers. And now, commending you all to the inexpressible love and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I remain, dearly-loved and deeply-cherished friends,

"Your faithfully devoted in the Lord,

"Augustus Herman Francke.

"*Halle, 24th Nov.*, 1713."

This letter was closely followed by a second (in case the first might have miscarried), and the obtained permission to reply to it was gladly employed by von Wreech and his friends to send, in June 1714, a long and detailed answer, in which they not only gave the wished-for insight into their internal state and circumstances, but took occasion to extol the faithfulness and grace of God, as experienced by themselves and their companions scattered over Siberia.

"It was indeed," say they, "wholly impossible to resist the 'drawings' of Divine love which had been displayed towards each one among them in wondrous providential dealings. Some, who waited in longing expectation the arrival of promised remittances from home, had been left to experience daily disappointment, until they were brought to feel and confess themselves really poor, helpless, and dependent; and then, when their need was at the highest, God proved himself the nearest, by sending them help from the

most unlooked-for quarters, often employing those as succourers whom they had regarded as wholly destitute of all help for themselves."

The first six verses of the 85th Psalm, which had been sent them from Sweden as appropriate to their condition, and suggestive of the state of mind which God's judgments ought to produce, is mentioned by them as having been blessed to the awakening of many. Nor were they left without proof of God's remembering and protecting mercies, of which the letter records several examples.

"Once," it is related, "our lives hung upon a thread. A great fire broke out one night in Tobolsk, and some malicious persons raised the cry that the Swedish prisoners had kindled the fire in the hope of making their escape in the confusion. Several Russians kept running through the streets, shouting for vengeance on the incendiaries, and calling on every householder to murder the Swedes who were his inmates. Some of the prisoners were actually thus sacrificed; others fled wounded from their dwellings, pursued from place to place by the infuriated populace, and with difficulty escaped with life. Others were kept all night in terrified suspense, their landlords having locked the doors of their chambers upon them, and avowing their design of massacring them in the morning. It was a night of horror to all the prisoners, but proved one of blessing to not a few among them, who saw, on the return to reason on the part of the Russians, and their own consequent delivery from a terrible and unjust doom, proof that God is the hearer and answerer of prayer—a very present help in time of trouble—and that he can, whensoever he sees fit to interpose, still the most violent waves of popular tumult."

The impotence of self-devised rescue was, however, taught them in an equally striking manner. "Some of our comrades," proceeds the letter, "made an attempt to escape, and hid themselves in the forest, watching an opportunity for further flight. But they were all either killed by robbers, or so torn and terrified by wild beasts, that the survivors were fain to return, voluntarily, to the place of their exile and spiritual discipline."

In the summer of this year (1714) the newly established school of Tobolsk was threatened with an almost annihilating blow. A considerable number of the prisoners were removed from Tobolsk to Tomsk, a distance of three hundred German miles (or upwards of twelve hundred English), among whom were many of von Wreech's most intimate associates; and it was with the utmost difficulty that his own continuance in Tobolsk was accomplished.

Their journey to Tomsk proved to be one of great hardship and difficulty; but in the midst of it the travellers were enabled to record various proofs of the care and loving-kindness of their Father-God, who sustained their courage through many perils both felt and feared, and by whose providential aid they were almost miraculously fed in the wilderness. Fish and fowl were always found in sufficient abundance to supply their daily wants, and black currants, of the size of hazel nuts, which grew plentifully both in the forest and on the river's bank, afforded a deliciously cool refreshment. The idolatry of the Ost-Jackens, through whose country they were led, was a painful subject of contemplation to the Christian captives; "for," say they, in their account of their journey, "they have little images of all sorts, which they dress up and place in a small wooden house, and when they come to worship these they stand and whistle to them, as we do when we wish to call a dog to us. When they have been successful in fishing or hunting, they offer to their idols the *lucky* bows, arrows, nets, spears or clubs, binding them on a pole, which they set up in front of their idol-house. When some of our people who could speak Russian (with which language these idolatrous tribes are somewhat acquainted) told them that it was a sin to worship the work of their own hands, they replied that the great *good* Spirit did them neither good nor harm, but that the *Schaidan*, which is their name for the evil spirit, gave them whatever they desired of him. And although, when they called on him, he appeared in a terrible form, and often all in flames, so that they could scarcely look on him for fear, and remained for a while half dead, still they always received afterwards whatever they had asked from him."

HOW TO ENJOY SUNDAY.

My friend Mr. Shawse is now no more. He died of a good old age, and great lamentation was made at his burial. Well enough there might be; for he was a truly good man, and did much good. When such an one is taken out of the world, the world suffers a great loss. For a number of years he was engaged in the manufacture and sale of broad-cloths. His residence was in the west of England. When in that part of the country, I have often enjoyed his kind friendship, his Christian and intelligent conversation, and his liberal hospitality. During many visits at his domicile, I saw the man in nearly all his phases. I obtained a better insight into his character and ways than if I had only met with him in the "wide, wide world." He manifested the Christian everywhere, and at all times. Divine grace enabled

him to glorify God fully as much in the counting-house as at the prayer-meeting; in the mart of business as in the sanctuary; abroad as at home; in directing his workmen as in directing Sunday-school teachers. In every place, Christian principle in him was continually working for the glory of him whose name he bore, and whom he served with full purpose of heart. The Lord's day was specially prized by him, as well as thoroughly enjoyed. Knowing this, one time during my stay with him, I put the question—"How can a man of business be in the Spirit upon the Lord's day?" He at once gave me his plan for sanctifying the first day of the week. I felt much interested in it. I thought at the time that it was deserving of publicity for the use of all, but especially for those who sustained a similar position to his own. I intended to make it known, but my intention was at length effaced from the tablets of memory. His death reminded me of it, but again it was forgotten. Now, however, I proceed to fulfil my intention. Of course, at this distance of time, I can only give the outlines of the plan. The filling-up is partly from his account, and partly from my own observation of him.

In the first place, he told me that he always *anticipated* the Lord's day. As the Lord of the sabbath was continually placed before David's mind, so the sabbath itself, as well as its Lord, was perpetually before my friend's mental vision. He waited for its return, just like those who watch for the morning. He looked upon its return as the return of a special season, just as many people anticipate the return of the anniversary of a remarkable day in their personal or national history.

Mr. Shawse told me, also, that he *prepared* for the Lord's day. Of this I can speak from observation, having been more than once at his house on a Saturday evening. Unlike nearly all other business men at that time, his wages week began on Saturday morning and ended on Friday evening. Friday night was the time when he paid his men. Their wives, themselves, and others, therefore, had the whole of the following day to lay out their money for the wants of their households. They were, of course, without excuse for Sunday buying. They knew and felt this, and acted accordingly. The paying on Friday was a practical comment on their master's exhortations to them, to remember to keep the sabbath day holy. The practice, the exhortation, and the example of the principal, were not lost on the employed and their connexions; for, generally speaking, they ordered their footsteps aright on the day of rest. It is true, there were exceptions; but these were few in comparison with those that occurred at other mills, whose proprietors had but little regard for the sabbath. On Saturday my friend's mill was closed earlier than on any other day of the week. Generally at four o'clock in the afternoon the workmen ceased to labour; and therefore, if so disposed, especially in the summer, they had time for recreation, and rambling in the adjacent very beautiful district. After that time, scarcely a sound could be heard in the usually busy scene.

"How do you manage when you are unusually busy?" I once enquired.

"I manage just the same, and keep the same hour on Saturday; but then I require my men to be present one or two hours earlier in the morning," was the reply.

From the factory, where Mr. Shawse staid till all the rest were gone, on the Saturday, let us accompany him to his private residence, which was hard by. There we find preparations rapidly, but quietly, going on for the day of rest, so that by six o'clock in the evening all things were ready for the due observance of the coming day. Early in the evening, he and his family generally took a short walk, during which the conversation was of a spiritual or highly moral tone. Afterwards, he returned to bless his house. A Bible-class, consisting of all his household, then assembled; and when the lessons were gone through, the usual family worship was attended to. When this was over, a dispersion took place. The junior members went to bed. Some of the elder members betook themselves to reading; but their reading was of a decidedly religious kind, as secular works, especially newspapers, were scrupulously put aside until Monday morning. Others spent the evening in vocal and instrumental music. The domestic servants had scarcely anything else to do but to attend to their mistress's wish about reading their Bibles, or other good books, with which the kitchen was well supplied. The good man himself retired to his study, where he remained until the hour of rest. How he was employed the reader may readily imagine, from what has already been said, and from what I shall yet say respecting him. He was alone, communing with his God, and studying his God's wonderful book. Some parties, yes, and religious people too, who might have noticed my friend's movements, and the practices and arrangements of his household on a Saturday evening, might think that they were too stringent or particular. I tarry not to quibble with such. My duty, and their spiritual policy, is to imitate him, as far as he was guided by the unerring Guide, and as far as his practices brought forth the fruits of righteousness, which are by Christ Jesus, unto the praise and glory of God. If we do so, I think we shall not come far behind him in his sabbath day preparations.

In the next place, he told me *that he fully employed himself during the Lord's day.* Some Christian people are very negligent about active Christian duties on that day. The excuse of many is, that being so actively engaged during the week, they ought to rest on Sundays. In this way they seek to exempt themselves from active works of piety. My friend, I doubt not, was as active and as busy during the week as any of these excusing Christians; yet he did not seek to excuse himself on that account, but abounded in the work of the Lord on the Lord's day. Let us look at him as far as memory will guide us. As he closes the week, so he commences the next. The hours of prime he spends in his closet. At eight o'clock the different members of the household are summoned around the family altar; and breakfast follows. Immediately after, he starts for the school-room, which is about a mile off, in which children and teachers are appointed to meet at a quarter past nine o'clock. Of this school he is superintendent, which office he fulfils like a father, a Christian, and a man of business. The time for the morning service is now come, and he is seen to enter the place of worship. As soon as he gets home, his children gather around him to repeat the text, to rehearse the heads of the sermon, and to have the truths thereof further impressed on their memories by the salutary reflections of a Christian father. After that, *no dinner*, but a light luncheon. "What a strange thing this is," some may exclaim. Though a strange, I do not think it a trivial thing. It has more to do with our being in the Spirit on the Lord's day than most people are apt to imagine. Heavy, rich, and hot dinners are not very conducive to profitable and spiritual afternoon engagements. This my friend had long ago found out. Formerly, on Sunday, on account of the services, he and his were accustomed to have a cold but substantial mid-day meal, instead of partaking of their dinner at a later hour, as on other days. "And I ate as heartily, and enjoyed it as much, as I did my dinner at any other time," said my friend; "but latterly I have discontinued it, because I find it a weight upon my spiritual wings. Now I partake only of light food and a cup of tea, and those after-dinner sensations are unknown to me, and I feel thoroughly furnished for every good word and work." This is worthy of notice, and, say what you will, of imitation too. I know of many members of churches who completely unfit themselves for any afternoon duties by means of their over-full stomachs. It is hearty dinners that render afternoon services so unprofitable.

The middle of the afternoon found Mr. Shawse at the school-room again. When he had settled the school, if any of the teachers were absent, he took a class; if not, whilst the teaching was going on, he made a few visits to the sick chamber, whence he returned to address and dismiss the school. From the school-room, without going home, he started for a village three or four miles distant, where he had to engage in some spiritual occupations. Although he had several horses in his stables, he would not make use of one for this journey, for he objected to their being had out at all on the day of rest. "They work hard during the week," he used to say, "and they want rest just as much as we do;" indeed, he believed that the sabbath was made for the brute as well as for the human creature. He always made it a point to get back home again at or before nine o'clock, at which time his household met together for Bible reading and prayer. After this, he rested from his labours for the day, and no doubt his works followed him. "Yes," said he to me, "the few minutes which I spend on the sofa after family worship is over, and which I employ in meditating upon the duties and privileges of the day now closing, are some of the very happiest which I have ever enjoyed, or which I expect to enjoy, until the momentary is exchanged for the eternal sabbath."

And, lastly, Mr. Shawse told me that *he endeavoured to remember the events of the Lord's day during the week.* The first thing which he did on Monday morning, was to take a full survey of the past day. He recounted all the incidents thereof, and treasured them up in his mind. He thus had a vivid remembrance of the bygone day. This served him as a light to his path. It influenced him in all his succeeding actions. Although the sabbath was gone, its influence was still abiding. He sanctified the sabbath, and the sanctified sabbath enabled him to sanctify the week. Did his minister preach from the text—"Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God"—he recollected it, and bore in mind that the spiritual privileges which he enjoyed through our Lord Jesus Christ should influence his mind and his conduct whilst engaged in the duties of life; so that, whilst diligent in business he might be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Did he press upon the attention of his family the important doctrine of justification by faith, of which they had heard so much in the morning? Then he thought that he ought to show to them, and indeed to all other persons with whom he came in contact, that being justified he was also sanctified, and that this faith worketh by love unto the praise and glory of Him who had called him out of nature's darkness into grace,

and life, and liberty. In this way did he bring home to his soul the different truths, duties, and events of the day. In this way he did good and obtained good, amidst all the succeeding duties of the succeeding days. In this way was he in the Spirit upon the Lord's day.

He was a burning and shining light! He is gone, it is true, but his example still remains. He is dead, but I have written concerning him for your benefit. He is in his tomb, whence the voice comes, "Be ye followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." His voice can be heard no more; but another and infinitely mightier voice still cries to thee, oh reader: "If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure upon my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

SELDEN'S DYING TESTIMONY.

It is recorded of the great Selden, whom Grotius styled "the glory of England," that in the near view of his death, he requested an interview with archbishop Usher, with whom he freely conversed respecting the ground of his hope. He said that he had in his library books and manuscripts on almost all the subjects which engaged the attention of literary men, but that out of such a number, there was only one which could afford support to his mind, and that was the word of God; and that the particular portion of the inspired volume which had most interested him was in Paul's Epistle to Titus: "The grace of God, that bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." These words are indeed very remarkable. What fine views of Christianity do they present to us!—of its origin, its progress, and its consummation; of the personal dignity, important office, and the great work of its author; the one great design of his atoning sacrifice; the distinguishing character of his disciples, and of the means by which their character is formed.

Poetry.

THE SABBATH.

"If from the day of rest
Thou turn thy foot away,
And call my sacred sabbath blest,
A holy day;

If thou shalt honour Me,
Directed by my will,
And from thy heart unswervingly
My law fulfil;

Then shall thy daystar dawn,
Thy health spring speedily,
As when the cheerful light of morn
Bids darkness flee."

The sabbath is a day
On which to cast each care
On Him who loves to hear us pray
And grant our prayer.

A time to search our heart;
A time to try our ways;
A time to choose the better part;
A time to praise;

A time our God to meet;
To take, in earnest prayer,
A promise to the mercy-seat,
And plead it there.

A time to seek and see
Another Pentecost;
Humbly to claim on bended knee
The Holy Ghost.

A time to read the word,
To hide it in our hearts;
A time at which our bounteous Lord
Fresh grace imparts.

A time for saints to prove
Their faith, their hope, the same;
And glorify by mutual love
Their Master's name.

To consecrate anew
The powers which God has given;
To gain a juster, clearer view
Of earth and heaven.

To tell those souls his love
Who never knew his voice,
While angels, in the realms above,
With us rejoice.

A time more meet to grow,
That sabbath day to spend,
Which, free from sin, and pain, and woe,
Shall never end!

FRANK.

TO THE CISTUS, OR LITTLE SUN-FLOWER.

Thou hast fulfill'd thine end, sweet flower,
And well perform'd thy little hour;
Thy bosom to the morning spread,
Turning where'er the sun has led.
Sweet lesson to the Christian mind,
That would its true precursor find,
The Sun of Righteousness, who shows,
That rest in which our day shall close.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

WHAT CAN I DO?

Counsels to those who wish religious impressions deepened.

1. You can deliberately make up your mind as to the duty of attending to the subject of religion at this time. Count the cost of doing it. (Luke xiv. 25-33.) And determine, as the grace of God may enable you, whether you will from this time make it your paramount concern to seek an interest in the blood of Christ, and to serve him.

2. You can faithfully exert yourself to put away all known sin. You may be free from gross vices, but you cannot be free from sin. You may be proud or vain, ambitious, passionate, petulant, resentful, avaricious, deceitful, censorious, or addicted to levity and foolish jesting.* You may have slidden into unworthy practices in your business. You may be excessively fond of gay amusements and the frivolities of fashionable life. You may be chargeable with the habitual desecration of the sabbath; at least, in the way of neglecting its ordinances. It is impossible to cover this ground by an enumeration of specific sins. But take the decalogue, and with the assistance of any good exposition (such as the commentaries and catechisms supply), endeavour to discover to what sins you are prone. And looking upward for help, begin at once to forsake and watch against them. Many persons appear to suppose that it will be time enough to put away their sins, and discharge every known duty, after they shall have become Christians. This is not the way to be saved. "Turn yourselves, and live ye." Ezek. xviii. 32. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Isaiah lv. 7. The first thing to be done is to forsake your evil ways, and even your evil thoughts. Any unwillingness to do this may well lead you to distrust your own sincerity in professing a desire to enter upon a religious life. There is no more decisive characteristic of one who is really "striving to enter in at the strait gate," than a careful and humble watching against all sin, whether in thought, word, or deed.

3. As closely allied to the counsel just given, you can, to a considerable extent at least, avoid scenes and associations which are hostile to serious reflection. Religious thoughtfulness is too much an exotic in your breast, to thrive without being sheltered and nurtured. It may be impaired, and possibly extinguished, by frivolous talking, by gay amusements, by light reading. Nay, the very shame of the cross, and the stifling of convictions (Mark viii. 38; John xii. 42, 43), may efface your impressions.

4. While shunning these adverse influences, you can court those of an opposite character, which will fortify you in your good purposes, and aid you in your efforts. Pre-eminent among these are the services of the sanctuary, both on the sabbath and during the week. I mention the last, because of the repugnance you may have felt to going to a weekly lecture or prayer-meeting. There is a feeling on this point among many persons, as irrational as it is pernicious. You certainly, if you are in earnest in seeking your salvation, will not disparage these social religious meetings. You will gladly avail yourself of the valuable assistance you can derive from them, in the way of subduing the worldliness of your spirit, emancipating you from the bondage of things visible and transitory, and bringing you into a closer fellowship with Christian ordinances and Christian people. It is well to breathe the atmosphere of a house of prayer. It is in the sanctuary, too, that God's truth is published and explained; and there the omnipotent Spirit most frequently works his miracles of mercy, in the conversion and salvation of sinners.

5. You can devote a portion of every day to the devout reading of the Scriptures and other religious books. Of such vital importance is this, that it would be impossible to insist upon it too strongly. It was by the study of the Bible he found in the convent of Erfurt, that Luther was gradually led into the truth, and so,

* "Foolish jesting." It is not sufficiently considered how hostile this habit is to serious reflection. There are persons who make it their vocation to say witty things. They are looked to in all companies to make the fun. Like the king's fool at the ancient courts, they are expected to turn everything into ridicule; and, conscious of their calling, they are perpetually essaying puns and pleasantries. Not to comment on this practice, as a matter of *taste*, about which opinions might differ, there can be no question that it is most unfriendly to religious thoughtfulness. The individual who is so unfortunate as to be addicted to it, will find it a great impediment to his salvation. His good purposes will speedily succumb to his levity; and he may barter his soul for the paltry reputation of a humorist.

in the end, equipped for the reformation. The Rev. Thomas Scott, the commentator, whose praise is in all the churches, commenced his ministry in the established church of England as a decided Socinian. And it was through the blessing of God on his private study of the Scriptures that he became, some years after, an able expounder and defender of the faith he had once destroyed. The "FORCE OF TRUTH," the narrative in which he has portrayed the struggles of his powerful intellect, in escaping from the bondage of error, is one of the most interesting and instructive books of our Christian literature, and you would do well to read it. The radiant career of Mr. Wilberforce, as a Christian statesman, is to be traced, under God, (remotely, at least,) to his perusal of the Greek Testament with his friend, the Rev. Isaac Milner, as they travelled together from England to Nice. Still more remarkable was the conversion of Augustine. In the spring of the year 372, being then thirty-one years of age, he one day entered his garden near Milan, in great distress of mind. The sins of his youth—a youth spent in impiety and debauchery—weighed heavily upon his conscience.

"I prostrated myself," he says, "under a fig-tree, and with tears bursting out, I spake to this effect: 'How long, Lord? wilt thou be angry for ever? Remember not my old iniquities. (For I perceived myself entangled by them.) How long shall I say, to-morrow? Why should not this hour put an end to my slavery?' Thus I spoke and wept in the bitterness of my soul; and I heard a voice, as from a neighbouring house, repeating frequently, '*Tolle, lege! Tolle, lege!*' (Take, and read! Take, and read!) I paused, and began to think whether I ever had heard boys use such a speech in any play, and could recollect nothing like it. I then concluded that I was ordered from heaven to take up the book, and read the first sentence I cast mine eyes upon. I returned hastily to the place where Alypius was sitting; for there I had placed the book of St. Paul's Epistles. I seized it, opened, and read what first struck my eyes:—'Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying: but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.' Nor did I choose to read anything more, nor had I occasion. Immediately, at the end of this sentence, all my doubts vanished. I closed the book, and, with a tranquil countenance, gave it to Alypius. He begged to see what I had read. I showed him it, and he read still further, 'Him that is weak in the faith receive ye;' which he applied to himself, as he told me. With a placid serenity and composure, suitable to his character, in which he far excelled me, he joined with me in going to my mother, who now triumphed in the abundant answers given to her petitions. Thus didst thou turn her mourning into joy."

The morning star had risen in his heart. "Jesus had conquered; and the grand career of Augustine, the holiest of the fathers, thus commenced. A passage of God's word had kindled that glorious luminary, which was to enlighten the church for ten centuries; and whose beams gladden her even to this present day. After thirty-one years of revolt, of combats, of falls, of misery—faith, life, eternal peace, came to this erring soul; a new day, an eternal day, came upon it." *

The case of Augustine may be less to our purpose than others, but they all illustrate the importance of a diligent study of the Scriptures. The entrance of God's word giveth light. The Holy Scriptures are able to make thee "wise unto salvation." You will not study them in vain. Let your reading for the present be chiefly in the New Testament, with the book of Psalms. You will probably find it profitable to take up one of the Gospels, say the Gospel of John, and read it continuously. In connexion with it, read some of the Epistles, say Philippians, Hebrews, 1 Peter and 1 John; and then other portions, both of the New Testament and the Old. A judicious commentary, like that of Scott, or Henry, may be of essential service to you. And whether you use a commentary or not, the examination of parallel passages, as indicated in the reference Bibles, will throw a great deal of light on the sacred text, and present familiar truths to your mind in new and engaging aspects.

With the reading of the Scriptures, you should have in hand some other suitable books. I know of none more appropriate than those mentioned in a former chapter. To these may be added, the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Newton's Letters," Jay's "Morning and Evening Exercises," "Baxter's Call," and his "Saint's Rest," Dr. J. W. Alexander's "Thoughts on Family Worship," James's "Anxious Inquirer," Henry's "Anxious Inquirer," "Memoir of Dr. Gordon; or, the Christian Philosopher triumphing over Death," and the lives of Luther, Bunyan, Henry Martyn, Wilberforce, Hannah More, Alexander, Payson, Neff, M'Cheyne, and others of kindred character. Books of this sort will be almost certain to fix your attention: your mind will be kept in contact with religion; and the more you read, the more will your feelings become enlisted in the subject.

6. You can confide your views to some kind and judicious Christian friend—and with great

* Gaussen.

advantage. This is a point where many stumble. A sinful pride puts them upon concealing their thoughtfulness until they shall have become established in the hope of the gospel; then they mean to lay aside all disguise. The too common effect of this is, to smother and destroy their seriousness altogether. You surely have some friend in whom you can trust—your pastor, if no one else; and you could not gratify him more than by going to him on such an errand. Give him the opportunity, and he will explain many things which may perplex you. He will point out your mistakes and dangers. He will sympathize with you in your trials and temptations. And, although he can do nothing effectual for you, but simply say, with John the Baptist, "BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD, WHICH TAKETH AWAY THE SIN OF THE WORLD!" yet he may do this in such a way as shall, by the Divine blessing, greatly help you in finding the road to the cross.

7. I wave various other points, to say, in conclusion, you can pray. Among the promises connected with prayer, that of the Spirit's influences is pre-eminent. (See Luke xi. 13). As there is no blessing we so much need, so there is none which is so freely promised. Let this be your encouragement. The Holy Spirit can do for you all that you require. He can remove all your difficulties on points of doctrine. He can guide you into the truth. He can resolve all your questions of duty. He can preserve you from self-deception. He can awaken in your breast an ingenuous sorrow for sin. He can take away your heart of stone, and give you a heart of flesh. He can unveil to you the glorious character of the Redeemer, and lead you, a willing and joyful captive, to his feet. He can transform you into a new creature in Christ Jesus, make you as holy as you have been corrupt, prepare you for heaven, and bring you there. Are not these blessings worth praying for?*

ELIZABETH FRY.

"Strong in the spirit of compassionate love, and of that charity that hopeth all things and believeth all things, she set herself earnestly and humbly to that arduous and revolting task, in which her efforts have been so singularly blessed and effectual; and we seem to relieve our own hearts of their share of national gratitude, in thus placing on her simple and modest brow that truly civic crown, which far outshines the laurels of conquest or the coronals of power; and can only be outshone itself by those wreaths of imperishable glory which await the champions of faith and charity in a higher state of existence."

MOST persons have heard of Earlham Hall, yet many of those to whom it is a familiar name have, we suspect, an inadequate idea of what not only England but the world owes to that old mansion. There passed the youth and the maturer years of Joseph John Gurney, whose career formed such a beautiful picture of "a good man's life"—an ornament not only to the society of which he was a member, but yet more to that universal church which knows no distinction of sect or creed, and who has been followed to his grave by the love and esteem of all whose love and esteem are worth the having. There was a strong impulse given to thoughts and feelings that never died in the heart of the great and good Sir Fowell Buxton. In recounting his and *our* debts to Earlham, it must not be forgotten that thence he obtained the love which lightened his toils, enhanced his pleasures, and helped to sweeten all that was bitter in the cup of life. And from its seclusion the subject of the following imperfect sketch went forth to act her blessed part in the world.

Elizabeth Gurney was born in 1780. She was the third daughter of John Gurney, of Earlham, in the county of Norfolk. Her mother, a woman of superior mind, and of decided religious character, died when her youngest child was but an infant, leaving her husband and eleven children to mourn her loss. John Gurney was "a man of ready talent, of bright, discerning and, singularly warm-hearted and affectionate, very benevolent, and in manners courteous and popular." Though a member of the Society of Friends, he was not strict in any of his notions. His children were imprudently allowed much licence in association, amusement, etc. All of them highly endowed, both in mind and person, their society was generally courted; and among those with whom they mingled were some whose influence was almost certain to be injurious, being at once intellectual and sceptical. A careless observer would, perhaps, have said that the happy, gifted, and affectionate family at Earlham "lived for the day of vanity and pleasure." Little could any have supposed that in a few years all of them would be led to their Saviour's feet on earth, and some to his throne in heaven.

Elizabeth Gurney was a sensitive, loving, delicate, timid child. She was twelve at the time of her mother's death, whose place was, in part, supplied to her by her two elder sisters, of whom the eldest was only seventeen.

As she grew older, Elizabeth Gurney appears to have entered with zest into the pleasures and amusements of life; yet her journal proves that she was not satisfied. When she was seventeen, William Savery, an American minister of the Society of Friends, visited Norwich. The seven sisters of Earlham sat in a row at meeting,

* From "The Great Question; or, Will you consider the subject of Personal Religion?" By Dr. Boardman. Published by the Religious Tract Society.

Soon William Savery rose, and spoke powerfully and impressively. Elizabeth Gurney's attention became rivetted; then she wept abundantly. The next day the minister whose preaching had produced so great an effect on her, breakfasted at her father's house, and there expressed his belief that the vocation of the young, bright being before him was a high and important one. From that day a change came over her. For some time there is a singular variety in the pursuits recorded in her diary. One entry tells us of an evening spent at Covent Garden Theatre. Another mentions her attendance at a Friends' meeting, when William Savery preached. Then we read of visits to a dying servant. A little later she plans a sabbath evening school for the poor children around her, of which she is the sole instructress, teaching seventy little pupils, and managing them with that admirable tact with which she was so largely gifted.

During a journey with her father and sisters, she visited Colebrook Dale, where she met with some female ministers of the Society of Friends, and says: "Deborah Darby then spoke; what she said was excellent; she addressed part of it to me. I only fear she says too much of what I am to be—a light to the blind, speech to the dumb, and feet to the lame: can it be? She seems as if she thought I was to be a minister of Christ. Can I ever be one? If I am obedient, I believe I shall."

Need we say how fully and literally this was fulfilled? By degrees we see the young disciple renouncing dancing, singing, and her gay attire, and assuming the dress and language of Friends. Whatever may be thought of these peculiarities, their adoption by one so lovely and so youthful, when all her family disregarded them, shows a depth of conviction, singleness of purpose, and firmness of principle, rarely met with in one of her age.

On a summer evening, in the year 1800, Elizabeth Gurney collected her eighty-six school children, and took leave of them all; and a few days after assumed the name by which she will be known to succeeding generations, and became the wife of Joseph Fry. Her husband being a junior partner in the business in which he was engaged, resided in Mildred's Court, in the city of London; and there we see the young wife endeavouring in her daily life to adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour. Her sensitive nature—which often caused her to feel too acutely for her happiness—shrunk from giving pain to others; yet she desired, at whatever cost, to do her duty. The birth of her first child was a new source of delight and anxiety. Such a heart as hers was peculiarly adapted for domestic joys; and we are not surprised to find her asking—"What earthly pleasure is equal to the enjoyment of real unity with the nearest of all ties, husband and children?"

For several years her life is a strictly private one. Children gather around her; the poor in the neighbourhood of Pleshey (then her husband's country residence) are thought of, pitied, and assisted; and we see her carrying out the blessed injunction, to "weep with them that weep, and rejoice with them that do rejoice." She records with deep feeling the marriage of many of the beloved ones at Earlham. With deeper feeling she speaks of them when death had entered the precincts of that happy family circle. Her tender heart would have trembled had she foreseen how many of those so inexpressibly dear to her were to be laid in the grave before her. She was tasting the beginning of sorrows.

In 1811 she was acknowledged a minister in the Society of Friends. Whatever view some may be inclined to take of the preaching of women in the abstract, none can be insensible to the power with which the words of Elizabeth Fry often fell on the hearts of those who heard her, comforting those who mourned, and melting into tears those who were hardened in sin.

In 1813 she paid her first visit to Newgate. The condition of the female prisoners there—tried and untried assembled together, without any employment, openly drinking spirits, and in an utterly lawless state—could not but make a strong impression on her mind. She never forgot what she had seen, but it was not until nearly four years later that she commenced the work with which her name will be indissolubly associated. Those four years were, to a great extent, years of suffering—marked by severe illness, the death of a beloved brother, of a valued friend, diminution of property, and the loss of a darling child who bore her own name, and more resembled her than any of her other children. It is very touching to see how her deep grief is chastened by submission in this hitherto untried bereavement; in the midst of her sorrow, feeling thankful that one so precious should be taken from the many certain and possible ills of life by the wisdom and love of Him who bade the little children come unto him. She quickly endeavoured to resume her usual occupations, while the mother's heart was turning with sad and yearning tenderness to that little grave, consoled, however, by the belief that her darling was not there.

In 1814 she again went to the prisoners at Newgate. "They were of the lowest sort, the very scum both of the town and country; filthy in their persons, disgusting in their habits, and ignorant, not only of religious truth, but of the most familiar duties of common life." Many would have thought it contamination for any, but especially for a woman, refined and delicate,

to be exposed to the company of such as these, but "to the pure all things are pure;" and a woman's pleading will ever be most effectual with the degraded of her own sex.

On this second occasion Elizabeth Fry was, by her own desire, left alone with the prisoners for some hours; she read to them the parable of the lord of the vineyard, and made some remarks on the eleventh hour, and on Christ having come to save sinners. Some of her hearers inquired who Christ was! others thought it was too late to repent. She proposed establishing a school for the children who were there with their mothers. This was acceded to with tears of joy. She left it to them to select a school-mistress from among themselves. Their choice fell on a young woman who proved herself eminently qualified for the office. A few ladies gradually united with Elizabeth Fry in her work of mercy. They thought that "some of the existing evils could be remedied by proper regulations," but the reformation of the criminals themselves seemed, at first, too much to expect. But when these devoted women saw what a change they had already wrought, and became conscious of their influence over the minds of the poor prisoners, they were convinced that more might be done. In carrying out the plans on which they now determined, they met with great discouragement from many of their own friends, and also from the prison officials. The old argument—as old as sin and indolence, advanced so often against attempted improvement—that it is impracticable, was used in this instance with some show of reason. But what Elizabeth Fry believed to be her duty, nothing could dissuade her from endeavouring to accomplish. She went on

> "Fighting her way—the way that angels fight
> With powers of darkness—to let in the light."

THE LAST SHILLING LOST.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

It was a cold dismal-looking morning in the month of November, the winter had set in early, and the usually thronged streets of Liverpool were not yet overflowing with the moving mass of men of business and men of labour, which, at a late hour of the day, might have relieved the eye of a looker-on, by the variety presented. The quiet of this great commercial town has always a something melancholic in it, arising from the association of ideas; its recent bustle, and recommencing hum, giving to the intermediate and brief pause of temporary dulness, some vague and indefinable connexion with moments between the successive shocks of an earthquake, or the loud howlings of the storm, when the sullen interval only silently announces the approach of additional violence. Mrs. S—— went to the window, looked out, sighed, and again sat down. The Bible was open before her; she had been reading in it, but there was a restlessness about her feelings which prevented her deriving all the consolation she otherwise might have done from the sacred page. Two children stood beside her, one six years old, the other four. "Mamma," said the eldest, "James and I are very hungry, do let us have breakfast soon." "I cannot, my dear boy," she replied, "till you have brought me some little things from the next street; and I have been watching the weather all this time, that you might not go out till the rain had ceased. It is now clearer; put on your cap, and hold fast the money I now give you, till you reach the shop. It is my last shilling."

Little Francis liked very much to run mamma's errand. He was an affectionate, lively child, and contrived to find amusement wherever he went, without losing much time or forgetting any of his commissions. But he had one little trick which, had he known how rude and disagreeable it is, he would never have practised. Whenever he was running alone, he would draw a small stick along the iron paling of the areas as he passed, just to have the pleasure of hearing the hopping of his stick, and the twanging vibrations of the metal: on this occasion he forgot his stick, and ran off promptly, promising to be careful and expeditious. He passed one large house, then another, wishing he had his wooden companion; tried his naked hand on the iron rails, shrunk from the cold, and then applied the edge of the shilling. Alas! alas! It pitched with force and rapidity into the area below, and disappeared. The house was without a tenant; no search could be made, and poor little Francis turned deadly pale, as it struck on his heart that his mamma's last shilling was lost!

There is no sight under heaven so interesting as a Christian in calamity. Nothing proves so convincingly the value of religion as the aids it supplies when waves and storms go over the head. Mrs. S—— had long known the gospel of Christ to be the power of God unto salvation. In early youth she had become a partaker of that precious faith by which, without the deeds of the law, we are justified freely through the redemption that is in Christ. Her family had been highly respectable, her prospects in life bright and prosperous, her mind intellectual and cultivated; but when she decided to choose with Mary "that better part," everything else became tributary and of minor importance. The first of her kindred to receive "the truth in the love thereof," she "behaved herself wisely in a perfect way;" and by her

conciliating yet devotional spirit—by her prudent yet exemplary conduct—by her speech being "always with grace," as well as "seasoned with salt," she was made instrumental in winning most of them to walk in "wisdom's ways," which "are pleasantness," and in "her paths," which "are peace."

But after years brought affliction to purify the gold. Through many a furnace of this kind had she passed; still she maintained her integrity, lost nothing save dross, and sweetly shone with light reflected in successive nights of sorrow. Her husband feared God, but he had embarked a large capital in an unsuccessful business, became a bankrupt, gave up everything to his creditors, and was at the period when my little tale commences in a distant land, struggling with adversity, and remitting from time to time all he could earn to his beloved wife and children. He had left her in lodgings in Liverpool, six months before, with four children: now two of them "were not," for God had taken them. In rapid succession they were consigned to the grave—taken from the evil to come. And when the bereaved mother had paid the doctor's bill and funeral expenses, she found herself possessed of so very little means of support, that nothing but the most rigid economy could make it sufficient to satisfy their urgent wants till the morning to which I have adverted.

She had eaten little for some preceding days. The dear boys had just enough of bread and milk to keep them uncomplaining during the day before, and a small portion which they insisted mamma must eat, had been by her secretly abstracted and carefully kept, almost as by presentiment, till morning.

Francis entered. "Oh! mamma, what shall we do? I have lost the shilling." He burst into tears, and was violently agitated. "My child," said his mother, clasping him to her heart, "weep not; the Lord will provide." She placed him and his brother at their little table, produced the crust of bread and cup of milk, and drying the eyes of poor Francis, and kissing the cheek of little James, she retired to her bedroom, and carefully locked the door inside.

Reader! art thou taught of God to pray? Then may thy eye penetrate the hallowed seclusion of that chamber—thy gaze rest on that Christian mother—thy heart imagine her soul-engrossing engagement. She had a friend, and there she went to meet him; that friend was ever "swift to hear"—strong to deliver—good to redeem—"mighty to save." "In six troubles" he had been with her, nor did he forsake her in "the seventh." Mark her clasped hands—her bended knees—her look of humble, confiding, grateful adoration. She pleads the promises, and recounts how often they had been already fulfilled. "Let not my Lord be angry; I will speak again; deliver my children from perishing—send us help, and that speedily, for we are cast upon thee." Such was the prayer of one of the Saviour's followers, as like Jacob she wrestled, and like him also prevailed. Her petition was granted; and, as in the case of Solomon, more than she asked was given. Her soul was filled with "joy unspeakable." No pain was felt—no grief endured—all was a delightful conviction that God was for her, and would, in due season, make a "way of escape;" and till then, enable her to bear up, and "go forward." A loud knocking at the door at length aroused her. "Madam," cried the mistress of the house, "do come down stairs immediately; here is the strangest sailor-man I ever set my eyes on. He has got a book for you, and he won't give it to no one till as how he sees yourself, just as if I could not carry the book without soiling it. He says he promised to give it to you, and he'll do it—that he will; and I may keep my sixpence, he's no porter. I wonder a man that swears as hard as he does, makes such a fuss about telling a bit of a lie." Mrs. S—— went to the sailor, received the book, and, on opening it, found inside a letter from her husband, giving hopes of a permanent provision, and enclosing five pounds for the present exigency.

Reader! trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Psalm xxxvii. 3. Many persons are apt to suppose that great things alone are proper to be mentioned in prayer. Such a supposition is no less unphilosophical than unscriptural. Great and little are relative terms; and small links often bind together important events. In the present instance, the loss of the widow's shilling threatened to be as serious a calamity to her as the loss of a bank note could have been to another; there is no want too small to be poured into our heavenly Father's ear.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

150. Was any command given to the children of Israel as to their treatment of idolatrous *pictures*?

151. What description of character is compared in Scripture to a wave of the sea?

152. What character, as described by God himself, would present an eminent contrast to this?

153. What precious Scripture truths are specially brought before our notice by the words, either prefixed or added, "It is a faithful saying"?

154. What is the great instrument employed by the Spirit of God in man's regeneration? Prove it.

155. What does St. Paul say as to the character of God's law?

156. What scriptural examples can you point out of faithful servants?

157. What was Balaam's wish respecting his own death? Was it fulfilled?

Pages for the Young.

AUNT CLARA'S STORY;

OR,

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

PART II.

"For many days after this, little Bertie hovered between life and death; but at length the physicians declared that, with the blessing of God upon very careful nursing, recovery might be possible. For the first week, Ernest regularly brought me a message from Mrs. Graeme as to his brother's state, as he passed to school, and later in the day I was accustomed to take him some account from home; for the heart of the affectionate boy seemed wrung with grief at being separated from his mother, and also at his banishment from Bertie's sick room, though he dutifully submitted to the great trial. Never shall I forget the rush of grateful joy with which he told me that the doctors had pronounced darling Bertie out of present danger, and that they hoped he would now get well. After this, for some time, Bertie seemed gradually to improve, and Ernest was again allowed to return home at noon, as before.

"One day Ernest brought me a note from Mrs. Graeme, requesting me to call in the afternoon, if possible, as Bertie was anxious to see me. Dear child! he could not long more earnestly to see me than I desired to look once more upon him. Though prepared to find a great alteration in his looks, his changed appearance shocked me very much. He lay upon the sofa, supported by pillows, seemingly unable to move; his beautiful golden curls had been cut off, his sweet face was very, very pale, and he was wasted to a shadow. He welcomed me with a faint smile, for the exertion of speaking seemed too much for his exhausted strength. Ernest sat beside him, striving to amuse him with the flowers, and books, and pictures, with which the couch of the little sufferer was strewed. The sick boy seemed grateful for the kindness, though evidently too ill to be amused; but he kept Ernest's hand locked in his, and gazed upon him with such a sweet wistful look that the eyes of the elder brother often swam with tears, which he concealed by burying his face in the cushions that supported Bertie's head. My friend and I conversed apart, and I listened with the deepest interest to the account she gave of Ernest's admirable behaviour.

"'Since poor little Bertie has known us again,' she said, 'he cannot bear his brother out of his sight; it is well that the vacation is commencing; but, were it not so, I must keep Ernest at home now, for Dr. H. says that the least excitement may prove most dangerous to Bertie, and that every desire must be gratified, at whatever cost. If he awakes from sleep and misses Ernest, he weeps so violently that I am quite alarmed. Only yesterday, he cried himself into a stupor, and Dr. H. coming in, declared that if it happened again, he would not answer for the consequences; that there was nothing to be feared in letting the brothers be together as much as possible, but everything to be dreaded from excitement and agitation, which would bring on a relapse, from which he could not promise recovery. On hearing this, I determined to gratify both my dear boys, and if Ernest cannot find words to express his joy, little Bertie is, at least, equally happy. Ernest is an excellent and most untiring nurse; he sits beside him, hour after hour, telling him Bible stories, showing him pictures, feeding him—for Bertie will take nothing but from his brother's hand—soothing his weariness by singing sweet hymns; even when he sleeps Ernest will not leave him, for fear Bertie should wake and miss him; at any hour of the night, too, Ernest will cheerfully rise, if called by his brother, and never complain at any exertion. My only fear is that my dear boy will injure his own health; for though he submits without a word to every wish of mine, I see how great is the trial to him to leave his brother for a moment.'

"I looked at Ernest as she spoke, and noticed, for the first time, a change in his appearance, which I wondered had never struck me before. He had lost his colour, his face had grown thin and sharp, and his eyes looked heavy. All this I thought might be easily accounted for by the great anxiety he had suffered since his brother's illness, and was certainly nothing to cause uneasiness, and I made no observation to alarm my friend.

"When I took my leave, little Bertie whispered, as I bent down to kiss his pale forehead, 'Come again very soon; come every day.'

"'Yes, my darling,' I said, 'I will come and sit with you whenever you like.'

"And I did go every day, if only for a few minutes, for I became deeply interested in watching the recovery of the sweetest child I had ever known. But, alas! we watched in vain; the spring flowers blossomed and faded, but no glow of health revisited the cheek of the little sufferer—no strength returned to his aching limbs. It became evident that the injury was far more serious than had been at first supposed; and, as month after month glided away, and one remedy after another was laid aside as useless, and the physicians confessed that the case was one which baffled their skill, either to understand or to heal, then hope began indeed to droop. Day after day his poor mamma watched beside him, trying to cheat herself into the belief that some trifling amendment of symptoms might be detected, often so trifling indeed as to be visible to no eye but hers. But this could not last long; abscesses began to form on the injured parts, and days and nights of agony succeeded, on which I could not bear to dwell, or you to hear of. And did Ernest grow weary of his task of love? Oh no; whenever I went, he was always at his post, sometimes bathing his sick brother's aching forehead, sometimes trying to hush his moans of suffering by every fond endearment in his power, the large tears silently rolling over his face as he witnessed the anguish he had no power to relieve.

"No prospect of pleasure, no entreaties, could win him from Bertie's side. 'How could I be happy, and Bertie lying here?' was always his reply. 'No, dear mamma, do not let them ask me;' he would often say with tears; and his mother, seeing how much it distressed him, at length ceased to urge the matter.

"Ernest seemed to become all at once aware of the hopelessness of his brother's state, though we scarcely knew how, for not a word approaching the subject was ever breathed in his presence; but his quick eye detected the sudden decline of strength, and every other sad symptom of approaching death.

"One day, he came to me in tears: 'Oh, Miss Sinclair, dear Bertie's so very ill; nothing seems to make him better; do you think he will die?'

"'My darling Ernest,' I said, 'I hope not; we must pray to God to spare him, and perhaps he will hear our prayers; but if God should be pleased to take him to heaven, do you not think he would be much happier than suffering so dreadfully as he does in this world?'

"'Oh, yes, I'm sure Bertie will go to heaven, for he loves Jesus Christ, and prays to him very often to wash away his sins, and to make him good and patient. And oh, Miss Sinclair, he is so changed, so different to what he was at first; he is never cross now, but so mild and gentle, so sorry to give trouble, and mamma says she does hope that God has given him his own new nature, and is making him ready to go to heaven very soon; but oh, I could not bear to see him die;' and Ernest shuddered as he spoke.

"'It is not dying, my own dear Ernest,' I said, as I drew him closer to my side, 'it is only sleeping in Jesus; and think how very soon we shall go too. Ah, we little know how soon the call may come to any of us.'

"He started and murmured, 'Ah! perhaps to me first.'

"These words, and the tone in which they were spoken, startled me, though I thought it best to take no notice; and, but for what afterwards occurred, should very likely have never thought of them again; and after a little more soothing conversation, I went away.

"A slight illness confined me to the house for some days, and before I was again able to go out, I heard that Ernest had caught the scarlet fever, but that happily the disorder was of a very mild description, and that he was doing exceedingly well. The accounts which I daily received, through my medical attendant, who had also charge of Ernest's case, were all favourable; and, at the end of a fortnight, when I was able to leave town for change of air, he was supposed to be nearly recovered. I was most anxious to see him, but feeling that it would be scarcely right in my weak state to expose myself to the danger of infection, I left without doing so. I was absent little more than a month, and immediately on my return I hastened to my friend's house to inquire for him; but how inexpressibly was I shocked to learn that on the very day I had left, Ernest had caught a violent cold, which had settled on his lungs, and so rapid had been the progress of disease, that his life was now scarcely expected from day to day. You may think, dear children, how grieved I was to hear these sad, sad tidings. His poor mamma wept bitterly as she said, 'Will you see him? he has been longing for you.' I followed her up stairs into her dressing-room, and there, seated in a large easy chair, beside the fire, and supported by pillows, I found my lovely favourite. He smiled sweetly as I placed myself at his side and took his little wasted hand, which was burning with the fever that was rapidly consuming his whole frame. Two bright spots glowed on his cheeks, and his eyes sparkled like stars; his breathing was very quick and difficult, and. every now and then, a fearful cough shook him from head to foot.

"'Dear Ernest,' I said, 'I am grieved to find you so ill; how do you feel now?'

"'Happy, very happy,' he whispered; 'I'm going home to be with Jesus; dear Miss Sinclair, you were right in saying that perhaps my call would be first; but, oh, he won't be long—look at him.'

"My eye followed the direction of his glance, and I observed for the first time little Bertie, who lay upon the sofa in a tranquil slumber. My friend told me that since Ernest's illness he had rather improved, and that he had borne the separation from his brother better than they had feared; but he too was changed since I had last seen him, and I felt doubtful which little brother would welcome the other to the heavenly shore.

"I did not stay long, for I saw that the excitement of my visit was too much for dear Ernest's exhausted strength; I therefore went away, promising to call the first thing the next day. But scarcely was I dressed on the following morning, when a note was put into my hands from Mrs. Graeme, telling me that at midnight the spirit of her precious child had passed away to the bosom of his Redeemer; he had expired in her arms; his last words, uttered with a smile of heavenly joy, being '*now* I am going to Jesus.' Sweet child! how little did I think when I parted from him the day before that I had looked upon him for the last time in life. When I called again, he lay dressed for the grave, calm and beautiful, in his last long sleep. Every trace of earthly suffering had left his features, and at first I could scarcely realize that it was indeed death that I gazed upon; and it was not till I touched the icy brow that I could believe our Ernest was sleeping, never more to waken, till the summons of the resurrection morning.

"Poor little Bertie was exceedingly ill, and it was feared he would soon follow the brother whom he had loved so well, and whose place could never be supplied. This fear was indeed too surely realized, and before Ernest's precious remains could be laid to rest, the rejoicing spirit of little Bertie had joined his glorified brother in that happy world where all tears are wiped away, and where partings can never be. Their coffins were placed side by side, beneath the turf and flowers in the green old churchyard, and many a time have I stood to read again and again the simple text which Ernest had chosen for little Bertie, 'He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom;' also the one which he had begged might be his own, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'

"Much as I grieved for their early death, and deeply as I sympathized with their mother's agony, on being called to part with both her treasures in one short week, I could not desire to call them back from the care of the Good Shepherd, who had been pleased thus safe and early to house them in his fold above."

Florence and Ellen, on hearing this affecting recital, were in tears. "Oh! Aunt Clara," exclaimed Florence, "what a sad, sad story! I did not think both would die; how could their poor mamma live without either of them?"

"Did little Bertie die of grief at Ernest's loss?" asked Ellen.

"His death was probably hastened by it, my love; but he could not have lived many months, and it was mercifully ordered that he should not be detained to languish longer in hopeless suffering. And now, tell me, my dears, do not you think that these little brothers were made happier by the love which they felt for each other?"

"Oh yes, Aunt Clara," said Florence, "I will try to be kinder to Ellen for the future. I am very sorry that I tore her book," she added with a deep blush; "but I have ten shillings at home, that grandpapa gave me, and she shall have it all to buy another."

Aunt Clara kissed her. "That is right, my love; I am sure Ellen has forgiven you; but you must not forget that unkindness and passion are great sins in the sight of a God of love; you must ask him, for Jesus Christ's sake, to pardon you and to give you his own good Spirit to make you a gentle holy child."

"I will, Aunt Clara; will you ask Ellen to kiss me?"

Ellen did not wait to be asked; she sprang from her aunt's lap, throwing her arms round her sister's neck, and embraced her with hearty good-will. The tears stood in Florence's eyes, and she looked humbled and sorry.

"Come, now," said Aunt Clara, taking a hand of each, "we will put this unfortunate book away, and then you shall come and gather the currants for little Alice before the sun grows too warm to be out of doors."

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE TOBOLSK SCHOOL.

THE TOBOLSK SCHOOL.

PART III.

JULY, 1714, saw further changes introduced into the Tobolsk school. Many parents had expressed a strong wish that von Wreech would allow their children to board with him. Believing he could thus more effectively watch over the development of their characters, and "confiding in the Lord," says he, "I consented thereto, although my apartment was far from spacious, and I was fain, not only to put up with it in common with an old non-commissioned officer and his eight children, (who all slept in it,) but had, moreover, no other locality for either cooking or teaching in, while, into the bargain, it was generally filled with vapour and steam, my landlord being by trade a soap-boiler. But this habitation was available only for the summer; and so, when winter returned, perplexity and distress rose to the utmost height. There was no money to be had; at last, however, with much difficulty, two roubles were gathered together, by means of which an adjoining room was hired as schoolroom, while the old apartment was retained for the *menage*.

"In this," continued von Wreech, "my old comrade, the regimental quartermaster, remained;

No. 68.—PUBLISHED AUGUST 10, 1855. PRICE ONE PENNY.

while I removed, with the scholars and servants, into our new quarters, and soon experienced God's special blessing on our work in a degree unknown before; for the children evinced an ardent desire to retain and practise what they were taught from God's word, and that both in and out of school hours."

But this very seriousness of the young folks, and especially the circumstance that one of them addressed, in writing, an urgent (and, as it proved, a successful one) remonstrance to his father, whom he had seen drunk, excited the wrathful tongues of some envious "busybodies," who circulated evil reports of the school, even hinting that false doctrine was taught in it. To escape these calumnious reproaches, von Wreech urged the giving over the inspection and oversight of the school to the regimental chaplain Lauräns; and the examination which was immediately held by this good man so entirely disproved every injurious accusation, as effectually to stop the mouths of the gainsayers.

A new teacher was at this time engaged, a lieutenant in the Swedish service, (and of course a prisoner,) who undertook to give instruction in the Latin tongue; and from thenceforth Russian boys, who desired it, were admitted as scholars.

But a heavy and unlooked-for blow soon fell on the hopeful undertaking! In a fire which laid waste the greater part of Tobolsk, the school-room was burned down and the children dispersed; three only finding, along with the teachers, an asylum with one of the prisoners, a captain of dragoons, in whose dwelling the daily lessons were in some measure continued. In this time of trial von Wreech and his associates were wonderfully strengthened by the opportune arrival of a present from Halle, consisting of 48 Bibles, 100 Testaments, 50 hymn-books, and 500 smaller religious publications. Christian friends in Moscow sent also a gift of Bibles and other books, together with 500 roubles in money. But von Wreech was too liberal-minded to retain more than a moderate share of this money for the school, and distributed the remainder among the Swedish captives scattered over Siberia. New courage, however, sprang up in the breasts of those engaged in the work; and the school was recommenced in a hay-loft, which some Christian friends gave up for this use. But being driven even from this poor refuge by rain, the hopes of the undertakers sunk so low as to tempt them to an entire relinquishment of their labours. While in this state of despondency, von Wreech's faith received new strength by one of the boys coming to him and entreating him, with tears, not to cast them off! The occurrence stimulated some friends to the advance of twenty-five roubles on loan, with which sum one of them travelled into the country to purchase the materials of an old house, which was being pulled down. The purchase was made; but the faith of those interested in the intended erection of a school-house was destined to a new and severe trial, for the purchased wood had to be floated down the Tobol as far as the city, and on reaching that spot the stream suddenly carried it onward, and it was not without considerable expense recovered and brought back to its destination.

Precisely at this trying juncture, however, news reached the little band of believers, through Colonel von Isendorf, that another collection of three hundred roubles had just been sent off from Moscow for the use of the prisoners in Tobolsk; and as all the friends of the school among them volunteered to relinquish their individual shares in its favour, the site was bought, the building of the schoolhouse commenced, and, after many trials and difficulties, completed, so that it could be occupied in October, 1715.

At that time the institution comprised no less than twenty-three persons; but it was on the very same day increased to twenty-four, by the admission of Johann Habermann, a Finland theologian, whom poverty had reduced to the necessity of engaging himself as servant to a Swedish officer, and who in that capacity had been taken prisoner along with his master, and carried, with him, into the Siberian captivity. His piety recommended his adoption into the number of teachers, and he was from that time inducted into the office of Latin tutor.

"About this period," writes von Wreech, in his diary, "the necessities of the school were very great, because the building had cost much more than was calculated on; and what was worse, we had so entirely exhausted our credit, that there was little hope of obtaining further advances from any quarter. The teachers were, therefore, compelled to apply for assistance to the parents of the scholars, who had in most instances hitherto received both board and instruction gratis. Many promised a subscription; but the performance lagged sadly, and some even let fall a hint that the only remedy they could apply was to remove their children from school. "But this grievous alternative," says von Wreech, "the mercy of our gracious God did not suffer to be resorted to, for he sent us help at our utmost need; so that, although the majority of the parents remained debtors for the school money, yet, praise to his name! the poor children continued with us."

The end of 1715 saw the completion of the outbuildings connected with the school-house, to the no small wonder and disappointment of the systematic opposers of the great and good work.

But evil speaking and disheartening prognostics continued to be rife in Tobolsk, (notwithstanding the completion of what had been so often pronounced impracticable,) more especially when the creditors became pressing, and the small incomings were barely sufficient to meet the daily, unavoidable outgoings. Then was experienced in Tobolsk what many a house of refuge sees in our own day, viz., times of great tribulation, perplexity, and almost despair. But those times of trial drove them to prayer, and they were invariably followed, sooner or later, by times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and by evidences that he can work by the weakest as well as by the strongest instrument. Servants brought their savings. From far distant places there arrived contributions; and even from Halle there came the good tidings that a pious student (of Frankfort-on-Maine) named Lange, had bequeathed five hundred gulden to the Tobolsk school.

But although all building debts were by these means gradually cancelled, they had never any fund in hand, and thus the daily recurring expenses of the establishment compelled the constant incurring of new debts. At the same time the admirable regulations of the school, and the pains bestowed on the mental culture, moral development, and bodily welfare of the children, induced constant new applications for admission; and, as matter of course, an increase of scholars necessitated a proportionate addition to the number of teachers, who were easily found among the prisoners, but whose support, though without salary, was no inconsiderable burden.

In this way, at the close of 1715, the institution counted fifty-five inmates, thirty of whom were in the house. Old persons of both sexes, whose education had been wholly neglected in youth, frequently begged permission to attend the instruction given to young children, while the sick and infirm were often received for a time, to be both fed and tended within the walls of the school-house! And for all this there was no regular income, no stipulated aid, no invested capital, to fall back upon! But they had that unfailing security, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord!" And he from whom the young lions get their food, and by whom the birds of the air are sustained, never disappointed their faith, or put their trust to shame.

In the diary for 1717 there occurs the following remarkable statement: "On the 14th of January, an officer who found it quite impossible to retain his servant about him, on account of the man's flagitious conduct, obtained leave to send him to the school, on engaging to pay a certain sum for his board; and it was not long before von Wreech had the happiness to perceive that the word of God was beginning to make a powerful impression on the wretched man, on whose whole temper and behaviour a gradual but thorough and abiding change was effected, to the delight of his spiritual fathers, and the astonishment of those who had known him in his unconverted state.

The spirit which pervaded the children generally was also very remarkable at this period; so that, for example, when the report of an approaching peace between Russia and Sweden was circulated in the school, many of the scholars burst into tears; and on being asked by their teachers the cause of their sorrow, they replied, they knew well that if peace came, the school would necessarily be broken up, and they felt themselves too little grounded as yet in the doctrines of salvation, to hope that they should be able to withstand the world's temptations, should they now be turned adrift upon it, and separated from their beloved teachers.

As the number of sick and infirm who sought admission into the school establishment increased from day to day, it was thought indispensable to have a bath room; and when this too proved insufficient, an entire house for reception and attendance of the sick. Two suitable hospital attendants having been found among the prisoners, they were regularly installed in their onerous post, while the teachers and well-wishers of the institution pledged themselves to an alternate visiting of the patients, not only to superintend their bodily state, but to administer comfort and admonition to their souls.

Diet, simples, and house remedies (which are familiarly known and practised in most localities) were chiefly resorted to at first in the Tobolsk hospital; but, after a time, their generous friend Francke sent them a liberal supply of medicines from the dispensary of the Halle orphan-house; and the influence which the Christian spirit reigning throughout all departments of the institution exercised on the patients, was found to effect wonderful transformations on the sick, who generally received a soul as well as a bodily cure. A very remarkable instance of this is recorded by von Wreech.

One of the Swedish captives, aged one hundred and eight years, had spent his long life in the practice of every vice, and now, when the weight of years debarred from the exercise of some evil habits, the wickedness of his heart found its vent in words, and his mouth poured forth incessantly the "bitter waters" of cursing and blasphemy. This wretched being became at last a raging maniac, and in this state was sent off, from a small town in Siberia, in which he had been located, to the "hospital of the Swedish brethren in Tobolsk." His actual insanity yielded to the influence of change of air and scene during the journey, but he met every

benevolent attempt, after his arrival at the institution, to bring him to a better mind, by the avowal of the most obstinate atheism and the utterance of blasphemous curses. Yet, marvellous to relate, he regarded himself as a very good Christian!

Some few days after his admission to the hospital, he became visibly more quiet and thoughtful, whereupon one of the teachers led him into the girls' school-room, and permitted him to have his dinner with them. The little girls pressed eagerly around the old man, who returned their friendly advances with interest, and it seemed as if a well-spring of new life had been awakened in his aged soul! When the tasks were resumed after dinner, he sat himself beside the youthful scholars, listening with fixed attention to the questions put to them and their answers; and when they readily and correctly replied to their teacher's examination in Scripture language, he would rest his head on his hand and murmur softly to himself, "I have been blinded!"

From that day forth it was noted that he listened willingly to the exhortations of his visitors, and after a time expressed to them his heartfelt gratitude to God for having brought him from death to life by the instrumentality of children. He remained in the hospital till the termination of the captivity of his countrymen, when he accompanied them as far as Moscow on their return home. In Moscow he was received and cherished by the Lutheran congregation there until his death, which took place in 1723.

Foreign missions had also a share in the sympathy and exertions of von Wreech and his like-minded associates. They raised the character of the evangelical church in the eyes of both heathens and Russians, gaining for it among the latter many warm admirers, by means of their fervid piety and earnest endeavours after heart-renewal, both in themselves and their fellow-creatures around.

Two officers employed their leisure in translating Professor Francke's smaller theological treatises into the Russian language, which were read with happy effect.

Russian priests visited the school, expressed themselves highly satisfied with it, and departed, praying God's blessing on his own work! Russian nobles rejoiced over the scriptural knowledge gained by their children in the school, and one native, who had passed several days in the establishment, made, at his departure, a very considerable present to its funds; and it was observed by some bystanders that, on leaving the house he raised his hands and eyes to heaven as if in prayer; "and that," said they, "he learned from the Swedes."

A Mongolian boy being offered for sale to adjutant-general B. (one of the captives), he bought him for twelve roubles, and sent him from Jenisei, where he at the time resided, to Tobolsk, that he might be instructed in Christianity. The boy soon learned German sufficiently to repeat the creed, and share in the religious instructions which were given in that language. Some years afterwards he left the school, with a regular certificate of his educational attainments, and as a baptized and zealous believer of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Tartar chiefs, and priests belonging to the tribes which inhabit the Tobolsk district, came also to see the school, remained attentive listeners to the lessons, made frequent presents to it, both in money and provisions, and invariably showed themselves most disinterested when they sold anything to the institution.

MY WAY IS HEDGED UP.

One evening I had been to the house of a friend to ask counsel with regard to the difficulties and sorrows with which I was at that time contending. Affliction, trial, and bereavement, surrounded my path, while clouds and darkness were overhead. I asked, Hath God forsaken me? Is there no way of escape? and was inclined rashly to conclude, and say with Jacob, "All these things are against me."

"True," said my friend, when I had thus expressed my fears to him,—"true, *Jacob* said so, but *God* says, "All things work together for *good* to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." You may rest assured that he has a design in all his doings, and that—

> "Behind a frowning providence,
> He hides a smiling face."

As I wended my way homewards, somewhat relieved by the conversation I had held with my friend, and asking myself, "Why doth God deal thus?" and "What good can result from these things?" I stumbled upon some thorns. I attempted to proceed, but could not. I crossed the road, but found that there also the way was closed. "What enemy hath done this?" was my exclamation. "He might have left one opening where I could have got through, and not have interrupted a public road in this manner." After a minute's reflection, I resolved, though unwillingly, to retrace my steps, and by going round another way was glad soon to find myself once more at home.

The next morning, in order to satisfy myself as to the cause of the obstruction, I visited the place, and found that a hedge had been placed across the road to prevent passers-by from going into a stone quarry, which had been dug beneath the road, but had lately become exposed

through the surface falling in. Thank God! I see it now! It was a friend who did this, and not an enemy.

Reader, is your way hedged up? Stop! Consider! Are you *quite sure* you are in the *right* path?

EPHESUS.

"Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love."—*Revelation* ii. 4.

WHERE the waves of the Ægean Sea wash the western coast of Asia Minor, once stood a galaxy of noble and magnificent cities. Here the enterprising Greek had established numerous colonies long before the conquests of the Macedonian carried the name, the manners, and the language of his race over the civilized world. The whole region was one of rare beauty and animated interest. There was the blue Ægean spotted all over with its isles of deathless name; while on the neighbouring continent lay the famed Ionia, with its valleys of surpassing fertility and beauty, its fine rivers, its intersecting hills, its rich and luxurious cities, and the Phrygian mountains as its magnificent background. Over all—island, and sea, and continent—lies a flood of classic recollections. Now we look on the Samos of Pythagoras, then turn to the Chios (Scio) of Homer, and anon we tread the site of Troy. But to us a far higher and more thrilling interest surrounds the scene than any derivable from such associations. In that cluster of islands, anciently known as the Sporades, our gaze is fixed on one, not more, but less lovely than many of its neighbours, for its coast is steep and rugged, and its aspect bleak and stern; nevertheless, it is a spot which to the end of time shall be accounted as of most sacred memory. Who can look on Patmos without emotion? where the glorified Redeemer revealed himself to mortal vision—that spot whence his last direct message to man was issued. Or who turn to the mainland beyond, the scene of "the seven churches," and not feel that all is hallowed ground?

The churches so singularly distinguished were all located in great and important cities; two of which, Ephesus and Smyrna, were quite on the coast, and the others at various distances inland. Between the Hermus on the north, in the basin of which Smyrna lies, and the Mæander on the south, with Miletus at its mouth, runs the smaller stream of the Cayster. In the valley threaded by this river we have the primeval Asia—the Asia of "old poetic legend;" and close to its windings, where they are about to terminate in the sea—that part of the Ægean known as the Icarian Sea—lay the city of Ephesus, the capital of Ionia, and, at the Christian era, the greatest city of Asia Minor. A small alluvial plain near the sea, with the adjacent heights of Corresus and Prion, furnished a fine site for the beauteous city. There stood the splendid stadium, and the vast theatre with its marble benches rising tier above tier, where the tumultuous assembly, incited to fanatical fury by the representations of Demetrius, gave vent at once to their rage against the apostle and to their devotion to the goddess.

But famous above all the great buildings of Ephesus was the temple of that goddess, Diana or Artemis, whose image was supposed to have fallen down from heaven. The structure which Eratostratus destroyed on the night of Alexander's birth was a noble building; but the temple which succeeded it, and which was the admiration of the world—one of its seven wonders—at the period of Paul's sojourn in Ephesus, was more magnificent still. In picturing this sanctuary to ourselves, we have to imagine something very different from the ecclesiastical architecture with which we are familiar. The ancient heathen temples consisted of a cell containing the image of the idol, surrounded by colonnades mostly open to the sky. The whole extent of Diana's temple was 425 feet in length, and 220 in breadth. The columns, 127 in number, each of them the gift of a king, were 60 feet high. That part which was not open to the sky was roofed with cedar; the folding-doors were made of Cyprus wood, and the staircase was constructed of the wood of a single vine from the island of Cyprus. Nor were there wanting for its decoration, statuary and paintings such as the famous Grecian masters alone could supply. It was a treasury as well as a sanctuary, and within the sacred precincts was stored a large portion of the wealth of Western Asia. "It is probable," say Messrs. Conybeare and Howson, "that there was no religious building in the world in which was concentrated a greater amount of admiration, enthusiasm, and superstition." The idol, made of wood, did not appear in the usual form of Diana—that of a handsome huntress—but we are told "resembled an Indian idol rather than the beautiful forms which crowded the Acropolis of Athens." This may be accounted for, perhaps, by the fact that the oriental mingled considerably with the Greek element in the Ephesian character.

Such was Ephesus when Paul visited that city. We may suppose him wandering through its streets, breathing the soft delicious air of Ionia, a bright sky above, gorgeous palaces and exquisite gardens around, and an out-lying prospect of sea and river and mountain, fertile fields, and waving woods. Everywhere there is luxury, refinement, beauty; but everywhere are the symbols of gross idolatry, of despicable

pleasures, of moral degradation and spiritual death. The temple and the theatre, the stadium and the schools of the athletes, all stand out to tell of a people who know not God, and whose moral taste is as low and depraved as their material advantages are great. We may suppose it the month of May in Ephesus, a month specially consecrated to the honour of the goddess, and hence called "the month of Diana." Then was held "the common meeting of Asia," when all the neighbouring towns sent crowds of their inhabitants to be present at the celebration of the gymnastic games and musical contests. The sounds of mirth and revelry are heard all around, gay crowds fill the streets, and the apostle, on his first arrival, it may be, has joined that eager throng hastening to the games. And as he stands gazing on the bright eye and flushed cheek which tell of the victor's exultation, he thinks of that other contest in which all may obtain the prize, and that prize not a fading garland, but an incorruptible crown. And he prays that these men may be awakened to a truer manhood than has yet dawned upon them, and led to engage in the noblest fight of which this world may be the arena—the struggle of the soul with sin, and at length made more than conquerors through Him who loved us.

Nor did the prayer ascend in vain. Months have passed into years, and Paul can now look around on many a home in Ephesus in which the purity and joy of the Christian life are exhibited. The word of the Lord has grown mightily and prevailed; miracles of grace have been wrought, giving more joy to the apostle's heart than did all the wondrous deeds he was empowered to perform. We have supposed him a spectator of the Ephesian games. Let us mark the different expression of his countenance as with holy joy he looks on another scene enacted in the same city. A crowd is collected around a burning pile, on which volume after volume is heaped. Yet these books are costly; the value of two thousand pounds of English money is being consumed, willingly sacrificed by men whose chief treasures these books were, the sources of their wealth and influence. The citizens of Ephesus were much addicted to the use of magic arts. The Ephesian letters which were engraved on the crown, the girdle, and the feet of the goddess, were very famous as charms, whether spoken or written. Scrolls bearing these letters were carried on the person as amulets; and a story was currently believed of a wrestler in the games who had the letters bound round his heel, and was uniformly successful till the charm was discovered and removed, after which he was thrown by his opponent—a man of Miletus—thirty times. It was also said that Crœsus experienced on his funeral pile the benefit of using the mystic letters. In this and various other forms occult science was cultivated in the Ionian metropolis, and there, as elsewhere, Jews were frequently found in the ranks of the sorcerers. It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding the severe prohibition of sorcery in their law, Hebrew magicians were to be met with in most of the great towns of the Roman empire, and Solomon was regarded as the prince of sorcerers. The preaching of the apostle at Ephesus, authenticated by miracles so different from any of their works, brought contrition to the hearts of many of the magicians, who now publicly renounced their gainful but wicked ways.

Another scene, almost the closing one of Paul's three years' residence in this city, has been already referred to—the tumult excited by Demetrius. The portable shrines fashioned by this artisan—a master manufacturer, as it would appear—were small models of the temple of Diana, containing, probably, a miniature image of the goddess. These models were made of various materials, as gold and wood, as well as the metal in which Demetrius wrought; and they were eagerly bought by the strangers who filled Ephesus during the "month of Diana." And if, as has been conjectured, the provincial assize was held at the same time, the city would be still further crowded thereby, and a larger market furnished for the wares of Demetrius. And now this period had arrived, the harvest time of the operatives employed in this extensive trade, and they found their business seriously injured. The gospel preached by Paul had done this; hence the rage of the disappointed craftsmen. It was a memorable "month of Diana" in Ephesus—most memorable to the devoted apostle. The occasion was a perilous as well as a painful one to him; nevertheless, it had a cheering aspect also. The damage inflicted on the idolatrous traffic of the shrine-makers furnished conclusive proof of the extensive triumphs the gospel had achieved, while the anxious care for his own safety shown by the chiefs of Asia—the Asiarchs, men always of wealth and high social distinction, chosen by the various towns to preside at the games—gave reason to hope that the faith of the despised Nazarene was making its way into the palaces of the noble as well as the cottages of the poor.

Other names of unfading interest we find associated with Ephesus: the learned Alexandrian Jew, Apollos, with his enlightened teachers, Aquila and Priscilla; the spotless Timothy, and above all the apostle John, whose last years were spent in this city, and whose ashes mingle with its dead. It is said that when a very aged man, it was his habit to be led into the Christian assembly, there to repeat, time

after time, the characteristic words, "Little children, love one another."

Mount Prion, Corresus, and the little plain beside the sea, what are they now? A solitude as complete as if they had never been aught else than the fabled retreat of the Seven Sleepers. The marble quarries of Mount Prion, which furnished material for building and decorating the ancient city, may indeed be still visited, and the traveller may indulge in melancholy musings amidst the magnificent ruins of the stadium and the theatre, the enclosures of which remain to tell of their enormous extent. Or he may dream of the human hearts which once throbbed in those palaces, or gymnasia, or whatever they may have been, the ruins of which lie in a confused mass around—muse and dream, without one sound of human step, or voice of toil or pleasure, to disturb his reverie. It may be that he is standing on the very site of the great temple, but he knows it not, for that site cannot now be identified with certainty. At the distance of a mile and a half are a few miserable huts lying amidst the ruins of Asalook, a town built about four centuries ago, of materials taken from the ruins of Ephesus. And in this wretched hamlet is found the only representative of a city which the neighbourhood supplies. "Few scenes of desolation," says a recent writer, speaking of Ephesus, "can be more impressive than this. The ruinous theatre, the haunt of the partridge and the lizard—the dreary bittern-haunted morass—the gloomy vestiges of the substructions—in the foreground and in the distance, the windings of the Cayster across the unwholesome, desolate plain, on its course to the distant sea. 'The candlestick' of Ephesus *has* indeed been 'removed out of its place.' The site of the city is strewn with confused ruins, overgrown with herbage; not a single inhabitant is found within its confines."

"Its streets," remarks the old traveller Chandler, "are obscured and overgrown. A herd of goats was driven to it for shelter from the sun at noon, and a noisy flight of crows from the quarries seemed to insult its silence. We heard the partridge call in the area of the theatre and of the stadium. * * * However much the church at Ephesus may (Rev. ii. 2.) in its earliest days have merited praise for its 'works, labour, and patience,' yet it appears soon to have 'left its first love,' and to have received in vain the admonition—'Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent.' If any repentance was produced by this solemn warning, its effects were not durable, and the place has long since offered an evidence of the truth of prophecy, and the certainty of the Divine threatenings, as well as a melancholy subject for thought to the contemplative Christian. Its fate is that of the once flourishing seven churches of Asia; its fate is that of the entire country—a garden has become a desert. Busy centres of civilization, spots where the refinements and delights of the age were collected, are now a prey to silence, destruction, and death. Consecrated first of all to the purposes of idolatry, Ephesus next had Christian temples almost rivalling the pagan in splendour, wherein the image of the great Diana lay prostrate before the cross; and, after the lapse of some centuries, Jesus gives place to Mahomet, and the crescent glittered on the dome of the recently Christian church. A few more scores of years, and Ephesus has neither temple, cross, crescent, nor city, but is 'a desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness.' Even the sea has retired from the scene of devastation, and a pestilent morass, covered with mud and rushes, has succeeded to the waters which brought up ships laden with merchandise from every part of the known world."

From the apocalyptic message to the church at Ephesus, we learn that it had already declined from the high state of Christian feeling by which it had once been distinguished. There was still much to commend indeed—so much that we almost marvel where so serious an evil is to be found as to draw forth from the merciful Redeemer the threatening of removing its candlestick out of its place. There was the maintenance of sound doctrine, the abhorrence of, and firm opposition to, those who would corrupt the purity of the church's faith or practice; there was patience in labouring for Christ; courage in enduring trouble for his name's sake, and no fainting or wearying of the yoke under all these trials. Should we not consider that church in a healthy and prosperous condition, which might be described in this manner by the omniscient One. But there was a worm at the root, an insidious poison wearing out the life: "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love."

In marked distinction from every false religion, the Christian faith requires love as the basis of all obedience. "My son, give me thine heart," is the demand alike of the earlier and later revelation. All service, however exactly fitted to the external model set before us, is unacceptable if love be not the motive power. We recognise the same principle in all our social relations. How sweet is it to be served with love; how valueless the most careful attention when no feeling of affection mingles with the deed. But how difficult to keep ever burning the flame of heavenly love, in that intensity with

THE SITE OF EPHESUS.

which it is felt when the rescued sinner first plants his foot on the rock, and looks back to the pit whence he has been taken. The atmosphere around is uncongenial. The pride and the pleasures of life offer their temptations; and even our innocent cares and business and affections, with their ever-present, ever-pressing claims, may become the means of encroaching on the supreme love due to the Unseen One. And the evil acts and progresses so gradually and subtlely that no alarm is excited; we perceive not its presence, and have no consciousness of guilt or danger to trouble us. We are careful in all outward things to obey our Lord's commandments, and wist not that we are in aught traitors to his love, that we are verily guilty of the blackest ingratitude to Him whose love for us "many waters could not quench." And unless the evil be speedily checked, what is to be expected save a progress ever downward? As with the Ephesians, for a time, sound doctrine and correct outward practice may be maintained, labour taken, and privations endured for the name of Christ. But presently we arrive at another stage; the labour and the suffering are evaded, and a mere routine of heartless worship, with, it may be, still "the form of sound words," suffice. Then yet descending, we find the cold church at length slipping farther and farther from the centre of apostolic truth, no longer holding in its simplicity and integrity "the faith once delivered to the saints;" and to its previous *practical* avowal of the sufficiency of outward observances, now adding, perhaps, a theoretic belief of the efficacy of external rites. It is so much easier to control the actions than the feelings, so much easier to do right than to feel right, that we need not wonder, though we must grieve, at the ever recurring spectacle in the history both of individuals and communities, of an attempt to substitute ceremonies and deeds of so-called service to God, for the entire change of the principles and affections which alone can secure holy and evangelical obedience, and the loving devotion of the whole inner life to God—the indispensable condition of a prosperous piety. It was no fantastic will-worship, established by priestly authority, which the Ephesians offered; it was divinely instituted service, such as Christ demands of his people in all ages, yet it failed of acceptance. The offering, though perfect in all its parts, was dead or nearly so, and the Master's voice spoke rebuke, warning, threatening—threatening at length fulfilled to the uttermost.

This is a lesson which it becomes every Christian to ponder well. The decline of love to Christ is to be feared and guarded against by every Christian heart. A daily watch, a daily war, must be maintained. It is humbling, that it should be so. But He pities and forgives our infirmities, and to cheer us in the struggle adds the encouragements of the future to the motives drawn from the past and present. There is the past of His bitter sufferings that we might be saved; the present of sustaining grace, and strength, and never-failing sympathy; and the future of eternal joy in his own blessed presence. Surely there is enough here to nerve the wretched heart engaged in this "holy war."

> "Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
> By the clear rill and palmy shade?
> And see we not, up earth's dark glade,
> The gate of heaven unclose?"

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A RELIGIOUS BOYHOOD.

Adapted chiefly for the Young.

"That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."—*Ps.* cxliv. 12.

It is generally supposed that the psalm in which these words occur, was written by David shortly after the death of his son Absalom. We find the pious psalmist again expressing his thankfulness to the Most High for the mercy he had experienced in a time of great peril and anxiety. Once more had the plans of his enemies been overthrown, and David could contemplate the future with renewed hope and confidence. His had been a strange and eventful history, made up of light and shade, of dangers and deliverances, trials and triumphs. No biography so distinctly points out the power of man, when aided by Divine strength, to conquer adverse circumstances, as that of the Hebrew king. The narrative of his life plainly teaches the lesson, that difficulties the most severe and threatening cannot crush him who has calm resolute trust in God. We see him gradually emerging from obscurity, advancing through obstacles seemingly insurmountable, making the crooked straight and the rough places plain before him, and reaching at last the highest pinnacle of honour and renown. There is that about his history which fascinates and charms all hearts; the child, to whom life is a bright and hopeful thing, is interested in *it*, as well as the man of mature years, whose cheek is furrowed by care and disappointment. The child delights to think of David as the brave shepherd boy who slew the lion and the bear in the pastures of Bethlehem, and tells you of the day when the boy-warrior, armed only with a sling and a stone, went forth to do battle with the enemy of his country, and returned victorious in the evening with the flush of triumph mantling on his brow, amid the glad rejoicings of Jewish maidens. And the strong man, to whom life is a battle and a woe, who has daily to struggle with the world, the flesh, and the devil, reads his history with emotion, and exclaims, "He who helped and forgave David, can help and forgive me"

Perhaps one of the most grievous trials which it fell to the lot of the king to experience was the conduct of his son Absalom; who, although the favourite child of his father, proved to be the most ungrateful and wayward of sons. Having thrown aside parental restraint, he organized a conspiracy to dethrone his father and to seize the crown for himself. But his unnatural rebellion worked out a sad and terrible retribution; for being put to flight by the followers of the king, and riding in haste through a woody country, his hair was caught by the branches of an oak, and while suspended in the air, he was pierced through the heart and slain by Joab. Who can read the description of the brave monarch's anxiety and bitter grief without being impressed by the depth and permanence of parental love? "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" Children little know the pain and anguish their misconduct occasions, or we think they would not have the heart to be so undutiful and disobedient. Notwithstanding, however, all provocations, the father does not cease to cherish a true and tender affection for his erring child; his son may be wilful and ungrateful, his daughter may be unmindful of her duty and of the affectionate care with which she has been reared; still the father's heart yearns over his careless ones; night after night he mourns in his prayer, and beseeches God to change their hearts, and rejoices with joy unspeakable if he is privileged to see them taking the right path.

With regard to Absalom, king David was not thus privileged: he died a disobedient son, and his father was obliged in sorrow to give up as vain any high hopes he might have cherished concerning him. He had gone to his account, and could no longer be remonstrated with: he was far beyond the reach of the most touching appeals, and, moreover, without power to erase a single line from the life-history which he had written.

And perhaps, then, as we have already said, it was, while meditating upon the awful and untimely end of Absalom, that the beautiful prayer in the text sprang forth from the heart of David. Most grievously had he been disappointed; his fondest expectations had been withered; his most fervent wishes unrealized; and he desired that no one else might experience the grief which filled his heart; that no father should have his gray hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave through the unfilial conduct of his children; that parents might breathe their last with a pious and loving offspring around them. "May our sons be as plants grown up in their youth; may our daughters be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." As a

father, he saw how pure and happy the home circle would be if irradiated by the filial virtues; and as a king, he knew well enough that nothing would so speedily seal the ruin of a kingdom, that nothing would so quickly drive it to the point from which decline inevitably commences, as the irreligion and vice of its young inhabitants. A kingdom may be destroyed by far more potent instruments than armies and navies. "Give me," said the shrewd Cataline, when attempting to overthrow the liberties of Rome, "give me the young men of the city, and let me mould them according to my will, and form them for deeds of daring and of crime, and my success is certain."

Yes, when the youthful part of a nation is corrupted, the glory of that nation is on the wane, and soon will be discovered signs of approaching decay, of senility and death. But, in humble reliance upon the promise of God, we cherish the conviction that if the psalmist's ideal of youth were realized, we should behold the dawn of universal prosperity, peace, and security. Before we can have anything approaching to a good and Christian state of society, devout and prayerful care must be taken of the young generation, which is gradually rising up to occupy the place of the one which is silently going to its grave. The evils which spring from the defective education of children are innumerable. As we walk through our cities, towns, and villages, we behold on every hand the wrecks of men; and it is painfully evident that a far different prospect might have met the eye, if religious attention had been paid to the youthful powers and susceptibilities of those who are now hardened in crime and inured to dissipation. Instead of having our judges and juries fully employed, and beggary and vice reckoned among the standing institutions of our country, we might, with the blessing of God crowning our efforts, have seen ere this religious temples erected where now stand criminal courts, and men practising the arts of honest industry, whom now the severest prison discipline will not deter from crime.

I. In the text we wish now to notice what the psalmist desired *boys* to be—"May our sons be as plants grown up in their youth."

The boy is here likened to a young tree rising erect and beautiful, full of grace and vigour, ever drinking in new life from the springs into which its roots strike. No comparison can be more beautiful, and the several analogies which it suggests are worthy of our thought and study. A young healthy plant is a beautiful object in itself, but it is chiefly beautiful when in its leafy luxuriance and delicate branches we discern indications of future vigour and fruitfulness. We think rather of what the plant will be, than of what it now is; and with care we examine the soil in which it is rooted. For though the young tree may appear strong and full of sap, yet, unless the ground is adapted to its peculiar character, every promise of life and blossom will quickly vanish, and we shall behold only withered leaves and branches. So the husbandman chooses the right ground for his plant, and then leaves it to be perfected by all weathers; now and then he applies the pruning-knife, or gives a twig a contrary direction to that which it would naturally have taken; and thus, under his watchful care, and aided by the precious influences of the atmosphere, the young plant thrives and advances to perfection. Rooted as it grows, strengthened by the storm and the sunshine, by the chill blasts of winter and the gentle airs of spring, it at length arrives at its maturity, and stands full of life and vigour.

Is there nothing in the history of a young soul's progress similar to this? With what hope a father contemplates his boy as he sees his youthful powers unfolding: already he beholds a noble manhood, a faithful and an earnest life, belonging to him who as yet gently slumbers in his mother's arms. No words can reveal the depth of paternal expectation and desire. But the Christian father is well assured that his highest anticipations will never be realized, unless the soul of his child is rooted and grounded in the truth as it is in Jesus. Without this, there will be no true expansion of the heart and intellect, no nobleness of life, no religious manhood: we shall only see deformity, debasement, and guilt. "If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered, and men gather them and cast them into the fire, and they are burned." But when rooted and grounded in Christ, when strengthened by wise paternal care, and the refreshing influences of the Holy Spirit, then the child advances from the blade to the ear, and from the ear to the full corn in the ear.

Great may be the difficulties which may oppose his progress from earth to heaven; wild and threatening the storms which may rave over the young Christian's path to the fulness of religious experience; but if his life is hid with Christ in God, he will stand serene and secure in the evil day, the very difficulties he meets with only serving to make him take deeper root in him who cannot be moved.

Moral vigour, then, is what the psalmist desired to see boys possessed of. Physical strength is a great boon, but there is something greater and better: and poor sick children who must not stir out of the house, who are too weak and ill to join in the games of their brothers and sisters, can nevertheless acquire

that which shall make them inwardly strong and healthy as the growing plant.

The boy at school who is only noted because he is stronger than all his schoolfellows, need not pride himself upon his reputation. The pattern boy is he who in early years gives himself up to Christ, to be moulded and guided according to his blessed will. We do not want to see merely clever boys; if destitute of that religious life which flows from humble faith in Christ as the Saviour of sinners, the greatest stores of knowledge are vain and worthless to man. When under the sacred influence of religion, mental endowments may be turned to the very highest and noblest ends; but apart from religion, they do but make their possessor vain, conceited, and arrogant. We pine to see *religious* boys, to whom we can with confidence point as the future men, who will ably and nobly occupy the place of the weary and aged, and prove themselves worthy heirs of men of whom the world was not worthy.

Are there such boys growing up now? Ah! we know not what men are being trained in our schools, our playgrounds, and nurseries. It behoves us to gaze very reverently, and with prayer, upon young children; we know not the destiny awaiting them; what they are to be in years to come is effectually concealed from our view; and yet to parents these gracious words have been spoken, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." While to children also these encouraging words apply, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

ELIZABETH FRY.

PART II.

THE following extracts from an account of a visit to Newgate, in 1820, written by a merchant of the city of London, present us with a vivid picture of Elizabeth Fry's ministrations there. "In a short time Mrs. Fry entered the room, and having courteously spoken to those whom she knew, and politely noticed all, a table was placed, and the Bible laid upon it; and when she had directed the *first* bell to be rung, she and her friends took their seats, having the visitors behind and around them, and rows of forms in front, rising like an amphitheatre, for the prisoners to sit upon. The first bell was to give notice to the prisoners to get ready. On the second ringing they began to enter, and were directed by the matron of the prison to sit up as closely as possible. They came in in a very orderly manner, quietly and respectfully, and took their places with great decorum. All were tidily dressed, in a close and neat manner; their caps clean and well put on, and some of them with an air which showed that they had been accustomed to pay attention to their apparel. When all the prisoners were assembled, their appearance rendered some effort requisite to recollect that these were *convicts;* but remembrance was aided by the strong iron bars which guarded the windows, and which reminded us that we were in Newgate. The prisoners were of all ages, from eighteen to sixty, and in number about seventy. The visitors, and the ladies who generally accompanied Mrs. Fry, were, together, about forty, and the great majority of them females.

"When the little bustle occasioned by seating and endeavouring to close still more to make room for all, had subsided, there succeeded a short but almost awful silence. The eyes of the prisoners were fixed on Mrs. Fry. Those of the visitors were fixed on the prisoners; but all seemed waiting in the stillness of anxious expectation. The silence was at length broken by that mild voice which the prisoners had often heard. Mrs Fry began to read from the Bible. She had selected the twelfth and thirteenth chapters of the Epistle to the Romans. This selection did honour to her judgment; and while, with distinct articulation, she dwelt upon the more important of the words of Holy Writ, every hearer appeared affected. The convicts showed their interest in the instruction thus afforded them, by the eye fixed on the reader, and their anxiety by heads put forward, as it were, to meet the sound, while the eye had the tear quivering on the lash, or the cheek showed that it had overflowed its bounds. When she had finished the chapters, which she had read slowly to give time to the hearers to receive the words and to comprehend their meaning, she remained for a few seconds perfectly silent, and the silence was a silence which might be felt.

"She then addressed the unhappy women in the most condescending manner, on the subjects to which the reading had called their attention. She told them, that although the apostle addressed the chapter to his *brethren*, yet in that word *their* sex—*our* sex, she said—was included. Females were equally thereby besought by that touching motive, the mercies of God, to present themselves a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God; that such a sacrifice was a most reasonable service. And lest the word *sacrifice* might not be understood by some, the apostle had made it clearly intelligible, when he told them in the following verse, that this sacrifice so acceptable to God was presented when they were not conformed to this world, but were transformed by the renewing of their minds. When that was the case, humility would prevent

any from thinking more highly of themselves than they ought to think, and would teach them to think soberly, according as God had dealt to each the measure of faith. It would show itself in love without dissimulation; in abhorring that which is evil—in cleaving to that which is good; by diligence in the performance of known duty; by fervour of spirit when serving the Lord; by rejoicing in hope; by patience in tribulation, and by a persevering constancy in prayer. She urged upon them the Divine precepts—'Bless them who persecute you; bless, and curse not. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.' She added, with a tone of persuasion I shall not easily forget, 'Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath, for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. *Therefore*, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head;' thus shall your kindness melt them from their anger to kindness in return. 'Be not overcome therefore of evil, but overcome evil with good.'

"She touched upon the duty as well as advantage of every soul being subject unto the higher powers, which are ordained of God to be the ministers of God for good to those who do good, but to execute wrath upon them that do evil. She showed the comprehensiveness of the saying, 'Love worketh no ill to his neighbour, and that, therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law.' She reminded them, and included herself in the acknowledgment, that all had partaken of the mercies of that God, who, like as a father pitieth his children, pitieth those who fear him. 'We are all,' said she, 'receiving constantly of his mercy; we have bread to eat, and raiment wherewith we are clothed; nor are spiritual mercies and provisions sparingly dealt out to us; we have line upon line, and precept upon precept, here much and there much! God's love is over all, for he so loved the world that he gave his well-beloved Son to die for our sins; thus there is hope for *all*, even for the greatest offenders; for those who have gone the greatest lengths in iniquity. Through gratitude, therefore, should all present to God the living sacrifice, which is a most reasonable service.'

"In the most plain and affecting manner, she went on to state how much, during the reading of the latter verses of the last chapter, her own mind had been impressed with the words, 'Knowing the time, that *now* it is high time to awake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.' She again pronounced with striking emphasis, 'The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let *us*, therefore, cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light. Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof!' 'What a dreadful thing would it be,' said the interesting speaker to her auditory, deeply attentive, and many of them suffused in tears, 'to continue sleeping this sleep of death, till aroused to agony by the arrival of the moment of dissolution—the day of judgment.' She reminded them indeed that the awful day was at hand, and urged them even now to put on the Lord Jesus Christ.

"At the moment when she ceased her exhortation, the solemnity of the scene became touching beyond the power of my description. The visitors, absorbed in reflection on their personal interest in these great truths, forgot the circumstances of the convicted; and it may be well believed that the prisoners forgot the visitors so far as to feel no restraint from their presence. It became a silent meeting for some time, only interrupted by a sigh or a sob."

This account, by an eye-witness, partially explains the secret of Elizabeth Fry's wonderful influence over the minds of the criminal and degraded. She came to them in the spirit of Him who sat with publicans and sinners. We are too apt to feel as if between ourselves and such as these, there were a great gulf fixed, and to look upon them as beings of almost a different race; but Elizabeth Fry had learnt another and a holier lesson. She felt that, however fallen, they were yet the children of her Father; and she spoke not of *their* sin, but of *our* sin, knowing that even the very best must at last appear before him in whose presence none of us can hope to be justified, except through grace. She taught her wretched auditors that none need despair; she never even inquired for what crimes they were imprisoned, as she knew that the past could not be recalled.

The rules proposed by Mrs. Fry for the better internal regulation of the prison, when submitted to those in authority, obtained their cordial approbation and assistance — an approbation and assistance the more honourable to them from the fact of their entertaining strong misgivings as to the possibility of the scheme. Elizabeth Fry did not impose these rules peremptorily on the women in Newgate. Far from doing so, she offered her regulations for their acceptance; and an unanimous assurance that they would strictly obey was the response. To provide suitable work seemed at first no easy matter. It occurred to one of the ladies that Botany Bay might be supplied with clothing

manufactured by the prisoners. She, therefore, called on Dixon and Co. of Fenchurch-street, and "candidly told them, that she was desirous of depriving them of this branch of their trade." They at once replied that they would supply work, and the difficulty was at an end.

A fortnight after the adoption of the new rules and system, a marvellous change was apparent in the aspect of the prisoners. The half-naked, blaspheming, filthy beings were seen, like the maniac of old, *clothed and in their right mind.*

In order to meet the expenses of their undertaking, the ladies' committee opened a subscription, to which the sheriffs added eighty pounds. Elizabeth Fry, feeling that she could not conscientiously ask her husband for all the funds she needed, applied to some of her wealthy relatives, who very liberally responded to her call. Above and beyond all other assistance was that which she received from her brothers. They never failed her. From that day forward she became one of the channels through which, from the princely fortunes of the Gurney family, flowed in no stinted measure a stream of benevolence.

There was one trial connected with these prison visitations, the intensity of which to a heart like her's can hardly be over-estimated—we allude to intercourse with those under sentence of death. At a time when executions were of sickening frequency, she first entered Newgate, and her memoir presents us with some harrowing details. She lived to see the time when Sir Samuel Romilly—nobly seconded both within and without the walls of Parliament by the few who were appalled by the blood-guiltiness of our criminal law—won his great triumph for humanity.

The ladies of the prison committee did not consider their labours ended for those condemned to transportation, when they were removed on board a convict ship. They established a school in the vessel, divided the women into classes and messes, supplied them with books and work, the last not the least important, for experience had convinced Elizabeth Fry and her coadjutors that unless the hands of criminals were fully employed, all attempts at reforming them would be in vain. The visits to convict ships involved much that was trying, from exposure to winds and weather, but they were mostly accomplished. Meanwhile the fame of Elizabeth Fry's proceedings at Newgate spread far and wide, and many came to see if these things were so; and the highly-born and the highly-gifted were often among her auditors when her melodious voice directed to the common Saviour of all mankind, or was raised in fervent supplication that every wanderer might be found again. How deeply impressive these occasions often were will be very evident to the reader of her biography.

THE SACRED POETRY OF AMERICA.

PART II.

We resume our gleanings. The sabbath with its tranquil quietude has come again. Labour has laid down its burden. The hind has gone from the field, the whirr of wheels has ceased in the factory, and on the soft summer wind the sweet chime of bells is floating by us. Open wide the window, and as the golden sunshine streams in upon you, think of the fatherly love of God *in ordaining* that all his creatures should have a sabbath. Of that ordinance, men have been and are regardless. Of the blessing which it was intended to confer men have robbed their fellows and themselves. What they have cast away, let us cherish and improve. Let us lift our thoughts to Him who rose from the dead on the first day of the week, and cause this day of rest to be one of our chief

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

I.

To prayer; for the day that God hath bless'd
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest;
It speaks of creation's early bloom,
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallow'd hours.

II.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
Oh, hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows.
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer—
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

III.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow—
O, what are earth and its pleasures now!
And what shall assuage his dark despair
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

IV.

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends,
There is peace in his eye that upward bends:
There is peace in his calm confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

V.

Awake, awake, gird up thy strength,
To join the heavenly hosts at length.
To Him who unchanging love displays,
To Him whom the powers of nature praise,
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given,
For a life of praise is the life of heaven.

(Ware.)

In the heart of many a reader we believe the following touching lines will awaken long-buried memories of "old familiar faces," and the recollection of the fervent and earnest piety of parents who have gone to their reward—parents whose chief desire and constant prayer concerning their offspring was that they might be *saved*. Such prayers are not forgotten before God. Faith and patience may be tested and strengthened by waiting for the answer, but, nevertheless, *it comes!* Happy are they who confide daily their own and their children's interests to the God of all grace. Alas! how many are there *with* whom and *for* whom a parent never prayed. And how many homes are there where nothing is known of the light, the beauty, or

THE POWER OF MATERNAL PIETY.

"When I was a little child," said a good old man, "my mother used to bid me kneel down beside her, and place her hand upon my head while she prayed. Before I was old enough to know her worth she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back *by a soft hand upon my head.* When a young man, I travelled in foreign lands and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, *that same hand was upon my head, and I was saved.* I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of my happy childhood, and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart—a voice that must be obeyed—Oh, do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God."

I.

Why gaze ye on my hoary hairs,
Ye children young and gay?
Your locks, beneath the blast of cares,
Will bleach as white as they.

II.

I had a mother once like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung;
Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.

III.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,
Would bow my infant knee,
And place her hand upon my head,
And, kneeling, pray for me.

IV.

But then there came a fearful day;
I sought my mother's bed,
Till harsh hands tore me thence away,
And told me she was dead.

V.

I plucked a fair white rose, and stole
To lay it by her side;
And thought strange sleep enchained her soul,
For no fond voice replied.

VI.

That eve I knelt me down in woe
And said a lonely prayer;
Yet still my temples seemed to glow
As if that hand were there!

VII.

Years fled, and left me childhood's joy,
Gay sports and pastimes dear;
I rose a wild and wayward boy,
Who scorned the curb of fear.

VIII.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed;
Yet ere at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
And down I fell and wept.

IX.

Youth came—the props of virtue reeled;
But oft at day's decline
A marble touch my brow congealed;
Bless'd mother, was it thine?

X.

In foreign lands I travelled wide,
My pulse was bounding high,
Vice spread her meshes at my side,
And pleasure lured my eye;

XI.

Yet still *that hand,* so soft and cold,
Maintained its mystic sway,
As when, amid my curls of gold,
With gentle force it lay.

XII.

And with it breathed a voice of care,
As from the lowly sod:
"My son, my only son, beware!
Nor sin against thy God."

XIII.

That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot!
And now, though time hast set
His frosty seal upon my brow,
These temples feel it yet.

XIV.

And if I e'er in heaven appear,
A mother's holy prayer,
A mother's hand and gentle tear
That pointed to a Saviour dear,
Have led the wanderer there.

(SIGOURNEY.)

After Cowper's exquisite version of "the walk to Emmaus," (Luke xxiv. 13, 14,) we thought it impossible to touch the subject without impairing its beauty and lessening its force, until we read E. F. Ellet's

"ABIDE WITH US."

I.

"Abide with us! The evening hour draws on,
And pleasant at the daylight's fading close
The traveller's repose!
And, as at morn's approach the shades are gone,
Thy words, oh, blessed stranger, have dispelled
The midnight gloom in which our souls were held.

II.

"Sad were our souls, and quench'd hope's latest ray,
But thou to us hast words of comfort given
Of Him who came from heaven!
How burned our hearts within us on the way
While thou the sacred Scripture didst unfold,
And bad'st us trust the promise given of old!

III.

"Abide with us: let us not lose thee yet!
Lest unto us the cloud of fear return,
When we are left to mourn
That Israel's hope—his better sun—is set!
Oh, teach us more of what we long to know,
That new-born joy may chide our faithless woe."

IV.

Thus in their sorrow the disciples prayed,
And knew not He was walking by their side
Who on the cross had died!
But when He broke the consecrated bread,
Then saw they who had deigned to bless their board,
And in the stranger hailed their risen Lord!

V.

"Abide with us!" Thus the believer prays,
Compassed with doubt and bitterness and dread—
When, as life from the dead,
The bow of mercy breaks upon his gaze:
He trusts the word, yet fears lest from his heart
He whose discourse is peace too soon depart.

VI.

Open, thou trembling one, the portal wide,
And to the inmost chamber of thy breast
Take home the heavenly guest!
He for the famished shall a feast provide;
And thou shalt taste the bread of life, and see
The Lord of angels come to sup with thee.

The closing lines give utterance to a momentous truth. For it is written, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if *any man* hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." (Rev. iii. 20.)

If an argument were needed to prove the Divine origin of the Bible, it is furnished by the *kind* of revolutions which have been produced by it wherever it has been received sincerely, and its precepts and principles permitted to influence and mould the life. Liberty invariably accompanies it—moral, intellectual, and political liberty—in the exact ratio that it is allowed to operate in the hearts of individuals, societies, nations. Superstition, tyranny, vice, cannot live in the atmosphere which it creates. Hence the vicious detest it, and hence also its proscription by those who hold the bodies or the souls of men in bondage. The Italian peasant—the Florentine noble—the slave in the cotton-fields of the southern states of America may not read it without peril! Is not this the highest encomium that could be bestowed upon it, that the oppressors of mankind dread its presence and its power? And should not this lead all within whose reach it is to write its contents in their own hearts, to follow its guidance, and to aid its diffusion, until, through the grace of Him whose sword it is (Eph. vi. 17), all error is confounded—all ignorance dispelled—and all mankind, freed from the bondage of iniquity, are brought, 'clothed and in their right mind,' to the great gathering-place of humanity — THE CROSS OF CHRIST? He who does this offers to God acceptable worship; for

"He asks no taper lights, on high surrounding
The priestly altar and the saintly grave;
No dolorous chant, nor music pompous sounding,
Nor incense clouding up the twilight nave.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken:
The holier worship which He deigns to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widows and the fatherless.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good;"
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each holy life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace!"

DISCREDITING RELIGION.

"HE is a godly man, but very sharp at a bargain." This remark referred to a professor of religion, and was designed as a disparagement both of him and his religion. Men of the world, whose only gospel is founded on the maxims and customs of business, aim at sharpness in making a bargain, and while they condemn positive and vulgar cheating, they consider it no discredit to approach as near as possible to the line which separates it, from an acute exercise of their business tact, in obtaining an advantage over their less wakeful neighbours. When, however, one comes among them professing another gospel, enjoining higher principles of action, they watch him closely, and if they detect him adopting their policy, using their artifices, betraying the same restless anxiety to make quick and doubtful profits; in a word, when they see him leaving his gospel at home, and going to his place of business like a man of the world, to chaffer, to screw, to make money at all hazards, they note the inconsistency, and jeer at both him and his religion. With this we find no fault. We commend men of the world for the watchfulness they exercise over Christian professors, and for the rebukes which they express at their manifest inconsistencies. We say to them, "Preach to such men in your pointed way until they reform, or lay aside the profession they dishonour." We do most seriously protest, however, against laying their inconsistencies to the account of religion. Religion is a holy and sacred thing; it has no precept enjoining love of the world, self-seeking or injury to our neighbour, and he that follows such precepts, manufactures them out of his own evil heart, and in utter despite of the gospel. If a professed disciple of Christ shows himself to be a mean, grasping, overreaching trader, say of him that he dishonours religion, while you respect religion itself.—*The Presbyterian.*

Page for the Young.

A LESSON FROM THE FIELDS OF GALILEE.

More than eighteen hundred years ago, there stood in the fields of Galilee, near the beautiful lake of Gennesareth, a stranger, whose looks were very serious, but at the same time very kind. A multitude of people gathered round him, but their motives were various. Some came from curiosity to see this man of whom there was so much talk, others to hear those gentle and loving words which he spoke, and many to be healed of their diseases—for he cured people without giving them any medicine, and did it without charge, too. This stranger was Jesus Christ, who loved the world so much as to become a man, that he might save it from ruin.

He was ever anxious to do the people good wherever he went; and seeing so many around him he took the opportunity of teaching them some important lessons. In order that they might all see and hear him, he ascended a hill, and seated himself, according to the custom of the country, to teach them.

Now you must know that during the months of April and May the fields of Galilee are adorned with scarlet turban-shaped flowers, which look very beautiful. And most learned men think it probable that Jesus pointed to these when he told the people to "consider the lilies." He wished to teach them to trust in God even for clothing, and this is why he said, "Consider the lilies;" because, if God so clothed the grass, which was soon cut down and burned, he would certainly provide for those who are of more value, and who have souls that can never die.

We may learn much from what Jesus said about the lilies of the field. When he said, "Consider the lilies," he did not mean that they were merely to look at them, but that they were to look and think. If they were anxious to learn, perhaps they would pluck one and examine its shape, and its texture, and its colour; and, if they did this carefully, they would soon come to the conclusion that all the art and ingenuity of man could never have contrived anything half so delicate and beautiful. And then looking at the colour, and comparing it with the scarlet, which the wealthy wore, they would confess that the words of Jesus were true, that even "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

These hearers would then think, "There was a time when the lily was only a bulb in the ground, hid from sight; yet it grew and grew, grew night and day, till it became this splendid scarlet flower. Who made it to *grow*? God only *could* cause it to grow." The same God, if you love and serve him, is able to make you "grow as the lily" in grace and holiness. Pray to God that he would give you his Holy Spirit to help you show forth the beauty of true religion, that men, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father who is in heaven.

Another thing to be considered about the lilies is, "They toil not, neither do they spin." Those who were not forgetful hearers, would think, "These lilies are free from care. God provides his sunshine to warm them, and his dews to refresh them, and surely he will take care of us." Jesus did not mean to encourage idleness, but he intended us to learn that we must not be anxious about clothing; for if God defended and protected the lily, which could not help itself, how much more might those expect his blessing who did their duty in dependence upon him.

Those who were anxious to learn the lessons which Jesus intended, would remember that though the lilies looked so bright and gay one day, they might be all cut down the next, and burned to heat the oven for baking bread; and that we, too, are like the grass which withereth, and the flower of the field which fadeth away. Our bodies will die, but there is something within us which will live after the body is dead. If, therefore, God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, will he not much more clothe us, who have souls that will live for ever?

"Consider now these flowers, He said,
They toil not, neither spin;
And God himself the garments made
Which they are clothed in.

In perfectness of beauty
Each several flower is made;
And Solomon, in all his pomp,
Was not like them arrayed.

They are but of the field, yet God
Hath clothed them as ye see;
Oh, how much more, immortal soul,
Will he not care for thee?"

The Bible says, dear young reader, "They that trust in the Lord shall not want any good thing." Be not, therefore, anxious about fine clothing. God will provide us with the means for obtaining that which is necessary. He sets little value upon beauty, for even the lilies fade and wither away. But the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and the garment of humility, are in the sight of God of great price. It will avail nothing to have the body clothed in purple and fine linen, if our souls are left uncared for and unclothed. We read in God's book of a poor beggar who went to heaven, while the rich man, who was splendidly attired, was consigned to hell.

Dear young reader, you must be clothed with the robe of Christ's righteousness. Perhaps you do not know what this means. It was a custom among the ancients, when an emperor wished to defend and protect from punishment an obnoxious person or criminal, to cover him with his mantle. Probably the prophet Isaiah alludes to some such custom, when he speaks of God's people being covered with the robe of righteousness: it is what is called a figure of speech. You can imagine a person walking in a mantle which the emperor had put on him, being safe from punishment; so those who trust for salvation in what Jesus Christ has done and suffered, and are renewed by his Holy Spirit, are safe from the displeasure of God.

Every young person is exposed to the displeasure of God, for they have broken his law, and nothing that they can do or say can merit the favour of God. But Jesus Christ has died, that whosoever believeth on him may not perish, but have eternal life; and he has promised to give his Holy Spirit to all who sincerely ask for it.

Be not therefore anxious about clothing, which is all some people think about; but while you do your duty and depend upon God for his blessing, seek to be arrayed in the robe of Christ's righteousness, and filled with his Holy Spirit.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

DEMETRIUS, A RUSSIAN CONVERT TAKEN TO THE CHURCH IN CHAINS

THE TOBOLSK SCHOOL.

PART IV.

THE most remarkable evidence of the power of the gospel which von Wreech and his friends were privileged to witness in Siberia, was furnished by a young Russian, named Demetrius Mirowitz. His mother, a rich and noble lady of the Ukraine, had been, for some unassigned cause, banished, together with her whole family, to Tobolsk.

When the school was regularly established, she sent to it her two sons, Demetrius and Johannes; and one of the teachers, Cornet Gustavus Horn, who was master of the Russian language, took them under his own especial charge, taught them German, and, so soon as they were able to understand it, read the German Bible with them after school-hours in the evening.

This made a deep impression, more especially on the eldest, who was often much affected during the reading; and the word continued to work so powerfully on his heart that his whole being seemed transformed.

His family perceived his change of demeanour with much displeasure, and tried, at first by conciliatory measures, to wean him from his

No. 69.—PUBLISHED AUGUST 23, 1856

PRICE ONE PENNY.

new course; but he was only the more confirmed and strengthened in his faith by the arguments they employed against it. On one occasion his friends urged him strongly to take part in an *ecclesiastical* procession. He felt very uneasy and frightened, and asked von Wreech what he ought to do. Von Wreech advised him *to do whatever the love of Christ impelled him to*, and this decided the matter, for it recalled to his mind the words of the Saviour, "Whosoever loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." His relatives missed him in the procession, and when they took him to task for his absence, he replied that he could not do otherwise, for the thing was contrary to God's word. Upon which his mother caught him by the hair, threw him down upon the ground, and trampled him under foot! But he afterwards assured his Christian friends, that he had never felt greater love for his mother than while she was treating him thus cruelly. All imaginable means were now tried to induce him to cast off the Lutheran heresy, as they termed it: he replied, however, that he had never at school been referred to Luther, but solely to the word of God, as the foundation and warrant of his faith, and that from that alone had he learned the truth.

Once, on his mother beseeching him with tears to relinquish his peculiar views, which alone stood in the way of their domestic happiness, his gentle and affectionate nature prompted him to give way; but suddenly recollecting himself, and summoning all the power of conviction to his aid, he implored his parent, with swimming eyes, to feel assured that he would not only readily but joyfully comply with her every wish in regard to temporal and bodily things, because he owed his bodily existence to her, but in what concerned his soul, the decision did not rest with him, for his soul belonged to God by creation and to Christ by redemption; he dared not do otherwise than obey them rather than man.

When some sophistical friend tried to persuade Demetrius that he might believe what he liked, provided he kept his belief to himself, he rejected the proposition with indignation, as detestable hypocrisy, and then quoted Scripture in proof that a true Christian is bound not only to believe with the heart, but to confess with the mouth.

Priests belonging to the Greek church were likewise sent to him to discuss and disprove his sentiments; and when they too were unable to accomplish anything, his mother was stirred up to incarcerate him during a whole year in a bathroom, and even tried to shake his constancy by starvation. But his heart-affecting patience and resignation so far touched his mother's heart as to induce her to lighten his imprisonment. This, however, was much more effectively done in a way of which she knew nothing—through the possession of his Bible, which his younger brother contrived to convey to him secretly.

Through the same loving interposition, von Wreech was enabled to visit the poor prisoner occasionally when the family was absent, and felt rejoiced and edified by witnessing his assurance of faith. Demetrius told his teacher, on one of those occasions, that he had, when quite a boy, witnessed the burning at the stake of a faithful confessor of the truth, and that the remembrance of the joy with which that martyr died was now a source of strong consolation and encouragement to himself, so that he felt disposed to endure the most shameful and painful of deaths sooner than to swerve from what he knew and acknowledged as the truth.

The unconquerable patience and fervent love to his God and Saviour manifested through so long a trial by her youthful son, at length entirely melted his mother's heart; she released him from confinement, and embracing him tenderly, said, "God alone knows, my dear Demetrius, which of us is in the right, but be that as it may, I cannot bear to torment you any longer."

The first use Demetrius made of his liberty was to visit the school, and his most earnest endeavour was to get his brother Johannes replaced in it. But after the release of the Swedes from captivity, and their consequent departure from Tobolsk (probably, too, after his mother's death), new persecutions came upon poor Demetrius, for Captain Tabbert, who remained behind in Siberia for nearly twelve months after von Wreech and the other prisoners, related that the young confessor had been loaded with chains and dragged to a church, in order to force him to kneel before the pictures, but that all had been in vain, for he would not deny the faith.

Heart-affecting is the letter which he wrote from Tobolsk, the 27th March, 1724, to his friend and teacher, describing, in his broken German, the sufferings which had been appointed him, as well as the full assurance of faith with which God had supported him under them; and although it is an anticipation of future events in respect of time, it seems desirable to insert it here, as winding up the interesting episode of Demetrius Mirowitz. "I write," says he, "with cheerful courage, though with a pained heart, to my beloved father in Christ, to inform him that he who maintains the judgment of the poor, and suffereth not the needy to be crushed under shame and reproach, but upholds them by his right hand, hath also holpen me in my distress, and so sustained me under my long and weary persecution, that the

enemy could not snatch away the good seed out of my heart; and those who thought to entice me away from the truth could effect nothing, for my beloved Lord Jesus stood by me and baffled all their efforts. Finally, the power of God, which worked so mightily in poor wretched me as to supply all my need, has now triumphed, for the which to God be all the praise throughout all eternity. Amen. Dearly beloved father, I already sent you word, through our mutual friend, Mr. N., how I was carried through the public streets of N—— to the church, and there beaten on the back to make me kneel down before the pictures; but I gave honour to the ever-living God my Creator, and not to the dumb idols of wood, silver, and gold. And now, having made known my state to you, beloved and revered father, I would entreat you to continue your love to me, and not to forget him in your prayers who ever remains, beloved friend and father in Christ Jesus, your, until death, devoted son and servant,

DEMETRJ MIROWITZ.

In a postscript he sends greetings from his brother Johannes, and announces his return from exile; but adds: "what God designs further respecting us is known to him alone." Nor are any further tidings of this sorely-tried one given in the diary. Most probably von Wreech never saw or heard of the fruits of many of his Siberian labours until he could say, "Here am I, Lord, and the children which thou hast given me."

To return to the Tobolsk school. Its history, from 1717 to 1721, presents a picture of continued increase, amid uninterrupted difficulties and struggles, the necessities of its supporters sometimes rising to the pitch of entire destitution of both money and provisions. At one time we read of the children being in rags, and the tailor refusing to deliver the bespoke clothes from a dread of having to wait too long for their payment. At another time we are told of an absolute want of food for the many hungry stomachs, while creditors were clamorous for their money, and the last recorded respite was fast drawing to an end, without the smallest prospect of succour from any quarter. On one occasion we find the whole of the teachers met together for the purpose of dissolving the school, feeling no longer justified in burdening themselves with the responsibility of its prolongation, even for a single day. Sickness, too, had invaded their dwelling; an epidemic had carried off several of the children intrusted to their care; and to put the climax on their woes, envy and calumny were but too prompt to seize on every new calamity, as a justification of their venomous attacks on the good work. But, despite those evil efforts, it went on, and prospered. For, even when their need was at the greatest, von Wreech called his associates together, and they fell on their knees before the Lord, and he hearkened and heard, and graciously opened a way of escape. Yes; more than once before their prayer was concluded, help was already at the door: so that von Wreech especially felt his faith so strengthened, by those repeated providential interpositions, that on several occasions when the brother who acted as house steward came to announce the total exhaustion of all their provisions, von Wreech could calmly reply, "The Lord's hour is not yet come, but it will surely strike ere long." And never did it fail to strike, though sometimes, the sun appeared to have "stood still in the valley of Gibeon." It was noted that, although help arrived opportunely, it rarely, if ever, came from the quarter, or in the way, expected by the petitioners; but always from unthought-of sources, and through undreamed-of channels. Moreover, it was never sent in such abundant measure as to remove all difficulty, or lessen the feeling of dependence; until, at the breaking up of the school, when it was necessary, in order to maintain the apostolic rule of doing things honestly in the sight of all men, that every debt should be cleared off, it was found, to the exceeding of every hope and the disappointment of many fears, that the closed accounts showed neither deficit nor surplus, so that although from all their gatherings there remained nothing over,* yet no one had to complain of pecuniary loss by the Siberian school.

Opportunities had not been wanting during the course of its existence for materially bettering its outward circumstances, but von Wreech scrupled to avail himself of these, from a fear of checking the work of God: as, for example, when parents proposed, during a season of peculiar difficulty, to feed their children at home. But the teachers had had frequent proof of the deleterious effect of such interruptions to their superintendence, and conscientiously preferred struggling on, to purchasing relief by injury to their young charge. An unknown benefactor once sent 560 ducats in one remittance; but von Wreech, although the money was sent to him, scrupled to apply any portion of the large sum to the school's support, because it was not specifically pointed out by the donor, and von Wreech therefore took it for granted that the money was designed for the relief of the whole body of the captives, and it was accordingly distributed among them. Indeed, of all the donations sent him, von Wreech made a point of imparting a share to the most needy of his fellow captives, besides opening, with generous hospitality, the door of the institution to every

* Exodus xvi. 18.

hungry and destitute Swede; none of whom ever left the dwelling without grateful thanks for the spiritual and bodily care bestowed on them in that place of refuge. And not a few, as is proved by their letters, afterwards showed themselves willing supporters of an undertaking, from which, in the day of their distress, they had experienced such opportune relief.

The fame of so beneficent an institution naturally extended beyond Siberia, and from all parts of Russia there came letters of encouragement and friendly sympathy, from such as wished well to the cause of God; while both in Germany and Sweden, collections were made for the Tobolsk school. These gifts constituted the ways and means, which, however, as their arrival could never be calculated on at all, far less counted on to meet specific necessities, so were they often so long delayed as to cloud the expectation of the most sanguine.

Once, indeed, a bright star of hope rose on their horizon! There was every reason to think that Czar Peter himself would take the school under his protection, for a memorial of its origin and progress had been laid before the autocrat, who had graciously expressed his satisfaction with the undertaking, and *promised* to aid its funds. Why this so much rejoiced in promise was never fulfilled, is not explained in the diary; but the knowledge we possess of the almost universal peculation, and embezzlement of public monies, for which the Russian officials used to be notorious, may well unravel the mystery, without charging Peter the Great with breach of promise.

At length, in 1721, arrived the long-hoped-for peace, between Russia and Sweden; and, as was to be expected, intelligence reached Tobolsk, that the release of the Swedish captives was at hand. The school *must*, therefore, be broken up, and this circumstance considerably damped the joy of approaching freedom to many of the prisoners. The dissolving of the establishment took place as slowly as possible, in order to ward off the injury which a sudden release from all discipline, and cessation of all instruction, might be expected to produce, on their dear scholars. Several children were at once removed by their parents eagerly hastening back to Sweden, but school was still kept up for all who remained until their diminished number warned the preceptors to desist. Then, house and furniture being disposed of, and all temporalities satisfactorily arranged, von Wreech and his faithful fellow workers, accompanied by some few of their scholars, bade adieu, with prayers and tears, to the sphere of their activity, the scene of many a trying, but also of many a heart-rejoicing experience.

In Moscow and St. Petersburg they were received with open arms, and, together with their scholars, lodged and entertained with friendly hospitality, until an opportunity offered for their embarking for Stockholm, which city they reached, in health and safety, on the 30th of June, 1722.

"What wondrous experiences I have made," writes von Wreech, "of God's goodness and care, in the loving attentions and disinterested kindnesses shown us by so many and so various dear Christian friends, I could never sufficiently detail, were I to write many pages on the subject: but one source of satisfaction I may mention, because it was as unexpected as gratifying, namely, the discovery that the manner in which the Tobolsk school was carried on, had met the approbation of the higher classes, to a degree which the base-minded and envious had never been willing to allow."

It was not without considerable difficulty that von Wreech obtained leave to retire from the Swedish service, in which he would gladly have been retained by the authorities. But his heart yearned after reunion with his wife and son, the latter of whom he had never yet seen, the child having been born after he set out for the Russian campaign; and he accordingly hastened to join them in Livonia. The meeting is recorded in the diary in these simple words, "There was great joy to us all."

New offers from the Swedish government, to induce von Wreech to re-enter the service, were declined, but not from disinclination to employment, for, at the time when this diary was published, he was tutor to the only son of Count de Promnitz, in Sarau. That the task of instructing, and especially of forming the mind of youth, was still regarded by him as a highly responsible as well as important avocation, is evident from the concluding sentence of his diary, which runs thus: —"May the great, everliving God, who, up to the present hour, hath so wonderfully led and guided me, through many and various paths, continue to uphold me by his father-hand, and so rule both my mind and body, by his Holy Spirit, that all his gracious designs may be accomplished in and by me, to the promotion of my own sanctification, and the increase of my ability to be useful to my fellow-creatures! But more especially may I obtain grace to be of service to the dear youth, who has, through God's holy and good pleasure, been consigned to my governance! Amen."

It is common for those who communicate any striking instance of piety and benevolence, to wind up by saying, "Go and do likewise." But though this moral aphorism might, in a general sense, unquestionably be justly applied here, there are, we think, two other more special and equally needed lessons to be derived

from the narrative before us. These are, first, the importance of calling to mind the revelation with which the Searcher of hearts reproved the unbelieving despondency of the Jewish prophet.* Whenever we are tempted, in our secret soul, to ask, "Lord, are there few that be saved?"—whenever we are in danger, with narrow-minded harshness, to unchristianize a whole class, or people, or age, because our weak vision is unable to detect the wheat among the tares—how the love-stimulated faith which hopefully anticipates a contribution from even the worst of times, to that "multitude which no man could number,"† must receive new strength from the perusal of von Wreech's autobiography! But the second lesson is, perhaps, still more strikingly derivable from it; and that is, the sin and danger of limiting to *apostolic times* the text, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you;" even if we go not still further in lowering its meaning, by secretly affixing something oriental, figurative, and allegorical to its phraseology. Yet, oh, how true is it, that but for our "little faith" we might say to every mountain which rises in our path of duty, "remove hence," and it would remove! Oh, how often, when called to pass through some *small* trial (as compared with the "fires and the waters" to which believers in former ages were exposed), do our souls shrink back from the test in dismay, and we are ready to give up all for lost! And yet we have the sure word of promise, that "all things work together for *good* to them that love God," and *ought*, therefore, to have our Saviour's voice sounding in our ears, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

In such seasons, when, though the spirit may be willing, the flesh proves weak, may von Wreech and his Tobolsk school rise to our remembrance, and so stimulate our faith and hope that we may press along the course, towards "the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus!"

MRS. ELIZABETH FRY.

PART III.

THE efforts of Mrs. Fry for the amelioration of the condition of prisoners were not confined to her own neighbourhood, but extended far and wide. The following letter from a Scotch lady, gives an interesting description of Elizabeth Fry's visit to the prisons of Glasgow in 1818.

"I have had it on my mind to write to you, my dear Mrs.——, ever since Mrs. Fry visited us. What an additional happiness it would have been, had you also seen her! She would not have disappointed you. Really I never before felt anything like inspiration or enchantment—only this charm above the fairies' spell does indeed give the pleasing reflection that these things have been done, and have surmounted the scoffing and opposition of the world, and more than all the reckless hearts of such beings as she had to deal with. She found our prisons very badly managed; the women crowded by night four or five into one cell, without work, without a matron, no chaplain, and locked up by the common turnkey. But I forget it is of Mrs. Fry you wish to hear. She is about forty, tall, thin, sedate, with a physiognomy gentle, but very observant. Her voice and manners are delightful, and her communication free and unembarrassed. She met several of the magistrates by appointment, and also a number of ladies, this evening at the Bridewell. She told them with much simplicity what had been done at Newgate. She entered into pleasant conversation with every one, and we were delighted when she offered to speak to the poor women. The keeper of the prison said he feared it was a dangerous experiment; that they never, but by compulsion, listened to reading, and were generally disposed to turn everything of the kind to ridicule. She said she had feared that this might happen, but it would show the ladies what she meant. About a hundred women were assembled in a large room, which we entered doubting and anxious. She took off her little bonnet, and sat down on a low seat fronting the women; at whom she looked with a kind, conciliating eye, yet an eye that met every eye there. She said, 'I had better just tell you what we are come about.' She told them she had to deal with a great number of poor women, more wicked than any one then present; and in what manner they were recovered from evil. Her language was often biblical—always referring to our Saviour's promises, and cheering with holy hope these dissolute beings. 'Would not you like to turn from that which is wrong? Would not you like for ladies to visit you, and speak comfort to you, and help you to become better? Surely you would tell to them your griefs—they who have done evil have many sorrows.' As she read to them the 'Rules,' asking them to hold up their hands if they accorded therewith, at first all hands were upraised, but, as soon as she spoke, tears began to flow. One very beautiful girl near me had her eyes swimming with tears; and her lips moved as if following Mrs. Fry. One old woman, who held her Bible, we saw clasping it with emotion as she became more and more impressed. The hands were ready to rise at every pause, and these callous and obdurate offenders were, with one consent, bowed before

* 1 Kings xix. 18. † Rev. vii. 9.

her. During this moment she took the Bible, and read aloud the parable of the lost sheep and the piece of silver, also the prodigal son.

"It is impossible for me to express to you the effect of her saintly voice while speaking such blessed words. She often paused and looked at the poor women, as she named them, with sweetness, which won their confidence; applying, with beauty and taste, all the parts of the story to them, and in a manner I never before heard, and particularly the words, 'his father saw him when he was yet afar off.' A solemn pause succeeded the reading. Then resting the large Bible on the ground, we saw her on her knees before them. Her prayer was devout and soothing; and her musical voice, in the peculiar sweet tones of the Quakers, seemed like the voice of a mother to her suffering child. In the prison of Glasgow we found *sixteen* women; she had only to read and converse with them, for the proposal of work was greedily received. There were some much more varied emotions than at Bridewell; astonishing repugnance, and in some instances obdurate resistance to listen; in others anxious desire to obtain her aid. How different were the impressions in the varied figures before her! One old woman, with the appearance of a menial servant, and hardened features, said, 'No; no use work.' But these rugged lines were at length relaxed, and I saw a tear fall over the brown visage. But it was not the prisoners alone, for there was not a man in the room unmoved. My father was charmed beyond words. We saw too little of her in private, but all we did see more and more delighted us. She is now hastening to her eight children; and she has not a thought or a time to bestow on anything but prison discipline."

In after years her services extended beyond her own country; but it was by degrees that her sphere of action increased. She who had been so timid and shrinking was called to labour in a field which a woman might well dread. She who had stooped to save the lowest of her fellow-creatures, was ere long to appear at many an European court,

> "And speak before its crowned heads
> For *Him* the king of kings."

But while we dwell on her character as a Christian and philanthropist, we should fail to do her justice if we omitted to speak of her as a "Friend." She was a "Friend," not by birth or by tradition, but by strong conviction, and most conscientiously attached to the society of which she was a member. Yet Elizabeth Fry was no sectarian. She had deeply imbibed the truth that by whatever name Christians are known among men, they are *one in Christ*, and *all* his followers were dear to her, whatever might be their creed; for she felt that Christianity was infinitely too high, too holy, and too pure to be bound in the fetters of any sect whatever. She loved the name of "Friend;" but she loved the name of Christian immeasurably more.

Yet while success crowned her efforts for the good of others, while she was confided in and looked up to in no common degree, her path was often one of much sorrow. The loss of beloved relations was far from being her only grief; her shrinking, timid spirit was sometimes wounded from without to a degree that those of coarser mould cannot comprehend. But she endured all with "meek submission." The extracts published from her journal are touching and instructive in their acknowledgments of her own sense of unworthiness and helplessness when the world courted and honoured her.

The year 1825 was marked by distress which, in some respects, perhaps, outweighed all previous troubles. She had seen those who were very dear taken from her by death; but while nature shuddered beneath the blow, faith realized the truth that for those who were gone, to *die was gain;* delicate health and mental suffering had also been her allotment; and a new trial of her confidence was now appointed her, which was never to be entirely removed until the day when all her mourning should be turned into joy to last for evermore.

We will let her own pen record some of her feelings at the time of this deep affliction—(the failure of one of the houses in which her husband was a partner).

"I have been brought at times into little short of anguish of spirit; not, I think, so much from what we must suffer ourselves, as from what others may suffer. The whole thing appears fraught with distress. When I look at this mysterious dispensation, permitted by Almighty wisdom, I am ready to say, How is it, Lord, thou dealest thus with thy servant who loves thee, trusts thee, and fears thy name? Then I say this is my infirmity thus to query. Need I not chastisement? Do I not deserve it? * * * I cannot reason upon it, I must bow, and only bow, and say in my heart, which I believe I do, 'Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.'" Those who have studied her character will not be surprised that the fact of others, besides her own family, being involved in the suffering was a source of 'anguish' to Elizabeth Fry. But this was one of the bitter drops in that 'bitter cup' which was not to pass away from her lips. Her health, for a time, failed. She says in her journal that her "soul was bowed down within her, and her eyes were red with weeping."

In the midst of her perplexity she doubted whether, under present circumstances, it was right for her to resume her prison labours. An admirable letter from that revered benefactor of

his species. Wilberforce, encouraged her to proceed; and resting in the promise—"*What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter*," this chastened follower of her Lord returned by degrees to the work to which he had called her. We have already mentioned the sources whence abundant means for benevolent purposes were placed at her disposal.

THE ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE.

THE MOLE.

"These also shall be unclean unto you . . . the mole." *Leviticus* xi. 30.

"In that day a man shall cast his idols . . . to the moles and to the bats." *Isaiah* ii. 20.

THE mole, under the Mosaic dispensation, was ranked with unclean animals—those remembrancers to the Israelites, as Bonar has well expressed it, of a broken law and a fallen world. The species intended is most probably the one so plentiful in this country. Its geographical range is very extensive; as it is found all over Europe, has been obtained in America, and is common in the Holy Land.

No animal is more adapted to a subterranean existence; no animal more completely equipped, as it were, for the pursuit of its underground labours. The head is conical; the eyes two little brilliant dots, which, by an admirable mechanism, may be protruded at will or withdrawn into the fur, when their sensibility is in danger of being impaired by particles of dust, etc.; the ear is merely an opening capable of being dilated or closed; internally, the parts are so modified and arranged as to render the sense of hearing extremely acute. When in search of food, as a stray beetle or earthworm, it bores into the earth with its snout, which is pointed, and also prehensile, somewhat resembling in this particular the finger-like proboscis of the tapir. The forefeet are very powerful and effective instruments for scooping out the earth from its excavations, turning it aside, ploughshare-like, and throwing it back; the hind limbs are comparatively feeble. The body again, which is clothed with a sleek coat of black velvety fur, is cylindrical, tapering from the shoulders backward—the form best suited for traversing its underground galleries with rapidity. Is not that man bold, who denies that there is design in all this? Who refuses to acknowledge the display of power and wisdom in the formation of this animal? "Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this?" Job xii. 9. And yet, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Ps. xiv. 1.

And now of this little miner's dwelling. Entering from the surface let us follow the mole as it trips along. The tunnel which it is traversing is cylindrical, somewhat wider than its own body, with carefully smoothed sides, and a well-beaten roadway. After running in a direct line for some distance, it suddenly curves downwards, opening into the sleeping apartment, which is wide, deep, and comfortably lined with dried

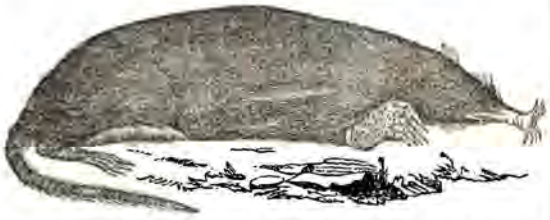
leaves. Three passages at regular intervals lead from this room up to a circular gallery, and this again is connected with a lower one by five "runs." From the second gallery many roads branch off in every direction, winding throughout the whole extent of the animal's hunting-ground, and, at last, joining the principal highway. This—the ordinary abode—is constructed beneath a hillock near some spreading tree or leafy hedge. At some distance, and commonly at a point where three or four roads cross each other, is a smaller chamber, in which the nest is made. The spot chosen for this purpose is such that the female can obtain an abundant supply of food in its immediate vicinity. Here the young are very carefully tended—ay, reader, much more carefully than many a family of which you may know something—till able to shift for themselves. At intervals there are openings for free ventilation, and at the end of the runs a deep hole may sometimes be observed, in which water is allowed to gather, and at which the ingenious architect quenches its thirst.

Such is the mole-hill; a structure which "exhibits"—we quote Professor Bell—"a complication of architecture which may rival the more celebrated exertions of the beaver."

Persecuted as it is, one would suppose the mole to be a most noxious pest; and yet recent investigations have demonstrated the great and valuable services rendered by this animal to the agriculturist! The spirit of Uzzah is daily displayed in the interference of man with the arrangements of Providence; he *will* put forth his hand; yet no less certainly will he pay for his rashness when involved, at last, in the disorder he himself has occasioned. Like the miner, our little workman spends the most of its days underground; but during the months of June and July, occasionally visits the surface. On the surface it is as awkward, as under it it is nimble. It swims admirably; and it is

a pleasing sight, when the fields lie flooded in autumn, to watch the male and female braving the waters, and risking their lives, to bring their tiny offspring to a place of safety.

The passage from the prophet Isaiah claims a brief attention. Some have pointed to the species intended as being the very singular animal usually known as the mole-rat. The spalax, as it is sometimes called, or slepez, that is "the blind" of the Russians, has a very singular appearance. The head is large and flat, the eye, no bigger than a poppy-seed, is completely hid beneath the skin; the organs of hearing are largely developed; the body is



clothed with smooth ash-coloured fur; the limbs are very short; there are five little toes with slender nails on each foot. It is found in Southern Russia, Asia Minor, and Syria.

Like the mole, it burrows very extensively; unlike that animal, its diet is strictly vegetarian, being confined to seeds and bulbous roots; it lives very much on a kind of chervil or cows-parsley, which is closely allied to a very common plant of that name, that grows along our road-sides, and in our pasture-land. It is principally in marshy ground, where this plant abounds, that it fixes its abode; *there* clusters of its hills may be observed; for it is both sociable and gregarious. On leaving its retreat to bask in the warm sunshine, it betrays great uneasiness as it proceeds; stopping abruptly from time to time, with its head raised, in order to catch the sound of approaching danger. Should all be silent, it goes on with great caution; but if the slightest noise is heard, it listens to discover the quarter from whence it comes; if from behind, it advances with all speed; if in advance, it makes a speedy retreat. When irritated and compelled to act on the defensive, it snorts, gnashes its teeth, and, if it can, bites very severely.

But the passage from Isaiah demands our notice in another respect. For it speaks of that wished-for time, when idolatry shall be abolished, and men shall cast their idols to the moles and to the bats—that is shall utterly abandon them, "either from a gracious sense of their worthlessness or from a late and sad experience of their inability to help them." We are here warned, that those who will not flee to God in this, the day of salvation, when he promises to receive them and to succour them, shall sooner or later flee *from* him in that day of wrath "when the Lord arises to shake terribly the earth," and when "the lofty looks of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of man shall be bowed down, and the Lord alone shall be exalted."

POOR, YET RICH.

A GENTLEMAN was walking across a meadow a few years ago, when he overtook a beggar bending under the weight of three-score years and ten, carrying a bundle of sticks on his back. "Well, my friend," said the gentleman, "where do you think you will be in twenty years?"

"In heaven, I hope, sir," cheerfully replied the poor old man. On further conversation the gentleman found that this beggar *was rich* in faith, and rejoiced even in poverty, having a believing trust in Christ.

Surprised at the clear scriptural views of salvation expressed by the poor man, the gentleman inquired where he had got all his knowledge. "I will tell you," said he. "About nine or ten years ago I was begging at one of the houses in the Royal Crescent, at Brighton. After waiting for some time, as no one gave me anything, I turned and walked away; a servant then came after me, and said that a lady had sent me a *penny and a little tract*, which she desired I would read. *It was that little book, sir, which taught me about faith, and about being born again.*—*British Workman.*

WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

How many this has frightened! How many this suggestion of the enemy of souls has prevented from becoming Christians! They came to the conclusion that it was better to endure the wrath of God than the frown of man, and so chose their portion in this life and gave up their hopes of heaven. The choice, dear reader, is now presented to you. You are not asked to forsake father and mother, wife or children, to be deprived of worldly possessions for the sake of Christ, but the very worst you can expect is that the thoughtless and the frivolous will for a few days be merry at your expense. You have no moral courage. If there was no necessity for openly professing his name, all would be right and you a Christian. This, however, you cannot avoid, and some time or other, if you hope to enter heaven, you must encounter the idle talking of the world. Why not meet it now?

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

CHRISTIAN DILIGENCE.

Perhaps there are no reflections better calculated to urge the Christian to a careful and conscientious discharge of his duty than such as would naturally arise from a proper consideration of the injunction of the apostle, to be "not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." It need not be conceived that this injunction is intended *only* for those who are engaged in the more active pursuits of life, such as the commercial and mercantile: this would be to confine its operation to a sphere where its influence, even if duly felt, might be the least perceptible to others. All have their duties to fulfil, their business to perform; and slothfulness and inactivity are not the less reprehensible that you are placed in a situation to indulge them without fear either of inconvenience or loss. He who has given you a competence requires your energies in return, and offers endless opportunities for their unceasing occupation. His poor and destitute are around you, and demand the exercise of your charity; his sick and afflicted are many of them pining and dying for the want of those necessaries and comforts which you heed not whilst you enjoy; his people are being destroyed for lack of that knowledge which it is in your power to supply. Here, then, is ample scope for activity, and abundant reason to arouse you to its exercise; and let it ever be a consolatory thought, that, while thus employed, even though you may meet with ingratitude and opposition from those whom it is your desire to benefit, you are performing his will whom you serve, and are in the situation most likely to encounter his blessing and approbation. The path of duty is generally enlightened by the rays of Divine favour, as we may gather from a multitude of instances in the sacred Scriptures. The son of Jesse was called from the exercise of pastoral functions to be anointed king over Israel. Rebecca at the well met with the messenger of Abraham, and was blessed by the God of Abraham as the wife of Isaac. The Judean shepherds, while watching their flocks by night, received the angelic communication of the Saviour's birth. And the apostles, some from the receipt of custom, and some from their vocation as fishermen, were called to be the honoured instruments of disseminating the glorious gospel of Christ. Other instances might be adduced, which the memories of our readers, familiar, as we trust they are, with the Bible histories, cannot fail to supply.

Solomon says, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich," and this, generally speaking, is the case; yet there are numerous exceptions to the rule. We daily see examples of individuals who, notwithstanding their undoubted industry and integrity, are carried down the stream of poverty; whilst others advance in wealth and influence, their oil and their wine increasing, beyond their expectation, and almost beyond their desire—and this by the means of exertions comparatively trifling. Yet who shall say, which is most favoured by the Almighty. Wealth is often a snare, and we have the assurance of Scripture that, on the other hand, the affliction of poverty, as well as all other afflictions, may be a testimony of the Divine regard: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

The diligence of the true Christian is essentially different from that of the world. Multitudes around us are diligent in business, as well as fervent in spirit; but, alas! it is to be feared that comparatively few are serving the Lord therein. While the mass of mankind are little scrupulous with regard to the means of heaping up wealth, identifying themselves with the mammon of unrighteousness, and eagerly hurrying forward in pursuit of the riches that perish in the using, it becomes the servant of the high God, while he is no less diligent, and exerts himself with no less activity, to cherish a nobler aim, and to contemplate a more sublime reward. His object must be two-fold: he must look to it that he is not only the recipient but the instrument of the mercy and bounty of his Maker—that he is not only blessed himself, but a blessing to others—that he is not only a subject of grace, but an example of its effects upon the heart and conduct—that he is not only a disciple and a son, but an instructor and a minister to the wants of his brethren.

That faith whose nature is selfish never met with our Lord's approval. "To do good and to communicate" was the principle of all His operations, and always will be that of his true followers. When Peter wished to build three tabernacles, "one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias," he was far from the mind of Christ, who had other employment of a very

different and a far more glorious description for him than would have occupied the time in his anticipated hermitage upon Mount Tabor. A life of sloth is a life of disgrace and of injustice towards God, yourself, and your fellow man. If you are delivered from the bondage of corruption and sin, what evidence do you give of it, if, regardless of that charity without which all other gifts and acquirements are vain, you can sit down content with your own safety, while myriads are perishing around you? Go and "tell how great things the Lord hath done for you," is the command of the great Physician who has cured you of your leprosy; and will you be slack and dilatory in obeying his command?

"But," some may reply, "we are already fully occupied; we are already debarred by the extensive occupation of our time from so frequent an attendance upon the means of grace as we would desire; and the cares of a family and the oppressions of business consume our days." Granting this to be the case—and we know it is the case with many—yet you have still the opportunity of improving both yourselves and others. The grace of life may be evident in the commonest duties of the day. The influence of the Spirit of God may and must be visible in concerns which are nothing spiritual. *In* the world you need not be *of* it: and it may possibly be in your power to effect more by example than precept alone could accomplish. Living epistles, known and read of all men, adorning the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things — you may become lights in the world, even though surrounded by the elements of darkness, misery, and death.

While the world, with carnal view,
  Delve in Mammon's sordid mine,
Content a phantom to pursue,
  And every nobler aim resign—
'Tis the Christian's joy to know
  That he runs a loftier race;
Pressing onward from below,
  To a heavenly resting-place.

'Tis a kingdom in the skies
  That his ardent zeal inspires,
And his best affections rise
  To the end of his desires.
Stranger both to sloth and fear,
  Well he knows, where'er he roam,
That the path of duty here
  Is the road to heaven, his home.

Lord, to me thy grace impart,
  Still, though fainting, to pursue;
Take possession of my heart—
  Take it—and create anew!
Give me strength to upward soar,
  From the world's delusive breast,
To live with thee for evermore,
  And share the kingdom of thy rest.

THE SUNDAY WATER-PARTY.

A TRUE TALE.

"WHAT! will you really be such a coward, Tom, as to allow the fear of your mother's anger to prevent your joining us? I thought you were a man, and old enough to be your own master; but I see very well you are afraid, like any other boy. Poor fellow! Well, thank heaven, I am out of leading-strings."

Tom loved his mother tenderly, and was of an affectionate disposition, and he did not like to grieve her; but to be laughed at, and called a child, irritated him; and too often had John Heston, his gay young companion, misled him by a sneer or a laugh.

A Sunday water-party was the temptation on the present occasion. The weather was splendid; neither too hot nor too cold. Both the youths were fond of the healthy exercise of rowing, and several companions, choice merry spirits, as John termed them, were to meet at the Hammersmith suspension bridge on the Sunday morning. The light insecure boats (termed, I believe, gigs) were to be in readiness with proper attendants, and a day of hilarity was anticipated.

"I cannot go," said Tom; "I have an engagement—I have indeed."

"Oh yes, you are engaged to walk by the side of your mamma to church, and to say your catechism to her, eh, Tom! in the afternoon."

John knew that a little such leaven would work his will with the youth, better than long and serious arguments.

Tom went home twirling his cane, whistling his favourite new air, but thoughtful. He was making up his mind, as people call it, and we shall soon see the result.

The Sunday morning in due time arrived; the bright flood of daylight came pouring into Tom's room, awaking him; the tuneful songs of early birds sounded more fully, more sweetly from the surrounding quiet; the noise of the saw and the chisel, and the hum of working-day labour were silent. Tom dispatched the routine of his toilet with care, for he was just of an age to place its full, if not undue, value on the style of the coat and the shape of the hat. "My mother is always early on Sunday morning," he said to himself; "but what of that? I am not going to continue this servile unmanly obedience. She cannot expect me always to yield—never to have my own way."

"I think you will be delighted with the clergyman who fills Mr. ——'s place to-day," said the good mother, as they sat down to breakfast in the neat and cool summer room in which they usually breakfasted, where folding doors opened upon as pretty a small lawn and flower-garden

as any in time-honoured Chelsea; "he is a man of superior and cultivated talents, and great excellence and worth," she continued.

"I am not going this morning, mother," was Tom's reply.

"Not going to church, Tom; why how is that?"

"I am going elsewhere, mother. I promised to meet Hughes Hughes, and Hipolyte La Touche, and young Van der Pant; they are engaged in the city on other days."

"Then you are going on the water with John Heston and his circle?"

"Yes, mother, I *am;* and I don't see why you should be so averse to it. There is no great harm, when a young fellow is shut up in a close office poring over figures and breathing London dust and heat all week, getting a breath of fresh air and using his arms a little now and then; and why should you wish me to be different from other young men?"

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Selby, "I have not opened my lips to condemn or approve; your own conscience has suggested all you are combating."

"And I wish you would not call me *boy*, mother, I don't like it; call me Tom."

The mother smiled, and promised to be attentive to this request, while she looked on her son with eyes full of love and anxiety. Tom saw—he felt all she would say; and perhaps was half inclined to throw his arms around that dear form, which had ever been his refuge in trouble, and say, "I will go with thee." But the thought of John Heston's next sneer flashed across his mind, and the ringing laugh of five or six thoughtless companions urged him back upon his resolve to be a man, and have his own way. Yes, he would go, he was determined he would; and he went to take a few turns in the shady garden alone, while his mother was preparing for church.

"Mother," said he, as they again met, brushing his smooth hat round and round with his gloves, nervously, "you don't much mind my going, do you?"

"Nay, Tom, why ask me, when you say you have made up your mind? It will add no pleasure, I believe, for you to be certain of my disapproval from my own lips."

The youths were ready and waiting, when Tom arrived at the inn close to the suspension bridge. Watermen were in attendance, and eight young gentlemen, having equipped themselves in suitable dresses, light, and yet warm enough to prevent chilling after exercise, bounded into the pointed shallow skiffs, and started immediately, each bending to the oars, pulling lustily, and keeping time to the stroke.

The witty jest, the gay response, the song, and the tuneful flute sent away what lingering qualms had visited poor Tom; but ever and anon the sound of the bells came swelling and dying on the breeze, and put him in mind of his vacant seat in the house of God—his mother entering alone. He could see her grieved look, which ever stung him deeper than prolix rebuke. But, after all, what was the sin? a little pleasure on Sunday could scarcely be so called.

The noted "Dove" coffee-house, where Thomson wrote part of his poem on Winter, with the lower and upper malls, West Middlesex waterworks, and the white pointed gables and green aites of Chiswick mall, of old association, were speedily passed; Barnes terrace, and Mortlake with its breweries, and swans and cygnets in their nests among the ozier-beds, seemed to fly past them, as with swelling muscles and toil-wetted brows they doubled their exertions, shooting past Strand-on-the-Green, Kew bridge, the venerable relic of the old palace, Sion House, and Isleworth. And now opened before them the picturesque approach to Richmond, with its noted hill and far-famed "Star and Garter" hotel, the landscape around bringing to mind Italian scenery. Here the party were to lunch, and entering one of those summer saloons whence every object of interest can be seen by the visitor, the hungry company sat down, prepared to do ample justice to the cold lamb and salad, bottled stout and sherry, set out quickly and in excellent order by the expert and assiduous waiters.

John Heston headed the table, carved with admirable dexterity, kept the humming-top of conversation spinning from one subject to another, and crowned the feast by the wit and brilliancy of his ability as toast-master. Exhilarated by the repast, and by various wines, of which they too freely partook, each young gentleman now lighted his cigar, and the gay crew stepped once more into the shallow, narrow, rocking shells, thin partitions between these thoughtless youths and a watery grave. But what room was there for such thoughts!

All recollection of the sacredness of the day had clean passed away from the mind of Tom; his mother and her gentle voice—his empty seat at church—how could it be imagined that such reminiscences should occupy thoughts which were running upon his ambitious determination to be as thorough a gentleman of the world as John Heston; handsome, rich, full of mirth and glee—why should not Tom follow such a model as far as circumstances permitted? Tom hated milk-sop fellows, good sort of young men—Bah! sickly rubbish! But here they were, at the "Bell."

One of the party had complained of headache, another groaned with thirst, and some kept

their feelings to themselves; but none were in reality any the better for copious draughts of different kinds of drink which, with the undue and unusual exertion of rowing, were producing manifest effects.

John Heston, holding the office of conductor, said that he saw in a moment what was wanted. "All these things mingled together," said he, "are very apt to upset some men; but I never knew a good stiff glass of brandy and water fail to put all to rights; the fact is, it was not the wine, it was the cold salad, and that abominable vinegar and oil with which the salad dressing abounded." John, the admired leader of the social band, was listened to, and the "cooling sedative" of strong brandy and water finished up the growing folly of the day.

The rowers, at a late hour of the evening, attempted to use their oars with hands guided by brains inflamed with drink, and eyes seeing double and treble. Two of the young gentlemen were missing, and proved too ill to be removed from the "Bell."

John Heston and the remnant of his dupes (for so I must call them) blundered into the unsteady skiffs, as nearly as possible upsetting them, and scarcely knowing where they were; the sun had meanwhile set. Rowing, as they returned home, was left to the tipsy watermen. Off shot the boats, darting and rocking sideways from one bank of the river to the other, as if the barks themselves were drunk. On they flew, however, at a furious rate, the youngsters singing, shouting, and uttering some senseless witticism to every passer-by.

The most sober of the watermen had induced them to put in at Strand-on-the-green, near Kew bridge, leave their unsafe gigs, and return the remainder of the way in a larger boat. The wind had risen; and this boat had a sail, which the giddy set no sooner saw than they insisted on its being hoisted.

"Mind what ye be about, my masters," said a fisherman, as he was starting for his night's work, and shaking his head ominously at the madcaps, "if ye go to put up that sail, ye'll surely have some misfortune, and so I tell ye." "Up with it, never mind what that old fellow says," said John; "I wish it were ten times rougher; I enjoy it; don't you, Tom? It rocks as if we were really afloat." And then he broke forth singing loudly some such well known song as "I'm afloat, I'm afloat," chorussed by all. On they sped, the strong breeze soon bringing them within sight of "The Old Crabtree" public-house; but here a sudden and violent gust caught the rocking mast and flapping sail, and, as if by a purposed stroke, the deckless bark was lifted and capsized. All was tumultuous confusion in a moment. John could swim—Tom could not, and, alas! disappeared immediately. Extreme alarm at the first plunge filled his soul, all abroad as his thoughts had been. Death glared at him like a monster of the deep, and he not only appreciated his present danger, but his conscience, like the fingers of that solitary hand in Belshazzar's vision, ran along the past actions of his life, and, rapid as lightning, traced them in letters of fire. Nor was his mother forgotten. There was one impulsive cry of agonized penitence, and—all was blank. . . . "Here he is!—but dead!" were John Heston's words to an iron-sinewed fellow who had instantly pushed off his boat from "The Crabtree;" "catch hold of his hair—keep him up—for pity's sake keep him up!—that's it—I also have hold of him now—Stay!—gently!—Now he is in—poor fellow! What had we best do with him?" said John, still addressing the boatman. The advice of the latter was that he should be taken to the public-house. When there, all that was possible was put in operation, and judicious and long persevering means were used; still, the vital spark was not revived, when a hasty note was dispatched to Chelsea, the residence of Tom's mother.

The worthy lady was sitting waiting for her son's return, her Bible and other books beside her; the servants, and Mary, Tom's only sister, had some hours ago retired for the night. Pious and loving emanations went forth from the mother's heart; her soul was lifted by the fervour of her deeply interested devotion to communion with Almighty God: the solemnity of the sacred day had cherished a prayerful spirit, and while the contemplation of divine subjects filled her heart, she longed that her son might see the beauty of holiness, taste the happiness which crowns those who, fully participating in all the rational enjoyments of this life, can say, "Yet have I a better and an enduring substance." An inwrought sense of the value of her son's immortal soul held possession of her thoughts. She had brought him into this sinful world; she had introduced him to the warfare of life; was it not her bounden duty not only to watch for his soul, as one that must give an account, but, as his mother, to whom both body and soul were inexpressibly dear! "O great Fountain of mercy" (and she bowed herself in prayer) "take pity on my son, so young, so heedless; give me wisdom to admonish; give him the understanding heart; show him how lost is that condition in which our fallen race choose husks rather than food; bring him to the paths of peace, and, oh, crown my humble prayers by——"

Here a loud knocking broke the tenor of her aspirations. She met a stranger—a letter was delivered—but the mother's trepidation was so

great that, when she had torn it asunder, the words failed to convey to her any ideas.

"Pray tell me what is the matter."

The messenger announced the fatal tidings to her astonished ear. Servants were roused, and with speed she was on her way to the scene of distress; passing the populous suburb; noticing nothing around her, till, with an old confidential nurse of the family who accompanied her, she was led with little ceremony into the chamber where her son was laid. Oh what a moment of suspense was that! A glance assured her that there yet was hope—faint hope—he breathed.

A medical gentleman arrived on his second visit; and, though the breathing was heavy and thick, he nodded approvingly, and, feeling that the hand showed returning warmth to the skin, answered encouragingly the now weeping mother's questions, and left her to watch many, many hours before consciousness should return. But we must hasten to a close.

Placed once more in his own home, the loving care of sister and mother enabled the youth soon to throw off the effects of the fearful disaster, and while recovering, the following words fell from Tom's lips:—

"A more miserable day, mother, I never spent. I love the water, and rowing; I love fresh air, and country scenes, but, mother," he said, tenderly pressing her hand as he held it in his, "if these have the alloy of an upbraiding conscience, their pleasurableness is all gone. Never did I so feel the value of religion in the heart, as during the few moments before insensibility came on. I would have given all I possessed to feel that my feet were on the Rock of Ages. My soul was about to appear, as I believed, before the Judge of all—the righteous Judge! How I then yearned to say, 'I know whom I have believed.'"

From this time Tom was no more a borderer between the kingdom of this world and that of Christ. His mother, from whose diary the particulars of this account are taken, rejoiced over her son's future life of devotedness to God, for henceforth his useful and superior abilities were all enlisted on the side of truth. We have recorded his experience. May each of our young readers have manly decision enough to say, "No!" to an invitation for a Sunday waterparty.

THE CHARACTER OF THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.*

In concluding my account of Mr. Newton, I will make a remark or two on *his Christian character*, *ministerial labours*, and his *published writings*. With regard to the first, it had the usual traits of Christians in general. He was pious, devoted, and ardent. He raised the superstructure of holy living on the foundation of Christ's atoning sacrifice, and showed that this was a "doctrine according to godliness," and could not be received by faith, without bringing forth the fruits of holiness; and being constrained "by the mercies of God," he could not do less than present his body "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, as a reasonable service:" and "denying ungodliness and worldly lusts," he lived "soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world." This was the character he uniformly maintained in common with all Christians.

But there were other features in his Christian character which were more prominent and distinctly marked than in many others; and these seemed to have derived their pre-eminence from the peculiar character of his former alienation from God, and the care which God in his providence took of him, notwithstanding his abandoned profligacy, and contemptuous rejection of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This was manifested by his *deep self-abasement and loathing of himself for his past conduct*. God freely forgave him all; but he could never forgive himself: and hence you find in almost everything he said and did, the most humiliating acknowledgment of his former degraded, guilty, and polluted life, accompanied with surpassing admiration at the grace of God, for rescuing him from this wretched state. In a manuscript note written by Mr. Newton, when confessing his guilt before God, he thus expresses himself, "Though I am not so sensibly affected as I could wish, I hope I am truly affected by the frequent reviews I take of my past life. Perhaps the annals of thy church (addressing God) scarcely afford an instance in all respects so singular. Perhaps thy grace may have recovered some from an equal degree of apostasy, infidelity, and profligacy; but few of them have been redeemed from such a state of misery and depression as I was in upon the coast of Africa, when thy unsought mercy wrought for my deliverance. But, that such a wretch should not only be spared and pardoned, but reserved to the honour of preaching thy gospel, which he had blasphemed and renounced, and at length be placed in a very public situation, and favoured with acceptance and usefulness, both from the pulpit and the press; so that my poor name is known in most parts of the world, where there are any that know thee—this is wonderful indeed! the more thou hast exalted me, the more I ought to abase myself." *

* From "The Memoirs of the Rev. Charles Jerram," recently published, London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

* Cecil's "Memoir of Newton," vol. i. p. 388.

With this self-abasement before God on account of his wickedness, corresponded his *meek resignation* to the will of God in his heaviest trials. After experiencing such extraordinary tokens of God's forbearance towards him, he thought it would be a sad return for such kindness to fret and murmur against him for the afflictions with which he was pleased to visit him; and his feelings seemed to harmonize with those of the prophet Jeremiah, when he said, "Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" A severe affliction had visited his beloved niece, whom he had adopted and dearly loved. She was seized with a nervous disorder, and it became necessary that she should be separated from him; and in a manuscript note we find this affecting address to God. "I now enter my seventy-seventh year. I have been exercised this year with a trying and unexpected change; but it is by thy appointment, my gracious Lord, and thou art unchangeably wise, good, and merciful. Thou gavest me my dear adopted child. Thou hast now tried me as thou didst Abraham, in my old age, when my eyes are failing, and my strength declines. Thou hast called for my Isaac, who had so long been my chief stay and staff; but it was thy blessing that made her so. A nervous disorder has seized her, and I desire to leave her under thy care, and chiefly pray for myself, that I may be able to wait thy time and will, without betraying any signs of impatience or despondency unbecoming my profession or character. Hitherto thou hast helped me; and to thee I look for help in future. I am to say from my heart, 'Not my will, but thine be done.' But though thou hast in a measure made my spirit willing, thou knowest, and I feel, that the flesh is weak. 'Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.' Lord, I submit: subdue every rebellious thought that dares arise against thy will. Spare my eyes, if it please thee; but above all, strengthen faith and love."*

His regard to the providence of God in every event, however trivial, is not less remarkable than his self-abasement and meek submission to the will of God. Indeed, it would have been most singular if one who had been continually upheld by that providence, and so often rescued, as by miracle, from impending destruction, could have overlooked the hand that administers the affairs of the world and without which not "a sparrow falls to the ground." He was, therefore, a careful observer of events; and were they adverse or prosperous, he never failed to refer them to their true origin, and saw God in everything. He would say, "The way of man is not in himself, nor can he conceive what belongs to a single step. When I go to St. Mary Woolnoth, it seems the same whether I turn down Lothbury, or go through the Old Jewry; but the going through one street and not another may produce an effect of lasting consequence. A man cut down my hammock in sport; but had he cut it down an hour later I had not been here. A man made a smoke on the sea-shore at the time a ship passed, which was thereby brought to, and brought me to England." It was this entire reliance on providence that rendered him so completely tranquil in all events, both public and private, that nothing seemed to take him by surprise, or throw him into confusion; and thus he verified the declaration of the prophet, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

He was also peculiarly distinguished for his tenderness and compassion. He literally wept with those that wept, and rejoiced with them that rejoiced. The law of love was in his heart, and the language of it on his lips. The sympathy with human sorrow which he manifested in the pulpit made him the delight of his hearers; and no one who had the happiness to be admitted to his society, or to enjoy his correspondence, could ever forget how tenderly he treated their infirmities, and endeavoured to alleviate their sorrows. This disposition of mind had also relation to his former extreme wretchedness, when he was ready to sink into despair, and had none to comfort him; and having found, in the compassionate Saviour, one who is touched with the feeling of human infirmity, he imbibed a large portion of his spirit, and was always ready to succour those that are tempted.

The last trait I will allude to in his Christian character is the remarkable cheerfulness of his piety. It was as far as possible removed from gloom and melancholy. It resulted from a heart overflowing with love and gratitude for the abundant grace which he had received from our Lord Jesus Christ; not only in bringing him "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God," but "in putting him into the ministry who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious." This was always uppermost in his mind, and it diffused a degree of joy and peace which made him one of the most cheerful companions imaginable. I never saw him indulge in levity, but scarcely ever was in his company without witnessing some instance or other of his pleasantry, and even of playfulness. On calling on him one morning, I said, "I hope you are pretty well, sir." With a grave countenance and a serious motion of the head, he replied, "No, sir, I am not." "I am sorry for it," I replied. "Sorry, sir, why sorry?" he re-

* Cecil's "Memoirs," vol. i. p. 390.

joined, with a countenance lighted up with mirth; "you asked me if I was pretty well, and I said no, for I am very well: pretty well does not come up to it." On observing him once place himself on a stool, I offered him a chair. "No, sir," said he, "I prefer a stool for three reasons:—1st. Because it takes up less room; 2ndly. Because it has the appearance of humility; and 3dly. (with an arch smile) Because I can get nearest the fire with it." I might mention numerous instances of this kind of playfulness; and I allude to it merely to show how habitual it was with him to manifest a cheerful and agreeable humour, and to put you at perfect ease in his company.

"With respect to his ministry" (I quote the words of his friend and memorialist, Mr. Cecil), "he appeared, perhaps, to least advantage in the pulpit, as he did not generally aim at accuracy in the composition of his sermons, nor at any address in the delivery of them. His utterance was far from clear, and his attitudes ungraceful. He possessed, however, so much affection for his people, and so much zeal for their best interests, that the defect of his manner was of little consideration with his constant hearers; at the same time, his capacity and habit of entering into their trials and experience, gave the highest interest to his ministry among them. Besides which, he frequently interspersed the most brilliant allusions, and brought forward such happy illustrations of his subject, and these with so much unction on his own heart, as melted and enlarged theirs. The parent-like tenderness and affection which accompanied his instruction made them to prefer him to preachers who, on other accounts, were much more generally popular.

"It ought also to be noted, that amidst the extravagant notions and unscriptural positions which have sometimes disgraced the religious world, Mr. N. never departed, in any instance, from soundly and seriously promulgating the faith once delivered to the saints, of which his writings remain the best evidence. 'I hope,' said he one day to me, smiling, 'I hope I am, upon the whole, a Scriptural preacher, for I find I am considered as an Arminian among the high Calvinists, and as a Calvinist among the strenuous Arminians.'

"Mr. Newton regularly preached on the Sunday morning and evening at St. Mary Woolnoth, and also on the Wednesday morning. After he was turned of seventy, he often undertook to assist other clergymen, sometimes even to the preaching of six sermons in the space of a week. What was more extraordinary, he continued this usual course of preaching at his own church after he was fourscore years old, and that, when he could no longer see to read his text! His memory and his voice sometimes failed him; but it was remarked that, at this great age, he was nowhere more recollected or lively than in the pulpit."

In his pastoral visits Mr. N. was peculiarly in his element. His tenderness and sympathy, connected with his long experience in the spiritual trials and temptations of Christians, especially qualified him to become a wise counsellor to the perplexed and distressed, and to comfort and strengthen the feeble-minded.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

144. First, when the children of Israel entered the land of Canaan. Joshua iii. 15—17. "As they that bare the ark were come unto Jordan, and the feet of the priests that bare the ark were dipped in the brim of the water . . . . . That the waters which came down from above stood and rose up upon an heap very far from the city Adam, that is beside Zaretan; and those that came down toward the sea of the plain, even the salt sea, failed, and were cut off: and the people passed over right against Jericho." Again, when Elijah was carried up to heaven. 2 Kings ii. 8—14.

145. In Psalm xxix. 3—10. "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters; the God of glory thundereth; the Lord is upon many waters. The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. He maketh them also to skip like a calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn. The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire. The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness; the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh. The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve, and discovereth the forests; and in his temple doth every one speak of his glory. The Lord sitteth upon the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth king for ever."

146. Isaiah lxi. 1. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek." . . . . . 2 Cor. i. 21. "He which stablisheth us with you in Christ, and hath *anointed* us, is God." 1 John ii. 20, 27. "Ye have an unction from the Holy One. . . . . .The anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you." Also in the parable of the ten virgins. Matt. xxv. 1—13.

147. In John iii. 8. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The *operation* of the Holy Spirit is inward and invisible, but the *effects* of his work are manifest.

148. Asa. 2 Chron. xiv. 11. "Asa cried unto the Lord his God, and said, Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power; help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on thee, and in thy name we go against this multitude. O Lord, thou art our God; let not man prevail against thee."

149. Romans xii. 2. "Be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you." 1 John ii. 15. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world."

150. Numbers xxxiii. 52. "Then ye shall . . . . . destroy all their pictures."

Poetry.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

On, traveller on the road of life!
God speed thee on thy way!
Another milestone thou hast reached
On this thy natal day.

So much hast thou of earthly good—
I cannot wish thee more;
But pleasant as the path behind,
Be that which lies before!

Fast as thy lips the brimming cup
Of happiness shall drain,
May the kind hand of Providence
The goblet fill again.

Yet rest thou not in this world's joy,
But choose "the better part;"
And God give thee an *active hand*,
As well as *thankful heart!*

Crossing the torrid zone of youth
To manhood's temperate prime,
Should'st thou be spared to reach at length
Old age's frigid clime;

When close upon the stream of death,
Thou hear'st its sullen roar,
And see'st the eternal city's lights
Shine on the unknown shore;

Then mayst thou feel, while at thy feet
The chilling waters roll,
The memory of a well-spent life,
Like sunshine in thy soul!

Oh! may'st thou, like a gallant ship,
The driving storm outride!
Then float where never bark knew wreck,
On heaven's peaceful tide.

JOSEPHINE.

TO THE LARK.

I.

Joyous bird, on soaring wing,
Chanting thy thanksgiving lay,
Oh that I had pow'r to sing
With a heart as glad and gay!
Then my tongue, with tuneful skill,
Should the air with music fill.

II.

Oh what endless sweetness pours
From thy wild and warbling throat!
Far above, in heav'nly shores,
Angels seem to tune thy note—
Fitter for celestial spheres
Than for our dull earthly ears!

III.

Could I thus the earth despise,
Where so many cares abound,
And on wings aspiring, rise,
Soaring high above the ground;
Then in prayer and songs of praise
I should pass away my days.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Look on the fair and lovely lilies of the field,
More beauteous flowers not even Paradise could yield
As they, ere yet the summer day has well begun,
Open their snowy petals to the morning sun;
Exhaling thence so sweet a perfume, that it seems
Like some soft fragrance wafted from the land of dreams.
And yet no toil or anxious care surround their birth;
With spring's first breath, they rise spontaneous from the earth,
In all their spotless purity and grace arrayed,
To shine in beauty for a day, and then to fade.
But mortal never yet invented thing so fair,
That it could with the simplest work of God compare.
Not e'en that mighty monarch, who, in days of old,
Sat on a throne of mingled ivory and gold,
His brow all radiant, with the light from many a gem,
Which brightly glittered in his royal diadem,
His form enwrapped in such resplendent robes of state,
As well might dazzle every eye to contemplate,
Whose rumoured fame, brought crowds from distant lands to see
His grandeur and magnificence; not even he,
Could e'er, in all the glory of his wealth and power,
One moment vie with these bright children of an hour.
Ye unbelieving souls, if our most gracious God
So clothe the little short-lived flow'rets of the sod,
Think ye that He will not much more keep guard o'er those
On whom he has bestowed a life that knows no close,
A spark of his own essence—which will never die
Throughout the endless ages of eternity?

THE REMEMBRANCE OF YOUTH IS A SIGH.

Persian Proverb.

I.

"The remembrance of youth is a sigh,"
To those who can know it no more;
Who have found nothing else to supply
The pleasures they tasted before.

II.

"The remembrance of youth is a sigh,"
When youth has been frittered away,
And the thought of that time long gone by
Awakens remorse and dismay.

III.

"The remembrance of youth is a sigh,"
For we cannot forget what we were;
And the further those years seem to fly
The brighter the hue that they bear.

IV.

"The remembrance of youth is a sigh:"
Ah! who would not always be young?
May the youth of the mind never die,
Though the strength of the frame be unstrung

V.

But when youth was devoted to God,
And its years have passed usefully by,
We may turn to look back on life's road,
Nor remember its flight with a sigh.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE BURGLAR BORNE TO THE HOSPITAL.

THE REJECTED TRACT.

PART I.

"I AM glad to see that you are pretty comfortable, Mary," said Mark Anson, glancing round the little back parlour of a small shop in which his sister was employed.

"Yes, I have little to complain of, and much to be thankful for. True, I feel the confinement here a little, after being accustomed to a life in the country; but I am always allowed to go once to church on Sundays, and sometimes on week-days I get a little evening walk, when I am sent out with parcels to customers."

"And your mistress is kind?"

"A little sharp sometimes," said Mary, in a hesitating tone; "but I could not expect to find everything as at home. No, dear Mark, I have nothing to complain of, and yet—"

"And yet what, Mary?"

"I cannot help missing some things," said the young girl, her eyes moistening as she spoke; "I miss your society; I miss having some one to open my heart to—some one to help me on the right way, as you did."

"You can always pour out your soul in prayer, dear Mary."

"That is my greatest comfort; but for that I

should feel very lonely in this great bustling London. But, Mark, there is another thing that I miss, I mean the power of being useful."

"How is that, when you are busy from morning till night?"

"Yes, yes, about worldly business, making up caps, and selling bobbins and tapes, and measuring out ribbons."

"While you perform the commonest duties with fidelity and care, serving your earthly mistress faithfully for the sake of religion and conscience, you are doing the work of your heavenly Master."

"But when I was at home I seemed able to do much more for my Lord. I taught in the Sunday-school, as you know; it was my great delight to tell the children about the Saviour, and I was a little useful amongst our poorer neighbours. I used to go to rest so happy when I thought that I had done *something* in the good cause during the day. I have never any opportunity here."

"Could you not manage to lend or give away a little tract, if you have no time to visit or to teach?"

"A little tract: I never thought of it. But I should be afraid to do that."

"Why afraid? Of course you must be careful in your choice, or you might do more harm than good. You would not give a timid conscientious Christian a tract meant for a drunkard, nor to a profane man the story of a good little girl. You must read them first, and use judgment and discretion, as my good master the rector would say. Here are two," added Mark, drawing them out of his pocket, "which my master selected himself; you take them; they cost about a halfpenny each, not so much if you buy them by the quarter of a hundred. This one," he continued, laying it upon the table, "is written to cheer the pious sick, to comfort them under their sufferings; this other is a warning tract, and a very good one too, for those who are sinning against God."

"Thank you, Mark; I shall know very well what to do with the first; the sick lodger next door will be very glad to read it, I shall have no difficulty about that: but the second"—she paused, as if not knowing how to proceed.

"Well, what of the second?"

"I should be afraid to give that, dear Mark; I would rather that you would give it to some one yourself."

"I have plenty more, Mary, I shall leave it with you."

"I do not think that I *could* give such a tract."

"Ask for courage, watch your opportunity, and *give nothing without an inward prayer*; you may never know the good that you do until you reach heaven. Were you aware, Mary, how many mischievous and wicked publications are circulated all over the city, you would account it a privilege to be permitted to pour in one drop of an antidote to counteract such a stream of poison. But I can stay no longer; good-bye, dear sister; cast all your care on the Lord, he will sustain you; seek strength from him, and it shall be given you; pray for a blessing on what you do, and it will never be denied."

The succeeding day happened to be Sunday, and Mary attended the afternoon church. She carried her tract in her pocket, hoping that some opportunity might occur to give it quietly away; but Mary was a timid girl, and what might have been no effort to another, was a very great effort to her. The tract was still in her possession when she reached the church, was still in her possession when she returned to her home, though from no coldness on the part of the young Christian, who not only regulated her life by the precepts of religion, but found in them her greatest delight.

Evening was fast coming on, and, seated in the shop, (for her mistress and family were now occupying the little parlour,) Mary was engaged in reading that best of all books, the Bible, which contains all things necessary to our salvation. As her eyes fell upon the words, "*Warn the unruly, comfort them that are feeble-minded*," she heard the sound of a street-cry; she knew that it was that of a hawker selling oranges, and her tract came instantly into her mind.

"Here is a poor creature certainly doing what is wrong, but perhaps through ignorance," thought Mary. She went to the door and gently opened it. "There is the woman with her basket on her arm; I wish that she would cross over and pass this way." The hand of Mary was on her tract.

The hawker saw the open door and the figure standing at it, though twilight was wrapping the street in its dusky grey. She approached Mary, in whom she expected to find a customer. "Oranges to-day?" she cried.

"Lord! let thy blessing go with it!" silently prayed Mary; then, with a kindly look, holding out the tract to the woman, "Would you like to accept this?" she said.

The hawker looked a little disappointed, twisted the paper between her finger and thumb, turned away, muttering "It's no use to me," and threw it away on the road.

"Mary, you stupid girl!" called a sharp voice from the parlour, "what are you keeping the door open for on this cold night?"

Poor Mary closed the door with a sigh. "It has done no good," she said sadly to herself, "I might as well have left it alone!"

Was Mary right in this impression? The reader shall know in the sequel.

PART II.

The long lines of yellow lamps had for some hours lit up the streets of London, and the noise in the thoroughfares had almost ceased. There was a lamp-post nearly opposite to the door of Mary's shop, and against it a young man was now leaning; sometimes glancing up and down the street, as if impatient for the arrival of some one; sometimes stamping to keep himself warm, for the night was bitterly cold. His dress was mean and dirty, his air reckless and sullen; both gave the idea of something worse than poverty, and the expression of his face might well have suited one who had been familiar with the inside of Newgate.

"What can be delaying Harper!" he muttered with a curse; "does he mean to keep me starving here for an hour?"

Tired and impatient, again he looked around, and his eye was attracted by a small white object near, upon which the light of the lamp was falling. It was Mary's rejected tract! He advanced, picked it up, and then, when he saw what it was, he threw it again on the ground. This time it fell with its title-page uppermost, and the picture upon it attracted the attention of the burglar, for such was this wretched young man. Again he raised and examined it by the lamp-light, opened the leaves, saw something that looked like a story, and read a little to while away the time.

The tract was interesting; it was one written on the parable of the Prodigal Son. As the young man read of the comforts and blessings of the father's house, from which the erring prodigal wandered, remembrance brought back to his mind days long past, when he too had known the blessing of a home, when he had attended the sabbath service and the sabbath school, and sat at a father's side.

"It is well that the old man did not live to see me as I am now," murmured the outcast, and he almost started at the sound of his own sigh. "Well, no matter now; the die is cast for me; a short life or a merry one, money or the gallows — there's no one to care what becomes of such as I!"

Is there *no one to care?* read on, read on, unhappy man! Is there not one who left heaven to seek and save the lost?—Is there not one who purchased pardon for them at the price of his own blood? Is there not one who has watched you through all your wanderings, whose voice of mercy still calls to the chief of sinners, *Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?*

The burglar read of the misery of the prodigal —the suffering, the famine, the dry bitter husks; all the wretchedness which he himself knew but too well was pictured to the life before him. Yes, all that the prodigal had been he felt himself to be, all that the prodigal had suffered he had himself endured. Had the parable closed here it had left on the sinner's heart only a feeling of deeper despair: but he read on, and the guilty man trembled as he read; he read of pity, and mercy, and undeserved love—of a father who beheld his penitent son "*yet a great way off*"—of a home yet open to receive the wanderer; the tract directed the sinner to the Saviour of sinners, and the lost child of Adam to his Father in heaven!

There was a choking sensation in the young man's throat; he looked up towards the sky, and the bright stars there seemed gazing down upon him like angel's eyes.

"Harper may do his business alone for this night," muttered he; "had he come an hour sooner I should have gone with him at once; but somehow or other, to-night, I feel as if I couldn't—no, I'll not sink deeper in guilt this night at least!"

A dozen times the outcast paused on his way to his wretched lodgings, laughed at his own weakness, called himself a superstitious fool; more than once he had almost turned back; but a better feeling prevailed, and with the tract in his bosom, the young man returned to his temporary abode. He could not sleep, but rose before daylight, restless and uneasy, and in the dull twilight went forth into the streets. He felt haunted by the words which he had learned as a child, but forgotten for many a long year till he saw them again in the tract: "*I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.*" Half unconsciously he continued repeating them to himself, as he walked on, without object, through the now deserted thoroughfares.

Suddenly, at the corner of a street, he came upon a party of men, accompanied by a policeman, and a small crowd of such as happened to be about at that early hour. They were hurrying towards the hospital, carrying a shutter upon which a man lay stretched. As they passed the burglar, he caught sight of the ghastly features of the miserable sufferer; the robber started and drew back with a shudder, for he recognised his guilty associate, Harper!

"Does he not look dreadful?" said an old woman who was near, and had observed the shocked expression of the young man. "Poor man! they tell me that both his legs are broken; but it serves him right, for he met with his accident jumping down from a window to escape the police, in a house that he had entered to rob."

The burglar uttered not a word as he turned away, and hurried at a rapid pace down the street; his heart was full of emotion too strong for speech; he felt as one snatched suddenly

from the brink of a yawning gulf, and the first sentence that at last burst unbidden from his lips was, "*I will arise and go to my father!*"

A few more words will close my brief tale. There is an asylum in Westminster open to those whose desire for amendment is sincere, however deep they may have sunk in sin. They are there instructed in a trade, taught their duty to God and to man, and if their conduct prove steady and good, they are provided with means to emigrate. Thither went the penitent man, still bearing with him his precious tract, and there he learned, and laboured, and prayed —a prodigal restored to his Father! When the time of his probation was over, by the aid of the charity he emigrated to Australia; there he won for himself independence and comfort, and that priceless treasure—an honest name!

"*There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth;*" what will be the joy of her who one day learns that she was the means of saving that sinner from destruction! Was not the blessing of God on THE REJECTED TRACT? We invite our readers then to cultivate this branch of usefulness. Those who lack courage to present may at least drop a tract; although prayer for the grace of God will eventually enable the most timid Christian to overcome the sense of shame, or bashfulness, in the matter. Rightly select your tract, exercise discretion as to the mode and time of giving, and accompany all with prayer; a blessing then is certain to follow.

MRS. ELIZABETH FRY.

PART IV.

FOR the information of those not conversant with the discipline of the Society of Friends, it is well to state that if any of their ministers believe it to be their duty to visit any particular places or persons, the meeting to which they belong, if uniting with their views, grants them a certificate expressing concurrence, and also defrays the expenses of the undertaking.

Elizabeth Fry was engaged in many such services, both in Great Britain and Ireland, and latterly on the continent. We cannot do more than allude to the very interesting and remarkable accounts of these expeditions. Prisons were inspected; to the highest and the lowest the gospel was preached; rulers were admonished to govern in justice and mercy; sympathy was tendered to all afflicted in mind, body, or estate; Christians of every name were received as fellow-believers; and almost every step was taken with a prayerful endeavour to lessen human suffering, and advance the Redeemer's kingdom upon earth.

Her beloved brother, Samuel Gurney, accompanied her on one occasion, and she had also the valuable assistance of William Allen, a kindred spirit, who, as we have already seen,* like herself, went about doing good, and who devoted talents of no common order to the glory of their Giver, and the good of his fellow-men, and has left behind him a memory which "smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust."

It was during these continental tours that she became acquainted with the king of Prussia, who, when in England in 1842, wished to visit Newgate with her: we will give the account in her own words:—

"He appeared much pleased to meet our little party, and after taking a little refreshment, he gave me his arm, and we proceeded into the prison, and up to one of the long wards, where everything was prepared; the poor women round the table, about sixty of them, many of our ladies' committee, and some others, sheriffs, etc. I felt deeply, but quiet in spirit—fear of man much removed. After we were seated, the king on my right hand, the lady mayoress on my left, I expressed my desire that the attention of none, particularly the poor prisoners, might be diverted from attending to our reading by the company there, however interesting, but that we should remember that the King of kings and Lord of lords was present, in whose fear we should abide, and seek to profit by what we heard. I then read the twelfth chapter of Romans. I dwelt on the mercies of God being the strong inducement to serve him, and no longer to be conformed to this world. Then I finished the chapter, afterwards impressing our all being members of one body, poor and rich, high and low, all one in Christ, and members one of another. I then related the case of a poor prisoner, who appeared truly converted, and who became such a holy example; then I enlarged on love and forgiving one another, showing how Christians must love their enemies, etc. After a solemn pause, to my deep humiliation, and in the cross, I believed it my duty to kneel down before this most curious, interesting, and mixed company, for I felt my God must be served the same everywhere, and amongst all people, whatever reproach it brought me into. I first prayed for the conversion of prisoners and sinners generally, that a blessing might rest on the labours of those in authority, as well as the more humble labourers for their conversion; next I prayed for the king of Prussia, his queen, his kingdom, that it might be more and more as the city set on a hill, that could not be hid, that true religion in its

---

* See biography of William Allen in "Sunday at Home," Nos. 58, 59, and 61.

purity, simplicity, and power, might more and more break forth, and that every cloud that obscured it might be removed; then for us all, that we might be of the number of the redeemed, and eventually unite with them in heaven in a never-ending song of praise. All this prayer was truly offered in the name and for the sake of the dear Saviour, that it might be heard and answered. I only mention the subject, but by no means the words. The king then again gave me his arm, and we walked down together."

A strange assembly this! A touching and instructive one as well, for those who were so widely parted by rank and circumstances thus for an hour to be brought together. With grateful astonishment must Elizabeth Fry have glanced backwards on the discouragements and difficulties which had beset her early prison labours, and then looked around on the wonderful success which had crowned her efforts; her plans adopted and carried out, triumphantly proving their excellence; but none besides herself could ever know all the doubts and trials which had preceded this consummation. After this visit to Newgate, the king of Prussia dined with her, when he was introduced to several member of her large family.

We have dwelt upon Elizabeth Fry's services in the cause of criminals almost to the exclusion of other topics; but it would be an error to suppose that these, after her domestic duties, were the sole objects of her attention. Many others in her own land, and in foreign lands, had cause to bless her name. The circulating libraries for the Coast-guard, the establishment of the "Protestant Nursing Sisters," were among her good works. And while thus true to her great and peculiar vocations, she did not forget woman's first and holiest claim, that of home. Her deep affections found there their truest resting-place. Her womanly nature did not forsake her through the strangely-varied scenes of her life.

Elizabeth Fry's last continental visit was in 1843. Then, as on a previous journey, she had the beloved companionship of her brother, Joseph John Gurney. Her health had been for some time declining, but the lamp within burnt brightly.

Soon after her return home, she was attacked by severe illness, attended with great suffering, and a presage of coming woe hung heavily over her spirit. She dreamed she saw that "there were graves opened all around her." She was to see this realized. A sister-in-law and a favourite grandson died, and more were soon to follow! A little girl, the child of her son William, was taken off after a brief and mysterious illness; but this was as nothing when that son was himself attacked by the same disease—virulent scarlet fever. He was one much beloved, and much valued in the family, but he was summoned, and died in perfect peace. Another of his children soon followed him. His loss was a source of intense sorrow to Elizabeth Fry. "Jesus wept—may not we?" had been her query many years before. Her tears flowed now almost incessantly; still she was resigned, and her deep sympathies were engaged for those still more bereaved—his widow and his children. Four months of weakness and of illness passed, and she was called to mourn again for the death of a sweet young relation; and soon afterwards one she had long held very dear, her brother-in-law, Sir Fowell Buxton, was taken to his eternal rest.

Her physical powers were now rapidly failing, but her affection for her husband and children, and for all her family and friends, glowed with undying fervour, and still her love extended to all the human family.

About twelve months after the commencement of her illness, she was removed to Ramsgate. There she employed herself one morning in selecting passages of Scripture, to form another text-book, on the plan of the one so widely known. This was her last earthly employment. Some hours of suffering were succeeded by a long unconsciousness, from which she awoke to find herself no longer a tenant of the clay, but in the heavenly Jerusalem, among an innumerable company of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect. Those who stood around Elizabeth Fry's grave—even those who loved her most—when her mortal remains were committed to the dust, must surely have felt that the voice of thanksgiving, not of mourning, was meet for her, who having been made an unutterable blessing to others, had yet passed through a life of singular sorrow to herself, and was now become the inhabitant of a world where there is perfect immunity from suffering of every kind, where there shall not be any more pain.

She had truly been "a light to the blind, speech to the dumb, and feet to the lame;" she had fearlessly told the message with which she was commissioned, in the palace and in the dungeon; she had been a most tender and affectionate wife and mother, able in the midst of engagements of the most weighty import to turn with pure enjoyment to some of the amusements of the eleven children who grew up around her; she had walked humbly with her God, whose chastening hand had often been laid very heavily upon her, and now she was at rest.

Her humility was beautiful. The Pharisaical, who feel that they themselves should have forgotten God in the midst of honour such as

she received, may pretend to doubt that it had so little effect upon her. But her memoir contains abundant evidence that she was humble to a remarkable degree. She highly valued—as the wise and good will ever value—the esteem and love which were so freely and extensively offered her, and she used the influence she obtained through them for high and holy ends. He who had called her to such honour, had wonderfully fitted her for the work he gave her to do. Gifted with a fair and stately presence, it was not unmeet for her, though in a Quaker garb, to lean upon a monarch's arm; and her sweet rich voice was an harmonious medium for her words of tenderness and love. But these outward graces were as nothing compared to those within. Her mental abilities were of a high order; and her natural character was such that she would have been very lovely without religion; but that, like the artist's finishing touch to a fine picture, bringing one part into bolder relief, and softening down another, had given beauty to the whole. She was a true woman, full of sympathy and pity for suffering and sorrow; an illustration of the truth of Luther's words, that—"Earth hath nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of piety." Her labours are over now; all the good that she accomplished will never be known, until the last great day, when it shall be made manifest in the sight of men and angels. But her peace is sure. She is with that Redeemer whom she loved so much and served so well, and who has, we undoubtingly believe, presented her faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.

A VISIT TO BRADING AND ARRETON.*

We were now approaching Brading, where Legh Richmond commenced his ministry; were passing through the rich and delightful scenery which he so tastefully describes; and were about to behold, and in some instances to press with our footsteps, those almost hallowed spots, where occurred the events, the memory of which he has perpetuated in those most admirable tracts, the "Young Cottager," "The African Servant," and "The Dairyman's Daughter."

We had these invaluable narratives with us, and employed ourselves in reading such parts of them as were specially calculated to direct our attention to the several places which he does not name, but describes with such fidelity to nature that the observant traveller needs no other guide to point them out.

I am glad that we can bear our testimony to the accuracy of his descriptions, because many have supposed them to be principally fancy; and on this account, much that adds greatly to the interest of the narrative, and is highly instructive in showing the Christian with what religious feelings the works of the great Creator should be viewed, and to what profitable use their contemplation may be applied, has, in many editions of them, been omitted. Though not so intended by the curtailers of these tracts, the retrenchment is yet, in my opinion, an injustice to their lamented author, and an injury to the narratives themselves.

On arriving at Brading, we drove directly to the churchyard, where are interred the remains of "Little Jane," the young cottager. Several children were playing near the gate; and I asked a fine-looking little girl if she could show us the grave of Jane. "Oh, yes," she said, and advanced before us as our guide. After conducting us to the grave, over which we stood for some time in silent but affecting meditation, she said she would "show us the verses on Mr. and Mrs. Berry's tombstone, *what* Jane had got by heart and repeated to Mr. Richmond." "Well, my dear," said I, "the reading of these verses helped Jane to become a good girl and to die happy, did it not?" She answered, "Yes, sir," as she did to my next inquiry, whether *she* would try to be as good a girl, and die as happy as little Jane.

GRAVE OF LITTLE JANE.

The epitaphs which little Jane committed to memory, especially that on Mr. Berry's tombstone, which was probably, under God, the means of her first serious impressions, are both pious and affecting; and their influence on the mind of this youthful candidate for heaven,

* Extracted from the Memoir of the Rev. Dr. Milnor, of America.

shows what simple instruments the Holy Spirit often employs to accomplish the conversion of the soul to God.

From the graveyard we went into the church, a very ancient structure, not less, the sexton assured us, than eleven hundred years old. It has been enlarged since its first erection, and is remarkable for nothing in its interior but two singular tombs with wooden effigies of the deceased; several plainer, but apparently very old monuments of stone; and a most helter-skelter and inconvenient arrangement of the pews. Its location, however, is at once sequestered, and near the village, above which it is slightly elevated. The parsonage, a comfortable-looking abode, is immediately adjacent to the churchyard. From the church, the view of Brading Haven, the bay beyond, the elevated hill on the right, and the sloping bank on the left, with the other scenery described by Mr. Richmond in "The Young Cottager," as seen from this spot, are all just as there represented.

On our way from Brading to Sandown Bay, the prospects were variegated and pleasing; and as we passed the fort, we emerged upon one of the grandest views of the ocean through the bay that we had yet seen. Here was pointed out to us the high Down, which Mr. Richmond describes in "The African Servant," the perpendicular cliff in which it terminates, and the jutting rock, under which he discovered and so interestingly conversed with his sable companion. Nothing can be more true to nature than his descriptions, in that tract, of the surrounding scenery.

BRADING DOWN.

We resumed our carriage, and passing by the neat old church of Shanklin, came to Bonchurch village, quietly seated on what is called "the undercliff." This, as its name implies, is a cliff *under* a cliff. For a considerable distance, the road runs along the *top*, and at times near the brink of one cliff which rises directly above the sea; while, for the same distance, it runs along the *base* of another cliff, which rises, a few rods inland, perpendicularly above the traveller's head. The singular wildness of this scene may be judged from the circumstance, that the *upper* cliff towers, at some points, near a thousand feet above the level of the ocean. We got out of the carriage, and proceeded along the brink, for the sake of the view which it presented of some exquisite scenery not before disclosed. Below the village, we threaded our way down a footpath to the road, and got into our carriage; our course now lying up an inland valley, between gentle sloping but lofty hills on either side. Landscapes of peculiar beauty and variety, exhibiting numberless fields of grain, nearly ripe for the harvest; herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, with here and there a company of hay-makers, busily employed, presented themselves in ever-changing aspects, as we ascended or descended the successive slopes of this delightful valley.

We had long in sight, and at length passed, at some distance, the splendid seat and extensive park-grounds of Lord Yarborough, called Appuldurcomb. Travellers have given rapturous

APPULDURCOMB HOUSE.

descriptions of the interior, and its rich collection of paintings and sculpture. Of these, we shall probably never have a sight; but it was commended to our notice by circumstances of a very different kind. It was there that the *sister* of the "dairyman's daughter" died, whose funeral Mr. Richmond attended, at the request of the latter; and it was there that, about a week after, he had his first conversation with her whose religious experience, as narrated by that faithful minister, has had a more extensive influence in the world than ever attended any similar publication.

He gives, in "The Dairyman's Daughter," a correct account of the situation and appearance of Appuldurcomb, and of the surrounding

scenery. We saw "the summit of the hill adjoining" the venerable mansion, to which he ascended after the visit just referred to; and the triangular pyramid of stones, near which he sat down to meditate; and the magnificent prospect which lay around him. In full view of this elevated spot, we read his extended description, and turned southward and south-eastward, and northward and westward, and admired, as he had done, the unequalled beauty of the scene. Certainly neither of us had ever read the descriptive part of "The Dairyman's Daughter" with the like interest and emotion. My feelings obliged me to resign the book to my companions; and under the various emotions excited by the narrative and the scene, it was difficult for any of us to prosecute our reading; but with an intensity of interest, we gazed upon the lovely prospect until it could be no longer seen.

We now approached Arreton, the village, in the churchyard of which lie interred the mortal remains of Elizabeth Wallbridge, the daughter of the dairyman. About a mile from it, we stopped before the cottage from which her soul ascended to its rest, and were kindly received by her surviving brother, a man now advanced in years, and still a resident in the cot of his birth. He showed us Elizabeth's Bible, in which was simply written, "Elizabeth Wallbridge, daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Wallbridge; born 1771, died 1801." He also took us up-stairs into the room in which she expired. We added our names to a long list, in a book kept by her brother for the purpose, and then took our leave, Mr. Wallbridge in a very respectful manner thanking us for our visit.

Our simplicity in finding satisfaction in such a visit would be a fruitful subject of derision to men of the world; but if they will indulge our simplicity, and we can enjoy feelings such as these scenes excited, let them laugh: we will delight in everything calculated to cherish the memory of the pious dead.

On leaving the cottage, our path was the same with that over which moved the funeral procession of the dairyman's daughter, in the manner so affectingly described by Mr. Richmond. It lay along a narrow but excellent road, winding between high, green hedges, and sometimes under an arch formed by the trees on either side; a lofty cultivated hill on the right, and a charming view of the luxuriant valley now and then breaking upon us to the left. As we read the account of the solemn passage of the mourning yet rejoicing relatives and friends of the deceased, we were almost ready to realize its actual vision, and to hear the pious strains of melody, as they filled the air and ascended to the skies.

Thus prepared, we reached Arreton church; and leaving our carriage to ascend the hill without us, we went to the grave of Elizabeth; read the beautiful lines, which love of her character and the recollection of her triumphant

ARRETON CHURCHYARD.

death have caused to be inscribed on her simple monument; meditated awhile on her present glorious state; dropped a tear of sympathy but not of sorrow; and silently retired.

GRAVE OF THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

From this to Newport, our resting-place for the night, we could talk on none but things connected with the scenes, and incidents, and reflections of the day; uniting in the sentiment, that Paris, with all its palaces, and gardens, and paintings, and statues, had afforded no such gratification to our eyes as the glorious works of God, on which they had dwelt in this enchanting island; and none of its multiplied attractions, such an inward feast as the religious associations of this day's travel had supplied.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE DUTIES OF PARENTS.

THE institution of marriage forms the basis of all social relations. It is thus especially that the wise and beneficent Creator "setteth the solitary in families." How important, then, is it, that the marriage union should be formed between parties who are both "joined to the Lord," that so as *Christian* parents they may, with humble confidence, look up to God for the aid of his Holy Spirit in the discharge of their solemn duties! How important that thus families should become holy throughout the land! As a great divine has expressed it: "Persons are the elements of families; families are the elements of which churches, kingdoms, commonwealths are composed and made up." For the purity of the church, therefore — for the stability of the commonwealth—for the perpetuation of a line of living witnesses for God from age to age, we must mainly look to the moral and spiritual influence which goes forth from "a church in the house;" in other words, from a well-governed, well-instructed, and holy Christian family. Granting the truth of the statement that

> "When nations are to perish in their sins,
> 'Tis in the church the leprosy begins,"

still the question remains: "How did the leprosy commence in the church?" "The church," as one expresses it, "comes in contact with families, and from the bosom of those families has come the leprosy which primarily infects the church, and ultimately destroys the nation. As repentance and reformation are found to originate with some one individual, so, did we know all, degeneracy in religion and the torrent of immorality in a nation might be traced to the bosom of a single family. Let only one parent relax and neglect his duty, and let his example be followed, then all the powers of legislation and all the precepts of Christianity are vain."

The first qualification, then, of parents for the discharge of their duties is personal piety. Such a piety is not to be weak, wavering, undecided, but fervent, earnest, prayerful—fired by love, and instinct with zeal. Be it yours, dear friends, first to give yourselves to the Lord, and then to the work of training your children for eternal glory. Seek together at the throne of grace for that "wisdom which is profitable to direct" in your arduous task. Realize together the preciousness of your children's souls, and the necessity of watching for them as those who must give an account. Remember that neither to the nursery-maid, the governess, the schoolmaster, the Sunday-school teacher, nor the Christian minister, can you delegate *your* duties. The work of godly training and discipline must begin at home—it is emphatically your own. These children are *your* offspring: they owe their existence to you, and you cannot shake off the responsibility thus involved. One by one they have been added to your household, and every new-born child is a fresh appeal both to your hearts and consciences to address yourselves with earnestness to the holy enterprise which God himself has committed to your hands. But how can those parents be expected to have compassion on the souls of their children who utterly neglect their own? Or how can much success be expected in the right government and the spiritual instruction of a family where one parent only is on the Lord's side, and both are not "perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment?"

As an essential pre-requisite to all direct instruction, there is an authority which you must exercise, such as shall secure subordination in your household. God himself has given you this authority. It is the shadow, as it were, of that authority which is claimed by himself over his offspring, and to which he refers when he says: "If then I be a father, where is mine honour?" Mal. i. 6. By a Divine command, children are enjoined to "honour father and mother." It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that the principle of subordination shall be firmly maintained if parents expect children so to honour them. The greatest and noblest specimens of humanity have thus been furnished. It was because the Lord foresaw that Abraham would "command his children and his household after him," that therefore he declared, "they shall keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment." Your primary duty is to maintain subordination. Is it not always found that the dutiful child makes the best husband and father—the best wife and mother in turn? Have you not seen it to be so again and again?

There are difficulties in this matter, and special grace and wisdom are needed in order to overcome them. The firmness of a parent may degenerate into undue severity. Sternness always defeats its own purpose; it breaks a child's spirit—it leads a boy or girl to say, "It is vain to try to please;" and thus disheartened, the young person becomes reckless and hardened.

The apostle was well aware of the peril thus incurred, when he said, "And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, lest they be discouraged." Let there be no home despotism, then, established over the young—do not expect too much from them—make full allowance for their natural buoyancy of spirits—indulge them in every innocent recreation—"draw them with cords of love," rather than repel by the darkening frown and the angry word—and let gentleness and firmness ever go hand in hand.

But you must equally guard against the temptations to undue indulgence. This is the opposite extreme of stern severity, and both are to be strenuously avoided. There are cases where the offence has been so gross, and the spirit of the transgressor is so obstinate, that personal chastisement may be found necessary in order to maintain parental authority and to produce penitential submission. It is written: "Chasten thy son while there is hope. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell." Modern systems of education perhaps ignore too much the spirit of this Divine law. But assuredly personal chastisement should be the last resort, and where it is accompanied with suitable counsels, and the child is made to see, by a parent's calmness and by a parent's tears, that justice and mercy unite in inflicting it, there (as the experience of many will testify) children may long afterwards bless God for the fidelity of their godly sires.

Sometimes children are allowed to have their own will from a love of personal ease and self-indulgence on the part of the parents. They will not give themselves to the task of disciplining their little ones. They say, "It is time enough yet;" or when their children act in a wayward and self-willed manner, such parents say, when remonstrated with, "What would you expect? Let them have a little of their own will now: they will have but little of it by-and-by." There is, alas! often exhibited a blind fondness which cannot see a fault in a beloved child. For all such parents, what an awful monition is furnished in the case of Eli and his sons. A good man himself, yet his sons were unchecked in their wicked career by parental authority. "They made themselves vile, and he restrained them not," and therefore they perished miserably. (1 Sam. iii. 11—13; iv. 11.)

Another obstacle to the successful training of children is inequality of treatment. If you are indulgent to a fault to-day, and severe to excess to-morrow, in the one case your children will take advantage of your weakness and presume upon it. In the other they will remain impenitent and unhumbled, because they expect the storm of your displeasure speedily to pass away.

One other barrier to parental success is partiality or favouritism. How often do we see one child petted and favoured, and another neglected and despised! What miseries were occasioned by this in the case of Jacob and Rebecca! What just punishment came upon that partial mother! Her son was compelled to flee from her side; and from that hour when her successful stratagem on his behalf was discovered, and he became an exile from home, she never saw his face again. A kindred instance of favouritism is related of a mother who had one child which she totally neglected, while another engrossed her whole affections. Seated at the fire, the mother, whose back is turned on the door, hears it opened, and believing that it is her favourite that has entered the room, she says, "Is that you, my darling?" But it is not her "darling." It is the little creature who knows that *she* is not loved, and who had often trembled before that mother's frown. The child meekly replies, "No, mamma, *it's only me!*" "Only me!" said the despised, the neglected one. What an arrow in your heart, father, mother, if you have one child that could speak thus to you! And what a mercy and an encouragement, on the other hand, and how sure to be followed by a blessing, if over all your children you exercise an equal authority; if for all you cherish a common affection, and if in your treatment of them you "do nothing by partiality!"

But in addition to the firmness of a godly discipline, there must be on your part direct, earnest, and prayerful efforts in communicating religious knowledge. Very explicit is the testimony of Scripture on this subject. Not less binding, surely, on the Christian than on the Jewish parent is the injunction: "And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." (Deut. vi. 6, 7.) There are great scripture truths and divine institutions about which the curiosity of children will be excited, and to their questions you are bound to give as explicit answers as were pious parents under the Old Testament dispensation. (See Exod. xii. 26, 27; xiii. 14, 15.)

That you may be rightly prepared for your work, it is essential that you should study the word of God. The Bible must be your text-book, the truths and facts of revelation your theme; and therefore "let the word of Christ dwell in you richly with all wisdom." Happy are those parents who from early days have been familiar with the book of God; its biographical sketches of patriarchs, and prophets, and kings; its gradual development of Jehovah's gracious purposes by symbol, by type, by pre-

diction, till at last Jesus appears to take away sin by the sacrifice of himself. And if you have stored in the cells of memory the narratives and doctrines, the promises and precepts of the sacred pages, or those sweet songs of Zion which you learned in childhood from a mother's lips, bring all these peculiar and blessed advantages, I beseech you, to bear upon the religious education of your offspring. In young children there is a lovely docility, which is full of encouragement to your efforts. The "pictures of the Bible" also, the scenes of surpassing interest there depicted, are powerfully calculated to leave permanent impressions on the imaginations and hearts of the young. Lead your children thus through Eden's happy bowers, and stand with them beneath "the tree of knowledge" and "the tree of life." Mark with them how Noah builds the ark, and listen, as every blow of the hammer preaches a sermon to an unbelieving and mocking world. Look with them upon Noah again, as he rears the altar on Ararat, while, as the pledge and symbol of a covenant of peace, the beauteous rainbow spans the heavens. Take them to the banks of the Nile, and as Pharaoh's daughter opens the basket of bulrushes, let them see in that weeping babe the future deliverer of the chosen race. Go with them to Sinai, and as the earth quakes, the lightnings flash, and the trumpet sounds, tremble with them at the presence of the righteous Lawgiver. Carry them up to Shiloh, that they may be introduced to young Samuel, and may see him in "the little coat" which his mother brought him, and in which, as a blessed model for them, he has begun to serve the Lord betimes. Go with them over Jordan's dry bed, as Elijah's mantle divides the flood, and look up together, as the chariots of fire bear him to heaven. And then pass on to the plains of Dura and the golden image; let them approach the burning fiery furnace, and see the three children walking unhurt amid its fierceness, and the form "of a fourth like unto the Son of God."

Nay, moving onwards through the scenes of Scripture story, with them join the wise men as they follow the guidance of Bethlehem's star; trace the Redeemer's footsteps to the banks of Jordan, to the shore of Galilee, to the Mount of Beatitudes, to the top of Tabor, to the temple in Jerusalem, to the gate of Nain, to the grave of Lazarus, to the Mount of Olives, to the "upper room" and "the last supper," to "the garden of Gethsemane," to THE CROSS OF CALVARY; and around that bloody tree often gather your little ones, that the spectacle may melt them to pity, admiration, love—that the scene may, through the accompanying power of the Lord the Spirit, be graven on their hearts as with an iron pen, and as in the rock for ever.

Let parents begin the work of instruction early. Eternity alone can reveal the full results of scriptural training, early begun and diligently plied. But enough is known to stimulate to hopeful exertion. It was a mother who gave Doddridge his first lessons from the Dutch tiles in the chimney. It was a mother that put into the hands of the future Alfred the Great the manuscript of those holy Scriptures of which he became so profound a student in after days. Sometimes the godly training has been that of the mother alone, as in the case of Augustine and Luther, Latimer and Taylor, Baxter and Flavel, Doddridge, Newton, and Romaine, a Brainerd, a Schwartz, a Cecil. Sometimes saving impressions from scriptural teaching in childhood are to be traced to both parents, as in the cases of Howe and Edwards, Witsius and Grotius, Bates and Matthew Henry, Watts and Dwight. Happy the child who owes his soul's safety to a mother's loving fidelity; happy the man who can bless God for father and mother "both righteous;" and who, tracing not his lineage to the great ones of the earth, can say with Cowper—

> "But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
> The son of parents passed into the skies."

There is a blessing, then, in the ordinary administration of God's grace, which descends through parental influence from one generation to another. In the selection of his apostles, our Lord himself seems to have put honour on the pious care of parents. Of the twelve, six were brothers chosen out of three families; Peter and Andrew, James and John, Simon and Matthew. Five of the parents of these are named Jonas, Zebedee, Salome, Cleopas, and Mary, of all of whom we have reason to believe that, like Simeon and Anne, they had been waiting for "the Consolation of Israel," and had joyfully hailed his advent. Are there not among those now addressed some who can look back to three or four generations of godly progenitors? It is stated of Doctor Dwight that he left behind him six sons and a daughter, who could thus trace a pious ancestry through the long line of seven generations. It is related that a number of years since, when a grandson of John Brown of Haddington, and a grandson of Mrs. Graham of New York,* appeared together at a religious meeting in that city, and one of them stood up to plead the cause of Christ, an auditor present, struck with the illustration thus afforded of the faithfulness of God and the honour put by him on parental piety, placed in the speaker's hand the open Bible, with a mark to point out these words of promise: "As for me, this is my covenant with them, saith the Lord: my Spirit that is upon thee, and my words

* See Life by the Rev. Dr. Mason.

which I have put into thy mouth shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever."

Parents! there is a descending curse as well as a descending blessing. By giving your children liberty to do that which is evil—by the total neglect of the diligent sowing of the good seed in their hearts—by being prayerless, Christless, wicked yourselves—you expose them as well as yourselves to everlasting ruin. If I address a careless parent, a weakly indulgent father, or an over-fond mother—if in your household no family altar is set up—if by you no consistent attractive example has been set before your children's eyes—is it not time *now* to seek the Lord, now to look to the cross for pardon, now to ask for the Holy Spirit to renew your own souls and to qualify you for your momentous duties?

The example of parents must be in holy accordance with their teaching, if they would hope to bring their children with them to glory. Inconsistency here will mar your best instructions, for children are keen observers. But let example and precept go hand in hand, and then to both let there be added fervent prayer, and you are warranted to expect a blessing. And so it is written, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Finally, consider the imperative obligation and unspeakable privilege of maintaining the worship of God in your household. The very heathen of old had their household gods to which they paid their adorations. Family worship, rightly conducted, is a powerful persuasive to children to become holy. It may be said to educate the eye, the ear, the understanding, the conscience, and the heart. Oh! when it is observed, whether with or without the aids of forms of prayer, in a devout manner—when vain excuses are not pleaded for its neglect, such as want of time, or diffidence, or want of ability—when it is indeed a spiritual sacrifice—when parents and children, as well as masters and servants, assemble together morning and evening to sing the songs of grateful hearts, to read and hear the words of heavenly truth, to ask from a common Father mercy to pardon, grace to help, wisdom to guide, and safe keeping unto his heavenly kingdom—how does the God of the families of Jacob smile upon the scene, and command upon the worshippers "the blessing out of Zion, even life for evermore!"

Parents, heads of households, have you considered that awakening Scripture, "Pour out thy fury upon the heathen that know thee not, and upon the families that call not on my name?" Jer. x. 25. "I appeal to you," says Philip Doddridge, "whether this does not strongly imply THAT EVERY FAMILY, WHICH IS NOT A HEATHEN FAMILY, WHICH IS NOT QUITE IGNORANT OF THE LIVING AND TRUE GOD, WILL CALL UPON HIS NAME?"

If you neglect family worship, then, in the words of the same pious writer, "it is highly probable that they will think themselves sanctioned by your example in a like negligence; and so you may entail heathenism under the name of Christianity on your descendants and theirs for ages to come; whereas your diligence and zeal might be remembered and imitated by them, perhaps when you are in your grave, and the stock which they first received from you might, with rich improvement, be communicated to great numbers, so that one generation after another might learn to fear and serve the Lord.

"On the whole, God only knows what a church may spring up from one single seed; and on the other hand, it is impossible to say how many souls may at length perish by the treacherous neglect of a single person, and, to speak plainly, of your own."

THE PARISIAN CHIFFONNIER.

THE *chiffonnier* is the Paris ragman. The early dawn sees him coming down the seventh story of some dismal, rickety-looking house in one of the low faubourgs, with a wicker-basket fastened to his back, and an iron hook which he plies with nice discrimination at every street-corner. Bones form no subject of his inquiries; the paper manufactory is the microcosm around which he revolves; and the only contributions acceptable within those precincts are, he knows full well, either the *débris* of literature, or the remnants of worn-out clothing. Such are the limits, if we may so say, of a province which still leaves the *chiffonnier* plenty of employment; paper-rags and cloth-rags, decayed flounces and old envelopes, bits of lining and leaves from books, make up the farrago in which he deals.

As a police regulation enforces the necessity of cleaning the streets every day before noon, and prohibits the accumulation of refuse until after dusk, the labouring hours of the itinerant rag-man are divided by a tolerably long interval of repose. From twelve till four in winter, and till eight in summer, he throws off his basket, swallows a hasty meal, and, if he is industrious, runs out in search of fresh occupation as an errand-boy. The *rentier* on the first-floor wants, may be, his fire-wood sawed and stowed away in the cellar; or, perhaps, there are a few parcels to be taken to the railway terminus; or the lady on the *entresol* is about to have her drawing-room done up with bees-wax. In fact, our *chiffonnier* is handy at everything; he makes himself generally useful; is sturdy, polite, clever,

satisfied with a trifle by way of remuneration, and takes to his work that light-heartedness which is the characteristic of the true Parisian.

Time, however, glides by; the gay lamps are already flickering in the dusk of the evening, and the deafening roll of the drums on the place Vendôme summons back to their quarters the soldiers scattered through the city. Up with the wicker-basket and the hook once more! Since the morning, rags and scraps have had time to accumulate in the various thoroughfares; to them the *chiffonnier* repairs, conducting his researches with the assistance of a lantern. When under arms, the *chiffonnier* is a most taciturn being; his speech is laconic; his features never smile. Alas!—but why should I say "alas!" some of them—I know this for a certainty—find the tedious work in which they are engaged sweetened by the consolations they have derived from the "word of life;" and the poor labourer who toils, unheeded by the world, amidst the bustle of the streets of Paris, may often be the destined inheritor of a glory "which fadeth not away."

Such, at least, was the case with a *chiffonnier* against whom I recently stumbled, in the faubourg Saint Jacques. And yet stumbled is perhaps not the proper word. I was going to pay a visit to a *pasteur*, a friend of mine, when, to my great surprise, I found one of those ragmen shouldering his wicker-basket close by the door. "I must congratulate you," said I to Monsieur M——, as I entered the drawing-room, "I must congratulate you upon the body-guard which keeps the approach to your premises."

"Oh," replied Monsieur M——, "you mean that poor *chiffonnier* who has just left me. I am glad you met him; he is one of my best parishioners, and if his majesty, the sovereign people, were all made up of individuals cast in the same mould, the famous faubourg Saint Marceau would not be dreaded to this day as the hot-bed of rebellion. I shall tell you his history.

"It is about two months since, I had just resolved upon requiring a small payment from the pupils attending my day-school; one morning, as I was sitting in my study, a poor woman whom I had never seen before introduced herself, coming, as she said, for the purpose of soliciting the admission of her little girl, whom she was anxious to bring under religious instruction. The appearance of the new visitor prepossessed me very much in her favour; her dress showed the unmistakeable marks of poverty; but threadbare clothes, if they are clean, have nothing to make the wearer ashamed of, and with a little experience it is easy to discover whether it is vice or merely the dispensation of God which has ushered in want. Madame Bavosot—such was the poor woman's name—told me that both she and her husband were Protestants; they had only lately taken a room within the boundaries of my district, and hearing that a day-school was opened in the neighbourhood, they wished their child to attend it.

"Somewhat reluctantly, I remarked that we expected a monthly contribution from our pupils towards the support of the school; and I hinted that her circumstances might, perhaps, not allow her to comply with the regulation. 'Oh sir!' replied the poor woman, 'I know quite well the rules, and Bavosot says that he can always manage to find a twenty-sous piece for you; we must only pinch ourselves a little, that's all.'

"The very next day I called upon my new parishioner. Unfortunately, he had already started on his usual employment when I reached the house; the wife alone was at home engaged in her work, and sweeping the little room which served the threefold purpose of dormitory, sitting-room, and kitchen.

"You have inspected some of the courts leading out of Gray's-inn-lane, and seen fabrics constructed in defiance of all the rules established by boards of health. Well, many of the poor people I am in the habit of visiting occupy similar premises. Under the shadow of Louis XIV's 'Val de Grâce,' and throughout the length of the tortuous rue Saint Jacques, houses are crowded together, in too many of which poverty, brought on by dissipation, is busy concocting fresh schemes for securing 'the rights of man,' or adding a new stanza to 'La Marseillaise.' Wend your way through the entrance, amidst heaps of refuse accumulated on every side. A narrow, dirty, uneven staircase, scarcely visible, leads, on the right, where moral darkness is often as thick as the heavy gloom which, even in the brightest summer days, the light of the sun never entirely dispels. You look about—no *concierge*—no one to answer your inquiries. At last, from some aperture which has escaped your notice, a gruff voice is heard—'What do you want?' 'Monsieur Bavosot lives here, does he not?' 'Second floor front-room; mind you don't stumble, the bannister on the landing is broken.' Somehow, I managed to grope my way up-stairs; after having ascended about sixty steps, I saw, fixed on a door, a scrap of paper with the following inscription—

'BAVOSOT, CHIFFONNIER.'

I rapped twice, and walked in.

"It would be quite impossible for me to describe the relief I felt when I entered that room, of which the neatness, the cheerfulness, contrasted so much with the appearance of the

whole neighbourhood. Do not tell me that poverty precludes comfort. Everything around me refuted such an assertion, whilst the Bible lying on a table near the window gave the key to the problem.

"I need not detail my conversation that morning with the ragman's wife. I shall just say that, from further inquiries, I found out that they had only very lately left Toulouse, to seek employment in Paris; their residence, consequently, in these lodgings, had been of very short duration; but yet, by his moral and religious deportment, by his steadiness and sobriety, M. Bavosot speedily obtained the respect and esteem of all his neighbours. Nay, he was very soon considered almost in the light both of an oracle and an arbitrator; and the twenty families huddled-up together in the house, uniformly referred to him whenever they wished to appeal to reason and good sense.

"'M. Bavosot,' said one morning to the *chiffonnier* a mustachioed republican, fresh from the reading of Proudhom—'M. Bavosot, I have just learnt that you are a Protestant. You have no idea how glad I am. I am a Protestant too; for although I detest the Jesuits and the *cagots*, I worship the Supreme Being.'

"'Very well, my friend; I cannot say that I feel much sympathy for the system sanctioned by the Jesuits, though I would entertain towards the men those sentiments we should always have for brethren, however erroneous their views may be. And as for the worship of God, I rejoice to hear that you value it, supposing, of course, that you have found the only way of approach to the throne of our heavenly Father is through the mediation of Christ the Saviour.'

"At this plain statement of scriptural truth the republican inquirer seemed perfectly thunderstruck.

"'But, Monsieur Bavosot,' replied he, 'I tell you that I am a Protestant.'

"In fact, he evidently shared the erroneous impression still prevailing amongst the great majority of Frenchmen, that Protestantism and deism are synonymous terms. This fatal error has produced the most distressing consequences. In the first place, socialists, red republicans, communists, and revolutionists, come to us as to their natural allies; they think that our religion is nothing but a *protest* against every species of authority, including that contained in the Bible. Other persons, who should know better, entertain the same ideas: I mean magistrates, government officials, and the various agents to whom is intrusted the duty of enforcing obedience to the laws. Urged on by Jesuit influence, they would fain, like Louis XIV, two centuries ago, destroy under false pretences those who have learnt from the word of God that one of the highest duties incumbent upon them is to 'honour the king.'

"It is not easy, I confess, to persuade prejudiced minds, and to reason against those who willingly cast the truth away; but most of Bavosot's neighbours, like the mustachioed republican I have just alluded to, are only too anxious to get instruction. Well, amongst men such as these, Bavosot's influence is most valuable. They listen to his arguments, because he is one of themselves; and they cannot suppose that he tries to convince them from interested motives. They read the Bible with him; they feel that anxiety for their happiness is the sole motive which actuates him; and not unfrequently by these humble means sinners, to whom I never could have had access, are brought to the foot of the cross. You have seen Bavosot this evening. If you will come here to-morrow, you may, perhaps, meet three proselytes whom his example and teaching have, by the grace of God, entirely transformed. The first is the house-painter, who has just been working (gratuitously) at our new school-building. He was formerly one of Louis Blanc's stanchest adherents, and used to take the chair at the club in this faubourg. The second narrowly escaped being shot three years ago behind a barricade in the rue Saint Denis; by trade he is a carpenter, and has declined accepting a single sous for his share in the construction and fitting-up of the school. The third is the rupublican I mentioned a little while ago; his mustachioes are as flourishing as ever, but his heart is changed; and whilst standing before his "case," (he was in a large printing establishment,) his thoughts are often engaged about the mercies of that God who brought him out of spiritual darkness to see the wonderful light of the gospel."

My friend M—— here paused for a moment; then, with a voice which betrayed strong signs of emotion: "Whenever," said he, "in your walks through this city, you are encountered by one of those men who seek from day to day their living by collecting rags at the street-corners, think of Bavosot, the Paris *chiffonnier*." Does not the fact show that Christianity can descend to and benefit the humblest classes of society? Even a rag-collector can feel its influence! But Christianity in such cases rarely keeps a man stationary; it elevates him, and from the humblest rank enables him to climb a second stave in the social ladder. This we doubt not will be the case with our chiffonnier. Meantime, the anecdote illustrates somewhat John Newton's saying, that if a Christian is only a shoeblack, he ought to be the best shoeblack in the parish.

Religious Intelligence.

July 31st, 1855.

THE first day of this month, which was the Lord's day, has been rendered memorable by the great gatherings in Hyde Park, for the purpose of expressing the opposition felt to the measure passed last year respecting public-houses, and also to denounce the bill of Lord Robert Grosvenor in favour of a greater measure of sabbath observance. The circumstance of that large gathering in Hyde Park, followed up as it was by similar meetings on the two following sabbaths, with all the noisy and conflicting scenes that ensued, tell a most painful tale as to the moral and religious state of the metropolis, and ought to stimulate all who value the gospel of Christ to greater zeal in his service. We are glad to find that much attention is now being paid to open-air preaching in London and in the provinces, and we trust that the failure of legislative measures to produce an amended observance of the Lord's day will convince all who are anxious for the diffusion of the truth, that there must be increased activity in the use of the moral means at their disposal—means which God has promised shall not be employed in vain. The following interesting notice of these labours appeared in a London journal of the 24th instant:—

"OUT-DOOR PREACHING IN LONDON.—On Friday evening, the Rev. Newman Hall addressed a large number of working men in a field adjoining the high road, Kentish-town. Mr. Hall has, for some weeks past, conducted similar services at the Obelisk, Blackfriars-road, &c.; and, through the interference of Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Commissioner Mayne has instructed the police in no case to interfere to prevent such attempts to do good. Dr. Bennet has just followed Mr. Hall's example, in the Caledonian-road, where an out-door service is conducted every Sunday evening, and where the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel has engaged also to preach. On Sunday last, a service was conducted in a field opposite the Baptist chapel, Camden-road, and another in Kentish-town, both to large audiences, and as well conducted as in any place of worship. It is stated that Drury-lane theatre has been engaged for a continuous series of lectures, on Sundays, to working-men, and such as attend no place of worship."

We much regret to hear it reported that the excellent and much-needed work of the scripture-readers in the Crimea has been to a great extent frustrated by obstacles being placed in the way of their admission to our wounded soldiers. Our poor sick and dying men have in many instances learnt "the words of eternal life" from the faithful labours of the men who are now threatened, it appears, with expulsion, if they attempt to enter the hospital in which the soldiers are confined. We trust that this subject will be inquired into, and, if the facts now stated are substantiated, that the matter will be taken up with becoming energy by some persons of influence. The late excellent Captain Vicars owned and honoured the devoted scripture-readers, and we hope there will be found some faithful soldiers of Jesus Christ who will have moral courage enough to secure for them an open door, that they may still pursue those labours which are so much needed, and which have hitherto been so much blessed to our army in the East.

A very encouraging communication has just been made by the London Missionary Society respecting the progress of the gospel in China. During the siege of Shanghae, the missionaries were able to carry on their labours among the rebels and the native population. Eight female residents in Shanghae, who had given very gratifying evidence of their conversion, have been baptized and added to the church in that city. Several male converts have acknowledged Jesus Christ as their Lord, and some, employed as colporteurs, are visiting their countrymen, and teaching them the truths of Christianity, while others are assisting at the mission press. Referring to the baptism of one of these converts, Dr. Medhurst says: "His seriousness of manner, and full and satisfactory replies to the questions proposed, must have given the impression to all who witnessed the ceremony that his profession was genuine. He has been exerting himself ever since in imparting instruction to all who are willing to receive it from him. Two persons visit him daily to read the Scriptures and join in prayer. The great earnestness he shows gives us the hope that he will be the means of doing much good."

Enlarged facilities for making known the religion of Jesus were afforded during the late attack on Shanghae, and since it has ceased. Copies of the sacred Scriptures and religious books were distributed among persons from remote and inaccessible parts of the country. The missionaries had the opportunity of going frequently into the camp of the insurrectionists, where they were always well received by the officers and the men.

The Reverend William Muirhead gives a very gratifying account of a missionary tour lately made in company with a minister from America. He states that, sailing from Shanghae, they proceeded to Nanziang, about sixteen miles off, where they were permitted to pass through the various streets, distributing books to the most intelligent people they met. On arriving at the area of a large temple, Mr. Muirhead ascended a few steps, and immediately had a congregation of several hundred persons, who listened quietly and attentively while he preached on the evils of idolatry, and the necessity of repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The priests listened only for a little time, and passed on. In Kading, a walled town, about eight miles further on, books were distributed in a careful manner, and about sixty persons were convened in front of the principal temple, and made acquainted with the words of everlasting life. In several other cities the same means were adopted without any opposition; and the missionaries observe that—"It was interesting to see the people talking together about what they heard—that idolatry was wrong, that God alone was to be worshipped, and that Jesus was the Saviour of the world." Visits of this kind have been made in the interior of the country to places as far as two hundred miles from Shanghae, where Christian books, and especially the New Testament, have been thankfully received. We may hope, from some observations made to the missionaries, that, as their character is better understood, they will find access to more distant towns in the interior.

How well the great lessons taught by the missionaries are understood, will be seen by the following extract from a letter written by a youth who is now under training for the Christian ministry by Mr. Muirhead.

He says: "Reflecting on my own state, it seems that during the brief space of a single day, my shortcomings are very many; how innumerable, then, must they have been during my own lifetime in this perishable world! But I have listened to the instructions of my teacher, and know that Jesus is able to save, that God is able to pardon, and that the Holy Spirit is able to influence my heart. I have attentively studied all this, and been led to understand the true doctrine, and sincerely and spiritually pray to God. For how dare I seek to adorn myself in any mere way of empty show, which is positively sinful in the sight of the Great Ruler on high!" Well will it be for the reader, if he can witness so good a confession.

We obtain, from the "Samoan Reporter," some very painful facts respecting the treatment of the native teachers in one of the islands of the South Pacific, Fate, or Sandwich Island. At this island, two teachers, named Pikika and Kavariri, with their wives, had been landed from Rarotonga, under promising circumstances. The teachers were killed, and their bodies formed the materials for a cannibal repast. After they had been murdered, the chiefs wished to take their wives for themselves, when the poor women fled, and attempted to cross the narrow strait that separates the island on which they live from the mainland; but being pursued by order of the chiefs, they were killed in the water. The child of one of the teachers was also killed under circumstances of great cruelty. Such facts as these powerfully impress us with the degraded condition of human nature in heathen lands, and place in an exalted light the heroism of those who lay down all, even life itself, in the Redeemer's cause.

We have, on a former occasion, referred to Erromanga, where the faithful John Williams fell, a martyr in the service of Christ, and where his murderer has since become the subject of Christian instruction. On the 16th of last October, the missionaries paid a visit to the spot, of which they give the following interesting report. "As soon," they say, "as we came to anchor, at Dillon's Bay, a few of the people assembled on the beach more or less dressed in English clothing. The teachers came on board, whom we were glad to see so stout and looking so well. Since last visit, lime had been burnt, and other materials prepared for building two new commodious houses for the teachers. One of them, which is forty feet by twenty, is far advanced in building. A new chapel, forty feet by twenty, has been erected and closed in by bamboos; this building is used also as a school-house." We are delighted to find that the people value the word of life in which they are instructed, and that the numbers attending religious instruction are on the increase. Sixty seven, young and old, have renounced heathenism, although few of them have as yet learned little more than the letters of the alphabet. In another part of the island, Bunkil, the teachers live with the chief, who is a very kind man, and supplies them with plenty of food. A small chapel has been erected, and about thirty persons have renounced heathenism and come under Christian instruction; so that now there are in that island about a hundred persons who have burst the chains of heathenism. Native teachers are now received by these people with great cordiality, and one of them lives with the chief Kaniani, who murdered John Williams. It is much to be desired that a faithful missionary may soon be sent to this painfully-interesting place.

In the instructive document from which this information is obtained, we are furnished with an illustration of the manner in which Christian missions to the heathen may be widely extended by the liberality and the labours of those to whom the gospel has been sent, and who have experienced its power. We refer to the Samoan Mission Seminary, in which, since its commencement, ten years ago, there have been received 121 men, 102 women, 111 youths under 14, and 35 strangers from other parts of the Pacific. In this important institution, young men are prepared for the work of the ministry, and others are fitted to go forth as teachers, while females are also instructed that they may be rendered useful to their own sex. The course of teaching is comprehensive, embracing doctrinal theology, pastoral theology, sacred history, Scripture exposition, natural history, and natural philosophy, geography, and English reading; while there are special instructions given to the wives of teachers. These instructions are received by those who are willing to leave their native islands, and go to such places as the New Hebrides and the New Caledonian groups, where they will meet people in the same degraded condition as that from which they have been mercifully rescued. The following statement is made by the missionaries who superintend the education of these native evangelists: "Our expenditure for clothing, stationary, etc., during the past year, has amounted to 28*l*. For the last nine years, we have not had a penny outlay for food. By their own industry, during hours allotted for the purpose, the young men raise on the plantations of the institution all that they require. But for this arrangement, the expenditure for the support of so many would probably amount to 300*l*. per annum."

THE FUGITIVE KING QUITTING ZION.

All motionless the olives stand,
And not a breath is heard to sigh;
The sun his brilliant path pursues
Through cloudless ether far on high.

But, hark! a sound floats on the air,
It is the sound of smother'd woe:
A band of men ascends the hill,
And all are weeping as they go.

Slowly and sadly they ascend,
Beneath the scorching noon-tide heat,
Oppressed with sorrow and fatigue,
With cover'd heads and naked feet.

And in the midst is Israel's king,
David—Jehovah's chosen one;
Weary and faint he onward toils,
Fleeing before his much-loved son.

With grief his aged head is bowed,
And from his eyes the tear-drops flow;
Leaving the ark of God behind,
Alone he must to exile go.

No, not alone; he feels his sin,
Its chastisement he would not shun;
But God hath not forsaken him,
His chosen, his anointed one.

Then from his heart wells forth a prayer,
Replete with faith, for help from God;
In child-like humbleness he waits,
And bends before the chast'ning rod.

Long after David's tears were shed,
At evening hour upon that spot,
Was heard the voice of agony,
Of David's son, who sinned not.
Alone he suffered while men slept,
And there for sinful man he wept.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE PRODIGAL LEAVING HOME.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

I. ENDOWMENT AND CAPABILITIES.

THE pictures in the well-known parable which we have selected as our subject belong not to the early patriarchal period, but to the advanced age of civilization and luxury which the Jews had reached in the reign of Herod. They must be filled up, not with the simple scenes and acts of pastoral society, as depicted in the book of Genesis, but with the elaborate forms and the rich colours of Greek and Roman refinement and splendour, mixed with the still more brilliant lines of oriental voluptuousness. The home, indeed, whence the younger son goes out in his travels we should paint, not as the abode of extravagance, much less of vicious pleasure, but still as rich in a chaste domestic elegance, with every convenience and comfort, and abundant signs of plenty; in short, such an abode as we may fancy was occupied by many a wealthy Israelite in the days of our Lord. But the place of sojourn in "the far country" we should imagine as some Grecian or Egyptian city, some Corinth, teeming with licentious temptations, or some Alexandria, fostering pride and scepticism.

We are not to think of the young man as

No. 71.—PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 6, 1855. PRICE ONE PENNY

starting alone with his scrip and staff, but with attendants prepared to maintain for him an easy, pleasant, and even luxurious journey. His going from home is a contrast to the departure of Ishmael with his mother, when Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar, putting it on her shoulder, and sent her away, with the child, into the wilderness of Beersheba. Very unlike is it also to Jacob's going to Padan-aram, when lighting on a certain place, he tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillow, and lay down in that place to sleep. It was far in advance, too, of the endowment of the sons of Abraham's concubines, when he gave gifts and sent them unto the east country, away from Isaac his son, while he yet lived eastward.

A certain man had two sons, and "the younger son said to his father, Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me; and he divided unto them his living." The portion of the younger son, according to the Jewish laws of inheritance, would be the half of what the elder brother received. The first-born, "the beginning of the father's strength," had a double portion. The portion in the present case was given in advance. Whatever might be the custom in this respect among some other nations of the east—the Hindoos for example—there is no proof that any custom existed among the Jews giving a son a right to claim a division of his father's property. The act described looks like a generous concession to the son's desire. The bounty of the father is one of the striking points of the parable. He is not one who takes his stand upon parental rights—upon any ground merely just—upon a principle of rigid equity; but he is one whose parental heart overflows with liberality and love. As at the end of the parable his mercy is transcendant, so at the beginning is his bounty. And is it not so with God? Is not this Jewish parent the shadow of our Father in heaven? He has in every case endowed his creatures beforehand with what far exceeds anything pertaining to the mere rights of creatureship. In addition to what is simply necessary to their moral relations and responsibility, he bestows on them "a portion." He imparts what are emphatically and pre-eminently gifts. The father gave what the son could not claim in justice. God also gives what his creatures cannot claim in justice.

We have all gratuitous endowments. Imagine what would be just necessary for our existence and obligations, what would supply power and means enough for service in this life; what would leave us utterly without excuse at the last day for neglect of duty; and then observe how the actual endowments we have received surpass that bare supply of necessity. We have powers of mind fitted for enjoyment as well as service—means for human happiness as well as divine glory. The gifts of imagination, memory, and affection display in many of their forms the unstinted, the exuberant bounty of our Creator. We carry within us treasures out of which we gather not merely implements of useful action, not merely material for obedience, not merely appliances for moral and religious ends, but what may be called the adornments of existence—the ornaments of being—the flowers and jewels of life—wreaths to deck our brow, and garlands to hang about our path.

"I cannot look at what my God has made me and at what he has given me; at the constitution of my nature, and at the circumstances which encompass me in his providence; at my home, and my family, and my friends; the comforts of my lot, the blessings of my daily life; I cannot look at the age in which I live, on the wealthy inheritance of civilization, art, science, literature, and liberty, handed down from ancient times, through God's goodness to the land of my birth; I cannot think of the pure and glorious revelation of truth which he has made in the gospel, and of all the advantages which that hourly affords; without being overwhelmed with the conviction that my heavenly Parent has indeed prevented 'me with the blessings of his goodness.'" Every young person may well thus talk with himself as he goes out into the world, an heir of rich celestial love. The scenes of nature are everlasting mementoes of the bounty of your God—of his endowment of yourselves. The heavens might have been a ceiling of insipid colour, but he has dyed it with azure, and mottled it, and crossed it with wreaths and bars of glorious clouds. The earth might have been a dull unvarying pavement, but he has broken it up into hills and valleys, and planted them with woods and gardens. The river might have been only a convenience, but it is one of the earth's most beautiful ornaments. The sea might have been all terrific, or simply tiresome, but it is sublime and fair, awful and inviting, majestic and gentle, exciting and soothing; a highway for the merchant, a storehouse of treasure, food for the hungry, medicine for the sick—all by turns.

We have a rich Father, whose love is as affluent as his power. He gives us our "portion." He distributes his "substance;" he divides unto us "his living." We have a common inheritance in the provisions of his creative, providential, and gracious goodness. Each has also a peculiar inheritance—a "portion of goods falling to *him*"—a lot and endowment distinctive of the individual. The lot of some is large,

the endowment enormous. Here it lies in the shape of material wealth—houses and lands, gold and silver; there, in the shape of intellectual ability, extraordinary talent, wonderful erudition; yonder in the shape of rank and title, in influence, nobility, and power.

And then the grades of wealth, and mind, and station, how innumerable! What uncounted degrees from the top to the bottom of the scale! Whereabouts in the scale we may be, let us not depreciate the point assigned by our bountiful Father, by comparing it only with those above us, but let us value it by comparison with those below—by comparison with the use we have made of it—by comparison with our personal unworthiness and moral demerit. Ours may not be a "double portion," but it is a rich one; and what use have we made of it? Are we playing the prodigal with it, or acting the part of a dutiful son? Do we like to live at home with our father, or do we prefer wandering abroad? Are we willing to share with God's family what we have, or do we wish to separate our portion from theirs, and to live *by* ourselves and *for* ourselves in odious self-isolation? Are we zealous about our duties, or jealous about our rights? Do we most realize our obligations, or most insist upon our claims? Do we chiefly think of what we have, that we may use it for our brothers' good, and for our Father's glory, or chiefly of what we fancy we *ought* to have—of what we dream would make us happy if we had it? Is our notion of satisfaction that of human independence or reliance on God? that of the younger son in the parable, or that of the Hebrew saint in the psalm, who sang, "In thy favour is life?" Do we want to set up for ourselves in some "far country," as if all we had were absolutely our own, or is it our prayer to live all our days at home with our heavenly Father, as little children in spirit, but as men in understanding and service? Is the world our chosen home, or is the church and household of God? Do we say of the business mart or the pleasure haunt, "This is my rest;" or would we rather "dwell in the house of the Lord for ever?"

We can imagine what this young man might have done with his substance: we see what he actually did with it. The contrast so suggested is very great. Here were wonderful capabilities for good and evil folded up in that portion of goods which fell to him. He might have employed it in his own intellectual improvement, as so much material for benefiting men and glorifying God. He might have separated himself to seek and intermeddle with all wisdom. He might have dispensed abroad and given to the poor, and thus lending to the Lord, have laid up a good foundation for the time to come. He might have brought upon himself the blessings of those who were ready to perish, and have caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He did, alas! the very opposite. What might have been sweet became bitter. What was meant for a blessing was turned into a curse. It is wise to reflect on the capabilities of use and mischief, of honour and disgrace, pertaining to all God's gifts. Think of facts. Think of what men have done with their Maker's bestowments. Biography is rich in instructive lessons.

A century and a quarter ago, a tradesman in London left a handsome but no very extraordinary inheritance for his son. The son was young when his father was taken from the world, but soon he applied himself to the care of his inheritance. He improved his estate, he applied himself to scientific researches. He was fond of reading. He married an amiable lady, and settled down in a little village, in what Barrow designates the calling of a gentleman. They altered and adorned their favourite residence, laid out gardens, and cultivated flowers; and, better still, they reformed the village, transforming the hovel-like abodes of their tenantry into homes of comfort; pulling down wretched huts, and building up well-drained and ventilated cottages, with plots of garden-ground attached to them. Schools, not so common then as now, were also founded by this benevolent pair; that to sanitary improvements and household comforts might be added the cultivation of the mind and heart. They also employed personal influence and attention, visiting their lowly neighbours, sitting in their cottages, entering into their family affairs, and helping them in little matters of great interest to a mother or a father.

Such a country life, with its innocent pleasures and beneficent employments, looks very Eden-like; but the happy couple were well assured that something more than pure tastes and benevolent dispositions were needful to make them happy. They knew the supreme importance of another element of character; and in their own consciences they felt the operation of sentiments pointing to God; while from the blessed book which he has given to the children of men, they learned the way of access to him through Jesus Christ. They both were humble, believing, and devout, looking for the mercy of God unto eternal life, through the mediation of the Redeemer, deeming their labours of love no ground of merit, but only a tribute of praise.

The wife died. The lonely husband devoted his remaining days to all kinds of self-denying benevolence. "This gentleman," said Burke, in 1780—"this gentleman has visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate

measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals, or collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery—a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country: I hope he will anticipate his final reward, by seeing all its effects realized in his own. He will receive, not by retail but in the gross, the reward of those who visit the prisoner; and he has so forestalled and monopolized this branch of charity, that there will be, I trust, little room to merit by such acts of benevolence hereafter."

This man was JOHN HOWARD.

Christian principle was the foundation of all his excellences. Howard did not adopt religion in later life, when wearied of the world. It was not in his case a last resort after the exhaustion of every other method of seeking happiness. He was the child of religious parents. His father had paid attention to his spiritual culture. He, in early youth, felt the charms of the service of God. The fresh spring-tide of his being was devoted to the honour and glory of his Maker. Thus he had a safeguard among such temptations as beset a young man of property entering upon life. When he became, according to common expression, "his own master," happily he felt that there was a very important sense in which he was by no means his own. Freed from the restraint of his guardians, he was conscious of the obligations which he owed his God. The earliest portions of his diary breathe a spirit of fervent devotion, which suffered no abatement, but rather increased, during the subsequent periods of his active life. Religion did not occupy some inferior place in his heart, but it was enthroned in his affections, and ever exerted over his whole nature a supreme sway. He observed the divine order of duty, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness." No one can study Howard's history without discovering that religion, in his estimation, was the first law, the chief interest, the grand end, and the main happiness of life. Nor was his religion of the ceremonial cast, of the pharisaical order, of the rationalistic stamp; it was thoroughly *evangelical*. It was religion such as is taught in the New Testament, such as was exemplified in the lives of the apostles, such as is produced by the Spirit of God. Its fresh, earnest, impassioned expression is found in the following extract from his journal, written at the Hague one Sunday night:—"Oh the wonders of redeeming love! Some faint hope I have, through redeeming mercy, in the perfect righteousness, the full atoning sacrifice, that I shall ere long be made the monument of the rich grace and mercy of God, through the Divine Redeemer. Oh, shout, my soul, 'Grace, grace! free, sovereign, rich, and unbounded grace!' Not I, not I, a hell-deserving creature; but where sin has abounded, I trust grace superabounds. Some hope have I—what joy in that hope!—that nothing shall separate my soul from the love of God in Christ Jesus. Let not, my soul, the interests of a moment engross thy thoughts, or be preferred to thy interests. Look forward to that glory which will be revealed to those who are faithful unto death. My soul, walk thou with God, be faithful, hold on, hold out; and then—what words can utter?" Thus in broken sentences did his pious feelings find their vent. Thus they came from his heart in sobs and gushes, showing what a fulness of evangelical sentiment there lay deep within him like a well of water springing up into everlasting life. It blended with all the other parts of his character, and was the vital spring of his wonderful benevolence.

Such was what Howard did with the portion of goods that fell to him. See what he made of his endowments. Mark the blessed and honourable uses to which he turned his Father's gifts. What capabilities were enclosed in that patrimony he received from his heavenly, through his earthly, parent. In the merchant's fortune was the germ of the greatest social reforms the world had seen for ages. But if the germ was in the fortune, the vivifying mould was in the heart. There was an oak in the acorn; but because it dropped into a generous soil, it was made to grow. In the case of Howard we see capabilities well employed. He was a contrast to the prodigal. In our next number we shall connect accountableness with endowments, and shall present a modern parallel to him whom our Lord describes.

"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."

VERY brightly shone the sun on one fair sabbath day in June, as crowds of well-dressed people left their different places of worship, and passed along the streets of one of our most attractive watering-places. Here and there might perhaps be seen indications of the levity which rejoiced in the termination of the hours of service, as a release alike from bodily and from mental

weariness; but, generally speaking, the various groups presented a becoming and decorous aspect, and an acute observer might have discovered real though solemnized happiness on the faces of many of the quietest of all, as they proceeded in different directions to their homes, or to their lodgings, as the case more frequently proved.

Mr. and Mrs. Norton, with their young family, walked slowly along, on account of the heat, and little conversation passed among them, excepting a few remarks on the interesting missionary sermon they had just heard. On arriving at their temporary home, the mother, with her younger children, went into the house, leaving Mr. N. and the eldest boy pacing gently up and down the little court, enjoying the cool sea breeze which now greeted them. Fair, indeed, was the landscape, and well might it prove attractive to those so lately escaped from a busy inland town. Before them stretched the lovely bay, with its waters as intensely blue as the sky which was mirrored on its calm surface. A silvery line of foam marked the edge, and rose into a gentle breaker on two or three rocky points which jutted into the water, leaving the expanse beyond still and unruffled. To the left, a steep but verdant promontory stretched into the sea, crested by the grey battlements of a castle, which had stood there well nigh a thousand years, and which, though now little more than a shell, was still kept up as a military station. At the right hand extended a line of cliffs; and one round hill, fringed with wood, stood conspicuously as the reputed spot where, if tradition did not err, the guns of the Parliamentary army had been planted when besieging the castle.

As Mr. Norton, holding his boy by the hand, stood contemplating the scene, and enjoying in all their intensity the beauties of creation, with a mind calmed by the sweet influence of the service in which he had just been engaged, a favourite stanza arose to his memory, and he mentally ejaculated:—

"Again returns the day of holy rest,
Which when He made the world, Jehovah blessed,
When, like his own, He bade our labours cease,
And all be piety and all be peace."

Suddenly a cheerful voice fell upon his ear, and turning round, he saw a gentleman close to the garden gate, who, having recognised him, had at once uttered the friendly greeting which broke in upon his meditations. Now Mr. Clinton, the new comer, and Mr. Norton, were not exactly intimate friends; but they were fellow townsmen and neighbours, and had, moreover, travelled in company the day before, when Mr. Norton had come to join his family; accordingly a very cordial shaking of hands took place, with many friendly inquiries as to the health of their respective households.

"Do you make a long stay at S——, Mr. Norton?" Mr. Clinton asked.

"No, I must leave my wife and family here, for I shall be needed at home again by Thursday. I am sorry for it, but cannot arrange my business so as to stay longer."

"Well," rejoined Mr. Clinton, "I must go back this evening. I am not very fond of Sunday travelling, but this is a case of necessity."

Whether Mr. Norton thought that the term *necessity* bore very various shades of meaning, or whether he did not feel at liberty to make any remonstrance, did not immediately appear, for he offered no remark upon Mr. Clinton's statement; but after a moment's pause said —"I hear that a robbery has been committed here."

"A robbery!" exclaimed Mr. Clinton; "pray how was that? I have not heard of it; what were the circumstances?"

"Two travellers on the road," said Mr. Norton, "met together, one of them very destitute; and the other seeing this, took out his purse to relieve him. He had but seven guineas upon him, yet generously gave the poor man six, remarking that he would keep the seventh for his own use; yet almost immediately afterwards the other followed him, and with violence wrested the last guinea away."

"The paltry villain!" vehemently exclaimed Mr. Clinton—"the mean ungrateful wretch! What could induce any human being to act in such a manner?"

"I imagine," said Mr. Norton, quietly, "that he would excuse himself by saying that 'it was a case of necessity.'"

"Why, Mr. Norton, what in the world do you mean?" demanded Mr. Clinton. Then, after a moment's pause, and somewhat lowering his voice, he asked, "Do you then think it a crime to take a journey on the Sunday?"

"I need not answer that question, I think," replied his friend; "you have judged the case yourself. God has given us six days for our own pursuits, reserving one for himself; and if we take that one also, or any portion of it, I think the offence is very similar to that in the fable—a very hackneyed one, by the way—which I just now repeated to you."

"Well, well, but it cannot always be helped, I think," once more said Mr. Clinton; "one is obliged to it sometimes; business must not be neglected."

"Now, my dear sir," resumed Mr. Norton, "let me speak to you as one man of business to another. It is long since I tried the experiment of attending to any worldly affairs on the

sabbath; but in my younger days, when on a business journey, and when, as you know, there were no railways, I have sometimes travelled a stage or two on Sunday evening, in order to be ready to attend to commercial matters on Monday morning; or I may sometimes have written a business letter on the sabbath. But, mark me, I never found any advantage from it, for it almost invariably proved that I should have done far better to wait till the Monday; and now, I have so strongly the belief that nothing is gained eventually by attending to business on the sabbath, that I would not do it if only for that reason. It is an old proverb, that 'stolen goods never prosper,' and I think we may say the same of stolen time—it is never likely to prosper either."

"Well, really this is a new view of the matter, Mr. Norton; I will think about it; but now, good morning." So saying, Mr. Clinton hastily shook hands with Mr. Norton, and then rapidly walked away. Whether the foregoing conversation had any influence on his determination to travel that day is not known; it is hoped it was not altogether unavailing.

"Papa," said William Norton, when, a few minutes afterwards, they were all seated at dinner, "then do you think that sabbath-breaking can never prosper—for the time I mean?"

"I think, my dear boy, that it carries its own penalty with it as frequently as any sin. Those who have tried the experiment of attending to business on the sabbath, have often found that they grew poorer instead of richer for the time thus wrongfully taken from higher pursuits. Even were it not so, and larger profits could always be secured by working the seven days round, what would that be worth to a man whose health was breaking from incessant toil, and his spirits wearing down by the reproachings or misgivings of conscience? But my firm belief is that worldly business is *never* forwarded by being attended to on the sabbath."

"Nor worldly pleasure either, I imagine," said Mrs. Norton, whose memory recalled, in illustration of this, an incident which had occurred within her own observation, many years previously.

Two parties of tourists arrived at Dunkeld, in Perthshire, one Saturday evening. They had not travelled together, but a slight acquaintance existed, and it was found on comparing notes that their plans were so far identical, that being alike pressed for time, they must both be at Callander by the following Tuesday afternoon. "Indeed," said one gentleman, "we shall leave this place before seven o'clock on Monday morning, in order to visit T—— castle that day; will you do so likewise?"

"No," replied the other, "we wish to see more of the scenery about here, and so we must give up the castle."

"You do not know what you are giving up, I assure you; the furniture and all the appointments of the castle are magnificent, and if you will only do as we intend, and visit the lions here to-morrow afternoon, you will thus embrace all in your plan."

"No, we shall prefer to attend evening service, thank you," was the reply, and the parties separated; nor did they meet at all during the sabbath, which each spent according to their own ideas of the requirements of that day. Early on Monday morning one party left the inn, and the other prepared for a long ramble in the beautiful neighbourhood of Dunkeld. The night had been stormy, and the morning was wild and occasionally wet; but cheerful and determined pedestrians make light of such obstacles, and the walk to the Rumbling Bridge, Ossian's Hall, etc., was accomplished with great enjoyment, while, as one of the party philosophically remarked, the waterfalls were certainly improved by the late heavy rain, though the same could by no means be said of the roads along which our friends picked their way, with an occasional run to shelter, till they arrived again with glowing faces and cheerful spirits at the inn.

On Tuesday morning the early coach carried them also on their way, and stopping to change horses in the course of a few hours, the two parties of tourists again met and travelled in company the rest of the day.

"I understand," said one lady, "that T—— castle is very beautiful; no doubt you were greatly pleased with it."

"Not at all," growled an old gentleman opposite to her; "I never had such a disappointment in my life. The whole place was under repair, the furniture all covered up, and the day so wet there was no pleasure in walking out of doors; I was tired out, too, with that long expedition on Sunday afternoon to see the country round Dunkeld. But it is always so; people come on a tour for pleasure, and end by fagging themselves to death."

"Certainly," thought the lady; "but does not a quiet sabbath tend to lessen the danger of that?"

Alas! that our English sabbath should so often closely approximate to continental desecration! Why should this fair heritage be curtailed of its hours of sacred duty and of merciful repose? Why should such frequent temptations be held out by cheap excursions, water parties, etc., to induce our young people and our labouring classes to break in upon its observances? It is readily granted that mere outward forms of devotion do not constitute the spirit of true

religion, and that it is very possible for the worldly or sinful thoughts of an apparent worshipper in the sanctuary to constitute him also an habitual breaker of the sabbath. But can it, therefore, be argued that he might as well be whirling through the country behind the rushing locomotive, or rowing up the river in a pleasure-boat, or even sauntering in the grounds of some royal or public palace? Can it not be perceived that in the latter case his example is altogether on the side of sabbath desecration; that he is as much out of the way of hearing instruction as he certainly is exposed to hearing that which may be so evil as to cling to him through all the succeeding week; (ah! sad perversion of sabbath training!) and that, finally, he is countenancing and compelling the seven days' work of many who, but for him and such as he, might spend their sabbaths in the sanctuaries of God, and carry thence the holy influences which should make their homes the nurseries of heaven? Can he thus act without robbing both God and man of that which is their due, and thus doubly breaking the command once given from among the thunders of the Mount, and never since repealed: "Thou shalt not steal"? "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law."

THE OAK TREE.

THE oak, on account of its utility, the majesty of its form, the prodigious size and length of days it often attains, stands foremost among the trees of the forest; its latitude of boughs, thrown out in robust and irregular beauty, claim for it the homage of the admirer of nature in her grandest forms. With respect to the timber, Mr. Gilpin says, "None is possessed in so great a degree of toughness and hardness together;" and this renders it an essential article for the construction of ships and their appendages; for we are told, it is not the straight tall stem, with its fibres running parallel, that is most useful for this purpose, but the crooked one appertaining to "the gnarled and unwedgeable oak," forming short turns and elbows commonly called knee timber.

Ezekiel, describing the maritime splendour of Tyre, speaks of the oaks of Bashan as contributors to the strength and beauty of its matchless fleet (xxvii. 6): "Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars; the company of the Ashurites have made thy benches of ivory, brought out of the isles of Chittim; fine linen with broidered work from Egypt was that which thou spreadest forth to be thy sail."

The ordinary duration of the tree is about three or four hundred years; but seven hundred years, says Gilpin, makes no extraordinary period in the age of an oak; and Pliny states, in his Natural History, that there were oaks near the city of Illium, which were planted from acorns when Troy was first called Illium. The religious veneration paid to this tree by the original natives of our island, in the time of the Druids, is well known to every British reader. "We have reason to think," says Calmet, "that this veneration was brought from the East, and that the Druids did no more than transfer the sentiments their progenitors had received from oriental countries."* The oak was by the ancients consecrated to Jupiter, who is often represented on medals as wearing an oaken garland; and the famous oracle of Dodona stood in a grove of these trees. The awe with which Cæsar's troops were possessed on approaching Jove's Dodonian tree, and their reluctance to obey his daring command to cut it down, is well described by Lucan:—

> "But lo! the bolder hands that should have struck,
> With some unusual horror, trembling shook;
> With silent dread and reverence they surveyed
> The gloom majestic of the sacred shade."

Joshua seemed, as it were, to have recovered this noble tree from the abuse of the idolater, whilst under its spreading shade he renewed his covenant with Jehovah. (See Joshua xxiv. 26): "And Joshua wrote these words in the book of the law of God, and took a great stone, and set it up there under an oak that was by the sanctuary of the Lord." There seems to have been something pointed and significant in the action ascribed to Jacob in Genesis xxxv. 4, where we read, that having collected all the strange gods from the hands of his family, and all the earrings which were in their ears, he hid them under the oak which was by Shechem. Thus the tree, which had been the usual scene of idolatrous rites, was converted into the place to deposit them out of sight. It is well thus to inscribe "sermons on stones," to give "tongues to trees," and to make God's works his own witnesses—recorders alike of man's sinfulness and God's forbearance.

We have many astonishing accounts of the bulk of this forest king in our own country, and the vast extent of ground overshadowed by his branches. There is mention made of one in the county of Nottingham, under the shade of which one thousand horses might commodiously shelter themselves. Another is spoken of in Dodsley's Annual Register for 1753, which was supposed to be of near a thousand years' growth; and the dimensions of a third, dug out of Hatfield bog, are given at one hundred and twenty feet in length, twelve in diameter at the base, ten in

* See Isaiah i. 29; Ezekiel vi. 13; and Hosea iv. 13.

the middle, and six at the smaller end where broken off.

An old traveller speaks of oaks growing in the valley near Gethsemane; and Tournefort observes that there are several kinds in eastern countries, one of which he calls "the fairest species of oak in the world." Besides the common oaks which he found in Anatolia, he met with several other sorts in the valleys, and "it is reasonable to suppose," remarks Calmet, "that more than one species is mentioned in scripture; *Alch* is a species which occurs frequently; *Alun* is another species; *Ashal* also appears to be the oak which Abraham planted (Gen. xxi. 33). This word is rendered grove in our translation, but probably it was a kind of oak, of which a number were planted together." It was in such a spot that this "friend of God," recorded his name, and made an open profession of his allegiance in the enemy's land. "In all his ways he acknowledged" Him, who "directed his paths."

It was common among the Hebrews to sit under oaks; and it is probable, continues Calmet, that in the east as well as in the west, appointments to meet at conspicuous oaks were made, and affairs transacted under their shade, as we read in Homer and other poets.

It is supposed by some Bible students that the patriarch Abraham resided under an oak, or rather, "a grove of oaks;" (for into this phrase they render the words "the plain of Mamre"), and that under this "emblem of hospitality" he exercised its rites, when he "entertained angels unawares." Thus, as Matthew Henry quaintly observes, "his dining-room was an arbour under a tree." Let us not forget that we may share in Abraham's privilege, by communicating to Christ through his members, for inasmuch as we do it unto one of the least of his brethren, we do it unto him."

It is, perhaps, worthy of remark that

"The sturdy oak, a prince's refuge once,"

should have caused the destruction of another; for we read in 2 Sam. xviii. 9, 10, 11, 14, that Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak (Absalom, no doubt, looking for concealment under the overshadowing branches); "and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth, and the mule that was under him went away." "And Joab took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak."

In Amos ii. 9, the Amorite is compared to this tree of robust growth, whose height is said to be "like the cedars, and strong as the oaks; yet I destroyed his fruit from above, and his roots from beneath; also, I brought you up from the land of Egypt, and led you forty years through the wilderness to possess the land of the Amorite." In this amplification of benefits to Israel, they are reminded of their conquest over the Amalekites, a people compared to the oak, not only for their prodigious size and valour, but for the strength of their almost impregnable fortresses in the mountains. The facility with which the cities of this gigantic people were wrested from them, affords encouragement to the believer in his cheerless encounters with the "rulers of darkness.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

MISERY MAKERS.

THAT this is a world in which there is much sorrow and misery no one can deny, but still it is wrong and ungrateful to call it a miserable world. The world (and by this term we intend to include the material creation and human society existing upon it) may be considered under two very opposite aspects—as a mirror of the Divine attributes, and as a stage where human depravity acts a fearful part. It is Divine goodness that clothes the world with so much beauty and fills it with so much happiness, while wickedness is continually defacing that beauty and disturbing that happiness.

As God is the holy God, and cannot be the author of sin, so is he the blessed God, and cannot be the source of misery. We must look for some other spring than the "Fountain of living waters" in order to find the source of the woes which oppress humanity, and in so many instances make life a burden. Yet man is ever prone to lay the blame of his miscarriages upon God, even as it is written, "the foolishness of man perverteth his way, and his heart fretteth against the Lord." This gratifies for a time; man loves to have somewhere to cast the blame of his own failure; but it is a poor consolation indeed, and must soon be given up. It is quite true that in the Bible God is often said to inflict grief and to send sorrow; yea, the question is, "Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?" And again, "Out of the mouth of the Most High doth not evil and good proceed?" Still further, Jehovah expressly says, "I make peace and create evil." "Evil" in all these passages signifies the evil of afflictions and sorrows, as messengers to call wanderers back to himself: they are chastisements for sin, a means of preserving from sin and of meetening for glory. But after allowing all this to the full, and acknowledging the overruling hand of God in all things, we are warranted in coming to the conclusion that the greater part of the crop of human misery may be traced directly to man's own sowing. If we look attentively we may see in many instances how and when the seed was sown. If there were no more misery in the world than proceeds from the direct hand of God, this would be comparatively a very happy world. It was quite right for Job to say over his troubles, "Shall we receive good from the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil? In all this Job sinned not, neither charged God foolishly." But many would sin and charge God foolishly if they uttered the same language over those miseries which, by their folly and wickedness, they have brought upon themselves and others. Resignation was beautiful in Job, but deep and hearty repentance would better become the misery-making sinner. God says to him, "These things are not the doings of my providence, but the result of your own sin."

How true is all this with reference to the drunkard, the sensualist, and the dishonest man! The wasted body, the shattered nerves, the blasted name, the miserable family, are all the consequences of sin—all prove that sin is the parent of misery. Alas! that man should be thus his own tormentor, that he should be cruel to his own flesh, wrong his own soul, and plunge others into sorrow, as well as "heap up wrath against the day of wrath." How should Christians endeavour to bring the influence of the gospel to bear upon such? that, and that alone, can effectually reach this sad case. The gospel goes to the root of the misery; it seeks to make the tree good, and in thousands of instances it has succeeded, while all other efforts, however laudable, only prune the branches, and sometimes make the tree grow still more luxuriantly.

The same remark, just made with reference to God, may, *in some measure*, be applied to the grossly wicked. If there were no more misery in the world than was caused by the evil doings of the outwardly wicked and profane, there would be much less than there is, and this world would be much more happy than it is. There is much misery out of sight, concerning which it may be said, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." Many persons who are envied by others, who seem to have everything to make them happy, are yet very unhappy; and many families and households which *seem* to be the abodes of peace are very different to what they appear. Many smile who have an aching heart within, and tears are shed in secret by those who appear to have little cause to weep. It would be found, if such cases could be traced out, either that such persons have a discontented, peevish, or covetous mind themselves, or else that some one with whom they are closely connected is indulging in these or other evil dispositions. The enumeration of the things

which are destructive of happiness and productive of misery would take up considerable time. Among them may be mentioned—love of display in dress, furniture, and appearance, whereby the circumstances get embarrassed and the heart loaded with unnecessary care: want of prudence as regards debts, incurring them without any well-grounded hope of discharging them, whereby the feeling of independence is destroyed, and a mean and slavish spirit induced, for the borrower is servant to the lender: lack of self-government as regards the temper, and carefulness as regards the tongue; a bad and hasty tempered person is like a little volcano, frequently spreading desolation around his neighbourhood, and inducing constant fear of an outburst, while a hasty and thoughtless talker is like the foxes which Samson sent forth among the corn of the Philistines. Mean and penurious habits, where Providence has given ample means, are a continual dropping, and nip all social enjoyment, even as a frost in May spoils early vegetation. What a source of misery has the mistreatment of children been! Neglect, over-indulgence, undue severity, have all done their dreadful work, and perpetuated misery and mischief from generation to generation. Nor must we omit to mention undue self-esteem, restless craving of attentions, and readiness to indulge in jealousies for which there is no foundation whatever. If those things become habitual in any person, alas! for the peace of those who are obliged to be in his company.

Many of the things mentioned are comparatively *little* things, but they exert a *great* influence on human happiness; they spread misery, dishonour God, and afford Satan opportunities for carrying on his work of destruction. Many persons who, by their tyranny, repulsiveness, outbursts of temper, meanness, constant complainings, and craving selfishness, are making others unhappy, never think what they are doing. They go on wearing their cloak of profession, causing those who do not to speak evil of religion, and stumbling those who were inquiring after God.

What, then, should we do if we would not be *misery makers?* First let us seek a peaceful, enlightened, and tender conscience; and to obtain this, it must be purged by the blood of Christ, and abide in continual contact with the word of God. Next, seek a loving heart, a heart that loves beauty, hates deformity (especially in self), and that yearns with pity and compassion over the miserable. Then inquire, *What is my mission in this world of sorrow?* How can I in any way diffuse happiness and cause misery to decrease? A sphere will soon present itself; work will soon become pleasant, and bring its own rich reward. While thus labouring for the good of all, look stedfastly at Him "who pleased not himself," to find strength, motive, and pattern. Do all heartily as unto the Lord and not to man, and amidst all, forget not the advice of the wise man, "Keep thine heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life;" the assurance of our all-wise Friend, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them;" and finally, his all-comprehensive precept, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them."

THE MISSIONARY IN THE WILDERNESS.

PART I.

"THEY ought to have prudence, unconquerable zeal, and fervent piety. They should be good riders, able to sleep under a tree, and capable of enduring fatigue. They should learn to swim; and think it no hardship to dine in the hut of a native, on a half-roasted opossum."

So wrote a traveller—when its golden nuggets lay yet unsuspected beneath the soil—of the men who should evangelize Australia. And chief among such apostles was SAMUEL LEIGH, who was the first to force his way through the tangled forests and across the hills, and to visit the scattered townships of the colony in a regular plan of itinerancy—bringing to them messages of heavenly grace and power, and believing, as he trod his lonely path, that "the wilderness and the solitary place should be glad for them, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose." The story of his life of many labours and of great achievement is full of stimulus for our zeal and faith.*

The early youth of this servant of God gave promise of the future man. He was born at Milton, near Hanley, in Staffordshire; and when about sixteen years of age, he became the subject of religious impressions that gradually ripened into a conviction of his own sinfulness, and led him to the Saviour as the fountain of salvation. With that ardour which is born of love he sought to do all the good he could in his limited sphere. Among his plans of usefulness was taking a whole pew in his place of worship, that he might be able to win the attendance of some of his ungodly neighbours. Already he felt a yearning desire to proclaim the glad tidings of great joy to the nations afar off that sat "in darkness and the shadow of death;" and he anxiously watched the guiding hand of Provi-

* Remarkable Incidents in the Life of the Rev. Samuel Leigh, Missionary to the Settlers and Savages of Australia and New Zealand. With a succinct account of the Origin and Progress of the Missions in those Colonies. By the Rev. Alexander Strachan. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

dence. As he advanced in life this desire deepened. By day his thoughts dwelt upon it, and by night his spirit went forth in dreams across the seas. He wrote to his aged mother, and besought her compliance in what he deemed the will of God. She remonstrated, and wept as she reasoned with him, but finally resolved to give him up. On reading the letter in which she resigned him, Mr. Leigh felt, he used to say, "as merry and lightsome as Christian when his burden loosed from his shoulders and fell from off his back." He sat down, and wrote by the next post to London, offering to go to any part of the world.

He was appointed, by the Christian body to whom he had attached himself, to North America, but the disturbed state of the country prevented his going. Just at this crisis came an appeal for missionary help from New South Wales; the spiritual destitution of the colony was painted in most gloomy colours, and with irresistible effect. The request was immediately acceded to, and Mr. Leigh chosen to undertake the mission. Arrangements were made for his speedy departure, and on the 28th of February, 1815, he sailed from Portsmouth on board the ship Hebe. A gentle breeze bore them down the channel in company with the East and West India fleets, to encounter the perils of wind and wave upon the broad ocean, and, as they soon discovered, the not less imminent danger of attack from the hostile cruisers with which the war still raging had covered the sea. A gale springing up drove the Hebe out of her course; and at daylight on the following morning two suspicious sail were observed in sight. "Mr. Leigh," said the captain, "if these are privateers, we stand no chance. If they are French, those of us who may survive the skirmish will be lodged in a French prison." His passenger had faith in God's purposes concerning him, and simply replied: "I am going to New South Wales as a missionary, and if I go through a French prison, it is not of much consequence to me." Every preparation was made for action, but fortunately the two vessels proved to be English and American ships sailing under false colours. On the evening of the same day a storm arose, which lasted, with scarcely any intermission, for nine days. But this succession of trials sobered all on board, and paved the way for the introduction of a series of religious services. Mr. Leigh was eager to improve the voyage, and did not fail to seize every opportunity. He gathered the children together for instruction daily, and spent an hour every evening in teaching a young emigrant Latin and geography. By his firm and gentlemanly manner of reproof on one occasion, he so affected the captain, who was a habitual swearer, that he abandoned the practice, and finally confessed when they reached Sydney that though he had been at sea thirty years, he had never before made so pleasant a voyage. A remarkable instance of his readiness in defence of his religion occurred one day in conversation with the doctor. There had been a heavy gale of some duration, when suddenly and entirely the wind ceased to blow. "If Jesus Christ were on board," observed the doctor, "you would call this a miracle." "Not at all," said Mr. Leigh, "it is not like one of his miracles." "The analogy," responded the other, "is in my opinion complete, for in the New Testament we read that 'He rebuked the wind, and there was a calm.'" Mr. Leigh replied: "I have observed that gentlemen of your sentiments seldom do justice to the Scriptures; the passage which you have partially quoted, says, 'He arose and rebuked the wind, and *the raging of the water;* and they *ceased*, and there was a calm.'" Without a single remark the doctor retired, but in a short time came back with the Testament in his hand, and pointing with his finger to the passage, he said, "You have quoted the text correctly. I had not previously noticed the effect of his word upon *both* elements. I am now prepared to admit that what is here said to have occurred is much more like a miracle than anything we have witnessed to-day." From that time he treated Mr. Leigh and Christianity with marked respect, and on more than one occasion defended both when attacked by others.

Five months at sea brought them safely to Sydney. The first evening on shore was passed by the missionary in serious reflection, and in self-examination and prayer. Recollections of the past came rushing upon him—the friends he had left behind, and God's providential dealings with him; and then the future, with its responsibilities and untried difficulties, excited alternately his hopes and his fears. He was a missionary in the wilderness, spiritually, alas! as well as literally. Beyond the frontiers of the colony lay a nation of savages, covering a territory that extended in a direct line 2000 miles, and numbering nearly 200,000 souls; in the colony was a vast community of convicts, abandoned to every species of wickedness; and scattered thinly over a section of the country were settlers generally removed from them but a few degrees in ignorance and vice. Jews, Protestants, Roman Catholics—all wanderers from home and kindred—might be found there. What misery and crime! what remorse and despair! what gloom and selfishness! Was it possible for the good seed of the gospel, sown on such a soil, to spring up and bring forth fruit? Mr. Leigh shall answer. "When I commenced my mission," he said, towards the close of his career, "there were only four clergymen of the church

of England, and but few communicants; now there are 93,138 persons in connection with that church. Then, there was no Presbyterian minister in the colony; now, the members of the church of Scotland number 18,150. Then, there were only fourteen accredited Wesleyans; now, there are above 10,000, and nearly as many children receiving instruction in their day and Sunday schools."

Mr. Leigh lost no time in commencing aggressive operations. He began to preach regularly, and collected the children of the district for instruction, in the hope of rescuing them from the stream of pollution that flowed down the streets. A few lay helpers were secured; and premises were purchased for the transaction of business, and as a comfortable home for the missionary; but he had a work before him that admitted of no luxurious indulgence. Mounted on his horse, he made excursions into the adjoining country. One of his first visits was to the Rev. Samuel Marsden, who was then labouring at Paramatta, as the senior chaplain of the colony, who received him kindly, and became one of his most trusty friends. These journeys sometimes could only be performed with great difficulty. It was often necessary to cut a passage through the closely compacted underwood, and to mark the trees with a hatchet along the whole line of progress, in order to secure a safe return; the lonely traveller shaped his course by the sun, whose rays, condensed in the forest, had such power that the brass mountings of his saddle would burn the hand if touched; now venomous snakes would glide noiselessly across his path; and now traces of the savage bushrangers served to warn him of their possible nearness; then there were rivers to cross, and occasionally floods to increase the danger, and violent storms to drench him to the skin. Frequently had he to lie down at night upon the ground with his great coat for his only covering, and his saddle-bags for his pillow; but with God's glorious sky above him, and the consciousness of his favour cheering his heart. Wonderfully adapted was the instrument to the end. A courage that nothing could unnerve, an energy that nothing could weaken, were sustained in Mr. Leigh by a simple vivid faith that kept ever before him the great object of his calling. Numerous anecdotes are told of his fearless conduct. On one occasion, while travelling in the bush, far from any European dwelling, he observed a tribe of natives coming towards him, whose cruel and bloody character induced him to pause a moment. A voice seemed to say to him, "Go forward in the name of the Lord." He did so, and as he passed through them, they bowed in silence. At another time, journeying with a friend, he was compelled to spend a tempestuous night leaning against the trees from the fear of lying down in his wet clothes. Suddenly he heard a sound like the bark of a dog, and called to his companion to shout as loud as he could, "for," said he, "if he be a domestic dog, he will bark again; but if he be a native dog, he will not." They both shouted, and the barking of the dog was distinctly heard. They continued to shout, and thus kept the dog in a state of irritation, following at the same time in the direction of the sound, until they arrived at a fence. "Now let us get over," said Mr. Leigh, "for I am sure there is a homestead in the neighbourhood." Laying hold of the fence, and raising themselves up, they observed five men with their muskets levelled, who cried out at the same moment that they would fire if they advanced another step. A pause ensued, and then without hesitation, Leigh threw himself over and was instantly collared by the men. One of them turned his head round to the moon, and looking into his face exclaimed, "What, is this missionary Leigh?" Mr. Leigh recognised the voice; it was that of the very merchant whose settlement he was seeking; but for the discovery he might instantly have been shot as a predatory bushranger. As we read of these "journeyings often"—of "perils of waters, perils of robbers, perils by the heathen, perils in the wilderness," and of constant deliverance, we are ready to exclaim, "Because thou hast made the Lord thy refuge, even the Most High thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee."

The most important and populous districts of the colony were thus visited and embraced in a circuit that extended over one hundred and fifty miles. Mr. Leigh then resolved to spend alternately fourteen days in the city, and ten in travelling round, so as to awake a universal desire for religious instruction. No means of supplying the spiritual necessities of the people were left untried. Meeting with a pious soldier and a free convict adapted to his purpose, the missionary sent them out to visit the poor and pray with the dying. These two individuals agreed to give each sixpence a week to the cases of greatest need; and from their humble charities in due time arose the Sydney Asylum for the Poor, a magnificent establishment, in which thousands have since been fed and cured, and taught their religious duties. Great events hang on little things, and vast results upon the simplest personal effort. What may not one of us, with God's blessing on our work, be instrumental in doing?

The unconverted man, of every rank and wherever found, is sure to display his enmity to the gospel. Mr. Leigh had to contend with the paltry jealousies, the contemptuous indifference,

or positive opposition of many of his own countrymen. At Windsor, one day, when the governor had invited the magistrates, military officers, and chaplain of Windsor to dine with him, the resident magistrate inquired whether his excellency was aware that a missionary was going up and down in the several townships, collecting large bodies of people together, and persuading them to become Methodists. Unless some restraint were laid upon him, they would soon, in his opinion, become a colony of Methodists. He concluded by recommending that *missionary Leigh be sent to work in the chain gang in the coal mines of Newcastle.* An officer present thought it would be better simply to keep a vigilant eye on his proceedings. The governor, in reply, assured them he was not unacquainted with the person referred to. "As I did not," he said, "in the first instance, approve of his mission, I have, I assure you, kept a vigilant eye upon him. I have now sufficient evidence that he is doing good everywhere." Then turning to the magistrate who complained, he added, "Sir, when Mr. Leigh comes here again, I desire that you will call the servants of the government into the store-room, that he may preach to them. Remember, I wish this to be regularly done in future."

For two years our missionary laboured prayerfully and with marked success in this spiritual and material wilderness. His health began to suffer from excessive toil, when the Rev. Samuel Marsden—ever a generous coadjutor—proposed for his benefit a voyage to New Zealand, whither he was about to send a ship with stores for some lay settlers, whom he had established there, in the hope of introducing the arts and habits of civilization among the natives. While Mr. Leigh was deliberating, the Rev. Walter Lawry arrived from England to share in his work; feeling his responsibility thus lightened, he resolved to accept the offer made, and accordingly soon afterwards embarked.

On the second Sunday after landing at New Zealand, he went out to visit a village near the settlement. As he entered it, he was shocked to see twelve heads of men neatly arranged on the right side of the path. They were beautifully tattooed, and the chief of the place, when questioned, said he hoped to sell them. "Buy *them!*" exclaimed Mr. Leigh. "I buy spars, pigs, and flax, but not the heads of men." Coming to a hut superior in appearance to any around it, he crouched down, and looking in discovered a naked child lying on the ground between two stones. It was the queen's hut, and when he entered it unawares, the people hastened in commotion to the spot. The queen herself arriving asked what business he had there. He answered that he wished to save the life of the child, which he had brought out wrapped in his pocket-handkerchief. The queen replied that she had been planting potatoes, and could not attend to it; and added that she did not regret it, for his handkerchief having touched her pickaninny was forfeited, and became her property. Mr. Leigh thought it prudent to let her have it, and then passed on to the plantations, where he expostulated with those who were working on the Lord's day. They declared that their gods were good for nothing, they did not give them a sabbath; "they said *work work* until they were *sick sick*, and then they said *work work* until they were *sick dead.*"

These were illustrations of savage life and confessions of dissatisfaction that deeply affected the stranger's heart. They strengthened his desire to point men to Him who crieth in tenderest tones and with touching condescension from his cross of glory, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The opportunities afforded him by this visit were turned to the best account. He assembled the natives in different places, conversed with them freely, and strove to enlist their sympathies in a right direction. The lay brethren residing in the island he organized among themselves, and induced them to adopt a regular system of instruction, that by combined and prayerful effort they might win many to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. His own ministrations were not unattended with success; but whether from constant application to these Christian duties, or from an aggravation of disease through other causes, his state of health gave him much ground for anxiety, and finally determined him to go back to New South Wales without delay.

The homeward voyage temporarily benefited him; but his zeal, that permitted no rest while there was work to be done, was too great for his feeble frame. At length his life became endangered, and the physicians of Sydney united in the opinion that a longer voyage only could give the slightest hope of his recovery. Complying, therefore, with their advice, he resolved to return to England. Deprived of strength in the prime of manhood, he seemed prematurely called to quit the scenes of his labours and successes; but the same faith that had sustained him in his activity comforted him in his prostration. God had yet a work for him to do, and was leading him by a way that he knew not.

CHRISTIANITY is unmeaning if any man may build himself a castle and store it with all he wants, and care nothing for the men beyond it; and die with a good hope of heaven, though none shall miss him or grieve for him when his account is ended.—*Rev. J. H. Gurney.*

Poetry.

TO THE OAK.

I HAIL thee, monarch of the plain,
And of the forest's rough domain,
I hail thee, giant king!
The records of thy royal race,
To thoughtful spirits, many a trace
Of things far distant bring.

Within the compass of thy age,
How many actors on life's stage
Perform their parts and go!
How many schemes of man's intent,
And fabrics of aggrandizement,
Which folly rears below,

Have, as the years pass rolling by
Appear'd, for thee to testify
Their short duration here!
Oh couldst thou tell what thou hast known,
And chronicle the periods flown,
And bring the distant near,

How many dark mythologies,
Of pagan lore and mystic lies
Would on thy brow be graven;
When in fierce pomp the priest array'd
Plied his abominable trade,
In deeds that outrag'd heaven.

When, too, with unrelenting hand,
The Druid took his bloody stand,
While stretch'd the victim lay:
Sad trophies of Satanic might,
And products of his bitter spite,
In man's most evil day.

Oh may these records cancell'd be
And blotted from thy registry,
Great patriarch of the wood;
And tell us only of that love
That brought thee visits from above,
With promises of good.

For thou hast known the holy tread
Upon the verdant carpet spread
Within thy conscious shade;
What time the messenger of grace
Within that consecrated space
His transient visit made.

And tell us of that happy hour,
When, under thy sequester'd bow'r,
The warrior Gideon kneel'd
Before the apparition bright;
And how before Manoah's sight
The angel stood reveal'd.

And where the man of God was found,
There place me, on that hallow'd ground,
And let my fancy see
Where was deposited the book,
By Joshua, in that silent nook
Fast by the guardian tree.

And let no other goodly tree
In memory so cherished be,
As underneath whose stem
The patriarch hid those idols foul;
And let the lesson teach my soul
Its idols to condemn!

ELLEN ROBERTS.

Pages for the Young.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LAW OF LOVE.

NO. I.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind."

My dear little friends, before you read the story I am going to tell you, I must ask you a question—Do you know the meaning of the word CHARITY? "Oh, yes," I dare say you will all reply, "it means giving money to the poor. Sometimes at our places of worship the minister asks the people to give money to send good missionaries to teach the heathen about the true God, and then we say that we have had a charity sermon. Mamma tells us, too, that we ought always to spare something out of our weekly allowance to buy food and clothing for poor children who have nothing to eat, and perhaps no parents to work for them, and we call this giving money in *charity*."

Now, dear children, you are not wrong in thinking that this is one meaning of the word; it is what *we* generally mean when *we* use the word; but it is not the sense in which it is employed in the Bible. If you will take your Bibles and look at the 13th chapter of first epistle to the Corinthians, I will try to explain this to you. In the 3rd verse St. Paul says: "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." This teaches us very clearly that charity means something quite different to giving away money or anything else, for the apostle supposes he may do all this, and yet "have not charity." I hope you will all ask your mamma or elder sister to read this beautiful chapter over with you, and explain its meaning, for I have no time to tell you all I wish about it, and can only say a very few words now just to help you to understand my story.

Charity means Love; it does not refer so much to the outward actions as to the principle or motive by which they are governed. You will remember St. John tells us that "God is Love;" when, therefore, we are made his children, he puts his own loving Spirit within us, and makes us long to do all the good we can to everybody. This charity or love, when it is really in our hearts, will show itself in our whole behaviour, making us patient, mild, and gentle; it will keep us from soon growing tired of trying to do good, and will help us to deny ourselves, for true "charity suffereth," or endureth "long, and is kind," that is, is not easily discouraged or turned aside from what is right. I am now going to tell you a story that will perhaps make my meaning clearer than a longer explanation could do, and will, I hope, show you how opposite is this beautiful principle of love to the selfishness which rules over those whose hearts are not constrained by the love of Christ.

"What has kept you so long, my dears?" asked Mrs. Douglas, as her two little girls entered the room on their return from an errand to the village, on which she had sent them about an hour before; "the sky has become so suddenly overcast, that I quite feared you would be caught in the storm which is certainly at hand."

"Oh, no, mamma," exclaimed Grace, "we ran as fast

as we possibly could when we saw that great black cloud creeping so quickly across the sky, for we heard one or two claps of thunder, and the large drops began to fall just as we reached the garden gate, and now the shower is coming down in good earnest."

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Douglas, "you have only just escaped; but why did you not return before, my dears? I hope you have not been farther than I told you."

"No, mamma," replied Marion, steadily, "we never do that, because it would make you afraid to trust us again, and I should be so sorry for that; I like to feel that you believe all I say. I will tell you what kept us from coming back directly. When we had taken the fruit and medicine to poor Mary Barker's, we thought it would be much pleasanter to return through the fields than by the dusty road; and just as we passed the old mill, we met poor Margaret Watson coming down the green lane. She stooped so much, and walked so lame, that at first we did not know her, and when she came close we saw that she was crying bitterly. We asked her what was the matter, but she could not speak at first, and she shook all over so much that Grace was quite frightened. We begged her to rest upon the bank, and then she told us such a sad story, mamma. She has been in dreadful trouble all the winter; nothing has prospered with her since she left Thorndyke Farm. She thinks her new cottage must be damp, for they had not been in it six weeks before she was taken very ill with a rheumatic fever; for three months she could not move; and is scarcely recovered even now. Then her cow died, which has been a great loss, as she meant to sell it in the spring. Her grandson could not get any work for a long time, and they had nothing to live upon all the winter but the earnings of the younger children; but the worst of all is, that poor James had his arm broken the other day by a kick from a restive horse. His master has sent him to the hospital at L., but it will be some weeks before he is able to work again. The accident is particularly unfortunate just now, as he was trying to save money to pay the rent, which will be due at midsummer; four pounds are still required to make it up, and Margaret says she is almost ready to despair; and if it were not that she believes that God does all things well, and will not suffer her to be tried with more than she can bear, she does not know what would become of her. The idea of being turned out of the pretty little cottage she is beginning to love, and being sent to the Union, is so grievous, and yet this must happen unless she can pay her rent, for Lord P.'s steward is a hard man, and very severe towards any tenant who is not able to pay the rent to the very day. Poor Margaret seemed so very miserable that we could not help crying as we listened. We tried to comfort her as well as we could, and we should have stayed to talk to her a little longer, but the clouds looked so very black that we were afraid a storm was coming, and we thought you would be anxious if we were out in it, so we ran home as fast as we could: you are not displeased, mamma?"

"No, my love," replied Mrs. Douglas, smiling kindly on her little daughter.

"Dear mamma," said Grace, softly, "Marion and I have been thinking how nice it would be if we could do something to earn the money for poor old Margaret; is there anything that *we* can do for you, mamma, instead of your giving it to somebody else, which you might pay us for doing, that we might have the pleasure of thinking it was all our own?"

Mrs. Douglas thought for a moment, and then said: "I shall require a number of fruit nets to cover the trees in the orchard this summer; I was going to send the order to the industrial school, but if you and Marion like to make them in your playhours, I will buy them of you instead of purchasing them elsewhere."

"Oh! thank you, thank you, dear mamma," exclaimed Marion, clapping her hands; "that will be charming work, almost as good as play; shan't you enjoy doing it, Grace?"

"Yes, very much," replied Grace; "but, dear mamma, how many nets will you want? and how long may we have to make them?"

"I shall require about twenty-six nets; if you and Marion divide the work between you, I will give you each two pounds for the set, which will be about three shillings a net, taking the large and the small together. But I advise you to think before you undertake the work; you must remember that you have scarcely a month, and unless you are willing to give up other amusements, I am afraid you will not be able to finish your task. Supposing we reckon twenty-six days for the month, you will be able to take two days to make a net, which, I should think, would be ample time."

"Oh, yes, mamma," cried Marion; "last summer Grace and I each made ourselves one for our own little cherry trees, and it did not take us longer than two days; but mine was so full of knots and joins, that it has all come to pieces, but Grace's looks as good as new."

"You must remember, Marion, I shall expect the work to be *well* done," remarked her mother; "I advise you not to hurry it, or you will lose time in the end."

"I will take great pains, indeed, mamma," said Marion; "that net was the first I ever made; I can do them a great deal better now, and you shall see how fast and how well I can work when I try."

"Very well, my dear," replied her mother, laughing, "I shall be very glad to find you have fallen in love with industrious habits. I must, however, tell you, that unless the work is punctually finished by midsummer eve, I shall not consider that you have fulfilled your agreement, and of course you must be content to bear the loss, as I shall then purchase the nets elsewhere. I recommend you to consider before you begin whether you are willing to submit to all the self-denial the undertaking may possibly require, for I tell you plainly that without a degree of persevering industry, which I have never yet seen you practise, you will not be able to accomplish the undertaking within the time I allow you."

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed Marion, confidently, "you shall see how hard I will work; I am sure I shall not get tired; it will be such a delightful thing to help poor old Margaret, that I shall not mind giving up a little pleasure."

"Very well, my love," replied Mrs. Douglas, "since you really wish it I will provide you with the materials, and you may begin as soon as you please."

"Thank you, dear mamma," said Grace, "then we will begin to-morrow morning; and now, Marion, let us go and practise."

Marion consented, though unwillingly: so great was her impatience to put this new scheme into execution, that every moment of delay seemed lost time, and she would gladly have waited beside her mamma until she was at liberty to provide her with the articles necessary for her work; but when Mrs. Douglas assured her that for the next two hours she should be engaged in writing letters that could not be delayed, Marion reluctantly left the room with her sister.

During the next hour very little of her attention was given to her music; she could think of nothing but this new project, in which she was all eagerness to engage.

Her mind seemed incapable of holding more than one idea at a time; and whatever that might be, it occupied her whole thoughts to the exclusion of everything else. But she very soon grew weary of any pursuit or occupation when it had lost the charm of novelty, and she would throw it instantly on one side if any other object

presented itself which seemed to promise greater enjoyment. She sadly wanted industry and patience, and became discouraged at the slightest difficulty, and ready to give up any undertaking the moment she encountered any trifling obstacle, which a small amount of exertion would have conquered. This great fault was a serious hindrance to her improvement in every respect, and caused her mamma much uneasiness. Mrs. Douglas had tried various methods to correct this failing in her child, but hitherto without success. She strove to make Marion feel the sinfulness of thus preferring inclination to duty, reminding her that "we are not our own, but bought with a price," and therefore bound "to glorify God in our bodies and in our spirits, which are his," by performing with cheerfulness and diligence the duties of that state of life to which he has seen fit to call us.

Marion listened when her mamma spoke thus kindly and seriously to her, and determined that she would try to conquer her faults; but as these good resolutions were made in her own strength, it is not surprising that her efforts should fail, and that soon growing weary, she should cease to struggle against the evil habits, which daily acquired new strength, and therefore became more difficult to overcome. She had not yet learnt to consider idleness, selfishness, and neglect of every day duties, as real sins in the sight of God; she forgot that the same faults which in childhood so frequently brought trouble and disgrace upon her, often depriving her of rewards which she might otherwise have deserved and received, would, if persisted in, bring their own punishment upon her when she became a woman, sadly increasing the difficulties of her Christian life, and perhaps causing her to forfeit the heavenly inheritance altogether; for it is only to those who *overcome* and who endure to the *end* that the crown is promised. It is only to those who *strive* to enter in at the strait gate, who really *walk* in the narrow way, taking up the cross daily and following the Saviour, struggling at his command with every sinful habit or desire which would prevent them from giving their whole hearts to him, to whom he will say at last, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

But Marion had yet all this to learn. So little did she know, at present, of her own weakness and inability to overcome her sinful nature, without the Holy Spirit's aid and the renewing grace of God, that she fancied in undertaking the act of kindness she was now so eager to perform, the mere desire would give her strength to practise any self-denial which might be required; and she never once thought of asking God to help and bless her when she sat down to her work on the following day.

As usual, when commencing a new pursuit, she worked with great diligence, and was much pleased when Grace exclaimed, "What a large piece you have done, Marion! how fast you must have worked to do so much in an hour! I wish I could get on as quickly."

Marion turned to look at her sister's work. "Is that all you have done, Grace?" she asked, in rather a scornful tone; "why it is not above half the breadth of mine; you'll never finish, if you don't get on faster than that."

"Oh yes I shall," replied Grace, good humouredly; "I must work a little harder, that's all; you know I cannot net half as well as you, so I must not mind getting on rather slowly."

Marion did not answer; she felt pleased at the idea that she could work faster and better than her sister, and prided herself in the thought that her task would be completed the soonest. She forgot that patience and perseverance will sometimes do more than skill and quickness, especially when they are upheld by the only motive that can really give us strength to deny ourselves for the sake of others. You all know, my dear little readers, that a strong motive has a great deal of power to help us over difficulties, and to give us new strength when we grow weary and feel ready to leave off trying. But what motive had Marion to make her willing to sit day after day diligently working, instead of spending the bright summer days in amusements more suited to her taste? It is true, she felt sorry for the distress of poor Margaret and her grandchildren, and she would, at the moment, had it been in her power, have gladly bestowed the sum necessary to make her happy again; it was harder and required more self-denial to work for it herself, that she might have the pleasure; yet still Marion rather liked the idea of doing so, it was something new; and vanity whispered that she would be praised, and called good and generous, for giving up her play hours to help the poor. All these motives, however, sprang from the love of self; we shall see by and by whether they had the power to keep her from becoming weary in well-doing, and of enabling her to resist temptations which her peculiar faults of character made her less able to withstand.

Very different were the feelings and motives of the quiet, patient little Grace. She felt she was only a child, and she knew that it was very little she could do to help anybody in the world; but she had often been told that even "a cup of cold water," given out of love to Christ, would be accepted by him, and would receive its reward. She had prayed that all selfishness might be taken out of her heart, that she might be willing to give up her own pleasure for the sake of assisting one of God's very poor but faithful servants. The Saviour's love was shed abroad in her heart, and she thought only of the blessedness of being permitted to work for him; she did not want any other reward. And now, my dear little readers, I must bid you farewell for the present. Next week I will tell you how Grace and Marion finished their tasks, and you will then see which motive was the best—the love of Christ, or of self.

[To be continued.]

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

158. In what passages are the influences of the Holy Spirit compared to water, and why?

159. Point out two occasions in the history of Israel's warfare on which great conquests were gained by very feeble instrumentality; and find the reason God himself gave for his acting thus.

160. Name three servants of God who, under the influence of trial, yielded to the impatient desire to die.

161. In contrast to these name another eminent servant of God, who although suffering imprisonment, and longing for the time of his departure, deliberately chose life for the good of others.

162. Can you find a Scriptural example of religious convictions being stifled?

163. Prove that true Christians who desire to live a godly life must expect persecution in some form.

164. What does the Bible say of the uncertainty of riches?

165. What does the Bible say of the happiness of true religion?

166. Find all the passages in the Bible in which ravens are referred to.

167. Can you give an example of the superstitious use of the ark?

168. When was the sabbath first instituted?

169. What reason have we for supposing that Noah observed the sabbath day?

170. Prove that afflictions sent to the people of God, are a mark of their heavenly Father's love.

171. In what city was St. Paul brought up, and who was his instructor in the law?

172. In what other connection do you find his instructor mentioned in Scripture?

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM IN HIS WANT AND DEGRADATION.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

II. RESPONSIBILITY.

About a hundred years before Howard's time there was a celebrated duke, full of talents and accomplishments as well as wealth. He was a wit and a courtier too, but utterly profligate. He was a perfect buffoon. "He was a man who studied the whole body of vice." He was deceitful no less than licentious; had a hard unfeeling heart; was a spendthrift, and, harsh as may sound the expression, a brute also. He killed in a duel the man whose wife he had dishonoured. He wasted his substance in riotous living. He died and left a name, one of the blackest on the page of English history. And his rank and riches now form the pedestal which lift him up on high, an image for posterity to look at and take warning from. This was George Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham, of whom Pope says?—

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaister and the walls of dung,
On once a flock bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw;
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies; alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure and that soul of whim.

No. 72.—Published September 13, 1855. Price One Penny.

No wit to flatter left of all his store,
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more;
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends."

Waste was not the only or the main feature of this spendthrift's history. His wastefulness was the source of vice and misery to others, while it ministered in himself to both. The germ of an upas tree was folded up in Buckingham's fortune. You see what capabilities of dishonour and misery a rich man carries in his lot. God gave him a cup full of blessing; he turned it all to poison; drank much of it himself, and gave the rest to others. Think of Howard and of him. Are there not very opposite and wonderful capabilities in the divine endowments of property?

Yes, and in the divine endowments of talent too. We have taken two rather extreme cases. We would moderate our illustrations this time. Lausanne, on the lake of Geneva, is associated with two distinguished literary names; one not so well known as the other, but still growing into fame. Gibbon wrote some of his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" here. Here it was that he took his famous walk when he had completed his toils—the walk he has so affectingly described. That illustrious monument of learning and genius, his grand history, was built out of the powers which his Maker had bestowed. He did make a brilliant use of the portion of goods which fell to him; but it was an unhallowed use. The sceptic and the scorner comes out continually from under the cloak of the philosopher and sage. He entertains, dazzles, and even instructs; yet how often has he fostered prejudice and generated infidelity!

Vinet, too, lived at Lausanne, and died there—a man of genius and eloquence—the Chalmers of Switzerland. "He brought all the spoils of reason to the cross, and kneeling there as a humble suppliant, looked up into the face of the dying Saviour, and exclaimed, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.' His mighty soul was laid, all throbbing with thought and feeling, on the bosom of the Son of God. Renouncing his own righteousness, relying upon Christ alone, and consecrating his attainments on the altar of Christian love, he rejoiced in the abounding grace of God, and lay down to die in the calm and blessed hope of a glorious immortality. It was the death of a Christian, calm and beautiful as the last rays of sunset upon the mountains of his native land." How interesting the contrast between Gibbon's use of his portion of goods and Vinet's; the one employed against the cross, the other hallowed by it; the one thrown into the service of error, the other into the service of truth; the one to the dishonour, the other to the glory of Jesus.

These different capabilities lie in all intellectual gifts, great and small. Whether we have one talent, or ten, or a thousand, we may bury the whole, or waste it, or pervert it, or use it for God's service and glory. And with these different capabilities before us, it is for us to make our election. God has constituted man a spiritual being, a being with a will; and when his service no longer appears freedom, and man promises himself liberty elsewhere, he is allowed to make the trial, and to discover, if needs be, by saddest proof, that the only condition of his freedom is his cleaving unto God; that departing from him he inevitably falls under the bondage of his own desires and of the world, and under the slavery of the devil.

Endowments are the property of moral beings. They pertain not to matter or mere animal creatures. Rocks, and rivers, and trees have qualities, but not endowments. The horse, the lion, the eagle, are not endowed; men are; it is the high distinction of a moral nature. It implies kinship to angels. Endowments, therefore, carry responsibility with them. They are gifts in trust. They come from him who is Father and Ruler, who is Creator, Lord, and King. He can never lose his claims on us, however we may forget *them* and defy *him*. We may struggle against the bonds of duty, but the bonds of duty remain. We can change obligation into guilt, but we cannot annihilate it. When we have wasted all, we are accountable for the waste. Into whatever far country we go, the eye of heaven follows us, and the hand of heaven notes down our history, and some day we must face our Parent and give in our account. With gladness, penitence, or remorse we must one day meet him. The first thought of the morning, the last of the evening should be, "I am responsible; for the use I make of money, time, influence, intellect, religious privileges, I am responsible. Is the thought welcome or oppressive? a sun-ray or a cloud? Do I gladly cherish it as a child, nor wear it as a slave carries a chain, or trample on it as a rebel does on royal law?"

Endowment is the basis of responsibility. We are responsible because endowed. Our heavenly Father and Lord requires from us only what he has previously gifted us to perform. Endowment is the measure of responsibility. It is required of a man according to that which he hath, not according to that he hath not. Our Father is no hard master, though some ungrateful ones think him so, "reaping where he has not sown, gathering where he has not strawed." His course is the opposite of all such unrighteous exaction. He sows more than he reaps, and gathers less than he has strawed. And, mind, there is one endowment greater

than all; one which covers all—the endowment of God's Holy Spirit—the gift of his sanctifying grace, which enables and disposes us to make the best use of every other endowment and gift. To realize responsibility and to forget it, this makes all the difference between the obedient son and the prodigal!

There were two gifted men in the 4th century, Ausonius and Paulinus. They were early friends and fellow students; they together devoted themselves to the pursuit of letters, in which they made large and illustrious attainments. Both embraced Christianity. But Ausonius did it only in name. He retained, under a Christian profession, a pagan mind and heart. He was worldly and gay, and made literature a mere amusement. He composed poems which are like shot silks, of changeable colour, the heathen hue being most predominant. The empire was falling; the barbarians were at hand; the volcano was about to belch out its flames, and the earthquake to shake the world; but, light-hearted, he sung his song and wrote his gay verses upon the Moselle and the city of Treves, the one soon to bear along the invaders, the other to fall under their desolating strokes. It makes an impression almost tragical to think of this frivolity and light-heartedness on the eve of such peril: it is like the elegant dissipation of Paris before the French revolution. Ausonius had no sense of responsibility to the Giver of his intellectual gifts; he played with them as a child might with a toy. But Paulinus was a man of deep feeling and earnestness. His piety indeed was of the sombre cast, and was stained with asceticism. He mistook the true nature of separation from the world; he made it local instead of making it only moral; but he was the opposite of a trifler. He devoted mind and heart to God, yielded back his gifts, lived for God, and was ready to die for God; indeed, the end of his existence was to glorify God. "Man," he would say, "has but little strength; he is like a body which dissolves like the day which declines; without Christ he is but dust—but a shadow." "God is the new power that governs my soul; he claims a fresh employment of my life. He who sees all things in God, who places every thing in God, must not be regarded as idle and perverse. Accuse me not of impiety; piety is Christian; it is impiety not to obey Christ." So he replied to his gay, half-heathen friend, who sought to persuade him to return to his former frivolities. This serious, thoughtful, earnest man realized responsibility. His gifts being, he felt, from God, he could not squander them on trifles or expend them on himself.

The responsibility connected with our endowments is the lesson of this first part of the parable. It is a lesson for our age. It is one especially needed in the present day. The utter disregard of personal responsibility is the sin of our times. A spirit of prodigal indifference to moral obligation and to God's holy laws—that is our bane and our burden. The younger son sought independence and ignored responsibility. Now we do not merge responsibility in independence, as he did, so much as in a corrupt form of socialism. Men do in a body, what they would not do alone. They do from example, what they would hardly dare from their own impulse. They do because it is part of a system, what they would shrink from if it were a perfectly isolated act. So men forget their own responsibility in following the multitude, in pursuing the beaten track, in moving along the old groove. Hence character is often disgraced in trades, professions, aye, and in religious matters. In Christian activity and beneficence, alas! how little flows from a deep sense of personal responsibility for the Lord's gifts—how much from custom, habit, tradition, fashion! The offering to the altar is of a value more according to what one's neighbour brings, than according to the increase of our own flock and field.

Our Father has endowed us, and we are responsible to him. Responsibility is not simply a matter between us and our fellow-men, between us and our conscience, between us and some abstract notion of duty, between us and some impersonal law; but between us and the holy Lord God, who made us and gave us all we have, and whose eye is over us every hour, and whom we must meet in eternity and answer for the use we make of the portion of goods received from him.

FANNY HERBERT.

"Oh dear, I am so miserable," exclaimed Fanny Herbert, throwing herself on a velvet-covered couch; and, indeed, from her looks, you would readily have believed that she spoke the truth.

"And what makes you so miserable, Fanny?" asked Miss Loxton, who had entered the room unperceived.

"Oh, ever so many things; mamma has just been talking to me now about this ball at Mrs. Filman's; of course, she will not let me go; you know what she says about balls—that I shall injure my health, and that I am already too frivolously inclined to be able to stand against the temptations that I should meet with if I went."

"And don't you think that there must be some truth in your mamma's words, if it makes you so miserable to be obliged to remain at home?"

"And then papa took it up," said Fanny—not heeding her governess's rather unpleasant

question—"and said that I thought a great deal too much about gay company, and did not practise enough of domestic virtues."

"Well, Fanny, what do you think of all this yourself? Do you not think your parents have some ground for complaint? Why do you not try to bring your tastes and wishes into subjection to theirs, by endeavouring to acquire the domestic virtues which they so much wish you to possess?"

Miss Loxton saw, however, that in Fanny's present state of mind all argument would be useless, and consequently left her to her own reflections.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert were wealthy but pious people, and Fanny was their only child; she had been sent to a fashionable boarding-school when about twelve years of age, and had been taught every accomplishment, while "the one thing needful" had been neglected. Her parents having permitted her to learn dancing to improve her figure, she had acquired such an excessive taste for it, as to make her feel it a very great trial to keep away from parties, when that amusement was to be enjoyed; and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert discovered, when Fanny was about sixteen years of age, the evil influence which this superficial education was exerting over the mind of their only child, and immediately removed her from school, and engaged Miss Loxton as her companion and governess. But the mischief was done, and Fanny's love of the world and worldly pleasures was not so easily eradicated as her parents had at first hoped it would be, and they saw with increasing uneasiness that Fanny's whole interest and attention were absorbed in the gaieties of fashionable life.

For some time after Miss Loxton had left the room, Fanny remained in the same position, sobbing, and making herself miserable, and then she gradually became more calm, and went to her own room to dress for dinner.

Fanny was, generally speaking, a good-tempered, affectionate girl, and although she always felt a disappointment very keenly at first, her natural light-heartedness enabled her soon to forget it, and on this occasion she met her parents at the dinner-table with an almost cheerful face.

The next day Fanny received a letter from an aunt who lived at a distance, and whom, although she had never seen her, she had been taught to regard with great respect and affection. This aunt, Miss Ellerby, was Mrs. Herbert's only sister; they were extremely attached to each other, and although Miss Ellerby had often visited her sister, Fanny, being away at school, had never seen her. Fanny had now been at home for nearly a year, and her aunt begged her to fix a time for accepting a long-standing invitation to Ellerby House.

"Well, Fanny," said Mrs. Herbert, as soon as she had read the letter, "I shall be glad for you to go as soon as possible, and I have no doubt that you will enjoy your visit very much."

Fanny was very glad indeed at first, but after a while she began to view the matter in another light. She was anxious to see her aunt, of whom she had heard so much, but would it not have been more pleasant for Miss Ellerby to visit her sister? As they were sisters, and so fond of each other, would they not be very much alike in their ideas of right and wrong? and as her aunt was still unmarried, at the age of forty-three, would she not be likely to be even more strict than her mamma? and if so, would it not be very dull to spend several weeks, perhaps months, with her alone? Poor Fanny sighed at this, and much more passed through her mind, and she heartily wished that the invitation had never come; but there was no help for it now; Mrs. Herbert evidently desired her daughter to accept the invitation, and it was accepted accordingly.

A few days more, however, put an end to all thoughts of visiting for some time to come, for Fanny became dangerously ill. As she lay, first tossing about and raving in high delirium, and then perfectly exhausted and scarcely able to move, how bitterly did Mrs. Herbert reproach herself for all the lost opportunities of impressing the importance of religion on the mind of her darling child! how bitterly did she regret ever having sent her to a place where her highest interests had been neglected, and her mind poisoned by the vanities and follies of the world! Oh, how earnestly did she pray that her child might be spared to her, and that she might have strength and grace to guide her into the right path! But days passed, and Fanny grew worse and worse, and was still insensible. Oh! how anxiously did Mrs. Herbert watch for some faint sign of returning reason! No change was to be seen except increasing weakness, and every hope of her recovery was given up by all but her mother; she could not bear the idea of parting with her only child, without being able to tell her where she might seek and find salvation.

At last, after lying for several hours in a state of torpor, Fanny slowly opened her eyes, and looked round.

Mrs. Herbert felt no doubt in her own mind that this was but the last recovering before death, and she knew that there was no time to be lost; yet how could she tell her child that she was near death? would not the intelligence kill her at once? But, again, Mrs. Herbert knew that Fanny was not prepared to die, and

she must seize the opportunity while there was yet time.

"Fanny," said Mrs. Herbert, "do you know me?"

"Yes, dear mamma," said Fanny, faintly, with a look of surprise at the question; then, after a pause, she continued, "I have been very ill, mamma, have I not?"

"Yes, darling, you *are* very ill," replied Mrs. Herbert, with a look of inexpressible anguish.

"Am I going to die?" exclaimed Fanny, startled at her mamma's manner.

"Are you prepared to die?" said Mrs. Herbert, bursting into tears.

A low groan was the only reply, as Fanny fell back upon her pillow, and closed her eyes.

All through that long night did Mr. and Mrs. Herbert remain by the bedside of their dying child, now pouring out their souls in agonizing prayer to God for her salvation, and now whispering words of sweet consolation and promise into her ear. Mrs. Herbert anxiously watched the expression of Fanny's countenance, as it gradually changed from despair to penitence, from penitence to hope, and from hope to calm and confident belief. Then did Mrs. Herbert feel, for the first time, that she could bear to part with her child; but it was not so ordained, and in the course of a few hours a slight improvement was perceptible; three days of anxious alternation between hope and fear passed, and then Fanny was pronounced out of danger.

During the week that followed, Fanny calmly reviewed the events of her past life, and it seemed a marvel to her then that she should ever have attached so much importance to the fading pleasures of this life; she firmly resolved that the rest of her life should be devoted to the service of God, and the benefiting of her fellow-creatures. But as health returned, good resolutions faded away, and Fanny became as frivolous as ever. Could she have risen at once from her sick-bed, and commenced the performance of those duties which she solemnly determined should form her principal occupation, her resolutions might probably have been kept; but as she gradually regained her strength, one thing after another directed her thoughts into former channels, and thus Fanny fell back into her old way of thinking and living. Mrs. Herbert expostulated and prayed; but, to all appearance, her expostulations and her prayers were vain, for, although she withheld as much as possible all dangerous and improper gratifications, and treated Fanny with much more firmness and decision than she had formerly done, she could not alter the tastes and inclinations of her child, nor bring her to take a pleasure in those duties which she performed merely because her mamma insisted upon it.

As soon, however, as Fanny was thoroughly recovered from her illness, she received a repetition of her aunt's invitation, which was, of course, accepted; all the necessary arrangements were made, and Fanny started, in company with her father, for Ellerby House.

Poor Fanny! she was afraid it would be very dull, although she tried to appear pleased, and she was heartily glad when her papa leaned back in one corner of the coach and busied himself in a newspaper, leaving Fanny to her own reflections. At last they came to the end of their journey, and found Miss Ellerby's carriage waiting for them at the inn.

Although Fanny entered her aunt's house prepared to be dissatisfied, she could find no fault either with Miss Ellerby's reception, or the appearance of anything around her. The house was furnished in a liberal, graceful, and comfortable style; everything was so rich, and yet so homelike, that the first glance round the cheerful room into which Mr. and Miss Herbert were shown, dispelled half the gloom which had been hanging over the latter during the whole of the day, and her aunt's kind and gentle tone and hearty welcome quite restored her good humour.

As Mr. Herbert wanted to return home the next morning, and Miss Ellerby did not wish to disturb her niece for an early breakfast, after her long and fatiguing journey, Fanny breakfasted in her own room, and did not make her appearance down-stairs until some time after her father's departure. She then found her aunt waiting to consult her about their occupations for the day.

"We will first call on some of my acquaintances, and then on some of my friends, Fanny dear," said Miss Ellerby, and Fanny accordingly went to dress. She thought it was a strange distinction for her aunt to make, but she did not yet feel sufficiently at home to ask any questions.

After calling on two or three fashionable people, with whom Fanny was tolerably well pleased, Miss Ellerby said, "Now, dear, perhaps you will not object to visit my friends."

"Oh, no! dear aunt, I am very anxious indeed to become acquainted with your friends," said Fanny, with unfeigned earnestness; but she was surprised to find that they seemed to be getting quite out of the region of stylish houses; they saw nothing now but small, thatched, whitewashed cottages, though even by the utmost stretch of annoyance Fanny could not call them dirty. What was her astonishment, when the carriage stopped, and Miss Ellerby entered one of the humble abodes that Fanny was just at that moment so utterly despising.

A girl of about twelve years of age immediately placed two clean, wooden chairs for the visitors,

and returned to her former occupation of dressing a little crippled sister, which being done, she placed her carefully in a rocking chair by the fire, and even Fanny had already become so much interested in them that the tears started to her eyes as she saw the look of affectionate gratitude which lighted up the pale, suffering face of the younger child. Fanny now turned to look for her aunt, who was seated by a couch on the opposite side of the kitchen. On the couch was an old and apparently very infirm woman, to whom Miss Ellerby was talking in low and earnest tones. Another woman, apparently about thirty-five years of age, was pouring some hot potatoes into a dish, which formed the principal part of their humble dinner service.

Fanny was extremely puzzled: what could her aunt come here for? it could not be for charity, for the whole family were neatly, though plainly dressed; the mother of the two children was laying out a substantial meal on the clean deal table, and the whole cottage had an air of comfort. Surely these could not be Miss Ellerby's friends; they were such common people, so much beneath her in station. Fanny's wonderings were brought to a speedy termination by the sound of her aunt's voice, reading aloud a portion of Scripture, and she could not but be struck with the marked attention manifested by every member of the family as the woman, resting from her work, seated herself on a wooden stool, and the two children stopped their conversation, while the elder stood quietly by the side of her little sister's chair. Miss Ellerby read a short chapter, and then engaged in prayer: for a moment Fanny remained irresolute; she felt half inclined to keep her seat and take no part in her aunt's proceedings; as nobody took any notice of her, but all without a moment's hesitation knelt down, even the little invalid bending her face upon her hands, Fanny's heart smote her for the momentary feeling of pride, and she sank upon her knees. Miss Ellerby offered up a short and simple but fervent and impressive prayer for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the whole family; and after addressing a few words of kind encouragement to each member, took her leave. It was getting late, and Miss Ellerby was obliged to relinquish her intention of visiting several other people, and return home. They rode along in silence; Fanny was extremely thoughtful, and her aunt hoping that her meditations might produce a beneficial result, did not choose to disturb them.

"Well, Fanny," said Miss Ellerby, as they met at the dinner table, "I have introduced you to some of my friends; what do you think of them?"

"Oh! I like them very much, especially Miss Ellen Burland," said Fanny, purposely misapplying her aunt's question.

"Miss Ellen Burland is a very lively, amiable girl," said Miss Ellerby, without the slightest alteration of tone or manner; "but I do not class her among my friends, nor should I recommend her as a friend for you."

"Why not, dear aunt?" asked Fanny, in a tone of surprise; "I should have thought she would be a very suitable companion for me, and just about my own age, too."

"She is too worldly and frivolous to do you any good, dear, and those who by their example and influence do no good must do harm."

"Who, then, do you mean by your friends?" said Fanny, wishing to change the subject.

"Those with whom I have a sympathy of thought and feeling; those who are sincere in their attachment, and would be my friends alike in affluence or poverty, prosperity or distress; those whom I expect to meet in another world, where rank and riches are forgotten."

"Those two children seem to be very fond of each other; what a dreadful affliction that lameness must be for so young a child!"

"It is a shocking affliction; but the little girl is perfectly happy and contented; she sees the wisdom of the providence which overruled that accident for good to the whole family."

"It was an accident, then, was it? the child was not born a cripple?"

"No, little Mary was an uncommonly active and merry child, and remarkably intelligent. It was at the time of hay-making, when Mary was about six years of age, that the accident happened; she had gone to the field where her father was working; and after playing for some time with her little sister and brother, begged leave for them all three to ride home on the top of a loaded hay-cart; they were told, as usual, to sit still, and remain in the middle of the cart. For some time they went along in safety; but Mary, in the height of her childish spirits, forgot her father's injunction, and had just clambered to the edge of the cart to peep down on the road, when the wheel jolted over a large stone that lay in the way, and Mary fell headlong on the rough pavement. She was taken up insensible, and for some time her life was despaired of. She was the youngest of the family, and a great favourite with all. Her poor old grandmother has never fully recovered the shock. After many weeks of intense suffering, her health was partially restored, but she will never recover the use of her limbs, and I do not think she can live long. It will be a mercy for her to be taken away, for her life must be a burden to her, although she suffers so patiently. The sudden stroke was blessed to them all; they acknow-

ledged the hand of a merciful Father, and have been an altered family ever since."

Fanny retired to her own room early that night, but it was late before she retired to rest, and when she did so it was with the fixed determination of turning to God and leading a new life. She reflected on the way in which all her resolutions had been forgotten or disregarded; she, too, had had a warning that her life was short, but how had it been neglected! She bitterly reproached herself for having relapsed into her old frivolities; she compared herself with these humble people, who had steadily lived up to the resolutions made in time of their adversity, while she, in spite of her mother's prayers and arguments, in spite of her own better feelings, had refused to listen to the voice of conscience. But now she could withstand it no longer, and falling on her knees, she humbly confessed her sins, and sought and obtained pardon of Him who will never refuse the cry of the penitent, and who has promised to pour out his Holy Spirit on those who truly ask for it. When she returned home, a happier and a better girl than she had ever been before, her mother's joy and thankfulness knew no bounds. Her life of piety thus began was but the opening of a useful and devoted career for God. May our young readers follow her example!

CHINESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

THE HUNTER.

"And Cush begat Nimrod: he began to be a mighty one in the earth. He was a mighty hunter before the Lord: wherefore it is said, Even as Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord."—*Gen.* x. 8, 9.

In the left side of our illustration a Chinese hunter, mounted on horseback, is represented as in the act of striking a wild goat with a three-pronged fork. The illustration was copied from the *Urh Ya*, a book of great authority with the learned compilers of works among the Chinese. There can be no doubt, then, as to the authenticity of the account which the natives give of this autumnal hunt, as it is called. Wild goats love the mountain ranges, and are swift, able to take extraordinary leaps, and to ascend and descend steep and craggy places without difficulty. To hunt such creatures on horseback requires good horsemanship, a fleet and sure-footed animal, with great courage and promptitude in action. The man in the picture is pourtrayed as riding down a slope at full speed, while both his hands are occupied in holding the fork and his eyes engaged in directing it aright. He is a genuine follower of Nimrod.

Hunting was the school in which man was originally trained to habits of endurance and to deeds of might. In that pursuit his ingenuity was put into the most zealous activity, his body inured to hardship, and his feelings to an habitual contempt of pain and danger. Nimrod first distinguished himself in the chase, and won the palm amidst a band of competitors; and thus he naturally became their leader, not only in ranging over the mountain and the forest, but also in the marauding compaign and in the deliberations of the council. From being an expert man in the pursuit or in the assault of wild animals, he was advanced to the foremost place in battle, and thence gained the most potent voice in the assembly; for those seem to advise most wisely who have acted most successfully. Nimrod, in this way, passed from the huntsman to the warrior, and from the warrior to the politician, and fared so well in all these departments, that while the proverb bore witness to his prowess, several cities and states long remained as monuments of his skill in the arts of government.

The inscription that accompanies the original of our woodcut, tells us that the hunters "are setting forth to train men for soldiers by teaching them to observe order and regularity in their marches." Hardihood, skill, and promptitude, then, were not only learned in the chase, but the elements of military tactics also. The hunters, after a little experience, discovered that they could not succeed well in the hunt, unless the members of the party advanced upon a thicket from different points at the same time, and assailed the flanks, rear, and van of a herd or quarry, with a preconcerted and simultaneous effort. And as they grew wiser by experiment, they began to find it necessary that one should command, in order that the rest might be marshalled in due form, and act conformably towards the accomplishment of one end—the catching of the greatest possible number of animals within the shortest time. This remark of the ancient Chinese supplies us with a hint for explaining the nature of that transition which Nimrod underwent, when he was wafted from the saddle to the throne. He had acquired the rudiments of a political administration in the field, and had seen how indispensable it was to partition offices with a discreet reference to the abilities of the persons who were called to fill them, and to allot these appointments in such a manner as to make them all harmoniously conspire to the furtherance of one great end.

In another part of our drawing there is an illustration presented of a passage of Scripture found in Genesis xxvii. 3, 4: "Now therefore take, I pray thee, thy weapons, thy quiver and thy bow, and go out to the field, and take me some venison; and make me savoury meat, such as I love, and bring it to me, that I may eat;

that my soul may bless thee before I die." The hunter is in the act of shooting at a deer with a bow and arrow, as he rests upon the stirrups of his saddle. He has got the very weapon that Isaac mentioned in his charge to Esau, and is directing his shaft against an animal, which occurs to our minds when the term venison is used, as the one whose flesh is intended. The original term does not exclusively mean the flesh of deer, but venison in general, or whatever is caught in hunting. Still it is not unlikely that the *game* referred to by Isaac was some species of the deer or antelope tribe, since the flesh of those animals is the most savoury of all the meats that nature has spread upon her table for man. The man who can shoot with certainty at an object while his steed is at full speed, must be unquestionably both a good horseman and a good marksman. To take a sure aim, he was obliged to stand upon his stirrups, for then the muscular movements of the horse did not interfere with the position of the rider. A Chinese once took some pains to explain the reason and advantage of this method of proceeding to the writer of these remarks, and seemed to dwell with great complacency upon the superiority of his countrymen in the management of the bow.

Isaac tells Esau to take his weapons, which included something beside the bow and the quiver. We may mention another kind of weapon in use among the Chinese, consisting of a short whip, with a chain for its lanner and a large knob or ball at the end instead of a lash. By means of this iron flail, the wild creatures are intercepted in their attempts to escape by those who endeavour thus to knock them down.

The remarks made in some of the preceding paragraphs respecting the easy transition from the chief post in the field to the headship of a clan are applicable to Esau, who was at first a cunning hunter, or man of the field, (Gen. xxv. 27,) but afterwards became the founder of a nation. His abilities in the field advanced him to the place of a military chieftain, for we find him at the head of four hundred men, when on his way to meet his brother Jacob. His warlike and predatory character are shadowed forth in the blessing which Isaac had reserved for him: "And by thy sword shalt thou live, and shalt serve thy brother." (Gen. xxvii. 40.) Nimrod a mighty hunter, and Esau a man of the field, have left a reputation behind them, because they were great among the children of their generation. But Jacob, though a plain man, has a name of a far nobler kind. "And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." (Gen. xxxii. 20.) May such a distinction be ours also.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE BEREAVED COMFORTED.

This is a world of sin, and therefore a world of sorrow. Assuredly a form of trial most difficult to bear is the terrible laceration of the social affections of man's heart when death, the spoiler, comes and snatches a beloved one from his fond embrace. Which of us has not suffered bereavement?

> "Friend after friend departs;
> Who hath not lost a friend?
> There is no union here of hearts
> That finds not here an end."

There may be some whom we now address whose wounds are recent and scarcely healed. From the fond husband "the desire of his eyes" has been "taken away by a stroke." That once happy wife is now a desolate widow; and as she listens to the childish glee of her little ones, all unconscious of their loss—as she traces the lineaments of a dead father in their features—as she contrasts the bright past with the dark present, and then looks with gloomy fears to the future—oh, how bitter is her sorrow! And, bereaved parents! from you has been suddenly taken away that son or daughter whose progress you had marked from year to year with delight, whose heart was buoyant with hope and happiness, but who in the flower of life has been stricken down. And thou, fond mother, hast been called to part with that little babe whose birth opened in thine heart a fountain of love too deep for human plummet to sound, whose dawning intelligence and responsive smile gladdened thy spirit; but now it lies dead—like the bud or blossom untimely blasted.

Some readers may not be mourners now, but your hour of trial must also come. You too must yet say, like the bereaved patriarch, "Give me a place where I may bury my dead out of my sight." The question then is, "When you thus sorrow, shall yours be a hopeless sorrow?" And the answer to such a question is, That depends on the spiritual state of those whom you have lost. If they have lived and died in sin and "without Christ," then yours may well be a cheerless sorrow; but if they have "fallen asleep in Christ," then their spirits now mingle with the glorified throng around the throne above; and when Jesus shall come a second time, for them are reserved a joyful resurrection and a blissful eternity.

Not long since I entered the darkened chamber where lay in death's cold sleep the body of one whose life had been "hid with Christ in God," and to whose dying words I had lately listened with joy, as she expressed her humble confidence that when "Christ her life should appear," she also should "appear with him in glory." And as the coffin-lid was removed, and I gazed for the last time on that pallid face, on that sealed eye, on that marble brow, words as from heaven fell soothingly on my ear and heart; and opening the book of God, I read to a mourning household these words of a holy apostle: "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14.

These good and comfortable words of St. Paul were originally addressed to those who had once been Gentile idolaters, and ignorant of him who had "abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." Then they were in sorrow, because some dear friends had been taken away by death—perhaps had suffered martyrdom. They had become Christians, but they needed further instruction to perfect that which was lacking in their faith. (chap. iii. 10.) And having suffered bereavement, Paul brings before their minds and ours express reasons why, in grieving for Christian friends departed, neither they nor we should be cast down by reason of overmuch sorrow.

I. We learn here that there may be *a hopeless sorrow* for the dead. There had been a time with these Thessalonian converts when they had "no hope" either for themselves or others. The ancient heathen sorrowed without hope. Their grief was excessive, because hopeless. They shaved the head or plucked out the hair, they put on sackcloth and ashes, and committed the body to the dust, or carried it to the funeral pile with loud and bitter lamentations. And thus have I listened in childhood to the "keene," or "wild Irish cry," while men and women in funeral procession followed the corpse of a loved friend to the tomb with a measured chant, expressive of the most intense agony—a custom undoubtedly of heathen origin. It is true that the ancient heathen had a shadowy belief in a future state, and Tartarus and Elysium—the one the place of punishment, and the other of happiness—were the subjects of obscure tradition or of the poet's dream. But they had no

solid evidence on which the bleeding heart could rest its hope in the hour of sore bereavement. The early writers and fathers of the Christian church often point out how, among all their gods, the heathen had no deity to whom they prayed for eternal life. The greater number of their philosophers denied the doctrines of future rewards and punishments and of the soul's immortality. And then, as to the body, they were utter strangers to the doctrine of a resurrection. That was purely a truth of revelation—a fact never conceived of by them. Can you not imagine, then, with what agony they saw the light of life fade from the eye of the beloved one, and heard his expiring groan? Yonder is carried out the dead body to be laid in the sepulchre, or to be consumed in flames, and the ashes gathered up and placed in the monumental urn. Or there lies the body which has been embalmed. But oh! in that body, whether it becomes the prey of worms, or is reduced to ashes, or is embalmed with ointments and spices —a hideous ghastly mummy at the best—how shall sorrow find the hope, the promise which Christianity brings, of a resurrection to a life incorruptible, immortal, and glorious? "No such hope" was there for the mourning Roman or the Greek, the Asiatic or African gentile in the days of old! No such hope in our own day for the weeping Chinese or Hindoo, nor for the South Sea islander or Red Indian of the forest, if he has never heard of Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life." To them, as well as to the infidel who refuses to believe the truths of revelation, comes the agonizing thought, that the grave encloses for ever in its dark embrace all that was lovely and loved.

But, further, there may be a hopeless sorrow for the dead even among those who know that the Christian "absent from the body" is "present with the Lord," that the dead shall rise, and that there is a heaven of blessedness eternal. For surely it is not every one who dies from out the family circle after the hearing of the gospel, and instruction in the truth, who yet dies safely, or shall be numbered with the saints in glory everlasting. What sorrow so heart-rending as that of a godly parent who weeps over a child surprised in carelessness and sin, and cut off unpardoned and unsanctified? Think of the speechless agony of him whose two sons, offering strange fire at the altar, were consumed in a moment—of him of whom it is emphatically said, "Aaron held his peace." Listen to that loud and bitter cry of a royal father over a rebel son whom he had loved too well, and who perished in his guilt: "Oh Absalom, my son—my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, oh Absalom, my son, my son!" Once I visited a poor widow who had recently lost her only son. A blasphemer, a sabbath-breaker, licentious, drunken, he had suddenly been struck down by delirious fever; and without one lucid interval, without one opportunity to hear the voice of warning or of mercy, or to direct his eye to the cross, his soul passed into the presence of him who says, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still." That Christian mother's agonizing grief for her lost son is fresh in my memory to this hour. Oh parents! how faithful should you be now, lest your child, snatched away in sin, never guided by you to the Lamb of God, nor taught the necessity of "the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost," nor restrained from evil by the fidelity of a godly discipline, should compel you to cry over a cheerless, hopeless grave, "Oh, hadst thou known, even thou, at least in thy day, the things that belong to thy peace; but *now* they are hidden from thine eyes!"

II. But is there not also oftimes a *sorrow for the dead mingled with hope, which ought to be hopeless?* Yes; how often is the hope of the survivor like that which was cherished by the departing sinner himself—based on utter ignorance of the inflexible justice and spotless holiness of God, and of the divinely-appointed way by which alone a sinner can be pardoned, accepted, purified, and saved? Some there are who cherish hope because they have placed, as it were, in two balances the good and bad qualities of the departed, and find that the one outweighs the other. Others are believed to have entered heaven because they have died without fear, and without violent struggles or physical suffering. How common is the expression, and what false comfort is thus cherished, "he went off like a lamb!" Alas! men may die fearless, and yet pass at once into the terrors of an undone eternity. The wicked oftentimes "have no bands in their death, and their strength is firm." How many a sinner dies trusting to the general mercy of God, without any reference to the mediation, the righteousness, and sacrifice of his eternal Son? How many are judged to have found mercy from some casual expressions of remorse, or some prayer extorted by terror in the dying hour, while there has been no real evidence of genuine repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ? Some who know that their friends have lived carelessly, seem to take comfort from a strange impression that death itself has caused some change to pass upon them, as if *it* possessed a mysterious power to sanctify. And others there are who gather comfort from rites and ceremonies performed both *before* and *after* death for the benefit of the dying or the dead. A priest has come to the couch of the sufferer—

he has heard his confession of sin—he has presumptuously given that absolution which it is God's prerogative alone to confer—and last of all, extreme unction has been administered in "the article of death." Thus the sorrowing friends are taught to believe, and they comfort themselves with the conviction, that the departing soul has been shrived and freed from mortal sin. It is true, for "venial sins," so called, the soul which has escaped everlasting burnings must pass through purgatorial and purifying flames. But while souls thus suffering are by ghostly men represented as crying out, "Have pity upon us, O friends, have pity upon us!" shall not affection pay for masses by which these tortures shall be abridged, and heaven soon be won? And thus it is—a charge which we bring not lightly or without evidence against the Romish church—that the practical result of the system in those countries where she exercises her sway, is to produce a conviction in the surviving friends that, if but the proper ceremonies have been used, and the priest has been to visit and receive the confession and give absolution, those who have been guilty of the greatest crimes are yet safe for eternity.

So it is, then, that so many take comfort as to their departed friends, when, alas! there are no scriptural grounds for comfort. Do we address any such now? Imagine the veil which hides the eternal world from you rent asunder, that the place of despair was revealed, with the conscious spirits there of friends who have ventured their safety on a false hope, and have expired with a "lie in their right hands." Ah! you cannot bring them back, and if you are no better than they—as ignorant of Christ—as evidently unrenewed in heart and unholy in life—you also must go to that place of torment.

III. But there is *a sorrow for the dead which is not hopeless*. It is a sorrow assuaged by the blessed assurance that our friends are with Christ, which is far better; that having been "delivered from the burden of the flesh," they are now "in joy and felicity; and that having "departed in the true faith of God's holy name," they shall have "their perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul," when Christ shall come again. What a chastened sorrow is this — moderated, tempered down by divine consolations, until what is perhaps the most refined feeling the human heart can know, "the joy of grief," becomes your own! Brothers and sisters, was it not so with you, when together you knelt around a Christian mother's bed, whose ransomed spirit had just departed to give joyful thanksgivings, even while sobs and tears choked your utterance, to Him who had given her rest? Was it not thus with thee, O stricken parent! when thine only one—she whom thou didst so carefully shelter from temptation, whom thou didst so early lead to him who gathers the lambs in his arms, and whose gentle kindness and submissive will made her the light of thy dwelling, and the hope of thine heart—when she, thine only one, so young and joyous, was suddenly struck down, and then, when waking up from that long delirium, she calmly counselled and comforted all around, dying with a "hallelujah" on her lips? Couldst thou not testify that the "joy of grief" was thine; and now, lonely and sad in heart though thou art, yet thine is *not* a hopeless sorrow? And so, too, for that bereaved husband or wife, whose partner in life's pilgrimage here below was a fellow heir of the grace of life; for that mother who weeps over the little coffin in which lies the tiny, lifeless form of her first-born child; for those parents who have seen their children grow up to maturity and decision for God, and then fall by the stroke of death; for these, and all others who know that their friends "sleep in Jesus," there is a sorrow not hopeless—a grief whose cup is not all bitterness—a grief in which mingle the sweet submission, the adoring thankfulness which can say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

The special ground of consolation suggested by the apostle is *the union even in death of believers to the Saviour, and the certainty that because he is risen again, they shall rise also*. Let us never forget that the great work of redemption embraces both the body and the soul, and that both must share in its issues ere its beneficent design can be fully realized. The "spirits of the just made perfect" are as happy now as disembodied spirits can be. But death still triumphs over their mortal bodies, and the "last enemy" must be "destroyed," in order that in the case of each saint, body and soul may be made perfectly happy in the full enjoyment of God throughout eternity. And this the resurrection of life shall secure at the second advent of the Son of God, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired among all them that believe. And thus the main consolation of those who weep for the pious dead is, that Jesus shall "change their vile bodies, that they may be fashioned like unto his glorious body;" that though they have become the prey of worms, yet that "in their flesh they shall see God;" and that when the Lord our God shall come and all his saints with him—when the living saints then on earth shall be "changed," and shall be gifted with bodies of immortal vigour—our friends shall wake up from the dust of death, and shall be caught up together in the air, and so be for ever with the Lord.

"WHEREFORE," says the apostle, "COMFORT ONE ANOTHER WITH THESE WORDS." And is

there not in such assurances abundant consolation? The resurrection of Christ secures the glorious resurrection of all his people. Of the resurrection of the happy dead we may indeed find suggestive analogies in the sun which sets to rise again; in the trees which have lost their leafy honours by the wintry blast, but which shall be beautified afresh when spring returns; as well as in "the corn of wheat" which dies in the ground with the germ of life still in it, and "much fruit" following in the golden ear of the harvest field; in the caterpillar lying dormant for a time in its coffin-like shell, and then bursting forth into the lovely butterfly. But what would these avail to comfort us, were not *our* friends asleep in Jesus, and did we not know that because that they are even in their graves still united to Christ, they shall, when he comes again, wake up to be satisfied with his likeness?

Take comfort, then, ye Christian mourners. Your friends are "with Christ;" *you* are "in Christ," and therefore, by and by, you shall see them again. There will be *mutual recognition* then; for if not, how could your cup of comfort now overflow? There will be *eternal reunion* there; and oh! how sweet the prospect of resuming a holy fellowship now so rudely severed by death, but then never to be broken! And so let us dry our tears, and sing the song of Christian hope and gladness.

"The time draws nigh when, from the clouds,
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundations shake.

The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly host, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

Together to their Father's house,
With joyful hearts they go,
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends, at last
Shall meet to part no more."

The Lord grant us all so to live and die that surviving friends shall not weep over us the tears of a hopeless sorrow! "The Lord grant" that we may all "find mercy of the Lord in that day!"

THE almost Christian is a most unhappy man, having religion enough to make the world hate him, and not enough to make God love him.—*Countess of Warwick.*

SENECA said he was better born than to be a slave to his body.—*Countess of Warwick.*

THE MISSIONARY IN THE WILDERNESS.

PART II.

As a single step sometimes brings to view scenes of beauty and magnificence that dazzle and delight the astonished eye of the traveller, so a single event in a man's life often opens before him an unexpected path, and reveals a wider sphere for personal effort, which, while he gazes, glows with the sunshine of hope and desire. Mr. Leigh's short visit to New Zealand had made a deep impression upon him; what he saw there dwelt in his memory, and excited all his sympathies. He began to cherish a wish for the establishment of Christian missions on a broader basis among the savage inhabitants of that island, and throughout the neighbouring seas.

On arriving in England, his first act was to make a proposal to this effect; but funds were wanting, and great difficulties seemed to beset the undertaking. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much;" Mr. Leigh knew this, and continued to plead with God that the way might be made plain. One morning, as he lay in bed reflecting on the enterprise, it occurred to him that, if he could obtain articles to use in barter, they would subserve all the purposes of money. The happy thought was immediately communicated to his friends; he obtained their concurrence and that of his brother ministers, and, as soon as his health would at all permit, commenced a tour through the country, to invite the assistance of the churches. His efforts were crowned with complete success, and in a short time every requisite was placed at his disposal. It now only remained to return to the scene of his labours; and his partially recovered strength promising to sustain him, after a sojourn of little more than eight months in his native land, he again committed himself to the winds and waves, this time carrying back a devoted woman as "a help meet for him" amidst the dangers and solitudes of the life before him.

It was towards the close of 1821, when he again set foot on New South Wales. Christianity had made encouraging progress during his absence, and the changes perceptible in communities as well as individuals gave evidence in favour of its genial sway. Anxious to avoid delay in carrying out his designs, he at once sought an interview with Mr. Marsden, the senior chaplain, on the subject of his mission to New Zealand. That gentleman gave him letters of introduction to several of the chiefs, and promised him all the help in his power. At this time, however, a fearful war was desolating the island; 'Hongi, a chief who had recently

visited England, and whom Mr. Leigh had there endeavoured to propitiate, had signalized his return to his native shores by deeds of savage ferocity, that showed how little permanent attraction there was for him in the arts and habits of civilised life. The sight of European greatness had inflamed his ambition, without enlarging the circle of his thoughts. When at Sydney, on his way home, he met Hinaki, another chief, whose tribe had put to death one of his people during his absence; and he avowed on the spot his intention to avenge this act. The two sailed in the same vessel, and on landing hurried to their respective territories—'Hongi to fulfil his threat, the other to defend himself. In the battle that ensued, the former triumphed; on perceiving his enemy fall mortally wounded, he rushed forward, and plunging his weapon into the throat of his opponent, caught the blood in his hands as it streamed forth, and drank as much of the warm fluid as they would hold! Such is human nature when uninfluenced by the gospel. One thousand warriors were slain in the fight; and three hundred of the dead were roasted and eaten on the field by the victors. From the mere details of the struggle we turn with disgust; yet these were the people whom Mr. Leigh hoped to evangelize and subdue by the preaching of the cross. When 'Hongi was expostulated with respecting the atrocities of which he had been guilty, his reply was, "We must observe the customs of our country: the blood of Hinaki was sweet." Customs so degraded and appetites so fierce might seem to defy all spiritual influences, and to mark out him who thought to destroy them as a fanatical and romantic dreamer. But the gospel is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth;" it goes down into the lowest depths of humanity, into "the horrible pit," raises man to the dignity of his nature, and crowns him with the glory of his God.

The postponement of the mission, under these circumstances, was deemed by many a matter not of prudence but necessity; yet the fearful tidings of bloodshed and death that were wafted across the water could not intimidate Mr. Leigh. He remained unmoved, eager only to unfurl the banner of the Prince of Peace among the contending tribes. The opportunity at length arrived; all the preparations being completed, he bade adieu to New South Wales, and with his wife entered the Bay of Islands, on the 22nd of February, 1822. From his friends of the Church Missionary Society he received a cordial reception; and the natives who had previously known him hastened to welcome him, which they did by rubbing noses, and shedding a profusion of tears, so many saluting him in succession that the skin was entirely rubbed from the point of his nose.

The same day, enquiring whether some asses sent from New South Wales had arrived, he was informed that they had been carried off by the natives. "Indeed!" said Mr. Leigh, "by what natives?" "By those with whom you have just been conversing." "Then let them be called," suggested the missionary. Accordingly the savages were summoned, and Mr. Leigh asked them why they took the asses, and what they had done with them. They answered that the "great pigs" having gone upon their *tabooed* land, where the dead lay, they had tied their legs, put them on board a canoe, and landed them upon a desolate island. "But," said Mr. Leigh, "they did not know that the land was *tabooed*, being strangers in the country." "If they did not," was the shrewd reply, "the white men did; and they should have taken care of them." However, the large pigs, as they called them, were brought back in good condition, and eventually restored.

The successes of the first Christian settlers had been counteracted and blighted by the return of 'Hongi, whose desperate spirit threatened to sweep the land like a hurricane, till not a blossom remained that promised fruit. Canoes now daily passed to and from the scenes of war, and not unfrequently the head of a conquered enemy might be observed, placed conspicuously as a trophy at the stern or prow. 'Hongi experiencing difficulty in procuring muskets and powder, and suspecting that the interference of the missionaries was the cause, shunned them, and became irritated and reserved; and his people, sharing in the feeling, treated them with indifference or contempt. Mr. Leigh at length found it necessary to appeal directly to him for protection from wanton injuries. In the course of this interview, the chief said: "Mr. Leigh, I have a grateful recollection of your kindness to me, when I was in your country: I will not suffer a hand to touch you: 'Hongi has said it. You are making preparations, I suppose, for commencing your mission amongst the tribes at the River Thames and Mercury Bay. I would advise you to go to Ho-do-do, where my sister resides, and where you will obtain protection. I intend to sweep those people from the earth. And, to be plain with you, since you stand in the way of our obtaining muskets and powder, we New Zealanders hate both your worship and your God. In our very hearts we hate them. They are not like ours. We only worship in sacred places, where no food has been either cooked or eaten. You worship anywhere! Our very children hate your worship: they have to turn round so many times" (alluding to their being required to kneel at prayer) "it is quite burdensome to them." Then checking himself, he added, "When we have seen more of the Europeans, we may, perhaps, change our opinion."

The expedition against the Mercury Bay tribes was promptly undertaken. A thousand fighting men set out to commence hostilities, and two thousand more prepared to follow. Before leaving, 'Hongi and a detachment of his warriors applied to the missionary for the loan of his boat. After consultation it was resolved to let them have it. "We cannot work it," said they, "without the large oars." "Then you shall have the large oars." But not satisfied with this, one of them demanded in a very peremptory tone, the use of the little oars. To this Mr. Leigh objected; he saw that he must teach them how sacred he considered the rights of property, and that he must check a rapacity which would soon have stripped him of all he possessed. The warrior, with the ferocity of a savage, renewed the demand; at the same time elevating and balancing his spear, he gave the missionary to understand that he must either give them up or defend himself. Throwing open his breast, and advancing with a firm step towards the point of the spear, Mr. Leigh exclaimed, "I will receive your spear, but I will not surrender the little oars!" At this moment 'Hongi, who was talking with a third party, turned quickly round, and enquired into the cause of the altercation. On being informed of the facts, he rebuked the angry warrior: "What do you mean? You are unreasonable. The teacher has given you his boat and his great oars. What would you have? You have grieved me! Flee into the woods and never again look upon the face of 'Hongi."

The war continued to rage for five years, but by the mysterious hand of Providence was overruled for the spread of the truth. Prisoners were brought from various parts to the only spot where Christianity was known; under its influence rugged characters were softened; and when these slaves were liberated and sent back to their homes, they created a desire for spiritual instruction in regions where missionaries had never been. As an instance we may add that messengers are known to have come a distance of five hundred miles to solicit teachers.

Meanwhile, frequent excursions were made along the coast to ascertain the temper of the natives, and the most eligible site for a permanent residence. Learning that there were several populous villages situated near the harbour of Wangari—the scene of the massacre of the crew of the ship "Boyd"—that might be visited without great personal risk, Mr. Leigh hired a boat, and, with five natives, set out to examine that part of the country. A storm came on, the wind bore them out to sea, and the strength of the current so intimidated the boatmen that they lay down in despondency, and left the missionary to manage the sails. At midnight, the moon breaking through the clouds, showed them that they were again near land; it was the harbour of Wangari itself, and they were compelled by stress of weather to enter, and seek assistance from the sanguinary tribes that peopled its shores. The firing of a musket, to announce the arrival of strangers, brought the savages down to the beach in arms, ready to avenge themselves on the invader of their slumbers, and, as they expected, of their territory. Mr. Leigh begged an interview of the chief, told the story of his voyage, and succeeded in securing the shelter of a hut for the night. He crept into it, followed by his five natives, lifted his heart in prayer to God, sat down in a corner, and fell asleep. In a short time, however, he was aroused by his people pulling his legs. They were all awake, and lay quaking with fear; while the clamour outside was tremendous. "Do you hear," said one of the men, "they are quarrelling about the time for roasting and eating us to-morrow." Mr. Leigh was so exhausted that he felt quite indifferent to either life or death, and merely replied, "They cannot touch us without the permission of the white man's God; and I am sure he has not, as yet, consented to our being either killed or eaten: lie still and sleep." He himself slept till eight o'clock next morning. At that hour he rose and breakfasted. He then read the scriptures and prayed in the open air, while surrounded by one hundred and fifty savages, who presented a wild aspect, and seemed bent upon mischief. Appearances indicated that it was their intention to attack him as soon as he attempted to unmoor his boat. His men were secretly instructed to get the boat near the shore, and pull quickly when he should give the signal. The villagers soon gathered round him, and from their fierce tumultuous conduct renewed his suspicions of some impending catastrophe. Immediately on his taking leave of them, and moving towards the beach, they closed about him, brandishing their clubs, poising their spears, and uttering the most discordant and unearthly yells. The chief looked carelessly on, and declined to interfere. Believing the crisis to have arrived, Mr. Leigh, whose self-possession had never forsaken him, cried out, "Stand back; I have fish-hooks." Taking from his pocket a handful of fish-hooks, he threw them over their heads. They were taken by surprise, and while they turned round to scramble for them, he ran to the beach, and succeeded in getting into the boat. They soon cleared the harbour, and a gentle breeze bore them safely away for the Bay of Islands. Among these very men who thus threatened his life, Mr. Leigh, as we shall see, was afterwards successful in establishing a mission.

Pages for the Young.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LAW OF LOVE.

PART II.

FOR nearly a week, the weather was so showery that the little girls were kept almost entirely within doors. Marion had worked diligently at every spare moment, and felt rejoiced at the result of her industry, when, on the Saturday afternoon, she completed her third net, and was able to bring them all to her mamma for approval. As they were really very well done, Mrs. Douglas bestowed with pleasure the praise which she deserved. As Marion placed her working materials in the closet, she thought with much self-gratulation, "I have made three nets in five days, I need not work so very hard, I am sure I am safe now; but I don't believe Grace will finish if she works ever so diligently, her second net is not done yet, though she has worked more than I have." But the race is not always to the swift. Grace and Marion were both to be put to the test, and Marion having no strength but her own in which to resist temptation, she soon learnt that it was indeed perfect weakness.

The following Monday morning, as the sisters returned from their early walk, they were surprised to see a little pony carriage drive rapidly up to the garden gate and stop; a gentleman alighted and rang the bell.

"It is Uncle Ormond, I am sure it is," cried Marion, joyfully. "Oh, Grace, make haste."

They both ran as fast as they could, and when they reached the house, they found it was indeed their uncle, and rushing up to him, they welcomed him with all their might. Mr. Ormond was very fond of his little nieces; he kissed them kindly, then taking from his pocket two beautiful books which he had bought for them in London, he gave one to each. They were overjoyed by this proof of his kind remembrance, and kissed and thanked him again and again, till reminded by their mamma that their uncle had not breakfasted, and was perhaps tired after his long drive. On this they quietly left the room. Grace carefully put her treasure in a place of safety, and then sat down to her work, but Marion stood turning over the leaves and glancing at the pictures, till her eye was caught by some remarkably entertaining looking story. Her netting was from that moment forgotten, and her attention completely fixed upon her book, till suddenly startled by hearing her mamma calling them to come down immediately. They both ran down stairs into the parlour: "Come, my little girls," said Uncle Ormond, kindly, "mamma has given you a holiday. I wonder who would like a ride on Fairy to Hazel Copse, this fine morning. We will take our dinner with us, and can return in the cool of the evening."

A day spent in the woods! a ride on Fairy! the gentlest, prettiest, little pony they had ever seen! How much enjoyment was there in the very idea.

"Oh! how charming!" cried Marion; "how kind you were to think of it, uncle; are we to go directly?"

"Yes, my love, the sooner the better, before the sun grows too hot; how quickly can you get ready?"

"Oh, in five minutes," cried Marion, dancing from the room. Poor Grace stood looking very undecided. The scheme was one which she would have enjoyed above all others, but could she afford to lose a whole day? She worked so much slower than Marion that she was considerably behind-hand, and she knew that it was only by the most persevering industry that her task could be accomplished. For a moment she felt very much disappointed, but the recollection of the motive which had led her to undertake the work came to her aid, and she prayed for strength to deny herself and to overcome selfishness. The victory was gained, and the remembrance that a whole day's work would almost enable her to overtake Marion occurred to her mind, and nearly reconciled her to the sacrifice. Her mamma saw what was passing in her thoughts, and resolved to let her decide for herself; but Uncle Ormond, knowing nothing of the matter, suddenly rose from his chair, and perceiving grace, who had been standing half concealed by the window curtain, exclaimed, "Why, Grace, you are not ready; don't you want to go my little girl?"

"I think, uncle, if you please—I think, I am afraid—" said poor Grace, while the tears stood in her eyes, for she scarcely knew how to express herself, so as to decline her uncle's kindness without appearing ungrateful.

"If you would rather stay at home to-day, my love," said her mamma, "your uncle will I am sure excuse you. Grace has a little secret occupation," continued Mrs. Douglas, turning to her brother, "and her time is a good deal occupied just now; another day she will be most happy to be your companion."

Grace looked gratefully at her mother, but Marion entering the room at that instant, she was prevented making any reply. "Why, Grace," exclaimed Marion, "you are not ready; how tiresome, now we shall be kept waiting ever so long." "No," replied her sister, "I am not going." "Not going," echoed Marion, with extreme surprise, "what new whim is this, Grace? Why we may not have such a treat again all the summer." "I know it," replied Grace, turning away her head to conceal the tears she could not altogether repress; "but my work is far behind yours, and I could not spare a whole day, or I shall not be able to finish it at all."

Marion's conscience reproached her; she felt that *she* could not have made such a sacrifice, but tried to persuade herself it was unnecessary: "My work is nearly half done," she argued; "one day will make no difference to me; I can work a little harder to recover lost time:" and she turned away from her sister and followed her mamma and uncle, who were walking slowly across the lawn. Grace ran up-stairs, and standing at the open window, she saw her uncle place Marion on Fairy; her mamma stood at the gate and watched them till they were out of sight; then Grace sat down to her work, and tried very hard to prevent the tears from falling, which almost blinded her. Presently Mrs. Douglas came into the room; she did not take any notice of Grace's distress, but kissed her affectionately, praised her netting, and sitting down beside her with her own needlework, talked so kindly and related so many interesting anecdotes which were new to Grace, that she soon forgot her disappointment, and was quite surprised when the dinner-bell rang, to find that the morning had passed so quickly. "Look, mamma," she exclaimed, "here is my third net nearly finished."

"I congratulate you, my dear child; you have been

very industrious, and deserve to be rewarded with success; I rejoice to see that you can deny yourself a gratification for the sake of others; you will never repent this sacrifice, though it may seem hard to you now."

"Mamma," said Grace, timidly, "I asked God to help me, and not to let me grow tired of working for him, and I think he has, for I do not mind staying at home now." Mrs. Douglas kissed her little daughter's forehead. "I am very glad, my love, that you know where to seek for strength to enable you to overcome your own selfish nature. Every Christian child is a soldier of Jesus Christ, and ought to be ready to deny himself any gratification that stands in the way of the duties which he is called to perform. We must often be prepared to give up pleasures which seem very harmless, but we must remember who orders everything for us, and then we shall not murmur at being called to deny ourselves."

"Yes, mamma," said Grace, as she folded her netting and put it away, "if God helps us to give up our own will, we shall find it pleasant to show our love to Jesus Christ by denying ourselves some little enjoyment for the sake of doing good to his people. I so often think of those beautiful words: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me,' and then I think I can give up anything."

"Indeed, my love," replied Mrs. Douglas, as she took her child's hand and led her from the room, "when we reflect how great is the honour which the Saviour puts upon us, in permitting us to do anything for him, and remember his own gracious assurance that he marks, and will one day own and reward, every act of love, however trifling, we ought to feel amply repaid for every little self-denying sacrifice we may be called to make."

And Grace did feel it to be a sufficient recompence; the sweet consciousness that she had done her duty, and possessed the approval of her God and Saviour, was enough to give peace to her mind; and though deprived of a pleasure, the greatest perhaps which she could have enjoyed, she was happier than Marion. She did not envy her sister, neither did she exult over her; she felt that what Marion had said was very true, that as she could work so quickly, she would soon be able to make up for lost time, and that it was only natural she should wish to enjoy a treat, which there did not seem any real reason that she should give up. Nor did Grace feel any discontent or regret when Marion returned in the evening full of the day's pleasure, saying, that she had never enjoyed herself so much before; that she had spent the afternoon at Hazel Copse Farm, and that Uncle Ormond had been so kind, and had amused her with a number of entertaining stories as they came home. Grace listened with as much interest as her sister could desire, and Marion was quite surprised to see her look so animated and pleased. She did not know the secret of Grace's cheerfulness.

Marion was so fatigued with the day's excursion that she slept late on the following morning, and felt vexed to find that Grace had been some time at work. "How very unkind," she exclaimed, "not to call me, when you knew I was so anxious to make up for lost time."

"I did call you three times, dear," returned Grace gently, "and mamma said you must be tired, and I had better let you rest." Marion did not reply, but she indulged in a sullen temper during the remainder of the day, which sadly marred her own peace, and also hindered her in her work, in which her peevishness caused her to meet with several accidents, which so provoked her that she threw it aside with great irritation, declaring that "she would not touch it again that day." The first novelty had passed away, and Marion had no motive sufficiently strong to give her patience under difficulties, and perseverance to overcome them. She was soon weary in well doing, for the love of praise could not overcome the love of self, and Marion felt very strongly tempted to regret that she had undertaken the work at all, and she determined in her own mind, that though she must finish it, now it was begun, she would only do it when she felt inclined, but as to spending all the beautiful summer days within doors upon it, "that was rather too much;" there would be very likely more rainy weather, and then she should have nothing else to do. So Marion argued; and, after the first week, she seemed almost to forget that she had any work of the kind to accomplish. Mrs. Douglas did not interfere; she wished to leave both her children to act entirely without restraint, that she might have an opportunity of judging of their real dispositions.

A fortnight had passed away; Grace had worked diligently and untiringly, and her labour of love was more than half completed. One evening, as she was preparing to finish her work for the day, and Marion sat at the open window, idly reading her last new book, Mrs. Douglas entered the room with a note in her hand, and a smile upon her face. Marion started up: "Oh, mamma, I am sure you have something pleasant to tell us. Who has written to you?—and is it about us?"

"This note indeed concerns you," replied her mother, "but whether it will be pleasant or not you must decide. Uncle Ormond writes to beg that I will allow you both to spend ten days with him, as your Uncle and Aunt Hastings are coming to visit him, and he wishes you to be acquainted with your cousin Geraldine."

"Oh! mamma," cried Marion, "how delightful! and will you let us go?"

"Yes," replied her mother, "you have my free permission to accept or decline the invitation as you please. What do you say, Grace?"

"That I am very much obliged to my uncle, but that I cannot accept it now," replied the little girl steadily; "another week will finish my work, but, until that is completed, I cannot leave home."

"Oh dear!" sighed Marion; "if I had only been more industrious, mine would have been done by this time, and now to think of losing all this pleasure for the sake of finishing it. Let me see—there are fifteen more days of the month; I think I could make the other nets in a week—there are only five to do—don't you think I might, mamma?"

"I have nothing to do with it, my dear; you must decide for yourself, only make up your mind, as I must return an answer to-night, that your uncle may know whether or not to send the pony-carriage for you at ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

Marion wavered and looked undecided; she could not entirely resolve to relinquish the work she had so eagerly undertaken, but which now seemed so burdensome when it interfered with her pleasures. At last, she exclaimed: "I know what I will do, mamma; I will take my work with me. If Geraldine is good-natured, perhaps she will help me; if not, I shall have *some* time to do it myself—isn't that a good plan, mamma?"

"I have no opinion to give, my dear," replied her mother; "you may return what answer you choose."

"Then, if you please, mamma, I think I will go."

"Very well, my dear, I will let your uncle know your decision;" and Mrs. Douglas left the room.

"Oh, Grace," exclaimed Marion, "how could you be so silly as to deprive yourself of so much pleasure, for the sake of finishing those stupid nets, that you could do just as well when you came back?"

"I am not losing any pleasure," replied Grace, quietly, "for I could not enjoy anything with the idea that they were not finished."

Marion did not urge her sister; she rather liked the idea of being the first to become acquainted with her cousin; and though her conscience reproached her selfishness, she was so little accustomed to listen to its warnings, that she soon contrived to forget them, by thinking of the pleasure which she promised herself, though purchased at the sacrifice of duty.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE PRODIGAL WASTING HIS SUBSTANCE WITH RIOTOUS LIVING

THE PRODIGAL SON.

III.—WASTE.

According to what we have said already, the reader is to regard the son as leaving home furnished with all that was requisite for a luxurious journey. Imagination, by the help of what we know of oriental customs, easily pictures the scene. Forthwith there appear issuing from the gateway of the parent's dwelling, camels and horses, laden with such stores of treasure and money as the son had gathered together out of the "portion of goods" which fell to him. Servants are there attending upon the youth; but one figure, above all others, excites our interest—that of the father, commending the son to the God of Jacob, and, with a faltering voice, adding words of warning and counsel, for he augurs nought but sorrow from this early choice, this self-willed course. Eastern costumes and objects then melt away, and parental anxiety on the one hand, and youthful levity and rashness on the other, occupy our thoughts, as we often witness or hear of them in the present day; for the description of the parable is unchangeably true to nature. Ever are there parents bidding adieu to children, going out into the world for the first time (that eventful going

out!); ever are there the aged and thoughtful offering prayers and shedding tears for the young. Often are the young heedless of those tears, and perhaps even smiling at those prayers.

The voluntariness of the son in the determination he forms is very striking. Nothing forced him to it. The act was spontaneous. He was not forced, perhaps not persuaded, to do what he did. All certainly came of his own will. The spiritual fact here indicated is very obvious. The sinner in the course he pursues in the world is entirely free. There is no compulsion whatever in his case. In his choice of evil he is his own master. If he says he cannot help it; if he lays the blame on circumstances, or on destiny, or on God, he hears a voice within—the voice of his own conscience—giving the lie to any arraignment of his condition, any aspersion on his Maker.

It is said of the prodigal, that he "wasted his substance in riotous living." This suggests the idea of profligacy, in the lowest sense of the term. A later expression in the narrative—"devoured thy living with harlots"—deepens our idea of the profligacy. He ran a course of dissipation, such as was not unusual in those days, and of which abundant illustrations may be gathered from ancient literature. Any one who has read about Antioch, or Cyprus, or Corinth, or Baia, in the first century, can easily form a notion of the dissolute life of such a young man as the parable describes. Many young persons still tread in the footsteps of this flagrant pleasure-taker. In spite of all that Christianity has done for our country, and that is immense, there are forms of vicious indulgence in our metropolis, and other great cities, which vie with the enormous immoralities of Greek and Roman times. Dr. Young wrote a book called, "The Centaur not Fabulous," in which he showed that infidelity and vice so degrade human nature as to make their victims, the very counterpart of those imaginary monsters, depicted by poets and painters with the head of a man on the shoulders of an animal; humanity being carried away by bestiality. It is very true that the moral centaur is no fable, and the species, so numerous eighteen hundred years ago, is not yet extinct. Numbers of them may be found stabled in the dens of London and elsewhere. Of Nebuchadnezzar it is said, "Let his portion be with the beasts in the grass of the earth, let his heart be changed from man's, and let a *beast's heart* be given him." A king dethroned, degraded, transmuted, and with a *beast's heart*, his hairs like eagle's feathers, and his nails like bird's claws, and his body wet with the dews of heaven, as with the cattle he feeds on grass. That picture by the prophet, while it tells of humbled pride, is a symbolic representation of many a wretched *social* outcast. Yes, and of many a gay fashionable worldling, not a social, yet a *moral* outcast—fallen from the sphere of true humanity. Perhaps he is caressed and courted, flattered for his follies, and worshipped for his wit. But for all that he has under the man's head but a beast's heart.

Yet let not the idea of a waste of goods be confined to what is generally understood by "riotous living." There are other wasters besides the riotous—other wasters besides such men as Villiers of Buckingham mentioned in our former paper. In the present day especially, wastefulness is but too prevalent among all ranks, in the administration of domestic economy. The rich on a large scale are imitated by the poor on a small one. The extravagant aristocrat outruns his income, and the extravagant artisan does the same. The former contracts debts he can never pay; so does the latter. In a pecuniary point of view, there may be an immense difference, but in a moral point of view none at all. The tradesman suffers through the recklessness of his customers; and he repeats the offence himself upon his family and dependents. The master and mistress set the example in the dazzling circles of fashionable life; the servants follow it and augment the social evil in their humbler position, to their superior's detriment and their own disgrace. A want of moral principle lies at the bottom of it all. There is no proper sense of personal responsibility. It is forgotten that to indulge ourselves to the injury of others, is to commit a *crime* against society, a *sin* against God.

Beyond all this, so far as anything is devoted to purposes inferior to those for which it is properly and naturally designed, it is wasted. We speak of wasting on trifles, as well as wasting on vices. We speak of wasting on ourselves, as well as wasting on others. Religion teaches us that the glory of God, in connection with our own and others' welfare, is the proper end of human existence—that it is to be the point of all our aims, the goal of all our efforts. Now to spend improperly, taking our endowments in that narrow sense, without any reference whatever to what is moral, spiritual, and divine, is to waste—it is to spend on trifles, whether they be connected with our neighbours or confined to ourselves. The miser, be it remembered, is a waster in his way, as well as the elegant spendthrift. What God gives him is meant for good and glorious uses, while he devotes it to a most ignoble and disgraceful use. He makes it the senseless idol of his worship, and thereby debases it, for all that dishonours God becomes debased itself. Created things have no glory but by reflection, and the reflection to be glo-

rious must be of light from heaven. The mortal who stores away his gold in chests, and steals momentary joys from looking at his coffers, is nearer allied to the mortal who expends all his resources on his house, his furniture, and his establishment, than many imagine. Elwes, starving himself with thousands in his possession, and Beckford lavishing thousands on Fonthill Abbey, are not so much moral contrasts, as moral varieties of the general order of wasters—men devoting to base or vain ends what God meant for the noblest.

And other goods there are, as seen before, besides the material; indeed the material are the lowest. There are intellectual goods; there are gifts of genius and skill, imagination, reason, and eloquence; and the use of these is to be estimated according to the same rule as the use of wealth. Are they devoted to moral and divine ends—to the benefit of man and the service of God? The person who employs his talents in advocating infidelity, or casting a slur on religion, or confounding moral distinctions, or reducing what is spiritually beautiful to contempt or ridicule, or covering vice with a gaudy garment, or silvering over dishonesty, so as to hide the base metal, is not the only waster of intellect. The person who does no great harm, but simply does no good, is so; the man who never realizes his responsibility is so; the man who never regards himself as a servant of God is so; the man who has no faith in the invisible and eternal is so; the man who never prays is so; the man who never studies his Bible is so. All these are wasters. Of intellectual waste, such men as the unhappy Lord Byron, and later and lower still, Theodore Hook, are conspicuous and striking examples; but they only stand at the head of a class, including numbers of inferior minds, all alike in this respect, that they divert their powers from the highest objects—that they care not for the spiritual welfare of themselves or their fellowmen—that God is not in all their thoughts.

There is yet another kind of waste—the waste of what may be called spiritual goods—the waste of holy counsels, heavenly wisdom, the revelation of God, the privileges of Christianity, and the offers of mercy through Jesus Christ. How are sabbaths wasted, and sermons wasted, and serious impressions wasted! What stores of spiritual wealth, or what might be turned into such, are habitually wasted by multitudes.

The evil of all this waste is shown and rebuked. Society in the aggregate is economical. "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost" is the motto of the mercantile and trading world; and wonderful is it to notice that not only is everything which is deemed at all precious put to some useful purpose, temporally considered, but even the relics and the refuse of what would be regarded by some as worthless at the best, being collected and brought together, are put into the huge mysterious laboratory of our economical operations, and then they come out in some form, humble perhaps, but yet conducive to human convenience and comfort. Social economy rebukes individual waste. This saving in small things condemns recklessness in great things. The whole commercial community combining to take care of trifles reads a loud lesson to the many, many individuals throwing away what is most precious. The very same persons are thus economical and wasteful by turns. They unite to preserve the meanest of material things, odds and ends, scraps and remains, while each is also employed in frittering away the means of salvation, or in deliberately destroying his own soul.

The works of God in nature are economical, too. There is no waste in his rich universe. The deeper one looks, the more one sees that with all the affluence of creation, there is combined a strict economy. "In all the works of the Divine Artist around us," observes Dr. Brewster, "in all the laws of matter and of motion, in the frame of man and of animals, of plants and of inorganic nature, the *economy* of power is universally displayed. Nothing is made in vain; nothing by a complex process which can be made by a simple one; and it has often been remarked by the most diligent students of the living world, that the infinite wisdom of the Creator is more strikingly displayed in the *economy* than in the *manifestation* of power." And we may add, that everything in nature has its use, and a good use, and to that use it is invariably put by Him who made it. He throws nothing aside, wastes nothing, undervalues nothing. All combine to yield profit and advantage. It is a whole, full of beauty and praise. The rich and Almighty Creator takes care of everything, even the meanest; while many a poor but prodigal creature wastes everything, especially the richest. Oh, what a piercing rebuke comes home to the heart of the prodigal as he looks round on God's universe. God, the Maker, destroys nothing which he has made; man, the receiver, destroys what he has received, even his own most precious soul. Conscience echoes the condemnation by nature, and the Bible comes in to confirm and give emphasis to both.

The prodigal "took his journey into a FAR country, and there wasted his substance." There is something so affecting and instructive in that allusion, that we cannot pass it over. In reference to the prodigal in the narrative, it betokens alienation from his father—a wish to get away as far as possible from his control and

influence—a desire to set up in a state of perfect independence. The more distant he could be from the scenes of his childhood, he imagined the better. He longed for a perfect contrast to his early and intended condition—a complete freedom from all check and control. In reference to the spiritual conduct of mankind, the allusion to the journey into a far country reminds us of the apostasy of the human heart from its Creator and Lord; it illustrates that awful statement by the apostle Paul, "The carnal mind is enmity against God;" that is, not a god of one's own imagination, such a god may be worshipped and honoured, but the true God, the God of the Bible; against *Him* there is enmity; "for it"—the carnal mind—"is not subject to the law of God." It does nothing *because* of the law of God; it deliberately opposes much which that law includes. Often it yields not outer service—never inward love. Were the law merely an internal restraint, it might be yielded to by an inimical heart on prudential principles. But the law appeals to man's soul at once, and will accept no pretended obedience. How true then is it that not only "the carnal mind is not subject to the law of God," but also what follows, "*neither indeed can be.*"

The ingratitude and the folly of this choice of a far country, in preference to the father's house, are far greater and more monstrous in the spiritual case of men at large, than in the domestic case of the youth in the parable, because no filial relationship is fully parallel to the divine one—no obligation of son to sire is equal to that of man to God—no dependence of a boy on his father is like the dependence of a creature on his Creator. The narrative here conveys not its adequate moral, unless we very carefully and deeply consider all this difference.

There is another consideration suggested by the parable also brought out only as we remember the difference between what is human and what is divine. The being in a far country did not necessarily involve the son's wasting his substance. He might have gone away from his father's house, and yet saved the goods he took with him. But the being in a far country, away from God; the separation of the soul from the adorable Creator; the wilful choice of a condition distant from his sight, worship, and service; that, of moral necessity, implies a waste of what he bestows, and that for the reason already apparent. To devote God's gifts to lower ends than his honour and glory is to waste them. Whatever use we may make of our faculties, possessions, or privileges, if we do not take his claims into account, if we separate ourselves from him, that use sinks down into real wastefulness. Being in a far country as to God, we must misspend our substance, for there we cannot spend it in his service. Only in his worship, in obedience to his will, in communion with his Spirit, in habits of daily intercourse with him, can we answer life's ends, can we make life a beautiful and honoured and blessed thing. Away from God we must waste his bounty.

THE LITTLENESS AND GREATNESS OF OUR WORLD.

Our earth is a little world. In bulk it is little as compared with some of its neighbours. Even the same planetary system contains one world a hundred times, and another three hundred times as large; while if suns be peopled worlds, there are suns hundreds of thousands of times as large. And there are races of intelligence and capacity far beyond our own—races both fallen and unfallen, to which our highest genius may seem a curious simplicity, and our vastest information an interesting ignorance, even as we may smile at the wit and knowledge of the Esquimaux. But this is the little world, and ours the lowly race, which God selected as the scene and the subject of the most amazing interposition. Like its own Bethlehem Ephratah, little among thousands of worlds; like its own Patmos, a point in the ocean of existence, our earth already stands alone in the universe, and will stand forth in the annals of eternity, illustrious for its fact without a parallel. It is the world on which the mystery of redemption was transacted. It is the world into which Christ came. And though lower than the angels, ours is the race which Jehovah has crowned with one peerless glory, one unequalled honour. It is the race which God has visited. Ours is the flesh which incarnate Deity wore, and ours is the race for whose sinners the Son of God poured forth a ransom in his blood. This is the event which over our small planet sheds a solemn interest, and draws toward it the wondering gaze of other worlds. And just as in traversing the deep, when there rises on the view some spot of awful interest or affecting memory, you slack the sail and passengers strain the eye and look on in silent reverence; so, in their journeys through immensity, the flight of the highest intelligences falters into wonder and delay as they near this little globe. There is something in it which makes them feel like Moses at Horeb, "Let me draw near and see this great sight"—a marvel and a mystery here which angels desire to look into. It is a little world, but it is the world where God was manifest in flesh. And though there may be spots round which the interest gathers in most touching intensity; though it may be possible to visit the very land whose acres were trod by "those blessed feet which our offences nailed to

the accursed tree;" though you might like to look on David's town where the advent took place, and on the hills of Galilee where his sermons were preached, and on the limpid Gennesareth which once kissed his buoyant sandals, and on that Jerusalem which he loved and pitied, and where he died, and that Olivet from whose gentle slope the Prince of Peace ascended, I own that with me it is not so much Jerusalem or Palestine as earth, earth herself. Since it received the visit of the Son of God, in the eye of the universe the entire globe is a holy land; and such let it ever be to me. So wicked and sin-tainted that it must pass through the fire ere all be ended, it is withal so consecrated and so dear to heaven that it must not be destroyed; but a new earth, with righteousness dwelling in it, shall perpetuate to distant ages its own amazing story. And though an illustrious author wrote, "I have long lost all attachment to this world as a locality,"* I do not wish to share the feeling. I like it for its very littleness. I like to stand on its lonely remoteness, and look aloft to vaster and brighter orbs; and when I consider the heavens, the moon, and the stars, then say I, "What is man that thou shouldest visit him?" And, as in the voyage of the spheres, I sail away in this, the little barque of man, it comes over me with melting surprise and adoring astonishment that mine is the very world into which the Saviour came; and as I further recall who that Saviour was—that for him to have become the highest seraph would have been an infinite descent, or to inhabit the hugest globe a strange captivity—instead of seeking to inflate this tiny ball into the mightiest sphere, or stilt up this feeble race to angelic stature, I see many a reason why, if an incarnation were at all to be, a little world should be the theatre, and a little race the object.

Rev. Dr. Hamilton.

THE MISSIONARY IN THE WILDERNESS.

PART III.

After the events narrated in the last part, an excursion was made to Ho-do-do, the place recommended by 'Hongi; but it was found ineligible for a settlement. Several other portions of the island were also visited for the purposes of exploration, and the preaching of the gospel. By this time Mr. Leigh had so far mastered the native tongue as to be able to deliver a regular discourse. His first sermon related to the fourth commandment, and urged the reasonableness and necessity of devoting a seventh day to the worship of the true God; it was delivered in the fields where the people had gone to plant potatoes. "Mind what you do," said the preacher in conclusion, "for our God made heaven and earth, and will punish you if you break any of his commandments." Instead of waiting to controvert his statements, they threw down their implements of labour, and went home. As they were returning, they met the priest, who had come out to know his reason for sending the labourers away. Mr. Leigh gave him a summary of the ten commandments. On alluding to the sixth, "Thou shalt not kill," the priest interrupted him, and pointing to some bones that lay in a pile at a short distance, observed, with a sneer, "These are the bones of a young woman whom *I killed* because she displeased me. I gave her body to my friends, who baked and ate it: I also put up that mat as a warning to others. There," said he, turning in another direction, "are the bones of a young man whom *I killed* for stealing potatoes."

In the midst of this conversation a promiscuous multitude of men and women were seen running towards the woods. Mr. Leigh heard that they had taken a slave from a neighbouring village, and were about to kill him in revenge for an old injury. He started off at full speed to prevent them, but, alas! the deed was already done, and the crowd were dragging the lifeless body along by the legs. They stopped, and the missionary pressed through them to the centre just as a tall, athletic savage had lifted his axe to cut the corpse in two. He rushed upon the ruffian, seized his arm, and so stayed the blow; but while he struggled with him, the natives carried off the body, and it was cooked and devoured at no great distance.

Providence appearing to shut up the way in every other direction, the brethren proposed another visit to the "man-eating tribes"—so called in special distinction by their own countrymen—at Wangaroa. Mr. Leigh gladly consented, and in June, 1823, accompanied by several of his friends, he again entered its magnificent bay. The richly-wooded hills that surrounded it, broken by lofty and fantastic rocks, and sparkling with cascades that foamed over the steeps and lost themselves among innumerable trees and shrubs, formed, with the overarching sky and blue surging sea, a scene worthy of the God of nature. There "only man was vile." The natives welcomed him as he stepped from his boat, some of them recognising him as "the white man who had given them fish-hooks." Claiming the protection of the chief, George, Mr. Leigh and his heroic wife engaged to remain in the vicinity and attempt the establishment of a mission. A site was

* Foster.

chosen, and, with the assistance of their companions, and the crew of the ship which had brought them from the Bay of Islands, a house was erected for their shelter. A number of young trees was collected, and cut into equal lengths; some of these were used as uprights, and others placed lengthwise, and bound firmly together with cordage made from the native flax; the roof was thatched with grass and rushes, and calico supplied the place of glass for the windows.

While these things were being done, the natives gave frequent evidence of their old propensities, and were a great trouble. Mr. Leigh and his wife, with two of their friends, whose stay was to be but temporary, were at length left alone by the return of the vessel in which they came. As they dwelt in that rough-built hut, which scarcely shielded them from wind and rain, the uncertainty that hung over the future was only relieved by the promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Not only was their faith tested by the constant danger of a residence among cannibals, but their patience was daily tried by petty annoyances of every description. As all their food had to be cooked in the open air, Mrs. Leigh was under the necessity of protecting herself from the effects of almost incessant rain by putting on her husband's great coat and boots. During this process of cooking, the natives generally assembled, and carried off everything within reach. Never having seen boiling water before, many of them plunged their hands into the pot to steal the contents, and on being scalded, hastily withdrew them, exclaiming, "The water has bitten our hands!" While Mr. Leigh dressed their wounds with ointment, he endeavoured to convince them that honesty was the best policy; but at first with little effect, for they afterwards got sharp-pointed sticks which they thrust into the pot, and wielded with such dexterity as often to leave the mission family without a morsel for dinner.

A month had passed away, and daily trials and daily efforts were beginning to result in some palpable good, when the arrival of a war-party from the Bay of Islands threw the whole village into consternation. Mr. Leigh, as it became him, advanced as a peace-maker; but a quarrel suddenly arising from some jealousy between the chiefs, a violent attack was made on the mission premises. The doors were quickly barricaded; instant death appeared to threaten all within. They knelt down, and commended their souls into the hands of God; but, notwithstanding the fury of the assailants, the storm died away, and no personal injury was inflicted on any one of them. The chiefs towards evening had an interview, and after mutual explanations, renounced their hostile intentions.

St. Paul worked as a tentmaker, and our modern apostles, though for different ends, have been called to exercise their mechanical skill. Mr. Leigh's industry was variously taxed. The wooden chimney of their new house giving way, some more substantial erection became necessary. The missionary carefully examined the soil, and finding a bed of clay, set to work and made some bricks. He then collected a number of cockle-shells, burnt them, and so got as much lime as he wanted; and with a wooden trowel built up a solid structure that stood as a monument of European ingenuity long after the hordes of 'Hongi had swept the country and reduced the adjacent buildings to ashes. When their shoes were worn off their feet, his inventive powers supplied them with others; soap, salt, and candles were all manufactured as needed; and indeed there was no serious deficiency that his skill and energy did not rectify in time. These secular employments, however, were never allowed to interfere with religious duties. Meetings for devotion and exhortation were constantly held; and every effort was diligently put forth to obtain an influence over the native mind. Mrs. Leigh on her part was busily engaged in enlisting the sympathies of the women around her. She formed a small class for instruction of the daughters of several chiefs, into which one condition of admission was, that they should submit to be washed with soap and water! Mr. Leigh's biographer has drawn an interesting picture of the first lesson in the art of sewing.

"These young persons being seated, she exhibited a small needle, and handed it round, that they might see and examine it. They expressed their surprise at the beauty of its polish, and the sharpness of one end, which "bit them" as often as they touched it. Their astonishment was increased when they saw a thread put through the eye of the needle. They were told that the artisan who made the needle had struck a hole in the end of it for the very purpose of receiving the thread. That so small a hole could be made in iron exceeded their belief, until, by taking hold of the thread at both ends, and moving the needle backwards and forwards, they had ocular demonstration of the fact. The needle being returned to Mrs. Leigh, she put a knot on the end of the thread, and began to sew a piece of calico. A needle was then threaded and given to each, with a request that she would imitate Mrs. Leigh. After a few abortive attempts, they were all in confusion. One complained that the thread would not stay in the cloth: another said, that she could not pull her needle through. The cause was soon

ascertained; the one had not knotted the end of her thread; while the other had tied her thread to the eye of the needle. It was necessary to show them where the knot was to be placed and how to make it."*

The prevalence of infanticide was an evil which Mrs. Leigh sought anxiously to check; but while the New Zealander regarded the custom of her country as the only law entitled to her homage, it was difficult to persuade her to abandon so general a crime. Observing that the native mothers were proud of seeing their children with any article of dress peculiar to the *Pakeha*, she employed her scholars to make several sets of baby dresses. With those dresses she clothed the infants in the families to which her young people respectively belonged. These little ones were carried from hut to hut, and excited much attention. She then desired that it might be generally known that any mother bringing her infant to the mission-house, not earlier than a fortnight after its birth, would be presented with a similar dress. In a short time several mothers arrived with their infants: placing them on the floor, they said, "These are your children, Mrs. Leigh; you must dress them like the European people." Mrs. Leigh would take the little creatures and dress them one by one, and returning them, would say, "What beautiful children! See that you take great care of them. I shall call sometimes and see how they get on." It was generally found that if a woman could be induced to keep her child for twelve or fourteen days, the strength of maternal affection sufficed to save it afterwards from destruction. "In this way," said Mrs. Leigh, "at a small expense, and in a short time, we saved scores of lives."

The introduction of agriculture was attended with complete success. When the first crop of grain sprung up, and the corn waved in the ear, the natives impatiently pulled it all up, expecting that the wheat, like the potato, would be found in clusters at the root; but their second experiment was crowned with gladsome abundance, and made the missionary's heart beat with prophetic hope as the chiefs of those cannibal tribes came laden with sheaves from the field of harvest.

Christianity was triumphing gradually over the ignorance and savageism of New Zealand; the dawn of a new day was already resting on its mountains, and hands accustomed to slaughter and eyes that had gloated in blood, outstretched and wistfully were turned to the Light whose glory shall yet "lighten the Gentiles," and make of earth a heaven. By the instrumentality of a few humble, unobtrusive agents, God was preparing the way for most important changes, and raising from among wild and scattered tribes what now promises to be a great empire. The seed was being sown amid storm and cloud; the plant, as it grew, appeared once to be trodden into the dust; but it rose again, to put forth fresh and vigorous life.* How often does it seem in the struggles of truth that, like the corn of wheat, it must die, or it "abideth alone," as if "the *sufferings* of Christ, and the *glory that shall follow*," were in some sort dimly reflected in the history of his gospel.

Mr. Leigh's labours were several times interrupted by the hostile advance of invading forces, and his services were required to prevent bloodshed. Regardless of personal exertion, he toiled cheerfully on, in confident reliance on his Saviour God. But constant effort by day, and frequent exposure at night—for they had as yet no building to protect them properly in inclement weather—induced a severe illness, that brought him to the gates of death. An empty wine-pipe, that had been packed with goods, was turned into a homely hospital for him; and there he lay—no medical attendant to interfere—the question of life or death pending between the violence of the fever and the strength of his constitution. The disease had full sway, and then subsided; but it left a chronic ailment that subjected him to frequent and acute suffering for twenty years afterwards.

Just at this crisis a ship entered the harbour, bringing Mr. Marsden with a reinforcement of missionaries. It was a joyous meeting, but the brethren were affected on observing the alteration in Mr. Leigh, and unanimously urged his return with the vessel to Port Jackson for the recovery of his health. He reluctantly consented to go; and a few weeks more found him again embarking on the deep. Scarcely had the ship got under weigh before a gale arose, and drove it violently upon a sunken rock. She began to fill immediately. The boats were manned. Mr. Marsden and Mr. and Mrs. Leigh got into one of them, and were landed amidst the dashing surf upon the nearest island; the men then returned to the wreck, and all betaking themselves to their oars, made again for New Zealand to obtain help. The island on which our trio were exposed proved to be desolate; they had no food, no covering beyond the clothes they wore, and scarcely a drop of water to quench their thirst. But their faith failed not; they sang a hymn, and commended themselves to the care of their Father in heaven. The shadow of the great night, big with the tempest, the angry roar of the billows, and the howl of the wind, as it embraced them in its

* Strachan's Life of Rev. Samuel Leigh, p. 188.

* After Mr. Leigh's departure, the terrible ravages of 'Hongi made it necessary to abandon the mission for a time.

MISSIONARY STATION, NEW ZEALAND

cold and withering grasp, could not shake their trust in Him, or disturb their peace. The next day a canoe, driven out of its course, ran to the island for shelter; it chanced to be laden with potatoes, and liberally supplied the wants of these Christian exiles. But it could not carry them away; and when it launched again, they were once more left in utter loneliness to their hopes and their prayers. On the fourth day a small vessel was seen to be nearing them: friends were coming to the rescue; they were taken joyfully on board, and with grateful hearts praised God for their deliverance.

Mr. Leigh never returned to New Zealand. He quitted the island in 1823, and, for about ten years from that time, resumed his ministrations in New South Wales; but his strength was so far impaired as to forbid any renewal of his former almost herculean exertions. He returned to England in 1832, and to the last continued to labour as he could for the glory of God. He died on the 2nd of May, 1852. Over his grave are inscribed these suitable words: "When it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood."

How all merely human achievements pale in their lustre before the results of such a life! The great warrior, who carves out an empire with a sword, and leaves a name "to point a moral or adorn a tale," attains but to a perishable grandeur. The legislator, who adjusts social rights, and most largely developes national resources, moves but in the outer circle of man's fading nature, and cannot enter the charmed ground of immortality. But our Christian hero, though the child of time, is the heir of eternity; and what he does on earth—when "cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces" have all dissolved—shall endure in heaven. Such men are the noblest of their race; but as we admire their virtues and their works, let us not forget reverently to say, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and thy truth's sake." Only he who is baptized with the Spirit is privileged to be "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE HARVEST AND ITS LESSONS.

"He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest."—*Jeremiah* v. 24.

THE lessons suggested by the season of harvest are varied and important. Let us ponder some of them in a spirit of prayerful contemplation; and may the Holy Spirit himself vouchsafe an abundant blessing.

First of all, this joyful season of the year illustrates *the faithfulness and beneficence of God*. The promise to Noah, as the second father of our race, ran thus: "While the earth remaineth, *seed time and harvest*, and cold and heat, summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease." And has not this covenant been fulfilled? It is true, indeed, that there have been desolating famines at various periods, and in various parts of the world. By the blasting of the husbandman's hopes, by the excess of heat or of rain, by the "seed rotting beneath the clod," by the devouring locust or the destructive canker-worm, a righteous God has scourged the guilty; for it is written, "He turneth a fruitful land into barrenness for the iniquities of them who dwell therein." But famines are comparatively rare exceptions to the rule; and even when they have come, they have been but partial. Thus, when there was famine in Canaan, there was corn in Egypt. When, a few years ago, the food of millions was suddenly blighted in one portion of this kingdom, by which many perished, the plains of America teemed with plenty, and furnished us with rich supplies of food. And, moreover, famines are but temporary in their duration. They speedily pass away. Judgment is always God's "strange work." Famine is but a suspension (and for reasons infinitely wise, aye, and beneficent too) of the blessing which a covenant-keeping God ensures.

What an example and proof of the divine faithfulness and beneficence is furnished to the aged, who can look back over many years when, with but few interruptions or exceptions, they could sing—"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness." But more striking still is the assurance that God forgets not his promise to man, when we find that even in the regions of the frozen north a sufficient period is secured for the sowing of the seed and the ingathering of harvest. The following authentic statement with regard to Greenland confirms this:—June 23rd, the snow melts: July 1st, the snow is gone: July 9th, the fields are quite green: July 17th, the plants are at full growth: August 18th, snow begins to fall: August 23rd, winter has returned. Thus, in a country where we would least expect it, the short period of two months is sufficient to provide food for the inhabitants.

Ought not our hearts to glow with thankfulness when we see that God reserves for man "the appointed weeks of the harvest?" And should not the divine faithfulness and goodness, at this season so gloriously displayed, remind us of another covenant sealed with better promises, even those exceeding great and precious promises which are all "yea and amen in Jesus Christ?" Yes; if the confidence of Noah in the fidelity of the God of providence to his promise of seed time and harvest, was confirmed by "the bow in the cloud;" so now to the eye of faith, a God of grace and truth is revealed, who is "ever mindful of his covenant," and "there is a rainbow round about his throne in sight like unto an emerald." Rev. iv. 3. Dear friends! have you access by faith to this throne of grace? If not, approach it now, pleading the meritorious obedience and atoning blood of the great Mediator. For then, this God will become your God; the blessings of the "everlasting covenant" will be all your own; and even under the darkest dispensations, his love shall not be withheld, nor shall his faithfulness fail. "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." Isaiah liv. 10.

The season of harvest should forcibly remind us of the duty of *bountiful liberality to the poor*. It was in connection with this season that the Lord said to his people of old: "And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corners of thy field when thou reapest, neither shalt thou gather any gleanings of thy harvest: thou shalt leave them to the poor and to the stranger: I am the Lord your God." Lev. xxiii. 22. To the Jews this injunction came with all the force of a positive law. And thus it is that we look back through the long vista of more than three thousand years, and see under the bright sunlight of an autumn day the graceful form of the gentle and timid Ruth—a young and desolate widow and stranger—

gleaning in the harvest field of Boaz. We bless God that this ancient custom, divinely sanctioned, is perpetuated to this day in many parts of our own country. Let landed proprietors and farmers at this season, when their barns are "filled with plenty," remember the claims and generously relieve the wants of the poor. Let them not "make clean riddance of the corners of the field, neither gather the gleanings of the field," but rather "leave them unto the poor and the stranger;" for "there is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and yet it tendeth to poverty."

And so, likewise, let the dwellers in towns and cities, if they cannot give to the destitute the gleanings of the harvest-field, yet share with them joyfully and thankfully that abundance which the harvest secures to all. "Honour widows that are widows indeed." "As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." "Thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother. For the poor shall never cease out of the land: therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land." (1 Tim. v. 3; Gal. vi. 10; Deut. xv. 7, 11.)

Harvest reminds us of *the resurrection of Christ, and of the glorious resurrection of his people.* And so he said to his disciples with regard to himself: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." And now "Christ is risen from the dead, and is become the first-fruits of them that slept." His death and burial and his resurrection, like the corn of wheat falling into the ground, dying there, and then sprouting up into life and verdure, and the well-filled and beauteous ear, in harvest time—these are the security to all his disciples of a glorious resurrection also. For "it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." Go, then, to the tomb of one who has died in the Lord; stand beside the graves of a household whose members "all died in faith," and whose ashes in the old churchyard now mingle together. Jesus himself seems to draw near, and you hear his own soothing words, "I am the resurrection and the life." "Because I live, ye shall live also." "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." Yes, dear reader, union to the Lord Jesus Christ by faith will secure for thee a glorious harvest day, a resurrection like that of the Saviour himself; for he "shall change our vile bodies that they may be fashioned like unto his glorious body." "This is the will of him that sent me, that every one that seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day." "Them that sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him."

But does not harvest also invite us solemnly to consider and lay to heart that, as we spiritually sow in time, so we must reap in eternity? Is not this the assurance of an inspired apostle, when he says: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap: for he that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Gal. vi. 7, 8. What would be thought of the wisdom or common sense of the man whom you found sowing tares in his field, in the hope that they would yield wheat? "God giveth to every seed its own body." It is a great law in the natural world, in the vegetable kingdom, that each kind of seed produces a corresponding harvest. And so is it in matters spiritual. If men spend their lives in "fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind;" if they indulge in intemperance and sensuality; if they habitually give way to the covetous or malignant passions of a corrupt and fallen nature; if they cherish impure thoughts and unhallowed desires; then sowing to the flesh in time must bring with it a harvest of corruption in the awful future. Even here, let a man live in open ungodliness, and there will follow an utter alienation from God and holiness, so that even if he could enter heaven, it would produce nought in him but weariness and woe; and as his thoughts and desires are bound up with what is perishable, he must reap corruption. But follow the spirit of such a one to the place of despair, and say—in that rage, that envy, that covetousness, that craving for forbidden pleasure, unslaked, unsatisfied—say, is there not a harvest of misery corresponding to the seed sown? Oh, terrible yet righteous harvest! Sinner! unless thine heart be changed, except thou be "born of water and of the Spirit," thou shalt be thine own eternal tormentor. But how blessed the contrast! Look at the "works of the flesh" and "the fruit of the Spirit," as described in holy Scripture, and then this contrast vividly appears. Let every one of us "examine himself." Am I "in the flesh" or "in the Spirit?" Am I "serving divers lusts and pleasures?" Am I one of those who are "living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another?" Or, through the tender mercy of God, have I experienced "the washing of regeneration and renewing of

the Holy Ghost." Do I differ from my former self? Am I sowing the good seed of "long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance?" Am I living by faith? is Christ precious? do I love his word, his day, his house, his people, and his ways, and is it my grief that I do not love them more? Do I live and act under the habitual conviction that,

> "A charge to keep I have,
> A God to glorify,
> A never-dying soul to save
> And fit it for the sky?"

Then, if so, to the praise of the glory of his grace, I am sowing the right seed, the harvest of life eternal shall be mine; these graces of the Spirit in me are the germs of a blessed immortality.

Reader! what kind of seed are you sowing?

The growth and triumph of grace in the soul are, as our Lord himself teaches us, illustrated by the harvest. It is to these he refers when he says: "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself: first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."* Mark iv. 26–28. The progress of grace in the heart is gradual—often invisible to human eye—sometimes checked—but certain and glorious in its results. Jesus and his Spirit (the Sun of Righteousness and the Heavenly Rain) will thus ripen all the saints for glory. Child of God! faint not, nor despair; hope on, pray on, and ere long the sickle of death shall find thee fully ripe for the heavenly garner. For "when the fruit is brought forth," (marginal reading 'ripe') "he putteth in the sickle because the harvest is come."

"The harvest," says Christ, "is *the end of the world.*" In other words, the present season vividly teaches us that there will be a day of judgment, when, as the tares are separated from the wheat, "the wicked shall be severed from the just." Look forth, then, on the harvest-field and its reapers. See how they put away the darnel, the thistle, the pestilent weeds that have grown up side by side with the precious grain, never to mingle with it again—the one to be gathered into the garner, the other to be given to the flames. As, therefore, the tares are gathered and burned in the fire, "so shall it be in the end of this world. The Son of Man shall send forth his angels; and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." Matt. xiii. 40–43.

The glad season of harvest reminds us of the *faithful labourer's reward.* Yes, its crowning feast, its exulting joy over the last sheaf cut down, the last loaded wain brought into the farm-yard, all cheer your hearts, godly parents! holy missionaries! faithful ministers! zealous sabbath-school teachers! yea, all who are labouring for Christ and the good of men, with the prospect of heaven's harvest home. "We occupy different parts of the field," said a missionary from India to a minister in the country, "but we shall meet at the harvest home." When the holy M'Cheyne was dying, a dear friend visited him. They conversed together on the precious promise, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." The dying saint pointed out various lessons suggested by the passage; but one was forgotten—the *certainty* of the joyful harvest. His friend pointed to it, and he assented. "Yes, *doubtless.*" And so we say for every faithful labourer, there is certainly reserved a full reward, and all anxiety and toils will be forgotten in the rapture of the harvest home. "It is meet," says one, referring to the last great day, and the "exceeding joy" of the redeemed when they shall see Jesus as he is—"it is meet that heaven should open its immortality of bliss with a harvest home. A feast in strange and wondrous magnificence, corresponding with the opulence and glory of Jehovah, must be a meet welcome to the 'whole family' on their arrival at their 'Father's house.'" Reader, are you one of the Lord's redeemed? Are you living, not unto yourself, but unto him who died and rose again? Are you warranted in believing that you shall be among that happy company who, when Jesus shall come again, "shall joy before him as the joy of harvest." Will you have a place at his table above? Will you share in the festivities of the harvest home?

But what if to some now addressed, the close of harvest should speak with a loud voice of warning of the misery of the lost? What if you are neglecting the great salvation? What if your conscience condemns you, and if oftentimes you have dark forebodings of an undone eternity? Be assured, your condition is most perilous. You may be saved *now.* The Father is on the throne ready to hear your cry, Jesus the Mediator is ready to plead your cause as the Advocate, and the Holy Spirit pleads and strives with you, as these words of warning and love fall on your ear. Oh, repent, and believe the

* The reader will find this beautifully illustrated from Christian experience by the Rev. John Newton in his "Cardiphonia," where the case of "A" represents "the blade," that of "B" "the ear," and of "C" "the full corn in the ear."

gospel. Accept of Christ and his righteousness. "Escape for thy life." Flee, now, even now, from the wrath to come. Otherwise you shall ere long, and that suddenly, be plunged into that place of torment where the despairing lamentation is poured forth without ceasing, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

THE CITY MISSIONARY.

THE missionary, whose daily labours we are about to contemplate, lives in a small house near the scene of his beneficent work. There is nothing very inviting in the situation, which is chosen more for the sake of convenience than pleasantness of aspect or vicinity. It is in a by-street near one of the busiest thoroughfares of London, where the houses are old and rather gloomy looking, and the beams of the sun seldom shine into the narrow courts and alleys. The house belongs to a widow, poor yet respectable. She feels thankful to have met with a lodger so quiet and steady as the missionary, for he gives but little trouble, and his rent is always punctually paid; besides this, he gives her many a kind word of advice and comfort; so that it would grieve her very heart to lose him.

It is a hot day in July, when we propose to follow the good man in his visits of love. The weather is so sultry and enervating, that the close, pent, and unhealthy air of the city seems almost insupportable. At ten o'clock the missionary sets out on his toilsome walk. He has his well-worn reference Bible in his pocket, and a large and carefully assorted bundle of papers and tracts in his hand. A few minutes' walk brings him to his district.

The first place at which he stops is a cellar. He goes down the steps, and finds that the tenants he had left when he last visited the place are gone. The present inhabitants he has never seen before. They consist of a labouring man, his wife, and child. The husband is gone to his work, but the woman is busy washing, and her little boy is playing on the floor.

"John Shaw and his family have left, I suppose," says the missionary.

"Aye, they're gone for certain," answers the woman, in a loud and rather saucy voice. She is a coarse, bold-looking person, and the meek Christian almost shrinks from her unflinching gaze of defiance; but he knows that he is about his Master's work, and therefore ventures another question.

"Shall I leave you a tract?" he asks in a mild tone.

"Tract! no," she replies; "I can't read; and if I *could*, *I* want no tracts."

Thus repulsed, the missionary still makes another effort by turning to the child, who has risen from its play, and is gazing into the stranger's face with all the wonder and curiosity of innocent infancy. At last the little fellow holds out his hand for a paper; and the missionary, patting his curly head, says, "What do you want a tract, my little man? Then I'll see if I can't find you a nice picture;" and sitting down, he takes the boy on his knee, and points to a woodcut.

"Man," cries the child, taking hold of the paper.

"Why it *is* a man, I declare," exclaims the mother, coming forward, and looking over the boy's head; "bless you, you're a sharp one, ain't you?" she adds, giving him a hearty kiss. Rough and coarse as she is, she loves her child, and the missionary's kindness to her boy has found its way to her heart. The stern features relax into a more benevolent expression, and as her visitor rises to leave, she bids him good morning in a far more civil tone than that in which she at first addressed him. He has accomplished his purpose, and commenced an acquaintance with the new comer; and silently lifting up his heart to God for his blessing, he continues his walk.

His next visit is to a scene of misery and confusion. In one dirty and confined apartment live a father and mother with six children. Order and cleanliness seem unknown in the steamy den of filth and squalid poverty which meets his eye, as he opens the door and looks around him. The husband is lying on a heap of ragged clothes in one corner of the room, in the heavy stupor of intoxication. His features are brutalized from the effects of habitual drunkenness, and the beast rather than the man predominates in his person and habits. Unwashed and uncombed, with folded arms and a look of listless apathy, sits the wife. A glance tells the beholder that she has lost all self-respect. No shame or confusion appears on her countenance at the fact of her being found by her neat and decorous-looking visitor surrounded by such dirt and disorder, and herself but half-dressed. As he enters the room and addresses her, she takes the short pipe she is smoking out of her mouth, and utters a few inarticulate words, without moving from the crazy chair on which she is sitting, and to which she seems attached by some unconquerable fatality; for hour after hour finds her in the same place, dreaming away her life in idleness and inactivity. What can be expected from the children of such parents, but that the offspring should outstrip the authors of their wretched life in vice and misery? The three elder children, a boy and two girls, are absent. We will

not follow them into the haunts of sin which already threaten to drown them in destruction and perdition, unless God in his boundless mercy snatch them from their perilous position and make them monuments of his grace. The younger children are rolling on the floor, now and then snarling at each other, and getting a hearty slap or a violent word from the mother. They are untaught, untutored, and neglected. They know not the God who made them, or the Saviour who died for them. Heathens are not more ignorant; for though living in a Christian land, these poor children have never heard the glad tidings of joy; they are without "hope and without God in the world." It is the missionary's second visit, and although a most unpromising field of labour lies before him, he will not allow himself to be discouraged from persevering in his arduous and cheerless work. He knows that the souls of this ignorant and debased family are precious, inestimably precious; he knows that they must either be lost or saved, plunged into everlasting misery, or destined for eternal happiness; and knowing this, how can he—himself a "brand plucked from the burning"—refrain from the earnest endeavour to arouse them from their fatal lethargy? He accordingly addresses a few words of solemn yet affectionate warning to the wife and mother, and takes his leave.

His next visit is one of joy and refreshment to his soul—one to which he looks forward with delight and satisfaction. There is a smile in his eye, and a thrill of joy in his heart, as he enters the small yet neat apartment of Mary Grey. There she sits in her old place, by her little round table, with her large Bible open before her. How happy is the expression of her countenance as she rises to welcome her visitor, and how animated the conversation which at once begins between the lowly yet spiritual Christians. Their hopes, their desires, their fears, become common property, and very sweet is the holy intercourse which cheers and encourages the sometimes rather desponding missionary. He meets with so much to harass and perplex him, that these occasional visits to a fellow-pilgrim are like refreshments by the way; and he never enters that quiet room without pleasure, or leaves it without regret. But he must not linger, even in an atmosphere that breathes of Jesus and heaven. His path must be onward, and his daily duty, whether painful or pleasant, must be accomplished. A few kind words, a parting smile, and he quits the pious widow for scenes less congenial to his taste and inclination.

In the course of that long and sultry morning he visits many houses, nearly all of them more or less betokening poverty and wretchedness. Sometimes he meets with a little encouragement, but far oftener with perplexities and hindrances which appear to mock his most prayerful efforts.

At last his work is nearly finished, and one name alone remains upon his list—Margaret L. He ascends the crazy stairs of a low lodging-house, and in a miserable attic finds the individual referred to. There she lies on a wretched bed of straw, her emaciated frame and ghastly countenance plainly indicating that her hours are numbered. Her dark eyes appear unnaturally large and bright, and her hollow cheeks are deeply tinged with the hectic of consumptive fever. Earnestly and imploringly she looks towards the missionary, whom she has evidently been expecting. Though born in the humbler ranks of life, there is a genuine courtesy in his voice and manner as he approaches her miserable bed, and gently inquires after her health.

"Oh! I'm going, I'm going," she exclaims, gasping for breath. "I shall soon be dead; but oh! my soul, my soul! what will become of my soul? Oh! sir, have pity on my soul; you have told me *before*, but tell me *again*, about the mercy of Jesus."

Calmly, yet emphatically, does the messenger of God once more offer the glad tidings of salvation to that dying woman, patiently meeting all her despairing objections with words of comfort and encouragement, and urging her to flee for mercy to a Saviour who *never has* and *never will* reject a suppliant who trusts in his boundless love. She listens like one who, under sentence of death, feels that while there is life there is hope; and eagerly drinking in every word that falls from the lips of her visitor, forgets her outward pain and misery in all-absorbing anxiety for her soul. At last he takes his leave, followed by the thanks and blessings of the dying woman, who begins to hope, though with trembling, that her case is *not* beyond the reach of God's unfathomable mercy.

Slowly and wearily the missionary wends his homeward way, his mind full of the scene he has just witnessed, and his heart earnest in prayer for more grace and faith in the execution of his lowly yet all-important mission. He is unheeded and unnoticed by the careless passers-by, for there is nothing in his plain and unostentatious exterior to arrest the attention of the busy multitude. Most of them would despise his quiet and unpretending labours. But, in the sight of God, that humble patient man, so meekly, so self-denyingly taking up his cross and following his blessed Master, is a far nobler object than the greatest of this world's heroes. "Man looketh on the *outward* appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart;" and he marks

with an approving eye "the patient continuance in well-doing" which never fails to call down a blessing from above. He blesses his faithful servant, even in *this* world, by giving him a peace of mind which nothing can destroy, and sustains him with the hope that when his earthly mission is accomplished, he "shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

CAREFULNESS AND CARE.

THESE are two words like enough in themselves, but very different in point of fact. The careful man, and the man of care, must be distinguished the one from the other: the one may be happy, the other must be miserable; the one may have but little, and yet be truly rich, the other may have abundance, and yet must be truly poor: we have here not a distinction without a difference, but a difference so plainly marked that a distinction must be made. Let us bring before our readers for a few moments the man of carefulness and the man of care.

The careful man is, as his very name will imply, at once to be separated from the multitudes of reckless, giddy, and shallow men with which the world abounds. He does not treat life and its responsibilities as a trifle; he does not throw weighty matters off his mind, leaving them to take care of themselves as best they can; he does not put off the consideration of serious subjects because they are disagreeable; on the contrary, he is alive to the responsibilities of his station, whatever it may be, and careful in fulfilling them, as one that knows he must give account.

Such an one is careful in what he does, and in how he does it. He shuns rash enterprises, doubtful speculations, dangerous companionships, and so forth; he is too careful to rush into anything, and on thinking matters over, he sees good reason for abstaining from what many another engages in, and finds productive of vexation, if not of loss or ruin. Such carefulness as this well becomes a Christian man; it is a right use of the faculties which God has given; it shows that he is alive to the imperfection of the human mind, which cannot take things in at a glance—that he knows the nature of the world in which he lives. Common carefulness has kept many a rough stone out of a man's path, and has enabled him to steer clear of others by which there was every probability of his receiving hurt.

And not only is such an one careful as to what he does, but also as to how he does it; he knows very well that there are two ways of doing a thing—the one right and the other wrong; he knows that there are perhaps twenty different ways, and yet that one out of them all must be the best; he is careful, therefore, in his choice of the means; and even when he has settled on the way in which anything is to be done, he is careful in actually doing it. The best tools are of little use in the hands of an unskilful workman; a little carelessness may be productive of an amount of injury which no after exertion can repair; he remembers this, and thus very often does better, even with small means at his command, than others do who have every advantage that they can desire. And a man is not the less happy for this spirit of habitual carefulness; it is one thing to be thoughtful, it is another to be wretched—one thing to be careful, another to be swallowed up with care.

We commend the careful man, then, in what he does, and how he does it; we must commend him also for his thought or carefulness in providing. He does not forget the future welfare of his family; he thinks of their wants, and so far as in him lies, makes a provision for them. He looks into the future, and brings the present to bear upon it; he knows that it is his duty to do all he can to leave those depending on him above want, and he takes every step accordingly; not that he distrusts God, but because he knows that God has laid this obligation on man.

We observe that the careful man is consistent; he is as careful in spending as he is in getting: not that he is stingy, or does a mean, shabby thing, or withholds when it is right to give; but he will not waste; he will not be injudicious; he will have a general system on which he acts. All this is proper carefulness, and we must keep it clearly distinct in our minds from what is called closeness.

Nor will what we have been saying prove altogether inapplicable to spiritual things. The child of God, who is not called to be a child of care, is yet intended to be careful in all things which concern his immortal interests. He must be a man of thought, impressed with the solemnity of his spiritual position, knowing well the necessity for using such means of grace as God puts within his reach, and for using them aright; careful will such an one be, as to how he hears, careful how he reads, careful how he prays. A spirit of earnestness and reality will pervade all things connected with his soul, and a blessing will be sure to be vouchsafed.

But it is altogether another thing to be "a man of care." Cankering, eating care never came from God, but by our unbelief we make it for ourselves. Care has killed more bodies than disease; we believe that it has killed more

souls than even pleasure has. The cares of this life are the thorns which choke many a promising blade. Nothing will satisfy the "man of care;" even after he has done his best, he is eaten up with anxieties and doubts and fears. What imaginary terrors take possession of such a person's mind! Events which are never likely to occur seem always just hanging over him, to overthrow his plans; losses which perhaps never will take place, haunt and press down his mind; he knows no peace, he knows no rest. The deepest wrinkles upon most faces are ploughed by care; that withered look, that unnatural straining of the eye, which we so often see, generally come from care; it embitters life while it lasts, and brings it too frequently to an untimely end. Here is a mother with an only child; she looks at him with an eye full of care. One deep care presses upon her—she fears he will not live, and yet why not? has he any symptoms of disease, has she had any substantial cause for alarm? Nothing of the kind; she is the victim of care. Here is a farmer; he has planted and done his part towards a successful harvest; the corn is springing up green and strong, but he looks full of anxiety; he is imagining a thousand evils; he cannot bring himself to feel that there is every human probability of his reaping where he has sown; he has months of wretchedness, because he is the victim of care. No doubt there are things which in themselves are calculated to be cares; when borne by man in his unaided strength, they are abundantly able to crush him to the very dust; but no Christian ought to be the victim of such cares. "Casting all your care on him, for he careth for you," is the encouraging direction to every man that has real cares; if he can cast them trustfully on God, they will become light and easy to himself. And let us not make exceptions and limitations, which have not been made by the One who would bear all for us. Men do not cast upon the Lord what might be called their ordinary cares; great things they sometimes commit to him, but not small; yet they should remember that he stoops to the minutest objects of creation, that he cares for the least that he has made, and surely far before them and their provision come man and his cares.

In our own experience, then, let us learn to distinguish between carefulness and care; careful let us be in all things, both in spiritual and temporal matters, seeing that we must give up our account to God; but all care let us cast on him, and he will never refuse to bear our load; the offer which he made, he meant us to accept. We shall then be happiest, then be most in the path of duty, when we are habitually acting upon the distinction which it has been our aim to establish between carefulness and care.

Pages for the Young.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LAW OF LOVE.

NO. III.

THE morning following Marion's decision was very beautiful. Ten o'clock came, and with it the pony-carriage. Did Grace feel tempted to repent her decision? No; her former victory over self had made the second comparatively easy, and she kissed her sister with a smile and wished her a pleasant visit.

Marion looked at her with surprise. "What a strange girl you are, Grace!" she exclaimed; "you look as glad as if you were going; I do believe you had rather mope at home, over that stupid work, than go with me."

Grace felt hurt at this unkind speech; she saw that her motive was neither understood nor valued, and she turned away as Marion seated herself in the carriage, and walked into the house. For an instant, she perhaps regretted the sacrifice she had made; but better thoughts prevailed, as she remembered that she was not working for the praise of man, and that the loving Saviour knew her motives, and would give her his blessing as her reward. The thought brought comfort to her heart, and she sat down to her work with renewed activity. Her time was so well filled up that she had no leisure for vain regrets, and she was made so happy by her dear mamma's approval, who though she had never praised her for this act of self-denial, yet showed by her manner how much she was pleased with her little daughter, that Grace thought she was more than rewarded for her sacrifice.

For a whole week Grace laboured diligently at her netting, and at the end of that time, to her great joy, her task was accomplished, and she received from her mamma the promised reward. When Grace looked on the two bright sovereigns, the first money she had ever earned by her own industry, her heart felt very glad, and she thanked God who had given her his grace to assist her in conquering the selfishness which dwelt in her heart by nature, as well as in each of yours, my dear little readers.

In the evening her mamma told her to put on her bonnet, and she should have the pleasure of giving the money herself to her poor old friend. Grace was very much pleased, and when, after a delightful walk, they reached Margaret Watson's neat cottage, and she witnessed the joyful gratitude with which her gift was received—when she listened to the thanks and blessings poured upon her—she felt that in being permitted to give consolation to one long used to sorrow, God had indeed rewarded her. Her heart was full, and she was very silent during the walk home. When they arrived there, her mamma took her by the hand and led her into the drawing-room; then, taking off her bonnet, and drawing her close to herself, she said:—

"My dear little girl, you have this evening tasted the pleasure of doing good. You have felt that happiness may even spring out of self-denial, and the sacrifice of what seem great enjoyments. I know that you have sought no other reward than the favour and blessing of your heavenly Father, and these are indeed quite sufficient to

make you happy without any other; but God is sometimes pleased to recompense openly those who have denied themselves for his sake, and I am very glad to be able to give you a pleasure which will, I trust, more than compensate for the two former disappointments which you endured voluntarily and cheerfully. Two days ago, I received a letter from your aunt Agnes; she tells me that she is going for several weeks to Scarborough, with all your cousins, and she hopes that I will allow you and Marion to accompany them. You will not refuse this invitation?"

"Oh no, no, mamma," cried Grace, in a voice of joy; "I have never seen the sea; and to walk on the beautiful sands, and to gather shells with all my cousins, it will be delightful; how I shall enjoy it; and Marion too—"

"No, my love," replied Mrs. Douglas; "I am sorry to damp your joy, but I cannot permit her to go. Had she followed your example, and remained at home, I might have consented; as it is, she has shown so much selfishness and indolence, that I do not consider her deserving of the indulgence."

Grace burst into tears: "Oh, mamma, she will be so dreadfully disappointed."

"I am sorry for it, my love; but she had her own choice, and she must abide by it. She preferred following inclination to duty, and she must submit to the punishment she has brought upon herself. I expect your aunt here to-morrow afternoon, and you will go on with her to B., where they intend stopping for the night."

Grace threw her arms round her mamma, and kissed her, but she could not speak. Her heart was full of gratitude and joy and sorrow; she felt ready to laugh and to cry at the same moment. Mrs. Douglas, seeing her excited state, and knowing that a good night's rest would do more to calm and soothe her than any words, proposed that she should go to bed. This was welcome advice to Grace; she followed her mamma up-stairs, and, after earnestly thanking her heavenly Father for all his mercies, and beseeching that he would forgive her sins, for Christ's sake, and keep her under his protection, she fell asleep, her soul filled with that peace given to those only who walk in the fear of the Lord, and keep his commandments with their whole heart.

When she met her dear aunt Agnes, on the following day, and embraced her cousins, the only cloud to her enjoyment was the thought that Marion could not share it with her. She wept on parting with her mother, and entreated that she would give her very best love to her, and say how sorry she was to go without her to Scarborough.

On Marion's return home, two days afterwards, she was of course much surprised at her sister's absence, and still more so when informed where she was gone, and with whom, and she could not conceal her mortification that Grace should enjoy a pleasure which she was not permitted to share.

"Did not aunt Agnes wish me to go too, mamma?" she asked, in a tone of great vexation.

"Yes, my dear; but I could not have accepted the invitation for you, had I wished it, as you were fulfilling an engagement into which you had entered of your own accord. You had your pleasure, and I hope enjoyed it. We cannot have our gratification twice."

As the case admitted of no remedy, Marion submitted in sullen silence. She refused to make herself happy in those sources of pleasure within her reach, and wandered about the house and garden during her playhours, listless, unoccupied, and discontented.

She was one morning startled by her mamma's observing, "To-morrow, Marion, is midsummer eve; I suppose you have completed the nets with Geraldine's assistance, as I have not seen you touch them since your return."

Marion blushed scarlet: "Oh, mamma, I quite forgot the time was so near; what shall I do? I can never finish them before this evening. Will you give me one more day, mamma?"

"No, Marion," replied her mother; "you remember the agreement; you have not tried to fulfil it, and therefore deserve to suffer the loss of the time and pains you have bestowed upon the work. I am very sorry that you have deprived yourself of so much real pleasure, which you might have enjoyed in assisting Widow Watson. I shall now give the order to her little grandson, of whom I shall purchase them at the same price which I offered to you."

Marion wept bitterly, and tried to make her mother alter her decision, but in vain.

"No, my dear," replied Mrs. Douglas; "I am truly grieved to find your conduct is governed by no higher principle than that of selfishness. You undertook the work for your own amusement, you threw it on one side, and finally neglected it altogether, when you found that it interfered with other pleasures which you desired to possess, and, therefore, you have certainly no right to complain when you find the consequences of your selfishness less agreeable than you expected. I hope this will be a lesson to you for life, my child, and that you will ask God, for Christ's sake, to give you his Holy Spirit, to fill your heart with love, and then you will feel that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and that there is a pleasure to be found in self-denial, when practised from right motives, which people who think of nothing but pleasing themselves can never know, but which is able to make them happier far than any merely earthly gratification can ever do, because it carries with it the favour and blessing of God."

My dear little readers, I hope you now understand the meaning of the words, "charity suffereth long and is kind;" you see that charity or love is not merely a passing wish to do others good, but an earnest determination to make sacrifices, with God's help, of our own ease and comfort, for their advantage. True charity cannot dwell in the heart where selfishness reigns, and, as the Bible tells us that "he that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love," we cannot be his children unless we have this holy principle, which is one great mark of that new nature, without which none can enter the kingdom of God. I hope you will all pray to God to give you this first best gift, that your proud and selfish natures may be changed into the image of Jesus; that so you may one day be taken to dwell with him in that glorious home, where "we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

173. What example can you point out of a disobedient son? What was his end?

174. What instances can you find in Scripture, when a blessing was granted to a number of individuals, on account of the presence among them of one man of God?

175. What illustrations can you give showing how completely the tongue is under the control and power of God?

176. When did God encourage a timid servant who was shrinking from the duty to which his Master called him by reminding him of his power?

177. Where do you find in Scripture a beautiful description of spring?

178. In what one point did Christ as man differ from mankind in general? Prove it.

179. What proofs can you give showing the ignorance of Christ's own disciples as to the true nature of his kingdom?

180. On what occasion and in what words did Christ himself explain the nature of that kingdom?

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE STRIPPED AND FORSAKEN BANQUETTING HALL.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

IV.—WANT.

"And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want." That was a very natural consequence. First, his career was joyous. Taking his fill of pleasure, he perhaps congratulated himself that he had done wisely in leaving his father's house; so much better to be his own master abroad, he thought, than to be scarcely more than a servant at home. Dull and tiresome looked the past, while the present was full of zest: but there was a future coming, the contrast of both. Famine was on its way to the garden of plenty; want was at hand to take reprisals on the waster. How vividly all this pourtrays the course of sin, and the crisis it leads to. The man who cuts himself off from God may be merry enough for a while. For a season his portion lasts, and amidst the luxuries and splendours of the world, he may laugh at those who submit to what he deems the restraints of religion. Green looks the bower, and very gay and fragrant the buds which adorn its leaves; but a blight comes at length, and all withers. The morning is bright, and the trim vessel goes on its pleasure cruise, with its gorgeous pennants and its boisterous

No. 74.—Published September 27, 1855. Price One Penny.

music on a calm sea, and under a brilliant sky; but before noon a storm comes, black as night; and then, alas! for the poor frail bark.

"A famine arose." How exactly that describes the condition in which the rich, the gay, and the dissipated—and not only they, but all who live for themselves and the world—all wasters of property and intellect—are found at last. What they had is gone; it is perhaps wholly and for ever gone—literally destroyed, for vice can destroy mind as well as body; or such beauty and power as it once had, such capacity to please and gratify, is gone, and the heart begins to crave for what it has not, as the hungry man craves for bread. The counterpart of the famine need not be any outward thing. It may come independent of condition and circumstances. A man may lose neither his money nor his gay companions, nor his humour nor his wit. But the taste for them may be lost. They may utterly cease to please. They may remain as ghosts, as shadows, as dead things, as the apples of Sodom, as so much ashes and dust. "This famine sits down an unbidden guest at rich men's tables, and finds its way into king's palaces."

"And he began to be in want." This clause implies the realization of what had actually taken place, according to the former clause. It is important to advert to the distinction, for it is pregnant with much meaning in reference to man's spiritual history. The famine is one thing, and the sense of want another. In physical nature, one knows as soon as the famine comes; not so, however, in moral nature. Men dream in the spiritual famine. The famine is sore. There is neither truth nor love to feed the soul; the springs are dried up, and the soil is barren; the earth is iron, and the heavens are brass; it is as when an "hungry man dreameth, and behold he eateth." At length the spell breaks, the dreamer rises, and "his soul hath appetite." He begins to be in want. A sense of destitution and need and wretchedness comes over his soul with an agonising power.

It was so with Solomon. Did not the famine overtake him? and then, when his dream was over, did he not wake up to a sense of want? "I said in mine heart, go to now, I will prove thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure. I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine, yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom; and to lay hold on folly till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life. I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit: I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees. I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of great and small cattle, above all that was in Jerusalem before me: I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings of the provinces: I gat me men-singers and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem." It was as gorgeous a dream as even the regal imagination of a Solomon could create; but it was followed by bitter disappointment and vexation. "Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do; and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

Modern instances also pertinently illustrate the parable. We have mentioned Byron. His substance in point of fortune was not mean; but the goods of rank and genius bestowed on him, especially the last, were of the rarest value. Yet he wasted all; wasted his strong and brilliant imagination, as well as money, influence, and character, on licentious pleasures. Gleams of truth and beauty, and real moral power, there are in his poetry, yet only making us feel how thorough a spendthrift he was in other uses of his gifts. And to him—the gay, ardent, chivalrous, young, and noble poet—the famine came, and "he began to be in want:" and with what heart-anguish does he say:—

> "My days are in the yellow leaf;
> The flowers, the fruits of love are gone;
> The worm, the canker, and the grief
> Are mine alone.
> The fire that in my bosom preys
> Is lone as some volcanic isle;
> No torch is lighted at its blaze,
> A funeral pile."

The summer before last we were travelling in Northumberland, and visited Seaton Delaval. There are many ruins in this country which we have seen, and the sight of which has awakened pensive thoughts, but we never saw one like that at Seaton Delaval. It is a comparatively modern mansion, being not much more than a hundred years old, but is in decay like some ancient castle of the middle ages. There is the grand doric portico covering grass and weeds. There are windowless openings in the walls. There are empty rooms with the remains of former magnificence, dropping to pieces. There are staircases, saloons, and galleries, mouldering away. There are ornaments, weather-stained and fading. There are statues, mutilated and rocking to the wind. Yet nothing looks time-worn. It is the decay of freshness. It is a premature ruin. It is the emblem of its former owner, the

famous Sir Francis Delaval, who was himself a moral ruin—a wasted, broken down, dishonoured man—ere he had passed what would be called the prime of life. "This gentleman," says his biographer, "was born with great advantages of person and fortune. The former he availed himself of in the prosecution of his pleasures; the latter he employed alternately as a means of dissipation and of generosity. In modern honour and modern gallantry, he vied with the first fashionables in Europe. He had not a grain of Nero's cruelty; but had he been born in his court, would have rode with him as a charioteer, fiddled with him as a musician, fenced with him as a gladiator, and strutted with him as a player. Though indolent in business, he was active in his pleasures; and so strongly did he possess the spirit of emulation, that he would be the leading show-man of his day, whatever species of frivolity was the fashion." His history abounds in illustrations of reckless gaiety and ingenious amusement; and the stately mansion, now in sad and mournful ruin, is associated with many a tale of practical jokes and wild revelry. The wasted, worn-out pleasure-taker felt himself at last to be "in want;" the famine pressed on his soul, and thus he warned posterity of the misery of wastefulness.

"Let my example," said he to Mr. Edgeworth, "warn you of a fatal error into which I have fallen. I have pursued amusement, or rather frolic, instead of turning my ingenuity and talents to useful purposes. I am sensible that my mind was fit for greater things than any of which I am now, or of which I was ever supposed to be, capable. I am able to speak fluently in public, and I have perceived that my manner of speaking has always increased the force of what I said. Upon various useful subjects I am not deficient in general information; and if I had employed half the time and half the pains which I have wasted in exerting my powers upon trifles, instead of making myself a conspicuous figure at places of amusement, instead of giving myself to gallantry which disgusted and disappointed me, instead of dissipating my fortune and tarnishing my character—I should have distinguished myself in the senate and the army; I should have become a useful member of society, and an honour to my family. Remember my advice, young man; pursue what is useful to mankind. You will satisfy them, and, what is better, you will satisfy yourself."

We have cited this passage for its warning—not for its advice. It is full of terrible warning. It is deeply solemn, coming from the death-bed of a dissipated man; but the advice is defective. Delaval had not dived to the depth of his want, for he had not risen to the height of his obligations. He talked of himself and of his neighbours, and forgot God. He thought of the usefulness he had missed, not of the sin he had done; of the loss of honour, not the need of salvation. But there is the great want which comes out of a wasteful life, whatever its form. Vicious or not, dishonourable in the sight of the world or not, a life withdrawn from the service of God is charged with guilt and fraught with misery. The thoughtful mind looking at it, sees its vast demerit in the sight of heaven, and acknowledges, "Against thee, thee only have I sinned." The absorbing inquiry extorted by the sense of want is, "What must I do to be saved?" The soul is in want of pardon, in want of peace, in want of renewal. Itself or the world can never yield the supply of these wants. Only one can meet them, and that is Christ; and blessed is he who, after having played the prodigal in the far country, turns to look at and to trust in him.

There is a want which follows the loss of objects loved, the want experienced by the desolate, the want which breaks the heart. Washington Irving touchingly describes an Irish lady, whose betrothed had perished on the scaffold for a political offence. "The most delicate and cherishing attentions," he says, "were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her love. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity which scathe and scorch the soul, which penetrate to the vital seat of happiness and so blast it that it never again puts forth bud or blossom. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

Yet there is One who is the healer of hearts as crushed as that, who can supply want which, gulf-like, yawns as fearfully, and still anguish as piteous in its wail or its silence. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." And, besides, there is another want—the want which follows the waste of religious privileges, the abuse of Divine knowledge, the misspending of gospel opportunities. There is the want of feeling in this life, and the want of mercy in the next. That want can never be met. "For if we sin wilfully after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins; but a certain fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries. He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses. Of how much sorer punishment suppose ye shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under-foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant,

wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace?" "Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me; for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: they would none of my counsel; they despised all my reproof. Therefore, shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices." Let every reader tremble at the thought of incurring that most terrible want—the want of salvation in eternity, through its rejection in time.

THE MIDNIGHT PRAYER ON THE SHORE.

It was late in the evening of a calm and beautiful summer's day, in the month of July, 18—, and the last boats were dimly seen down the river, and the timed dip of their oars could be heard, as they came nearer and nearer towards the point of landing, at the little town of ——, in South Wales. The boats in question were returning from a bay, where the river we have referred to joins the sea, about three miles' distance from the town. They were full of happy family parties, who had been spending the day on the sands, as is the wont of hundreds during the season, to enjoy the sea-breezes, and the bathing, and the merry pic-nic on the grass. And happy were those parties now, for the chorus of song rose clear in the distance, and was echoed from the steep rocks, where the river between O—— and St —— is forced into a narrower and deeper channel. Rarely in that part of the country is any song heard, except one of the "songs of Zion;" and on this occasion, the refrain that rose so sweetly over the full and flowing tide, from those free voices, was the well-known simple strain:—

"Oh, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more."

The leading part of this touching little hymn, "Children and parents will be there," etc., some one or two female voices sang alone; then, at the chorus, the rest joined, including the boatmen, who unconsciously timed their oars to the measure. Thus their tones of heaven-directed praise had beguiled, in various hymns, the whole passage homeward. The strains of sacred song commenced as they steered off from the little creek of P—— for the bar, where the sea, at its confluence with the river, is roughest, and the passage often perilous. This evening it was not so; but the full-tide waves, unbroken, swept inwards with a far-stretching swell. The melody ceased not as they floated swiftly past the sand-banks; and as night approached, and they were now arrived in view of the town, where the rich meadows on either side reached to the water's edge, still the hymn just mentioned, in more emphatic, hopeful utterance, was sustained. At length they are at the quay, and preparing to land.

But that quay is crowded with an unwonted throng; and shrill and eager voices hail those boats as they reach the landing: "Are Mr.——'s two little girls, H. and E., in the boats?" "No." "Not with you?—not in either of the boats?" "No." "Have they not returned?" one female voice exclaimed; "I saw them, just after tea, proceeding towards the rocks with the servant, and they told me they intended returning by land in the cool of the evening, and they *must* be home by this time." That home was not far off. *They had not arrived.* Their parents had clung to hope till the last arrival of the boats, yet not without misgivings and sad fears, for the servant had received strict injunctions to leave early, and to *walk* home. But evening came, and dusk followed, and they had not arrived; and now the mother, father, and other relatives and friends, were assembled on the quay; and anxiously had they gazed and listened as those boats came near. The missing ones were not there, and it was certain no boat was left behind. The mother sunk fainting in her husband's arms, and a feeling of despair possessed all who were there—a feeling none were willing to utter, though it was impossible to shut out the terrible thought that both servant and children had ere now found a watery grave.

A whisper of awful import passed from one to another, though carefully kept from the parents. After landing, one, who had seen the children, mentioned that they had, along with the servant, made their way on the sand till they reached a rock, which was of easy ascent on one side, while it fell abrupt and steep on the other. They had climbed up this rock, which had a flat surface on the top, and had seated themselves to watch the waves and the setting sun. The boatman, who mentioned this, said it was then early, and the tide had made no visible progress near them. He had not doubted but that, as they knew the tide was coming in, they would have re-descended, and walked off on the sand; for it was not possible to make the ascent to the higher ground from the place where they stood. His own boat was in a creek further out in the bay, and the high crags between would have prevented him, while rowing out to sea, from seeing them, supposing they had remained on the rock. But he had now his fears that they had lingered too long, and that the tide flowing with a fast current had cut off their escape. This was his terrible surmise; and it was uttered by

that rough sailor with a feeling he could ill control; for those children were well known in that little town, and their parents much respected. Alas! his fears were but too true! The children, and the maid who had charge of them, had been left on the rock, and the tide had made their retreat impossible. But the whole awful truth of their fate none was willing to admit, even in imagination; and it was resolved by the sailors, and the numbers now assembled, that they should form themselves into parties to proceed some in boats, some with torches along the shore, and two other bands by each of the roads along which those little girls, now despaired of, *could* return, if yet alive.

It was determined that all should meet from their different routes on the northern shore of the bay, and that they should signal any intelligence by grouping their torches together. The speed of the boats, though they were manned by seamen who had eagerly offered themselves, was not equal to that of their late passage homewards. The tide still ran up strongly, and night compelled them to proceed with caution where the river winded in narrower channels. As they make round the jutting point beyond which the view opens full to the sea, the flicker of torchlights dispersed along the shore and the fields, conveys the sad certainty that hitherto none of the parties had met with success. The hollow roar of the land surf is now audible, and its sound fills each heart with quailing; only at intervals a word is spoken, and the oars are swiftly and vigorously plied. The parties on shore are seen to be gradually verging to their point of meeting. It is past midnight, and they have reached by different routes the spot fixed on near the rocks, and *without success.* The anguish of the father and mother is now that of despair. Each band had kept up signals and calls as they came along. Those inland had stopped at every cottage, and waked up the inhabitants. In vain, the children had not been seen that evening, and none had any tidings to give of them.

There stand the assembled groups on the shore, joined, at length, by the seamen from the boats, with torches in their hands, now of no further use, for their search has been vain. The waves roll to their feet, and the mariner who had seen the children late that afternoon notes with an anguish he dares not utter, that the rock they had climbed is *now* invisible, and swept over by each towering wave; and he thinks with horror of the youthful ones he had beheld not many hours before, when, all unconscious of danger, their gaze was fixed on the setting sun.

At length, without apprising the father of their motive, it is proposed by some of the party that they should all ascend the upland at the part where the sand-banks join on to the rocks, and make a circuit, so as to avoid the intermediate creeks, and come down upon the point of cliff immediately over the rock we have already mentioned. They again disperse and singly climb the steeper ground, the father and mother with no hope left them, and all the rest, still more ominously silent and despairing. They reach at last the higher ground; they make forward eagerly for the point marked. Their torches had become embarrassing in the ascent, and were thrown away. The night is at its darkest point, though the sky is without cloud; and the roar of the breakers is unintermitted. The brother is the first to gain the height above the rock, and eagerly does he bend his gaze downwards and shout, though with no hope of answer. Yet it is so—can it really be so? Did he not perceive the flutter, as of something white, far below him? Others now are on the spot, and they, too, fancy there are objects in the dark beneath, betwixt them and the sea. The brother has descended with some difficulty nearer, and more follow, and they then see distinctly human forms, though prostrate, and they cry out, frantic with fear and joy, and listen, and at length catch the answer of living voices! They are there, they are all alive; and though not able to climb up further, they are beyond the reach of the waves. Yes, the children were on their knees in prayer and thanksgiving!

It had happened to them even as the mariner had foreboded, that they had been encompassed by the tide, though he had not conceived the faintest hope that any effort of theirs could accomplish an escape by climbing the rocks above them. Since that time the writer has attempted and achieved the ascent, but with a painful sense of the peril and the apparent impossibility of escape which must have presented itself to the children and their attendant. And what had been the gloom and suffering to them of that night!

They had not, it was subsequently ascertained, become aware, till too late, that the waves, which came in so gradually, swept past the rock on which they were seated, watching the departure of boat after boat out into the bay, and then inwards across the bar. They fancied that on descending from the eminence they should find the flood below quite shallow, and proceeded at last to make the attempt. Alas! they were taught it was hopeless. With difficulty the servant, who let herself down first, regained her footing, and reached the former position. And now their agony may be imagined. The very remembrance of that moment must afterwards have been like an awful, horrible dream. They cried out and tried to make signals to those on

the sands, who were now in different groups preparing to move homewards. None of these happened to notice them. Jutting headlands of rock interrupted the view from the nearest of these parties, and the sea had flowed in so far that those on the beach were too distant to hear any sound. Boat after boat had crossed the bar homewards to the left. The sun had set—their last vision of him, as seemed now but too probable. The night came on; but this was nothing, for their whole gaze was intent upon the approach of each wave, to mark how fast the sea was rising, and to see if the ledge of rock they stood on was likely to be covered. To be covered! poor helpless ones, the spray was even now flung in their faces; each few minutes the flood of the wave was higher, and no long time could ensue before they they should find it at their level. They looked upward. They could not now discern objects clearly; but they knew there was no escape.

One resource only remained to them on that rock—alone with the sea—alone with the night—alone with impending death; but also, as they tried to think, under the eye of God! *They knelt on that rock to pray!* These little girls—one of them eight years old, the other six—they knelt with the servant, and the elder of them, while tears of hopeless agony streamed down their faces, offered up a simple prayer, such as a child could frame, for help and deliverance. The spray now covered them with wet, and each wave came nearer the edge on which they stood; and another higher billow, breaking in part over the rock, filled them with horror. They hold each other's hands to keep on their feet, and instinctively try to gain one step higher on the sloping crag above them. They now try another step and another, the servant aiding and supporting them. The trial serves them for more effort. They persevere; and are beyond the waves for a time. They have hope to wait there safe till the morning. But the higher rising of the sea forces them to make more difficult trials to hold by the rock, and, fixing their feet in the crevices, to gain some safer point. In this they succeed once more, and with faintness and fear, and bleeding hands, they have reached a spot where the waves come not. Long before any voice greets them, the rock they had lingered on was swept over by the sea flood, and lost from view; but their prayer had been heard; and when their brother saw them, those children were on their knees in thanksgiving!

Full joyfully they were embraced by parents and brother; and the tear of joy was wept not by these alone, but by the others whose suspense and fears had become almost in an equal degree excited—fears were exchanged for gladness! The seamen present could not control their emotions; and all felt, in gazing upon these children, and upon the sea beneath, and the steep height they had climbed, that their deliverance was an answer to their midnight prayer on the shore.

They were soon borne in arms up the steep, and raised above the rocks, and then to the boat. It was dawn when they reached the town, and crowds on the quay had lingered hour after hour for the result. The mother's joy we may not attempt to express. In conclusion, it may interest the reader to know that both these little girls, after a few years, gave themselves "to the Lord and to his people," and became useful in the church of Christ; and in the inculcations of piety to the young, they must doubtless, at times, have enforced them by the reminiscences of that night of peril, of prayer, and of rescue.

"Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Psalm lxi. 2.

CHINESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

THE ORGAN.

"And his brother's name was Jubal: he was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ."—*Gen.* iv. 21.

THE mention of these two musical instruments as having had their origin at so early a period in the history of mankind, renders their nature and character a subject of interesting inquiry; but in attempting to answer any question which might be asked about them, we can gather no assistance from the context; neither does the etymology of their names in the original afford us any certain clue to guide us in our research. But tradition comes to our aid, and tells us that the *kinnor* was a harp or guitar, and the *huggab* an instrument composed of several reeds. This we may call the common opinion, which it is not our intention to disturb, but to show rather that it is well founded, and in alliance with several circumstances which are worthy of our observation.

In our researches we have not been able to detect the type of the guitar in any of the ancient monuments of China; but the Chinese have in present use three instruments of this kind, which doubtless had their representative in some old instrument of rough construction. This may have resembled a rude guitar which the Africans construct by the employment of a few slips of iron and a piece of board. Some years ago, while at Rio Janeiro, the writer saw a negro occupied in tuning one of these primitive items of instrumental music. The slips of iron were attached by one end to a piece of board, while the other was made to pass over a bridge of the same metal, and was left free to vibrate

when struck by the performer. These slips of iron were of different lengths, and consequently gave out tones of a different pitch or elevation. A cocoa-nut shell was fastened to the under side of the sounding board, to impart volume and strength to the sounds. A negro was very busy in adjusting the length of the slips of iron, so as to render the tuning agreeable to his own ear, which seemed to be the sole umpire as to what was harmonious or otherwise. He had brought the hint from his native country, and sought to beguile the solitary hours of bondage with reminiscences, which this poor specimen of his native land would naturally call up and foster.

It would be no extravagant flight of fancy to suppose that the first essays of Jubal at the harp were as humble as the above. Two or three bits of iron or brass, when attached to a piece of board, were probably discovered to utter a pleasing sound. It might farther be noticed, that if two or more were struck together, the result, being harmonious, was still more pleasing. Thus lowly was possibly the origin of instrumental music. It is remarkable that the arts of smithery were invented at the same time, so that Jubal would have only to go into his brother's workshop to find materials for experiment.

In our picture, the Meaon-tsze, or aboriginal inhabitants of China, are represented with the *săng*, an instrument which is composed of several reeds, so adjusted or proportioned in their respective lengths, as to utter an harmonious combination of sounds. The tones of the instrument are remarkably sweet, and would justify the meaning of huggab, "the sweet," were we to suppose that the săng was invented by Jubal.

If we examine the instrument somewhat in detail, we shall perceive that it has the essential features of the organ. We have the pipes, the wind-chest, and the tube for establishing a communication between the bellows and that part. The mouth of the performer supplies the place of bellows. It is not, therefore, improperly named an organ, since it is obviously that instrument in its rudimentary state. The ingenious part of the contrivance is out of sight, being hid within the wind-chest. One side of each tube is parted off, and the space supplied by a small plate of thin brass. In the middle of this plate a tongue is cut out, so as only to be attached by one end. On the back of the plate stands a small stud, which, by resisting the air that sweeps over it, occasions a vibratory motion in the tongue. The vibration of the tongue produces a corresponding vibration in the column of air within the tube, and hence the sound, which is proportioned to the length of that tube. This little tongue corresponds also with the *languette* in our organ pipes, and bears a name of precisely the same import in the Chinese language. This is therefore another feature that identifies the organ of the Meaon-tsze, and, as we think, of Jubal, with the most magnificent instrument of modern times.

"My harp also is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep." (Job xxx. 31.) In this passage the harp and the organ occur together, and in the same order as in Genesis. This is an indirect proof of the high antiquity of the book of Job, which might have escaped us had we not been diligently occupied in considering what appear to be only passing allusions, for the purpose of showing that Chinese customs throw light upon many things in the word of God. We learn from this affecting description which Job gives of himself, that the harp and the organ were the signs of rejoicing, the unfailing accompaniments of festivities and natural rejoicing.

"And, lo! thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but they do them not." (Ezek. xxxiii. 32.) The original words refer to the two instruments of which we have been speaking, and may be thus rendered: "And, lo! thou art unto them as the song or pealing harmony of the organ, like one who hath a lovely voice, and can play skilfully upon the harp." If our view of this passage be correct, we have an allusion to the practice of accompanying the voice with the harp or guitar. The tones of the prophet's voice were as soft, sweet, and melting as the notes of the organ, when three harmonious sounds flow into each other; his elocution was as exact and delightful in modulation and rhythm as the strains of the minstrel, who blended his song with warblings of the harp or the lute. What a charming account is this of the holy man's eloquence, and what an obvious reason was there why they should come to listen. How many there be in these days of pulpit eloquence who delight in hearing the pleasant voice, the well-turned periods, and the ready utterance of some popular preacher, while their minds, as to every principle of true godliness, are as dark as midnight!

"And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps." (Rev. xiv. 2.) The choral strains of the happy throng are here compared to the sound of many waters, and to the thunder that peals in repercussive echoes among the clouds of heaven. In this sublime description we see the harp is sounded as an accompaniment to the voice, which is in conformity with what is said in several of the psalms, and with what seems to be the meaning of the

passage quoted from Ezekiel. The guitar or harp has from time immemorial been yoked to the ode, which was at first essentially a song of praise. When the harp is summoned to join in a song by the sweet singer of Israel, it is to praise God. The harpers described by John had a song of praise, and an epinicium or hymn of victory at the same time to accompany with their golden harps. May it be the reader's happy privilege to swell throughout eternity the hymn of heavenly praise, and to strike the lyre as a conqueror through the blood of the Lamb.

INGENUITY IN DOING GOOD.

Among many interesting meetings, (says a recent report of the Bible Society,) that at Witchampton was especially so; and though it is surprising that a sum of 60*l.* should be annually sent in free contributions from a rural parish, numbering not more than six hundred inhabitants, yet some of the items read in the report of the association show how this is done. Many hands and many hearts were engaged in producing this result, and few, I believe, are to be found in the parish who do not take some part in the work. A parrot, with a box attached to his cage, had collected thirty shillings. A poor labouring man, who cultivated a quarter of an acre of allotment ground, sent a little packet to the meeting containing two shillings, with the words, "Thank offering to God for a good crop of oats and potatoes last year." An intelligent young man, who had occupied himself during the winter in teaching a night school, sent the proceeds of his labours, amounting to above ten shillings, received in weekly pence: while even the poor children from a gipsy school in the neighbourhood sent their halfpence to aid in providing the bread of life. In the adjoining parish of Stanbridge, too, a poor blind man, who has had portions of the sacred volume from the society, collected seventy-six farthings; and another friend sent ten shillings as the produce of her industrious bees. It is in this way that two small parishes, containing together not a thousand persons, send little short of 100*l.* annually in free-will offerings to the Bible Society. With such friends, and such offerings, you will not wonder that our great work continues to prosper in Dorsetshire.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

GOD'S GLORY IN THE FIRMAMENT.

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."—*Psalm* xix. 1—4.

THE Creator of heaven and earth has many voices wherewith he hath spoken to man. Powerful and full of majesty, his tones have gone forth in the diapason of the thunder, or the stormy wind that shakes the wilderness, and breaks the cedars in their strength. (Ps. xxix. 5, 8.) Or modulated anew, the voice of the Lord has been heard as the gentle "sound of many waters," or in the tones of the tenderest human friendship, saying, "It is I; be not afraid." In king David's noble poem, from which we have taken the passage at the head of our chapter, we have yet another form of speech, which is used by God to man. The heavens are gifted with distinct utterances to declare the glory of God; night showeth the knowledge of its varied beauties to its succeeding night, while the clear gorgeous day speaketh unto day, and joins the joyful song of the morning stars, in praise of the King and the Creator of the universe. These voices of the firmament are neither sparing in their tones, nor limited in their range.

> "There's not the smallest orb that we behold,
> But in its motion like an angel sings."

There is no speech nor language where they may not be heard, and understood, for their accents are those of the universal language of the heart and soul. They spoke to the first man, and the first woman, while yet they gazed upward in the perfect love which casteth out fear, as well as when they heard the voice of the Lord walking in the garden, and were afraid. Through succeeding ages they have spoken, to Chaldean shepherds, to Hebrew prophets, to crowned and throned monarchs, to watchers on the house-tops, to sages in their retirement, to rustics in their cottage homes. They have spoken, but have men heard, and listened, and answered, and obeyed?

To the angels or inhabitants of unfallen planets, if perchance permitted to hear and see what is passing on the earth, nothing can be more startling and incongruous than the willing deafness of man, to every tone of his Maker's voice. Let his fellow man speak authoritatively from a throne or a tribune, and with what eagerness he catches every syllable! let his fellowman speak in the tones of love and friendship, and they become part and parcel of his very being; but when the only voice speaks, that nothing can silence, the voice of God, that if not heard in time, must be listened to in eternity, men turn away in sullen or careless disregard. Nor is the voice of the heavens, though speaking in the gentle power of their exceeding beauty, exempted from this strange indifference. Nay, even those who have listened with reverence to God's voice in revelation, think it no shame to be ignorant of the meaning, and deaf to the sounds, of God's voice in his glorious works.

It is true that astronomers with their magic tubes have discovered new glories in the heavens —it is true that geometricians have weighed and measured the distant orbs, and calculated the spot and the time of the unseen planet, and the erratic comet—it is true that lovers and sentimentalists watch, and poetize, and admire; but unless the Creator is "remembered" in his works, unless the declarations of his glory are listened to, unless some practical effect is produced by the recognised beauty, all the intellect, and sentiment, and admiration of men, is but little better than the idolatry which worshipped the sun and the moon and the host of heaven.

One of the old Jewish traditions tells us that as Abraham was walking by night from the grotto where he was born to the city of Babylon, he gazed on the stars of heaven, and amongst them on the beautiful planet Venus. "Behold," said he within himself, "the Lord and God of the universe;" but the star set and disappeared, and Abraham felt that the great God could not be thus liable to change. Shortly after, he beheld the moon at the full. "Lo, he cried, "the Divine Creator, manifold Deity;" but the moon sunk below the horizon, and Abraham made the same reflection as at the setting of the evening star. All the rest of the night he passed in profound meditation. At sunrise he stood before the gates of Babylon, and saw the whole people prostrate in adoration. "Wondrous orb," he exclaimed, "thou surely art the creator and ruler of all nature; but then too thou hastest like the rest to thy setting! Neither then art thou my Lord, my Creator, and my God." Unless we are looking beyond the science and the beauty of the creation, unless we are looking "from nature up to nature's God," the stars will set and disappear, leaving us in the ignorance, darkness, and solitude, of intellectual idolatry.

The contemplation and study of the material heavens ought to bring the glory of God, not as a mere word to our ears, or a vision to our eyes, but as a treasure to our hearts, a help to our lives. He hath made his works "to be remembered," but if we forget them in the bustle of the workshop, or the frivolity of the drawing-room, we are marring his blessed and condescending design; he hath made them to be "sought out of all them that have pleasure therein," but if we think, know, seek no more of them, than the casual admiration of "a lovely night," or a fashionable volume upon their wonders, we condemn ourselves as being among those who have no pleasure in the works of God. In another psalm of the inspired Hebrew bard, he mentions it as part of the work of the Lord's "saints," that they shall "make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom," but if we are blind and deaf and silent as to the visible acts of creation, we are robbing the Lord of part of the "glorious majesty of his kingdom," which is a material, as well as an invisible and spiritual one; and we thus lose an influence over the hearts and consciences of unspiritual men. The spirit of God speaking by his youthful servant Elihu used no other means of convincing the rebellious Job of his iniquity, than by sending him to study the material works of God.

It is related of Bonaparte, that during his voyage to Egypt, he was one night on deck with a party of French philosophers. Wishing to suit their conversation to his supposed infidel principles, they entered into various arguments against the existence of a God. "That is all very well, gentlemen," said Napoleon at last, with a mournful look, "*but who made all that?*" pointing to the beautiful star-lit heavens.

Does the contemplation of those glorious creations, which pure and lovely as they appear are yet "not clean" (Job xv. 15) in the sight of a holy God, leave us unhumbled by a deeper sense of our own sinfulness, in such piercing and intense vision? Are we as easily overborne with sordid cares? as excited with the

> "fretful stir,
> "Unprofitable, and the fever of the world?"

As prone to its bitternesess, its self-importance, its conventionalities, after drinking in the beauty of God's works, after tracing the design, the skill, the care, the power, the greatness of Him who is both the king of glory, and our Father who is in heaven? Ah, if it is thus with us, we have gazed with filmy eyes, we have listened with closed ears, the beauty has been for us created in vain.

When gazing through some giant telescope, we see the "lunar Apennines," the burning volcanoes, the stony seas,* the rugged valleys which compose the fair placid moon; when we learn that the twinkling planet, which seems but as a glittering pin-point, is a globe 90,000 miles in diameter; that the sun, of whom coming and going we speak so familiarly, and often so complainingly, is 900,000 miles in diameter; that each of the minute lamps—numberless as the sands of the shore, which burn with a fixed, though tiny flame, is a sun surrounded by a planetary system, perhaps of the same magnitude as our own; when we thus people infinite space, with stars and suns and planets, the knowledge is of no avail to us, unless we make sure that the God of these immensities is our God and our guide even unto death.

A little girl once said that she thought the stars were holes cut in heaven "*to let the glory through!*" However far the definition from astronomical truth, these childish words convey something of the moral use, which we have been endeavouring briefly to inculcate. The next clear and shining night that we look abroad, and see "the moon walking in her brightness," when we gaze upon Orion, and Pleiades, and "the chambers of the south," and admire the spirit's garniture of the heavens, (see Job xxvi. 13,) let us take heed that we are opening our hearts to the glorious influences which they are intended to convey—that we are in short, "letting the glory through," upon our grateful and adoring souls.

II.

"For by him [the Son of God], were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him."—*Col.* i. 16.

Upon the question at present agitating scientific circles, as to the plurality of worlds, we have neither time nor ability to enter in any scientific manner, although the arguments in its favour, drawn of course principally from analogy, are well worthy of study, by every intelligent mind. The assertions of the non-existence of inhabitants in any regions save those of our tiny earth, seem to us to savour slightly of the self-conceit of the Chinese sage, who was indignant at the malconformation of a British map of the world, because, in his opinion, China ought to have occupied the whole centre of the map, and all the other kingdoms to be in very small patches around it!

* Many tracts of the moon's surface receive the inappropriate name of "seas," from their *comparative* smoothness, although in reality rough and uneven ground. The Mare Imbrium, the Oceanus Procellarum, and the Mare Serenitatis, are amongst the principal ones; the latter covers the same space as the British islands.

An ancient philosopher (Metrodorus)* said that it was as absurd to place but one world in this infinite space, as to suppose that only one blade of grass could flourish in an immense field.

The arguments which prove, or appear to prove, a plurality of inhabited worlds, are certainly those which give most glory to their Creator. Comparatively a small declaration of this glory would the heavens have to proclaim, were his creative power so limited, his goodness so partial, his workmanship so defective, as to have but one small globe in a state of perfection, all the other gigantic ones vacant of life, or marred in the construction;† "created in vain." because not formed to be inhabited. Isaiah xlv. 18. It may give, indeed, a little added and selfish glory to man, to consider himself the only type of living and breathing intelligence in the universe, but who would not rather be without the petty distinction, so that the Creator be not robbed of *his* glory.

The passage from the New Testament which we have quoted above, gives a deeper significance to the great facts of creation. Those who follow in humble faith, the career of our blessed Lord from the cradle and the manger of Bethlehem to the Jordan—to the home at Bethany—to the silver Kedron and its hours of solitary prayer—to the garden of Gethsemane—to the cross—to the tomb—to his glorious ascent from Olivet—to his second coming in glory and in judgment—have not done all; they have not meditated on the Saviour in his glorious fulness. We are too apt to forget that Christ the Saviour, was also Christ the Creator; that the hand which was afterwards pierced for us, "spanned the heavens and parted the night;" that the arm which wrought salvation, made the satellites, and planets, and suns, and comets, and nebulous clusters. Does not this add a new glory to the heavens? does it not give a more tender and familiar grace to their beauty? Not the Lord God Jehovah, in his offended or unapproachable majesty, but the God-man, who, even in those distant cycles, had planned the sacrifice. He was to make for the unborn inhabitants of the unborn planets, the "Man of Sorrows," the "Elder Brother,"—the "Friend born for adversity:" it was he who made the worlds; who gave the heavens their commission to declare the glory of God.

We are told that not only were all things created *by* the Lord Jesus Christ, but that all things were created *for* him. Shall we believe that He whose intense love was unto death, could be contented with the proprietorship of huge empty worlds, or with the mere glitter of shining fragments, or "lumps which have flown from the potter's wheel of the Great Worker; the shread-coils which in the working sprang from his mighty lathe; the curls of vapour which arose from the great caldron of creation when its elements were separated?"* Shall we believe that He who so emphatically declared to his disciples that God was not a God of the dead, but of the living, will be satisfied with the dead materials of a universe, and confine the life in which he delights to the lease of a solitary speck of clay? Rather would we believe with the eloquent *pluralist* philosopher, "Wherever there is matter there must be life; life physical to enjoy its beauties, life moral to worship its Maker, and life intellectual to proclaim his wisdom and his power."†

The lessons of God's glory which we drink in from the instructing heavens, must not only teach us of the past and the present; they must lift our minds and our hearts forward to the future. As it has been said, "the stars ought to suggest a welcome change of country." When we gaze upon those bright abodes, our spirits sometimes long for "wings like the dove," that they may flee away and explore their mysteries, and rest in their calm regions. The time will come when our yearnings shall be satisfied; when the new earth and the renovated heavens shall declare, with a still more jubilant voice, the glory of their Creator; when all sin, and ignorance, and blindness, and deafness, shall be taken out of the creation which they have marred; when all the redeemed—gathered from how many worlds we know not—shall be like Christ in his glorious beauty, "for they shall see him as he is." Whether like the angels we shall be able to "fly swiftly," or like the Saviour after his resurrection, move through space noiseless and invisible (see John xx. 19, 26), we know not, but of this we may be certain, that all mysteries will then be opened to our rejoicing intellects; that the suns, and the moons, and the planets, will be familiar ground to our exploring footsteps, and that every fresh discovery of power, and wisdom, and beauty, will call forth a fresh burst of the "new song," the adoring hosannas of which will unite the cadences of the heart, and the soul, and the intellect.

One lesson we would fain draw from the subject of our thoughts at this time. It is not said that the heavens declare the glory of God to the learned only, or to the noble with costly instruments, or to those at leisure and at ease, or to the sage who can make it the business of his life to learn and to listen. Many are so

* See Breen's "Planetary Worlds."
† See Essay on the "Plurality of Worlds."

* See Essay on the "Plurality of Worlds."
† "More Worlds than One." By Sir D. Brewster.

bewildered with what they suppose are the requirements of astronomy, that, as their portion of time, and means, and intellect, is perhaps small, they are exempted they think from the obligation, or rather debarred from the privilege, of hearing and answering the heavenly voices; that as they cannot learn much, they need learn nothing. But it is only the gifts and the possessions of men that are churlishly granted, or needlessly limited, or kept from the lowly and given to the lofty. The kingdom of nature, like the kingdom of grace, is thrown open to the poor as well as to the rich, for there is no distinction of persons there. Why should not the mechanic in his hours of rest, the weaver at his little window, the labourer in his solitary cot on the hill-side, and their children in their cottage homes, be taught, or teach themselves, enough to take away the film from their eyes, and the stuffing from their ears?

It is true that every shepherd boy, though he study the stars in the sky by night, and in a book by day, may not turn out a JAMES FERGUSON, who, afterwards an eminent astronomer, used to go into the fields from the hard labours of the day, "with a blanket about him, and a lighted candle," and there laying himself down on his back, pursued for long hours his observations on the heavenly bodies. "I used to stretch," says he, "a thread with small beads on it at arm's-length, between my eye and the stars; sliding the beads upon it till they hid such and such stars from my eye, in order to take their apparent distances from one another, and then, laying the thread down on the paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads." It is true that every weaver may not be like a THOMAS SIMPSON, who taught himself to read by stealth, against his father's express prohibition, and whose attention being much excited by a remarkable eclipse of the sun, in 1724, he commenced the study of the stars, and mathematics, with such diligence that in the course of years he became an eminent author and a profound mathematician. It is true that every labourer cannot say with CLEANTHES, an ancient but poverty-stricken philosopher, "I draw water, and do any other kind of work that presents itself, that I may give myself up to philosophy, without being a burden to any one." Nor is it desirable that it should be so. We require our artisans, and our mechanics, and our labourers; their position has the beauty of usefulness, and the nobility of independence. But a love and a knowledge of at least the elements of astronomy and other sciences, if pursued with an eye to the glory of God, instead of the glory of man, will be a new means of instruction, a new sense of enjoyment, a new lever to elevate the working man, and also his fellows; for no man raises himself alone; the very fact that he has done so is a helping hand to others.

We shall conclude our observations by the following striking passage from Dr. Chalmers' "Astronomical Discourses." "Think it not enough that you carry in your bosom an expanding sense of the magnificence of creation. But pray for a subduing sense of the authority of the Creator. Think it not enough, that with the justness of a philosophical discernment you have traced that boundary which hems in all the possibilities of human attainment, and have found that all beyond it is a dark and fathomless unknown. But let this modesty of science be carried, as in consistency it ought, to the question of revelation and let all the antipathies of nature be schooled to acquiesce in the authentic testimonies of the Bible. Think it not enough, that you have looked with sensibility and wonder at the representation of God throned in immensity, yet combining, with the vastness of his entire superintendence, a most thorough inspection into all the minute and countless diversities of existence. Think of your own heart as one of these diversities of existence; and that He ponders all its tendencies; and has an eye upon all its movements; and marks all its waywardness; and God of judgment as he is, records its every secret, and its every sin, in the book of his remembrance. Above all, forget not, that while you only hear and are delighted, you are still under nature's powerlessness and nature's condemnation—and that the foundation is not laid, the mighty and essential change is not accomplished, the transition from death unto life is not undergone, the saving faith is not formed, nor the passage taken from darkness to the marvellous light of the gospel, till you are both hearers of the word and doers also. 'For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass; for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was.'"

AN INDIAN ANECDOTE WITH ITS LESSONS.

A CERTAIN Indian king, named Dabshelim, had a library so large that one hundred Brahmins were required to keep it in order, and to transport it from place to place the prince was obliged to employ a thousand dromedaries. But unable to read so vast a number of volumes, Dabshelim one day ordered his hundred Brahmins to make an abstract of this entire library, compressing in as small a space as possible the substance and quintessence of all his books, to lighten and simplify his studies.

These learned men, therefore, set to work with the most commendable ardour, and yet it took them full twenty years to complete the task. But at the end of that period they had so condensed the royal library as to bring to their sovereign an encyclopedia of twelve thousand volumes on the backs of thirty stout and patient camels.

On humbly laying them before Dabshelim, the learned Brahmins were not a little chagrined at his indignant remonstrance. "Thirty camel-loads of volumes!" exclaimed the king; "why how can I or any man read twelve thousand volumes? Away! abridge more slashingly, compress more unsparingly: put out all repetitions, all that is useless, impertinent, or hurtful, and come again.

The puzzled Brahmins again set to work, and reduced the thirty camel-loads of books to fifteen. Being again dismissed, the little encyclopedia of fifteen loads, after a long effort, sunk to ten, then to four, then to two. "Try again," ordered Dabshelim, and so they did, till in the end a library that had loaded a thousand dromedaries was so expurgated of redundant, useless, and deleterious matter, that the poor patient Brahmins brought it all back on one solitary mule.

But, alas! brief is the life of man; and as some forty years had been spent in this work of relentless abridgment, Dabshelim felt himself already an old man, and declared to his Brahmins that he saw no prospect of living long enough to read and study even so much as they had left; for what *they* deemed the marrow of his huge library still formed a burden for a stout mule; "and I will not," said the king, "waste the remnant of my days upon it till all of it that is worthless shall be thoroughly swept away."

"Oh, sultan!" at last exclaimed one of his attendants, "I will pledge myself to produce so brief an abstract of this library that thou shalt read it through in one short minute, and yet find matter enough to serve for reflection throughout the rest of thy life."

Dabshelim graciously assenting, this attendant took up a palm-leaf, and with a golden style wrote upon it, among a few other moral counsels, the following sentences:—

"The major portion of what mortals call science is comprised in one single word—*perhaps*: and mankind's entire history requires no more than three terms—*born, afflicted, dead.*"

"O king! O peoples! it can never be too often repeated to you, though the half-witted venture to doubt this truth, that there is no happiness without virtue, and no virtue without the fear of God."

Such is the story of Dabshelim, the Indian sultan, and that of his notable library of the thousand dromedaries. And now, my dear reader, what does this story teach? All our reading ought to subserve the best interests of the human mind and heart; and a story without a moral is like a porch without a temple, a parable without a meaning, or a mirror without light. The story of Dabshelim may suggest a few useful and edifying thoughts.

1. How very small is the real, unquestionable knowledge possessed by man. Sir Isaac Newton has said, "that the entire substance of our globe might be crammed into a nutshell." It is 25,000 miles round, and nearly 8,000 in diameter, so that a ship sailing round it in a direct line, at the rate of twelve knots an hour, that is, 288 miles a day, would require little less than 87 days to complete the circumnavigation; and yet that great British sage states his belief that our whole terraqueous globe might be so compressed as to lie in a nutshell.

And might not the great world of books—if we take out of them all repetitions, all false principles, all injurious thoughts, and all doubtful speculations—lie in a space immeasurably smaller than even a nut? Instead of loading a thousand dromedaries, fifteen camels, or a single mule, the grasshopper might bear the feathery burden, and spring a yard or two beneath it. Yet,

2. Guided by the holy and infallible word of God, which is "able to make us wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus," the plainest Christian mind possesses more science, more certainty, and a wider and more perfect range of vision than all the hundred Brahmins of sultan Dabshelim. There are three problems which the unaided light of nature, that is, the human intellect without the Bible, can never fully solve. "Is there but *one* God? Will he pardon sin? and if so, on what terms?" Creation, I own, proves there is *a* God, but not *one* God. It proves the existence of deity, but not of unity. As the Greenland pagan, before the arrival of the missionary of Christ, argued, "If my boat could not make itself how could the world?" so we argue still, and thus get at the world's holy Creator. But the same argument leads us further than we wish to go, and hence I believe that the mighty truth, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is *one* Lord," must repose on Divine revelation alone.

Again, will God pardon sin? and if so, on what conditions? Could the library of the Indian sultan, though a load for a thousand dromedaries, answer those questions? Never, and yet no other inquiry can so much concern man. Or if some foolish young man renounce his Bible, and try his unaided hand at those problems, can *he* solve them? As soon might the ant upset the Alps, as soon might the Egyptian

take the Nile in his hand, and lay it back in the springs of Abesh. The sceptic may talk big of God as "good and ready to pardon," but how does he *know?* By what right does *he* presume to judge? He can only guess; and oh! how daring to face an offended God confiding in a mere conjecture!

But God's holy word replies to both these questions, and that in unmistakable terms. It informs us both that he *will*, and how he *can*. Let us see: first, God *will* pardon. "I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord; wherefore turn yourselves and live ye. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" Is not that a blessed proof that Jehovah *is* ready to pardon?

Secondly, God lets us know most explicitly on what terms he *can* pardon. An absolute God, a God out of Christ, is the pagan's God, the Socinian's God, but not the Christian's God. Alas! I dare not come near him, for I am a sinner, and as such I require a *pacificator;* for I read that God "will by no means clear the guilty;" that is, except on the plan of salvation which he has so clearly laid down in the sacred oracles.

And what *is* that plan? Hear it. *Christ* "was wounded for *our* transgressions, *He* was bruised for *our* iniquities." "Christ, our passover, was sacrificed for *us*." We are justified by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have received the atonement. One text more for thee, my reader, and oh, *what* a text! Would that poor king Dabshelim had found it in *his* book! "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved." Lo, this is knowledge above all human attainment, apart from revelation—

"Above all Greek, above all Roman fame."

Let this endear to our heart that best of treasures, the holy word of God. A man may be poor as Lazarus, afflicted as Job, or even beg his bread like Belisarius, the degraded Roman general, and yet, if owner of a Bible, he may be wiser than Solon and richer than Crœsus. Of many fearful crimes is the papal church guilty, and may that apostate pale repent in time! But her slighting of God's holy book, that only fountain of saving truth, is itself her most daring heresy and the prolific parent of her sin, her error, and her ruin. God give us all grace to praise "the lively oracles," to show our love thereof by a daily use of the sacred guide; and since we trust in Christ as our Advocate in heaven, let us apply to him as our Teacher, and obey him as our Exemplar; thus following Jesus in *all* his threefold office, as our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

THE FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.*

THE 8th December, 1854, was a high day and a holiday in the Romish church. Rome herself was stirred up from the remotest of her seven hills in jubilant expectation. Before the dawn her population was all astir, and the peasantry, dressed in their holiday attire, poured in at the gates to swell the throng which, from all parts of the city, was already making its way towards the great basilica of St. Peter. The inhabitants were busy decking out the windows and balconies with stuffs of every texture and colour, from the gorgeous silks and velvets of the palace to the parti-coloured counterpane of the humble hostelry. The sun rose bright in an unclouded sky, turning into diamonds the drops of the last night's rain which fringed the eaves, and lighting up nature with a holiday air.

It is the Feast of the Conception: and who knows not that Rome has ever prided herself on the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, the Queen of Heaven? We remember that when cholera was first making its dread approach, "theological proof" was offered in the Roman pulpits that it *could* not enter the favoured city. When the scourge came nevertheless, the notices of infallible preservatives with which the walls were placarded spoke less confidently of spices and drugs to be purchased of the chemist, than of prayers and litanies to be recited to the Virgin; and when the plague was stayed, the visitors who again flocked into the city found her images lighted up with candles such as in size and number had never blazed beneath them before.

It is the Feast of the Conception: but there is something more—something to distinguish the present festival from its predecessors, and from the numberless other holidays with which the Romish calendar encourages idleness and baffles thrift. With eager curiosity the crowds throng the entrance to St. Peter's, where a plenary indulgence invites their attendance. Presently the swell of a distant chant announces that the procession is issuing from the Sistine chapel, and, in gorgeous state exceeding that of any temporal prince, the officials of the pontifical court defile down the magnificent Scala Regia. Behind them a silver cross is seen to gleam in the distance, and burning tapers, struggling with the day, shed a mistiness, rather than light, over the increasing splendour of the procession. The pastors of the orthodox Greek church (few and scanty are their flocks), conspicuous by their venerable beards and gorgeous costume, are followed by the Latin bishops, archbishops, and cardinals, in their robes of state and glittering mitres, two by two, each rising in rank and

* From the Quarterly Review for June.

dignity as they more nearly precede the golden canopy which announces the presence of the pontiff himself. The great doors, thrown open to receive the procession, show the interior of the church decked in its gala array. The chant (it is the Litany of the Saints) draws to a close as the pageant enters, and is gradually lost in the luminous haze and dim immensity of the building. The procession is long, the attendance of prelates very numerous; more than two hundred, some of whom are come from very distant lands, are said to be present; in other respects the pomp displayed is only what on great occasions is usual: as usual, too, the whole ceremony is more striking in description than in reality. Assuredly the pontifical "funzioni" are not calculated for the sentimental traveller. They cannot be seen without an amount of contrivance and forethought, and without an exertion of dexterity and physical strength which are destructive of all sentiment. Nor are they intended for the poor; the reserved places are numerous, the Swiss guards inflexible, the hedge of soldiers impenetrable. The ceremonies themselves have the defect of excessive length. On this 8th of December, though the procession entered the church soon after sunrise, it is a quarter past eleven before the last notes of the gospel, chanted first in Latin and then in Greek, as is usual at the papal mass, die away on the ear and are succeeded by a deep silence. Those who can see and those who know the programme are aware that "Cardinal Macchi (then in his eighty-sixth year), the dean of the sacred college, is approaching the steps of the papal throne," in order to make a solemn petition in the name of the church. "He is accompanied by a Greek and an Armenian bishop as his supporters and witnesses, together with the twelve senior archbishops of the western church, and the officers of the pontifical household who are the official witnesses of such important transactions." The pontiff answers favourably, but "calls on all to join him in first invoking the light and grace of the Holy Spirit." Accordingly the *Veni Creator Spiritus* is intoned. And again there is a silence deeper and more solemn than before. But even at the verge of the crowd there is or seems to be audible at moments a voice rendered tremulous by age or emotion. It ceases, and suddenly a movement among the spectators, rapid as electricity, makes us sensible that the tension is relaxed, the suspense is over, the cannon of St. Angelo, re-echoed by mortars in the streets, and the bells of all the churches, announce to the city and the world that some event of great interest to Christendom is consummated. And so it is. The pope, speaking "ex cathedrâ," has dogmatically defined the "Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary."

Religious Intelligence.

August 30th, 1855.

We are happy to have occasion, under our head of "Religious Intelligence," to refer to the visit of our beloved Queen to Paris. Our reference is to the tacit protest which was made by her Majesty against the profanation of the Lord's day in France. French people, speaking of them generally, have never received the idea of the Christian sabbath, and we are obliged to confess, with much humiliation, that we cannot exempt a very large share of the Protestant population from the reference we are now making. In a visit to Paris, the Queen of England is naturally the "observed of all observers," and her example would necessarily give the people of France a rare opportunity of understanding our views of the right manner of observing the day of the Lord. At a time when the great sabbath question excites so much interest at home, the example of the Queen of England has a significance which is historical, and it affords us great satisfaction to refer to that example as it is given in a report in the "Record." "The sabbath was spent by her Majesty in comparative, if not absolute, privacy. It was not simply to give the Queen a *jour de repos* after the fatigues of her journey, but, as we may believe, out of respect to her own religious feelings and those of her subjects, that she was not desired to mingle in the gaieties of a Parisian sabbath, but was permitted to pass the day in tranquillity." It is also very gratifying to find that the French journalists, instead of condemning the firmness of our Protestant Queen, have spoken of it with respect.

One of the most remarkable men in France, an extreme specimen of French atheism, several years ago, wrote a pamphlet on the sabbath, in which he, without believing the inspiration of the sacred Scriptures, advocates the observation of the sabbath as a day of rest, which he says is necessary to the morals and the health of a community. This man, infidel as he is, admits that Moses is "a very wise man," and constructs a very ingenious argument for the purpose of demonstrating the necessity of conforming to the law of Moses, which required the consecration of a seventh day to rest. Beyond this, our atheistical philosopher cannot go; but we accept his contribution to the claims of the sabbath as one of importance. It should be observed that the great question of the proper observance of the Lord's day is one which agitates the kingdom to its utmost limits, so that the example of the sovereign could never be regarded with more interest than at this juncture. A meeting has just been held in Belfast for the purpose of discussing the question of opening the water-works to the public after three o'clock on Sundays. At the close of the discussion, the votes of the commissioners were equally divided, and the casting vote of the chairman decided against the anti-sabbath party. In consequence of this determination, the latter placarded the town with announcements that on Sunday the water-works would be opened by "command of the people," and "under the direction of the liberal leaders," who adopted every means to urge their followers to attend *en masse*, with a view of trying the influence of a popular demonstration.

It was even recommended that a passage should be forced into the forbidden grounds. In consequence of these invitations, large mobs assembled and kept the town in a state of commotion during the whole of the Sunday afternoon. We are happy to add that this demonstration was ineffective, and that no attempt was made on the gates by the mob. The friends of the Lord of the sabbath should take part in this great struggle, and all who are "on the Lord's side," should lift up their banners in his name.

At the time when the residents in Paris and the visitors to that celebrated city were engrossed with the visit of our Queen, and the various public fêtes which that event occasioned, Paris was the gathering-place of evangelical Christians of all countries assembled to advance the growth of that "kingdom which can never be moved." The interest of this meeting was much enhanced by the circumstance that three of the sittings were held on the 24th, 25th, and 26th of August, the days of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, three hundred years ago. Alluding to this remarkable coincidence, the president observed: "Three centuries have passed away, and now an emperor Napoleon receives into his palace, as an honoured guest, the Protestant queen of a great Protestant nation; while we, descendants of the persecuted Christians of those days, are assembled in this capital to meet our co-religionists, not only of France, but of the whole world, and that without fear!" Dr. Grandpierre delivered to the members of the alliance an opening address, one passage of which we must give as illustrating the importance of this Christian *réunion*. He said, "Politicians in their cabinets, and artificers in their workshops have conceived and executed their industrial exhibitions, and we have seen gathered into one vast palace all the varied productions of human skill; while He whom all these things serve has inspired in us the thought and the desire to take advantage of this immense concourse of persons in our capital, by convening our evangelical conference which we are now delighted to inaugurate. It is instructive and agreeable and edifying to admire, assembled in as little space as possible, all that human knowledge has executed in art and science, and every branch of industry; how much more instructive, agreeable, and edifying is it to meet together to admire in the unity of the faith of Jesus Christ the varied gifts with which God has enriched his church."

Our Christian brethren in France need all the support as well as sympathy we can give them while resisting the attacks which infidelity and bigotry are everywhere making against them, and the beneficial influence of these great gatherings is felt by the faithful labourers in the vineyard of the Lord, from various and distant parts of the world.

During this month the church of Rome has given some unequivocal proofs of its unchristian and persecuting spirit. Two nations, Sardinia and Spain, have incurred the "greater excommunication," on account of their having had the courage to relieve themselves from the unjust demands of the priesthood. The pope declares "null and void the acts and decrees which have passed in Piedmont to the detriment of religion, of the church, and 'our' authority, and of the rights of the holy see." This excommunication deprives each individual in the nation on which it falls of all civil intercourse, so that he cannot hold communication with others, nor others with him. According to Liguori, the favourite saint of Cardinal Wiseman, the excommunicated is forbidden all conversation even in private, and all intercourse by salutation, letters, or tokens of friendship. All communications on spiritual things are forbidden, as are also marriage, dwelling under the same roof, all kinds of intercourse or friendly salutation. Such are the present doings of the church of Cardinal Wiseman, who, in his lecture at St. Martin's Hall, complained of the distributors of religious tracts as wanting in charity, and deprecated that kind of education which makes people less neighbourly, and excites in them hatred against others who are near them, and so introduces religious distinctions into the social sphere.

It is interesting to observe the struggle which is now going on in Spain in favour of religious freedom. The deputy for Barcelona, Don Raphael Degollado, has lately moved in the Cortes that the Bible should be the rule of faith to his nation. His language is worthy of the greatest attention. He said, "I come here to defend toleration upon strictly religious grounds; intolerance and exclusiveness being diametrically contrary to the Christian religion. If the gates of hell are not to prevail against the word of God, why this puerile, this impious fear that injury could be done by another religion to the religion of Christ?" He complains that "Catholic Spain stifles in her bosom, by every possible means, religious liberty," and being himself a Roman Catholic asks, "If persons belonging to other communions are in error, instead of repulsing them, ought we not rather to draw them towards us by tenderness and love?" It is a gratifying circumstance that the important motion of this gentleman had not more than three in the majority against it.

The Society for aiding the Diffusion of the Gospel in the Turkish dominions is now seeking to secure for the Turk the right of professing his faith in Jesus Christ without suffering persecution as the result. Lord Clarendon has received from that society an important memorial on the subject, and from the manner in which he has interested himself in the matter we hope great good will result. The attention of the noble foreign secretary has been called particularly to the case of a young Mussulman, who was beheaded for declaring publicly that Mohammed was a false prophet, that the true prophet was Christ, and after him there was no prophet. The Turks had warned him to beware, but he persevered in his profession of Christianity, and was at last seized and thrown into prison. He steadily persisted in his previous declaration, adding that so long as we have Christ, we have no need of Mohammed. He was at last, after many vain attempts to induce him to recant, and after being cruelly tortured, brought out and beheaded, and with his last breath, he protested against the claims of the false prophet, and said "I profess Jesus Christ, and for him I die."

Our country and our allies, have a right now to demand that the empire which we are endeavouring to defend from oppression, shall no longer be guilty of the intolerance by which it has been hitherto distinguished, and we trust that in this way it will be our privilege to see some real good brought out of the distressing events which are now taking place in the East.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

181. What example can you find of the fulfilment of Christ's promise to his disciples recorded in Mark xvi. 18, "They shall take up serpents," etc.?

182. Give a description of true wisdom from the New Testament.

183. What does Job give as the definition of wisdom?

184. Prove that Job understood and believed the doctrine of original sin.

185. How can you prove that the Jews believed that their Messiah would be a Divine person?

186. When God would express strongly the ingratitude of his chosen people Israel, he contrasts their conduct towards him with that of two dumb animals towards their owners. Can you find the instance referred to?

187. There were three ways in which a Hebrew might become a servant to Hebrews; what were they?

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE PRODIGAL EMPLOYED AS A SWINEHERD.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

V.—DEGRADATION.

We have still to follow the prodigal in his downward course. There will be a turn in his history, but not yet. He sinks into the lowest degradation ere he rises to repentance and begins his return home. In the far country, there are degrees of want and grades of wretchedness. He stops not till he has reached the very last. Conceive of a city abandoned to luxury and vice, where the prosperous are wasteful, and where satiety breeds discontent; where, under the gayest covering, a worm gnaws the heart; and then imagine the purlieus of such a place—haunts of poverty, wretched abodes of misery and filth, where the broken-down profligate seeks to escape from the observation of his former associates; where in disguise forced by penury, he submits to the most menial employ; and where only the strong instinct of nature, cleaving to life, saves the wretched victim of folly and sin from some act of self-destruction.

Such a character in such a place is he whom the parable pourtrays. It is proper that the extremest point of vileness and misery should be represented in the parable, because the object of it is to show the frightful tendencies of sin,

No. 75.—Published October 1, 1855. Price One Penny

and to reveal the hope which still remains for man when sin has cursed and crushed him to the uttermost. The warning had been less strong, the balm for the penitent heart less rich and healing, but for the dark colouring given to the picture of the prodigal's condition.

We have seen him wasteful and in want; we are now to behold him degraded, unrelieved, and forsaken. "And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine." Remember, the scene, though still oriental, is remote from the land of his fathers. As a child of Israel, he must have had the strongest repugnance to such an employment as is here described. A swineherd was to him an abomination. Yet starving, he is glad to be hired by any one; and his master, despite of his reluctance and pride, sends him off into the fields to perform what he must needs account the most degrading of tasks. The prodigal is now a slave, and he must do what he is told, or perish with hunger. Looking at the outward condition of the young man, it is found to be an exact parallel to what we often meet with in our own times. Spendthrifts, when everything is gone, are often seen begging for bread. Once accustomed to every luxury, they now starve. The splendid mansion is exchanged for a garret or a cellar. The once fashionable exquisite is now in rags: his old clothes are symbols of his history. They tell of better days past, of the worst come. The countenance is altered; disease and want have marked it. All colour is gone but the blush of shame. The outcast when he meets you takes only a furtive glance, shuns your notice, and is afraid of your sympathy. This type of human wretchedness is of every-day occurrence.

But it is with the moral rather than the pictorial truthfulness of the sketch that we have mainly to do.

Just think of this young man's former dependence on his father, of which he became so tired, and compare with it his dependence now on a foreign citizen—a heartless stranger. He had been discontented with paternal rule; now he is forced to submit to the rough authority of an alien master. He was weary of the commands of love; now he is in subjection to a will careless or cruel. There is degradation here. It is but a shadow of the degradation which ever follows sin, and which indeed is a part of it. Man in the far country, away from God, hating the divine service, becomes the slave of a far different master. A dream of independence led him astray; he awakes and finds himself in abject servitude. He is subject to the caprice of a fellow-creature, perhaps coarse and pitiless. He knows by experience the tyranny of the proud. The once equal companion of his pleasures has possibly gained over him an advantage, and now holds him with an iron gripe; or the communication of some guilty secret has put him in the power of another, who employs his knowledge as a red-hot chain to bind and burn. The slave of man, he is, too, the slave of the devil, for the devil makes men like-minded with himself—the undermasters and tormentors of their fellowmen. But without being the slave of man, the sinner is assuredly the slave of the devil. Apart from any middle tyranny, the soul is often in bondage direct to the Evil One.

Reflect upon the young man's origin, education, and destiny: the son of a wealthy, honourable, righteous, and benevolent man; instructed in the knowledge of his age, cultivated and accomplished, not unacquainted with literature, not unversed in science, not ignorant of art; with seeds in him of taste and feeling, which if not trodden down by vice might yield a rich harvest, and intended by his parent for some honourable station, befitting his rank, abilities, and prospects: and then we see him going into the fields to feed swine. Here again the spiritual surpasses the temporal. Dwell upon man's origin as the child of a heavenly Father; upon man's education as a subject of divine teaching; as gathering knowledge from creation, providence, and revelation; as taught of God, by conscience, and by the Bible; as disciplined in early life to discern between good and evil; as called by the gospel to enter the school of Christ, and drink in daily more and more of heavenly wisdom: and then further dwell on man's original destiny, on what he was made to be, on the service he is fitted to accomplish, the honour he has the capacity to reap, the blessedness he has power to enjoy, the victory which God would help him to win, the crown which God would give him to wear, the eternity in heaven which God would grant him to spend: and then contrast with all this the actual condition of the sinner; his forfeiture of this celestial birthright, his denial of this divine descent, his abjuration of this relationship to God, and the devotion of himself to unspiritual, low, mean, licentious, gross, abandoned pursuits; want and misery goading him on to desperation, till he becomes ripe for the sickle of judgment—dry and rotten fuel for the furnace of hell. There is no degradation like the sinner's, and that is not seen till we look at man's nature as given by God, and at what, according to the gospel of eternal love, he may become.

Advert also to the company which this young man was formed to keep, the associates with whom he had mixed in his boyhood, the rank in society he was born to fill; and then contrast with it the sort of fellowship which this occupation of a swineherd inevitably brought. As a

swineherd, what could he be but the companion of swineherds? The moral here is very instructive. God made man but a little lower than the angels; there is an education for him that will make him a fit associate for angels; God has sent angels before now to talk with and minister to him; still invisibly they wait on those who shall be heirs of salvation; and members of the human family there have been, the very first-fruits of God's creatures, souls purified and ennobled by divine grace, washed so white in the blood of the Lamb, filled with such truly divine nobility through the Spirit's indwelling, clothed so richly in the garments of righteousness, performing such deeds of honourable service, fulfilling on earth such a dignified vocation, running a career so noble, brave, and illustrious, so sacrificing, consecrating themselves to the good of others and the glory of God, that it would not demean an angel to write their history. With such—with angels, and with men so angel-like—the most abased of this world's prodigals might, but for his prodigality, be mingling now. They are his proper associates, the company his father meant him to keep. His unfitness to associate with them is all from himself. He has not so much dropped from his proper sphere in the universe, and lost his place among the stars, as deposed himself, surrendered his throne by a willing abdication; forced his way by violent effort from the palace home of God, and the companionship of his elder brothers there. He has freely chosen, or by a previous free choice has now forced himself to choose, associates just like himself. It is the terrible retribution of sin, that men get dragged lower and lower down by their fellow-sinners. And then there is another class with whom they become more and more familiar, the deeper they go in guilt—a class invisible, whom at present they do not understand, but whom they will well know and deeply hate, yet be chained to hereafter (if they do not imitate this prodigal in his later history); even those fellow-sinners, who were once angels, but kept not their first estate, who were also restive under parental rule, and selfishly craved their portion of goods and went into a far country, where their sin is its own penalty; their pride, their curse; and their coveted independence, exile and imprisonment.

The young man's degradation came through his sin, and consisted in his sin. The mere circumstances of his lot did not, could not degrade him. Servitude, though menial, coming as the result of uncontrollable providence, befalling him in a course of virtue and piety, had not been at all degrading. The poor are not degraded by poverty. Losing rank and wealth may be an honour rather than a dishonour. The cause must be taken into account. When men through their fidelity to God have lost all, their temporal loss has been to them so much moral gain. What their enemies have called degradation, has been in the sight of God, glory and honour. Ridley and Latimer were degraded of their episcopal rank, titles, and emoluments. They were deprived of mitre and robe, denuded of estates and a peerage, were counted as criminals, were loaded with conventional disgrace, and were made to die at the stake as heretics and blasphemers. The circumstantial was here the very opposite of the moral. Never did these men rise so high as then; never did their brows so shine as then; never were their shoulders so robed as then; never looked they such peers as then; never did such honour light on them as then; never did they live such a life as then; never stood they so close to the golden throne of heaven as then. Degradation! there can be no such a thing for God's saints. It belongs only to those who make themselves the devil's slaves, and to them it cleaves, under all their purple and fine linen—cleaves like the burning poison shirt that Medea, according to old Greek fable, sent to Creusa.

"And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks which the swine did eat." This marks the lowest degree of want. Most affectingly have we pictured here the vain attempts of the sinner to satisfy himself, or rather his vain attempts to secure even a little, even the most miserable, relief. It may mean that he would have eaten the husks, but could not; or that he did eat them, but they filled him not. It was only like feeding on dust or wind. He would seek relief in his degradation; but it is only by sinking into lower degradation. Anything to appease his hunger; but there is nothing left that he can get except by crawling down upon a lower level than before. He has not yet been taught to see the food above him; his eyes are on the earth, and he is searching in the depths below for some scrap to eat. So the outward famine drives him lower and lower still. An appalling truth indeed meets us here. Sinners degrade themselves more and more in seeking relief from the gnawing appetite which sin has roused and always is sharpening into keener edge, while it ever baulks the efforts made to blunt it.

How common it is for persons addicted to pleasure, when tired and wearied of it in some common form, to have recourse to it after another method more sensual and gross. Licentiousness is an impulse to further licentiousness. The man who wastes his substance in gambling is tempted to seek the recovery of his fortune by deeper gambling. And he who has violated the laws of temperance seeks to drown the mise-

ries of his soul in stronger intemperance. This last is a refuge to which prodigals of all classes are prone to flee. One sees so much of it that it requires particular notice. When men have ruined their prospects in life, wasted their substance, come to beggary, they betake themselves to drink. When they have acted dishonourably and forfeited their credit with honest men, and have become entangled with sharpers and villains, they betake themselves to drink. When they have lost their zest for the pleasures of home, and made their fireside miserable, and awakened the suspicions or aroused the indignation of a pure mother, a virtuous wife, or an innocent sister, they betake themselves to drink. When their conscience becomes a tormentor, and accuses them, and will not let them rest or sleep, they idly seek to lay the ghost by betaking themselves to drink. They drink hard, and the fever rages hotter, and they drink harder only to make the inner fire burn hotter still. Sensuality and intemperance lead to infidelity, while infidelity, in its turn, strengthens sensuality and intemperance.

There is another resource. It is superstition. Sensuality and infidelity often drive men to it. Such are the religious instincts of humanity that people, in spite of all their gay indifference, and all their proud philosophy, have an innate craving after what is supernatural. The heathen, wandering away from the true God, make false gods. Abandoning early revelations, blinding reason, and extinguishing conscience, they take up with the sorriest and driest garbage of fancy and tradition, and strive to fill themselves with husks of that sort. Astrology, witchcraft, and soothsaying, and other monstrous inventions, illustrate the same habit of human nature. Failing true religion, men adopt some superstitious falsehood. They feed on ashes; a deceived heart turneth them aside. It is so still. Not that paganism obtains among us, but that superstitious feeling which is the ground of paganism remains rife in many bosoms, even among those called Protestants. People think that superstition is the peculiar characteristic of popery. No such thing. All dependence for salvation upon fellow-creatures, whether called priest, or minister, or anything else, is real superstition. All trust in rites, sacraments, prayers, and forms, is of the same character. To look upon anything religious as having in it the power of a charm, as sufficient to still the tumult, to soothe the smart of conscience; to rest on baptism, or the eucharist, or confirmation; to regard Christianity as anything but a message from God to man respecting a personal Saviour, whom we must intelligently believe, humbly confide in, and diligently follow, is of the nature of superstition, and will be found utterly unsatisfying. And yet how many persons there are who, when they have run a round of guilty pleasure, and have perhaps been infidels into boot, and mocked the gospel, and trampled on all things sacred and divine, are frightened at last into some miserable attempt at self-pacification by getting a minister to read a prayer at their bedside, or by receiving, without any true faith, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Wretched indeed is all this. The degradation becomes worse and worse through the ignorant and wild attempts to escape from it. And what we have described is experienced sometimes where by-standers little imagine it. We said before, the inward famine is often felt in the midst of outward plenty, and so this mental pain and remorse, and these useless expedients for relief, may be experienced or adopted where the outward appearance of the prodigal would give no idea that such was the case. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness."

Colonel Gardiner is an example. "In the court of France he plunged into deeper licentiousness than ever. His fine constitution, than which perhaps there was hardly ever a better, gave him great opportunities of indulging himself in these excesses, and his good spirits enabled him to pursue his pleasures of every kind in so alert and sprightly a manner that multitudes envied him, and called him, by a dreadful kind of compliment, 'the *happy* rake.' Yet still the checks of conscience, and some remaining principles of a good education, would break in upon his most licentious hours; and I particularly remember," says Dr. Doddridge, "he told me that when some of his dissolute companions were once congratulating him on his most distinguished felicity, and a dog happened at that moment to come into the room, he could not help groaning inwardly, and saying to himself, 'Oh, that I were that dog!'" And many a proud intellectual sceptic—a sceptic with regard to revelation, but a being of abject credulity with regard to his own unfounded speculations—while he is fancied by many, especially by some idolatrous disciples whom he has charmed and led astray by his ingenuity and wit, while he is fancied by such to enjoy a profound mental calm, while he is supposed to be feasting with satisfaction on his boasted philosophy, is truly sick at heart with his own nostrums, and is sensibly perishing with hunger, dying by inches, at the very moment when he is filling himself with the husks of sophistry and deceit. He knows, though he does not confess, that his infidel theories can no more content a rational mind than the food of swine can nourish the body of man.

"And no man gave unto him." This suggests the idea of his being forsaken. When he was

spending his substance in riotous living, there were plenty who afforded him their friendship; but now, in his poverty, their love is dried up like the summer brooks. They shun him, not because of his character, but because of his circumstances; not that they hate his sin, but that they will not share his sorrow. The parable here illustrates the temper of still prosperous worldlings on the one hand, and the deserted state of the needy and afflicted ones on the other.

We can conceive of such a person as our Lord describes applying for assistance to those who had been the companions of his revelry, and then driven away by them with cold contempt or heartless reproaches. Further, it is natural to imagine him making his appeal to wealthy strangers, who only tell him they are sure he has brought all his trouble upon himself, and that if he had not been imprudent, idle, and dissipated, he would never have reached such a depth of degradation; which is all true enough, and has been said for ages past over and over again, yet often by the worldly wise and the well-to-do, not in a tone of benevolent expostulation, and with the hope of producing reform, but simply as a covering for covetousness—an excuse for cruel neglect.

Men in their moral adversity are also forsaken. A sense of spiritual want, if expressed, drives away the frivolous and thoughtless. They do not understand the griefs of the soul. A wounded conscience is perhaps to them at present an inexplicable thing. A sense of sin is a disease, or rather a consciousness of disease, which they must take for madness. Dread loneliness is oftentimes the lot of those who begin to be in want, and are searching about, blindly but earnestly, for some relief. Yet, while the depicted case gives a painful idea of the utter destitution of a sinful soul in the last stage of its depravity, when its bitterness is at the worst, the image fails in one respect. Man could relieve such an one as the prodigal literally was. He could clothe him, and feed him, and make him a home. Man cannot relieve such an one as the prodigal spiritually is. The covering and the food, the shelter and the care he wants, are not within the power of man to provide. There is a profound sense in which it may be said, "No man can give unto him." Take a guilty, polluted, wretched soul; you cannot pardon it, or atone for it, you cannot renew it and lift it up. It has deep needs that no mortal power can reach. The sympathy of man the purest, for man the most depraved, fails here. No one can redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for him. God was the soul's original portion; only in God can it find health and recover joy. God alone can feed the hungry soul, and bind up the bleeding one.

"I fretted, sighed, wept, and was distracted," says Augustine; "had neither rest nor counsel. For I bore about a bleeding and shattered heart, an insupportable load, and where to repose it I did not know. Not in the calm groves, in fragrant spots, in games, music, and banquets, neither in pleasure or sleep, not even in books found it tranquillity. All looked ghastly, yea, the very light. To thee, O Lord, my soul ought to have been raised for thee to lighten; but though I knew this, I neither would nor could do it. When I thought of thee I made thee not any solid substantial thing, not thyself, but a mere phantom. An imagination vain and false was my God, not thou thyself. If I attempted to discharge my load thereon, that it might rest, *it glided through the void and came rushing down on me*, and I remained to myself a hapless spot, which I could neither fill nor flee from. Time rolled not idly by; it went and came day by day, introducing into my mind other imaginations and remembrances, and, little by little, patched me up with old delights, before which for a time sorrow gave way. Yet there succeeded not exactly other griefs, but the causes of grief. For whithersoever the soul of man turns itself, unless towards thee, it is rivetted upon sorrows, even when rivetted on things most beautiful."

A true cardiphonia that, uttered more than fourteen hundred years ago, and uttered still by many in their heart of hearts. No man can give to another man or to himself that salvation which he craves in craving peace, nor can nature give it. The earth says, it is not in me; the depth, it is not in me; it is only in God. "Our heart is restless till it rest in thee." That key-note of Augustine's confessions is a deep truth, in the feeling of which salvation begins.

But while no man can give in the manner we have indicated, God does. Utterly lost and undone, we may turn to him with hope. He follows us in our wanderings; through his gospel he points us to the cross of his beloved Son. He shows us a fountain where we may be washed from all sin. He gives to every humble believing soul the promise of the Holy Ghost the Comforter. In such a soul the promise is fulfilled.

The prodigal had lived for the present heedless of the future. The unlooked-for future had come, and found him perishing. A sense of folly must have aggravated his mortification. "The Egyptians professed," as Diodorus Siculus tells us, "the utmost contempt for earthly comforts, and gave but little attention to the dwellings which were only to shelter them while alive. These they called inns, or temporary resting-places. Their sepulchres, in which per-

haps they hoped to rest for all time, were the great objects of their care." How those Egyptians, in their care for a tomb in a pyramid, rebuke gay and worldlings who neglect to seek provision for their soul through the infinite hereafter, in "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

A SUNDAY IN PARIS.

My first Sunday, on a recent excursion to the continent, was spent at Paris. I was domiciled in the avenue of the Champs Elysées, a broad road, well-wooded on both sides, and straight as an arrow, leading from the Arc de Triomphe d'Etoile (inscribed with the victories of Napoleon) through the fields from which it takes its name, through the magnificent opening of the Place de la Concorde, right down to the gardens and palace of the Tuileries. The morning was bright, the atmosphere clear and exhilarating, and I resolved to see one or two of their churches before summoned to breakfast. Accordingly, I directed my footsteps to St. Roche (pronounced Rock), one of the finest churches that Paris can boast. On my way I had to pass the works which are being carried on by the energy of the Napoleon of peace, to beautify the capital and employ the people. The Rue de Rivoli, when completed, will reach from the Place de la Concorde to the Hotel de Ville, and beneath its Italian piazza a shady walk may be enjoyed on the warmest summer's day. Huge drains were being constructed, and upon these works I observed all the operatives duly engaged. The noise and the bustle compelled me to ask, "Is this the Lord's day?" As I proceeded, the question still further pressed on my attention by observing in respectable streets the shops already open, and every preparation being made for business, as if it were a day common as the rest. I will not attempt to describe the church or the service. It was an ordinary mass. Even the grandeur of high mass, when many priests are engaged, wearing the most splendid robes, and bowing and moving in most approved style under the guidance of the master of the ceremonies, has no attractions for me. The whole thing seems adapted only for the rudest vulgar. But an ordinary mass by a single priest is, to an uninterested spectator, a singularly tame piece of acting. I was struck, however, by the evident want of devotion on the part of the worshippers. They were not very numerous at that early hour. Most of them were kneeling on the low high-backed chairs to be found in all the continental churches. They were either reading their prayers from a book, or repeating them from memory. During the process, the chair-keepers were going from one to another, coolly collecting the sous which are charged for the accommodation. But the prayers went on undisturbed. Where the spirit is not worshipping, interruption is no distraction.

From St. Roche I found my way to the Madeleine, one of the most perfect Grecian edifices in the world. It is the fashionable church of the aristocracy, and in splendour and cleanliness far exceeds St. Roche. It was impossible not to admire its magnificent portico, its beautiful gates, its splendid altars, and equally impossible not to be grieved at the same uninstructive mutterings of priests and worshippers, which were substituted for Christian service.

At half-past eleven began the French Protestant service at the church of the Oratoire, near the Louvre. On my way thither I had to pass the whole length of the rue St. Honore—and very long it is—and still to observe the devotion of France to mammon. Buying and selling and getting gain is more of a Parisian's life than pleasure, though the lively citizens have the credit of being wholly devoted to the latter. When I arrived at the Oratoire, a large Grecian building, once dedicated to Roman Catholic service, but now stripped of altars and ornaments and fitted for spiritual worship, I found a Sunday-school was conducted in a part of the church, separated from the rest by curtains. The president was just concluding with prayer, brief and appropriate. When he had done, the curtains were removed; chairs which had been piled one on another were ranged in proper order. In a short time the place was filled. The service in some respects differed from our own. The Scriptures, instead of being read by the minister, were read by the precentor, and more chapters were read than is usual with us. The prayer was for the most part a stated form, simple yet comprehensive. The only departure was when a sick person was the subject of petition, when a few sentences were added descriptive of her peculiar circumstances. I envied the minister his privilege of combining a settled form with free prayer. He was in no danger of forgetting special subjects which ought to be remembered. He was under no temptation to make prayer an intellectual exercise; and if his own spirit happened to be depressed or clouded, his congregation had not to suffer for his infirmities. The sermon was delivered without the aid of notes. It appeared to me, however, that not only the matter but the words had been pre-composed, and were repeated *memoriter*. This may be incorrect: the preachers at the Oratoire understand that many English visitors frequent their church, and for

haps they hoped to rest for all time, were the great objects of their care." How those Egyptians, in their care for a tomb in a pyramid, rebuke gay and worldlings who neglect to seek provision for their soul through the infinite hereafter, in "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

A SUNDAY IN PARIS.

My first Sunday, on a recent excursion to the continent, was spent at Paris. I was domiciled in the avenue of the Champs Elysées, a broad road, well-wooded on both sides, and straight as an arrow, leading from the Arc de Triomphe d'Etoile (inscribed with the victories of Napoleon) through the fields from which it takes its name, through the magnificent opening of the Place de la Concorde, right down to the gardens and palace of the Tuileries. The morning was bright, the atmosphere clear and exhilarating, and I resolved to see one or two of their churches before summoned to breakfast. Accordingly, I directed my footsteps to St. Roche (pronounced Rock), one of the finest churches that Paris can boast. On my way I had to pass the works which are being carried on by the energy of the Napoleon of peace, to beautify the capital and employ the people. The Rue de Rivoli, when completed, will reach from the Place de la Concorde to the Hotel de Ville, and beneath its Italian piazza a shady walk may be enjoyed on the warmest summer's day. Huge drains were being constructed, and upon these works I observed all the operatives duly engaged. The noise and the bustle compelled me to ask, "Is this the Lord's day?" As I proceeded, the question still further pressed on my attention by observing in respectable streets the shops already open, and every preparation being made for business, as if it were a day common as the rest. I will not attempt to describe the church or the service. It was an ordinary mass. Even the grandeur of high mass, when many priests are engaged, wearing the most splendid robes, and bowing and moving in most approved style under the guidance of the master of the ceremonies, has no attractions for me. The whole thing seems adapted only for the rudest vulgar. But an ordinary mass by a single priest is, to an uninterested spectator, a singularly tame piece of acting. I was struck, however, by the evident want of devotion on the part of the worshippers. They were not very numerous at that early hour. Most of them were kneeling on the low high-backed chairs to be found in all the continental churches. They were either reading their prayers from a book, or repeating them from memory. During the process, the chair-keepers were going from one to another, coolly collecting the sous which are charged for the accommodation. But the prayers went on undisturbed. Where the spirit is not worshipping, interruption is no distraction.

From St. Roche I found my way to the Madelcine, one of the most perfect Grecian edifices in the world. It is the fashionable church of the aristocracy, and in splendour and cleanliness far exceeds St. Roche. It was impossible not to admire its magnificent portico, its beautiful gates, its splendid altars, and equally impossible not to be grieved at the same uninstructive mutterings of priests and worshippers, which were substituted for Christian service.

At half-past eleven began the French Protestant service at the church of the Oratoire, near the Louvre. On my way thither I had to pass the whole length of the rue St. Honore—and very long it is—and still to observe the devotion of France to mammon. Buying and selling and getting gain is more of a Parisian's life than pleasure, though the lively citizens have the credit of being wholly devoted to the latter. When I arrived at the Oratoire, a large Grecian building, once dedicated to Roman Catholic service, but now stripped of altars and ornaments and fitted for spiritual worship, I found a Sunday-school was conducted in a part of the church, separated from the rest by curtains. The president was just concluding with prayer, brief and appropriate. When he had done, the curtains were removed; chairs which had been piled one on another were ranged in proper order. In a short time the place was filled. The service in some respects differed from our own. The Scriptures, instead of being read by the minister, were read by the precentor, and more chapters were read than is usual with us. The prayer was for the most part a stated form, simple yet comprehensive. The only departure was when a sick person was the subject of petition, when a few sentences were added descriptive of her peculiar circumstances. I envied the minister his privilege of combining a settled form with free prayer. He was in no danger of forgetting special subjects which ought to be remembered. He was under no temptation to make prayer an intellectual exercise; and if his own spirit happened to be depressed or clouded, his congregation had not to suffer for his infirmities. The sermon was delivered without the aid of notes. It appeared to me, however, that not only the matter but the words had been pre-composed, and were repeated *memoriter*. This may be incorrect: the preachers at the Oratoire understand that many English visitors frequent their church, and for

their sakes they speak very deliberately, which may give them the appearance of repeating, when it is not so. When I say the preacher was M. Monod, you will conclude that I was favoured with no ordinary discourse.

And now we are in the neighbourhood of the Louvre, just turn into its court. Where are these continuous streams of people coming from and going to? The Louvre itself. Some have been loitering in its long picture galleries; some have preferred the rooms consecrated by the royal relics; and some have been gazing at the Nineveh marbles. Every Sunday, tens of thousands pass through its compartments. Any of them who are religiously disposed have heard a mass which has not occupied quite half-an-hour; but the great majority are innocent of the inside of a church. It is the same with the Luxembourg as the Louvre, and indeed with every place open to the Parisian public. The Lord's day is the weekly holiday for all who can escape the tyranny of the counter.

At dinner we were attracted and almost alarmed by a sudden rushing of multitudes through the avenue. What can be the matter? The people seem to be gathering by thousands. They are all excitement. It only needed the booming of a gun to persuade us another revolution had commenced. Some of our company went out to ascertain the cause. "Oh, it is nothing. It is only a balloon which ascended from the hippodrome, a little higher up, and which has descended without leave, endangering the people in the car."

"What, then, amusements are being carried on in the hippodrome as usual?"

"Oh yes, and an additional performance to-day."

And this is Sunday in Paris!

I was destined, however, to see more. I had seen a notice in the church of St. Roche, that a bishop from India would hold a missionary meeting in the chapel of the Calvary, behind the church, on the evening of the day. In company with a friend I started for the meeting, rather curious to know how the Roman Catholics conducted these things. When we arrived we found the church shut, and feared that we had made some mistake. After waiting a few minutes, we observed two long-coated gentlemen going down a narrow street by the side of the church, and we followed them. Having asked permission to enter, it was politely granted, and we were ushered into the chapel. As we faced the altar, on the left hand was a recess in which was a figure of the Saviour on the cross, as large as life, illuminated by a mysterious light from above. Beneath was a representation of the tomb, and of the resurrection. On the right hand, folding doors were constructed in the wall, which when thrown open disclosed the upraised figure of Jesus to all the worshippers in the great church. We found the chapel nearly filled, and for the most part with men. They were engaged in singing hymns to the music of the seraphine. It was evident they were accustomed to unite in the service, as they sang together with spirit and harmony. There was no speaking, and apparently no preparation for any entertainment of that kind. After a time we heard a noise behind us. Presently a Swiss advanced with his rod and chain of office. After him a little boy, carrying the mitre; and then the bishop himself, clothed in purple robes, wearing a purple cap, moved with slow and solemn step, his eyes bent upon the ground, to the chair provided for him within the altar rails. He was a fine old man, with a grey beard flowing down his breast, which gave him an appearance of manly strength combined with dignity, which I never before knew the beard had power to convey.

He commenced his address in a low tone and standing posture; after a few sentences he resumed his seat, and threw off his practised gravity. He amused his hearers with details of the Indian mythology, and seemed amazingly to enjoy his own jokes. His audience kept him in countenance. They reminded me of Goldsmith's village school, with an exception on the score of sincerity:—

> "Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
> At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

After he had concluded, a very curious ceremony took place; prizes were distributed to members of the association, differing in value according to the regularity of their attendance at the missionary services, and, I presume, the amount of their contributions. Some received books, some pictures, some certificates. It was a novel method of keeping up the missionary spirit, but one we are not very likely to import into this country. The distribution of prizes was followed by the benediction of the sacrament, when the altar candles were lit, the host exhibited and adored, prayers offered, and psalms sung. Then followed an episcopal benediction, the cap being exchanged for the mitre; and when all was ready, the bishop proceeded down the middle aisle, waving his fingers in prescribed form, muttering blessings which the people received on their knees, and no doubt felt very much the better for. The company then broke up, and about eleven o'clock we were crossing the Champs Elysées to our temporary home. Then we saw something more of Paris sabbath-keeping. Hidden among the trees were large cafés. Before them stages were erected. They were blazing with gas-jets. They were occupied by singing men and singing

THE TUILERIES AND ITS GARDEN.

women, dressed with great elegance. Beneath was an orchestra filled with musicians. Before them, thoroughly enjoying the entertainment, were hundreds of well-dressed people, sipping coffee, or sucking ices, or swilling lemonade *gazeuse*. Other nights we had witnessed similar scenes, but this night threw them all into the shade. As we passed on, we could see the visitors leaving the circus, and we were informed the theatres had all been opened with their most imposing display, and the boulevards were brighter than ever with their illuminated cafés. Not cafés only attracted the crowds. There were merry-go-rounds, and shooting for nuts, and weighing chairs, and punch exhibitions, and isolated fiddlers, and ballad-singers on their own account; in fact, all the paraphernalia of an English fair.

"What all this on Sunday?"

Yes, all this on Sunday; and let our philosophical liberals and spurious philanthropists only succeed in throwing open the Crystal Palace, the National Gallery, the Museum, and other public places, on the Lord's day, and we shall have all this in our own country, accompanied with the drinking our climate is supposed to require, and the roughness of manners by which our populace is characterized.

A Parisian Sunday is a day consecrated to mammon in the morning, with an odd half-hour given to superstition; to art in the afternoon; and to pleasure in its most exciting forms in the evening. Yet even in Paris there are those who love the Lord; and had it not been for that remnant, the city would ere this have been as Sodom and Gomorrah. As it is, there is scarcely a spot where the visitor is not reminded of the terrible judgments of the Most High on an atheistic people. The exquisite beauty of the Place de la Concorde itself cannot banish the recollections of Louis XVI and the guillotine. Individuals meet with their recompence hereafter: nations are punished here.

HONOURING GOD IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

"CAN I ever," says the Rev. F. Storr, "forget the yearly scene in Mr. Last's harvest-field? On the ripe and golden grain telling that it was time to put in the sickle, intimation was given to me that on such a morning at such an hour, if God permitted, my presence was requested in the harvest-field. I attended at the time named, and found myself in a group of twelve or fifteen men and lads, with their master at their head, waiting to commence the gathering in of the harvest. But on that farm the Lord of the harvest must first be honoured ere any sickle be put in. All heads were uncovered as the hymn was given out, and we raised our united voices, emulative of the lark who was carolling on high, in praise to Him who had covered the valleys so thick with corn that they laughed and sang. Prayer was then offered, that God might strengthen the hands of the reapers, and preserve them from all evil both of body and soul. On rising from our knees, the sickle was presented to me. I first put it into the corn, and then in every direction they spread, and busily bent to their pleasant task, going forth in the name of the Lord. Thus the hallowing influence of that good man extended to all that he undertook, and to all over whom he had control. I have been assured by one who worked for him for many years, that he 'never knew an oath to have been sworn on that farm.' And although it is most likely that at times profane language did break forth from some of the many who were employed by him, yet this testimony at least proves the general restraint put even upon the ungodly whilst labouring on the land of one who feared the Lord."—*The Christian Farmer; a Memoir of Mr. John Last.*

IT is well to bear in mind that the noblest design is always the most simple; and to illustrate this, there is nothing so noble as the Christian religion, and yet nothing so simple.—*G. Cruikshank.*

THOSE who consider the word of God a dull book, will be sure to find it a just book.—*Rev. C. Bridges.*

THE RAY OF LIGHT.

"I am quite willing to admit the fact concerning many," said Mary V., after musing for a few moments on the remark of her aunt; "but that it is necessary for all, I cannot believe. In fact, I know several persons so excellent and amiable, that it would be extravagant to imagine any great improvement needful, and yet they are not what you would call religious."

"That is, in other words, they are kind and amiable to their fellow-creatures from the impulses of natural feelings, and only forget God; they manage to acquit themselves gracefully of the temporal duties of the present world, and are only regardless of a future and better one. In short, they do every thing but that which man was originally created to do, namely, to love, and serve, and glorify God."

"Oh, aunt, you are too severe. Surely they have also moral and spiritual motives, which may be valuable and practical."

"I do not intend to be too severe, my dear niece; but when you imply that human nature in its fallen state needs no change to fit it for the enjoyments of heaven, and for fellowship with God, I cannot do other than express your error in the pointed and forcible terms which may at once expose it to yourself. You forget that the first and great commandment of the law has respect to God himself, and must be the spring of all acceptable obedience to the second. No man is conscientious and consistent in love to his neighbour, in the gospel signification of the term, who has not first realized his own deep and tender obligation to the love which brought a divine Redeemer from the bosom of the Father, to suffer and die for guilty rebels. A motive is then supplied which constrains to real obedience. I want you to bring your views to the test of truth—the revealed word of God—and not to float them in misty imaginings among human theories, and characters in masquerade. Man is what God sees and declares him to be—a fallen, lost creature, without power to raise himself to the condition he has forfeited, or to save himself from the just penalty he has incurred."

"I understand this to refer to the vicious and degraded; the blasphemer, the murderer, the thief; and if such can be saved at all, it must be by divine interference and wonderful mercy."

"And can it less need divine interference and wonderful mercy to redeem and forgive one who, amidst God's blessings, lives in forgetfulness of him? Oh, no; ingratitude, wilful and practical, towards God, is as vile in itself as injury towards man, and springs from the same fallen source. It is worthy of remark, that no believer in Jesus ever thought that anything less could save his soul, or excepted the least of his sins from the black catalogue of deserved condemnation. But let us go and sit in the library; there are two or three interesting passages I should like you to read from authors whose characters and talents you must respect. I will follow you there in a moment."

Mary took up her work-basket, and proceeded to the library; but on opening the door to advance into the room, she made a sudden pause, and then hastily retreated in disgust.

"Oh, aunt! what a terrible dust! it is impossible for us to go there at present; we should be suffocated."

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Mrs. V.

"Oh, aunt, Nancy must have been just sweeping the room, and the dust is raised in clouds; so we had better wait until it has subsided again."

Mrs. V. then opened the door, and Mary stood behind with her handkerchief to her face, lest the dust should prove overpowering.

The sun was shining brightly on that side of the house, and instead of drawing down the blinds, Nancy had closed the shutters, with the exception of one upper compartment, through which a brilliant ray of light shot across the room, illuminating in its many-coloured stream the myriad motes which pervaded the atmosphere.

"Ah, this is not the effect of Nancy's broom, I think," said Mrs. V., opening the shutters, and letting in a flood of light, while Mary observed with surprise that the dust had disappeared, and no longer threatened suffocation.

"Why, aunt, where is it all gone to?"

"It is just where it was; but the light is now spread over the whole room, and does not illuminate one particular line."

"But are we then really breathing such a dusty disagreeable atmosphere? I should have supposed it absolutely injurious?"

"It is even so; when the light is equalized, the impurity is not distinguishable; but when it is concentrated in one particular direction, the

nature of the object upon which it shines is revealed with severely detecting accuracy."

"Well, then, if such is the inevitable state of the atmosphere, we may as well endure it here as anywhere else: and now, what book shall I look for, aunt?"

"I have altered my intention for the present, Mary. That ray of light has just taught me a lesson, and suggested a better thought than application to human opinions and experiences. Perhaps it may contain instruction for you also."

"How so, dear aunt?" asked Mary, looking up in surprise.

"It is a beautiful emblem of a truth, Mary. As the sunbeam detected to your displeased observation the real state of the atmosphere around you, so does 'the entrance of God's word give light' to the mind; 'it gives knowledge and understanding to the simple.' In vain we reason and argue upon the condition of our moral atmosphere, while the darkness and ignorance of nature are unenlightened by divine truth; but let us place ourselves within the radiance of the True Light, let us bring our best actions, our most elevated thoughts, to compare with the unstained purity of God's character and law, and immediately we must be confounded by the pollution it detects and exposes. Only the student of the Bible and his own heart can regard sin in its true aspect, and only he who finds also a Saviour competent to save and to reclaim the sinner, can endure the discovery. In the bright beams of God's truth and holiness, clouds of dusty mischief are revealed, and motes invisible without are seen to disfigure and defile every human effort, until disgusted with himself, and despairing of a remedy elsewhere, the convicted sinner is brought to the feet of Jesus to find in him the perfection he covets, and to receive from him the imputation of the only righteousness that is faultless and available before God. Let us study together God's estimate of human character, dear Mary; let us examine closely the history of the Lord Jesus, with the desire and prayer for the Holy Spirit's help and instruction; and I think you will arrive at a more correct conclusion concerning the necessities of man, and his complete and universal ruin."

"If so, aunt, what conclusion must I reach for my own personal share in the general condition?"

"That you need a Saviour, dear Mary, which is a sufficient passport to the 'city of refuge,' and once within its guardian bounds you will see light in God's light, love what he approves, and shun what he condemns. You will realize the change of which we spake at first, and feel that nothing less than divine interference could effect it, and nothing short of God's salvation in Christ could avail a fallen creature. The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah furnishes a key to the meaning of sufferings which we may well contemplate with wonder, humiliation, and love."

"I have often thought," said Mary—"and your illustration of the ray of light recalls the idea—how painful to the pure nature of the Lord Jesus must have been the moral atmosphere of this fallen world; and if so deeply fallen as you think, he could turn nowhere without discovering sin. It seems wonderful that he could breathe amidst that which was hateful and odious to him."

"It was because of that only principle, which was stronger than his disgust at sin—love for the sinner; where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. But we can form no conception of the cost to his sensitive, sinless nature of constant contact with iniquity as he must have beheld it, knowing 'what was in man,' as well as seeing man's actions, and hearing his words. If Lot's righteous soul was 'vexed from day to day;' if David wept 'because men kept not God's law;' how infinitely distressing to a greater and better than either must have been man's wilful suicidal sin; for 'this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.' 'A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief' is the touching description of the daily endurance of Jesus."

"Aunt, when one really comes to think of it in solemn earnest, one is forced to the conclusion that sin is a more desperate thing than our self-love is willing to allow."

"Because we are apt to regard it in its present consequences to society, rather than in its aspect before God. We too often forget that it is that abominable thing that God hates, that sin is the transgression of his law, and that 'whoever offends in one point is guilty of all;' and if tempted to think this a severe estimate of human actions, we must remember that the Almighty God is just and holy, who cannot lower the dignity of his moral government to meet the infirmities of fallen creatures."

"I see that, aunt, for if he did, his unfallen creatures could have no confidence in his justice, whatever they might think of his mercy; and God must do 'all things well.'"

"In the salvation provided by the gospel, a double purpose is involved, vindicating the essential attributes of Deity. Justice is satisfied by a sufficient atonement, and mercy is manifested by attractive love. Thus Jehovah in righteous judgment is enabled to exhibit the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and to provide a moral influence by which to attract the affections of those who believe in his Son."

"Then no one loves God instinctively as he ought to be loved," said Mary.

"It is impossible with a nature born in alienation from him," replied her aunt. "There is a sentimental fancy highly fashionable among the intellectual and self-sufficient which sometimes is mistaken for love, but it is not practical; it extends to admiration of his works, and expatiates on his benevolence. But when 'we love him because he first loved us,' and 'sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins,' we feel the constraining cause of true affection, and it becomes as operative in the conduct as it is sincere in the heart."

"Did you observe, aunt," asked Mary, after a pause, "that the dust was illuminated with several beautiful colours? I am just thinking that, in spiritual things, that which is really displeasing to God may not appear so to us."

"You are quite right, dear Mary. Satan may take the form of an angel of light; but he is not less the prince of darkness and the enemy to God and man, and many of his most delusive snares are painted in fair colours. Anything, even that which in itself is good and lawful in its proper place, may serve his purpose, if it keep the heart from God. But amidst the many sins with which the record of man's career is stained, the really destroying one is unbelief in God's word, and rejection of his pardoning love in Jesus Christ. This may be committed by the most amiable, talented, and refined, while the notorious offender may clasp to his soul the proffered mercy, forsake his sins, and be saved for all eternity. The triumph of God's grace is effected when the Holy Spirit breaks down human pride, and leads the sinner, in the meekness and helplessness of childhood, to receive salvation as an undeserved blessing, rather than to claim it as the reward of his own exertions, or to supply a little acknowledged deficiency in his own merits. May you, dear child, learn the true humility which precedes the loftiest exaltation to which man can be called, and experience that renewing of the Holy Spirit without which none can enter the kingdom of God."

THE LAST DAYS OF CALVIN.*

When the command came, "Put thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live," Calvin was found ready; he could say with one of old, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." His voyage over the troublesome waves of this world had ever been a perilous and a stormy one; but soon the tempest would cease to howl, and the winds to blow, and he would reach that haven of rest where all is tranquillity and peace. Beza gives the following account of the declining years of this faithful servant of Christ.

"In the year 1562, it might be already seen that Calvin was hastening with rapid strides to a better world. He ceased not, however, to comfort the afflicted, to exhort, to preach even, and to give lectures. The following year his sufferings so increased that it was difficult to conceive how so weak a body, exhausted as it had been by labour and sickness, could retain so strong and mighty a spirit. But even now he could not be induced to spare himself; for when he was obliged to leave the duties of his public office unfulfilled, he was employed at home, giving advice to those who sought him, or wearing out his amanuenses by dictating to them his works and letters.

"The year 1564 was the first of his eternal rest, and the beginning for us of a long and justifiable grief. On the 6th of February he preached his last sermon, being already much affected by a cough. He was now obliged wholly to discontinue his public duties; but according to his wish, he was several times carried to the congregation; it was on the 31st of March that this occurred for the last time, and he could then only utter a few words. But though he suffered most severely through a period of three months, it is said that he uttered not an impatient word, nor was heard using an expression unworthy of a Christian."

The council of Geneva, feeling deeply the greatness of the loss with which they were threatened, gave directions on the 10th of March, that public prayers should be offered up as in a season of the most trying calamity. "On the 10th of March," says Beza, "when several of the brethren came to him out of the city and from the country, we found him cheered, and sitting by the table at which he was accustomed to study. When he saw us enter, he rested his forehead on his hands, as he was wont to do when thinking deeply, and remained silent for some time. At length he spoke, and said, his voice frequently failing him, but with a serene and silent countenance: 'My dear brethren! I thank you greatly for your tender care, and I hope a fortnight hence to assemble you all around me, yet once more; but it will be for the last time. The Lord will then, I think, reveal what he has determined respecting me, and will probably take me to himself.'"

Accordingly, on the 24th of March, he attended the consistory, and when the business of the day was over, he observed that he felt that the Lord had granted him some alleviation of his suffering. He then asked for a French

* From the "Life of Calvin," a monthly volume, published by the Religious Tract Society.

Testament which he had been revising, and having read some of the marginal notes, asked the opinion of his brethren on several points.

"On the 27th, having a new tutor to propose to the college, he desired to be carried to the door of the council-chamber. Supported by two attendants, he ascended the steps leading to the hall, and then having made his proposition to the senate, he uncovered his head, and thanked the assembly for the kindness he had experienced at its hands, and especially for the friendship which had been shown him during his last illness; 'for I feel,' he added, with a faltering voice, 'that this is the last time I shall stand here.' He then took leave of the council, the members of which, equally with himself, were moved to tears. On the 2nd of April, which was Easter-day, he was carried in a chair to church, where he remained during the whole sermon, and received the sacrament from the hands of Beza. He even joined, though with a trembling voice, in the last hymn, 'Lord, let thy servant depart in peace,' and the expression of Christian joy in his countenance was so great that it attracted the notice of the congregation."

On the 25th of the month, he sent for a notary and made his will, in which he declared his faith, and commended himself to the mercy of God. He then disposed of his worldly goods, the value of which, including his library, scarcely amounted to three hundred crowns; his brother Antony and Laurent de Normandie, who had come from Noyon with him, were appointed the executors. After the will had been read with a loud and articulate voice, it was signed by the seven witnesses whom he had named by the notary. The following passage will be read with interest by all who would know the thoughts and feelings which possessed his soul in the near approach of death:—"In the first place, I thank God that he has not only had mercy on his poor creature, having delivered me from the abyss of idolatry, but that he has brought me into the clear light of his gospel, and made me a partaker of the doctrine of salvation, of which I was altogether unworthy; yea, that his mercy and goodness have borne so tenderly with my numerous sins and offences, for which I deserved to be cast from him and destroyed. But especially is my soul filled with thankfulness for the grace and love of the Lord, in deigning to make use of my labours in proclaiming and extending his gospel. I testify what I have in my soul, that I will live and die in this faith which he has given me, for I have no other hope but that which rests on his free election, the only foundation of my salvation, and with my whole heart do I embrace the mercy which Christ has prepared for me, that all my sins may be buried through the merits of his death and sufferings. I humbly pray that I may be so purified and washed by the blood of this great Redeemer shed for the sins of mankind, that I may be able to stand before his judgment-seat, and bear his image on me. I testify also that, according to the measure of grace given unto me, I have taught his pure word, in preaching, in works, and in the exposition of Scripture; yea, in all the controversies which I have carried on against the enemies of the truth; and I have employed no sophistry, but have fought the good fight in simplicity and truth. But, alas! the good-will which I have had, and my zeal, if it so can be called, has been something so poor and cold, that I have failed in numberless ways in fulfilling my office, and but for the unbounded goodness of God, my good-will would have been but smoke; yea, but for this even the grace which he gave me would have only rendered me more guilty in his sight. Therefore do I solemnly testify that I own no other power of salvation but this, that God, who is the God of mercy, is ready to manifest himself as the Father of so miserable a sinner."

Calvin having seen his will duly signed, and having heard it read, sent a message to the four syndics and all the members of the council, stating that he wished to meet them once more in the senate-house, and that on the following day he hoped to be carried to the hall, that he might address them for the last time. The senators in reply besought him to pay regard to his health, and promised to come to him at his house.

The 27th of April they went from the council chamber to his residence in solemn procession. After mutual salutations, he collected all his strength in order to deliver the address which he had prepared. He thanked them for the marks of respect which they bestowed upon him, and which on his part had been so undeserved, and for the patience with which they had borne his manifold infirmities. He confessed himself indebted to their kindness for bearing with his often unbridled impetuosity. He hoped and trusted that God would forgive him the sins which he had thus committed. He solemnly declared that he taught the doctrines which they had heard from him, not lightly or uncertainly, but purely and faithfully, according to the word of God which was intrusted to him. "Were it otherwise," he said, "I know well the wrath of God would certainly impend over me, whereas I am now convinced that my labours in teaching the word have not been unacceptable in his sight; and this I so much the rather state before God and before you, because I doubt not that the malicious and evil-minded will endeavour to pervert the weak, and corrupt the pure doctrines which you have heard from me."

Having thus spoken, Calvin prayed that the great and good God would shower down upon them more abundantly the richest gifts of his grace, that they might labour more effectually for their own salvation, and for the welfare of the state. He then offered his right hand to all present, and they left him, deeply affected even to tears, as if bidding their last farewell to a common father.

On the following day, April 28th, all the ministers under the jurisdiction of Geneva came to him by his desire, when he exhorted them to stand fast after his decease, and never to allow their heart to faint, nor their spirits to fail. He reminded them of the difficulties he had met with, and the enmity he had encountered, and how, notwithstanding all opposition, the Lord had blessed his labours. He tendered them his warmest thanks for having taken upon them the burden of his duties, when he was unable, from suffering, to discharge them. He then shook hands with each: "And we went from him," says Beza, "with very heavy hearts and wet eyes."

"The few remaining days of his life," Beza tells us, "Calvin passed in almost ceaseless prayer. His voice, however, was so weak, that for the most part his sighs only were audible. But his eyes, which retained their brilliancy to the last, were raised to heaven, and filled with such an expression as showed the fervour of his supplications.

"His doors must have stood open day and night, if all had been allowed to enter who came to manifest their sympathy with him; but as the weakness of his voice would not suffer him to speak with them, he desired that every one might be told that he would rather have his friends pray for him than afflict themselves with the sight of his suffering. He frequently said to me, whose presence, as I have often heard, was never unacceptable to him, that it was a matter of conscience with him to disturb me as little as possible in the duties of my office. He was always so careful of time which belonged to the church, that, exercising almost too great a degree of strictness, he would not allow his friends to trouble themselves in the least about him. Whereas they could have no greater joy in the world than to serve him.

"He thus continued to linger, consoling himself and his friends, till the 19th of May, on which day we were to hold our customary censorship of the preachers, and dine together in token of mutual friendship, seeing that two days afterwards we were to celebrate the Lord's supper and the Easter festival. He had given us permission to prepare our meal this day in his own house, and collecting all his strength, he desired to be carried from his bed into the next chamber. He then said, 'I come to you the last time, my brothers, and shall no more sit at the table with you.' Such was the mournful beginning of the dinner; he, however, delivered the prayer, and took some food, his conversation being even cheerful, as far as it could be at such a time. The meal was not finished when he desired to be carried into a neighbouring room, where he addressed the company in the most joyous accents, and said, 'This wall of separation will not prevent me, though bodily absent, from being present at your meetings in spirit.' This was doubtless said in reference to his approaching death. What he had intimated took place; he continued from this day in a dying state; his body, with the exception of his countenance, which always remained the same, was so emaciated, that it might have been especially said of him that the spirit only was left.

"The day on which he died," continued Beza, "namely, May 27th, he seemed to suffer less, and even to speak with greater ease, but this was the last effort of nature. In the evening, about eight o'clock, the signs of death became suddenly apparent. As soon as this was made known to me and to one of the brethren, by the servant, I hastened to the bedside, and found him just as he quietly expired. Neither feet nor hands were convulsed; he had not even breathed hard. Even his voice was preserved till his last breath, and he looked rather like one sleeping than dead.

"During the night, and on the following day, great was the mourning throughout the city. The entire state wept for the prophet of the Lord; the church lamented the departure of its faithful pastor; the academy the loss of a great teacher; all exclaimed in their grief that they had lost a father, who, after God, was their truest friend and comforter. Many inhabitants of the city desired to see him after he was dead, and could hardly be induced to leave his remains. Some of them, also, who had come from far distances to make his acquaintance and to hear him—among whom was a very distinguished man, the ambassador of the queen of England to France—were particularly anxious to behold his countenance even in death. At first all who wished were admitted; but as they were merely influenced by curiosity, it seemed advisable to his friends, in order to prevent the misrepresentations of adversaries, to put him early the next day, which was a Sunday, into a shroud, and then to enclose him, as usual in a wooden coffin. At two o'clock in the afternoon he was carried to the city churchyard, called the 'Plain Palais.' All the patricians of the city followed; they were accompanied by the clergy, the professors of the high school, and by almost the whole city, not without many tears."

According to his own desire, he was buried

without any pomp or parade. It was his expressed wish that no monument should be raised to his memory; no stone mark the grave which contained his ashes. So best! He had made himself an enduring name; one which needed not the marble or the brass to perpetuate its honour; one which must ever be embalmed in the hearts of all who admire a masculine mind, a vigorous faith, and a love which is both strong to do and mighty to suffer. His literary labours, moreover, are an imperishable record of his zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of man, as well as of an intellect which was as clear as it was profound.

REMINISCENCES OF A REGISTER OFFICE.

PART I.

In the year 1832, I was induced to take up my residence at a fashionable watering-place in the west of England. Being desirous of entering upon an occupation which might prove alike profitable to myself and useful to others, I opened a register office for servants. Having made it free to servants, the applications were very numerous, and, consequently, I became acquainted with the history of many individuals, some of which presented circumstances of a singular and uncommon character.

There was one young woman I can never forget. The events of her early life were of such a remarkable nature that a detail can scarcely fail to create serious and useful reflections in the minds of those to whom they become known. In her brief career of sin and degradation, with its wonderful termination in elevated happiness, may be traced the mysterious guidance of an ever-watchful, ever-loving God.

It was at the commencement of my duties that a dissenting minister called upon me to request my assistance in providing a situation for a young woman who had been just liberated from the county gaol. He told me that he had been sent for by the chaplain—a man of decided piety and zeal, whose praiseworthy efforts had been often pre-eminently successful in reclaiming the youthful wanderer—on behalf of a young woman, who had been condemned to that prison twelve months before for crimes of an extraordinary character. Improbable as it may appear, it is no less true, that she, with another female and a young man, were in the habit of nightly sallying forth to the fashionable parts of the town, and committing daring and extensive burglaries. These three persons, not one of them above twenty years of age, kept the whole town for months in a continual state of excitement and alarm. The police were ever on the alert, and more than usually vigilant, yet, for a considerable length of time, they failed in obtaining the slightest clue to the depredators. But the most cunning plotters are generally caught at last, and thus it proved in this case. The hour of discovery came, and they were taken; the man and one girl were transported for life, and Selina Jones, the other girl, to whom my narrative more particularly refers, was sentenced to imprisonment, as she was not with her companions on the night when they committed the burglary that led to their apprehension.

The minister said that he should not have applied to me for my assistance for one so seemingly unworthy, had he not been assured by the chaplain (and upon his word, and experience in such matters, he felt that he could confidently rely) that she was now a sincere and humble penitent—an undissembling mourner over her past sins; that her eyes had been opened, through the mercy of God, to view her offences in their true light, and that with a soul subdued and bowed down under a sense of conscious guilt, she had formed a holy resolution, under divine help, to lead a new and Christian life, if she should have the unspeakable happiness, when she entered upon the world again, to meet with those who would trust her, and receive her into their house. He said, to use the chaplain's own words, "she is a girl worth saving."

My sympathy was immediately called forth, and I promised to use my strongest efforts to place the unfortunate girl in respectable and virtuous society; nor did I doubt of success, as I knew many persons who, I thought, would gladly receive the penitent wanderer. I requested him, therefore, to tell her to call upon me the next day, assuring her, at the same time, that I would be her friend to the extent of my power. He thanked me and withdrew.

The following day she came.

I was exceedingly pleased with her modest and interesting appearance. She entered the room with the manner of one overwhelmed with a painful sense of her melancholy position. Her demeanour unmistakably evidenced her heartfelt contrition. I looked kindly upon her, and when her eyes met mine, the fountain of her grief seemed to overflow, and the tears in silent sorrow poured down her pale and death-like cheeks. She said not a word, but sat like one afraid to speak, lest, from the magnitude of her former offences, her genuine penitence should be doubted. She was not what would be generally considered a pretty girl; she was more what might be called a fine girl. Her figure was tall and commanding; there was a natural elegance in her movements, unusual in one of her grade;

she seemed, indeed, formed by nature to move in a higher sphere. Her skin was delicately white, and her eyes and hair almost black. Whilst looking upon her, one could not fail to realize the picture drawn by the evangelist of the happy Mary Magdalene, who had heard her pardon pronounced by the Saviour of the world, saying, "Go, depart in peace; thy faith hath saved thee." After allowing her to relieve her overcharged soul by weeping, I requested her to give me an account of her birth and parentage, with the subsequent history of her fall, and likewise the manner in which she and her companions had so successfully carried on their depredations for so long a period.

She said she was born of poor but respectable parents, and had been early trained to walk in the paths of piety and virtue. There was a large family of them, and it was necessary that the elder ones should go to service. She accordingly left her home to commence her life of servitude, as maid of all work in a small quiet family. She was happy there, and in all probability might have remained in her place for years, had she not in an evil hour become acquainted with a young man, the only child of a widow, keeping a broker's shop in the same town. This young man was a dissolute character, and it was not until he had gained a strong hold upon her affections that he fully developed his principles. By reiterated and constant importunity he eventually succeeded in persuading her to pass the boundary which separates virtue from vice. The fatal step being taken, under his soul-destroying influence, she sunk lower and lower, until at last she became a wretched outcast from all decent society. They lived together some time, each following a vicious course of life.

After a while he induced another girl to join them, and the three lived together in one of the worst localities of the place. The guilty course of life they pursued was, when all was silent and dark, to steal out from their miserable room to that part of the town where the gentry resided, and try the windows which, through the carelessness of servants, were too frequently left unfastened, thus facilitating the work of the young depredators by giving them easy access to the house. The premises once entered, if they were fortunate enough to meet with plate, the man was soon on the road to the metropolis.

It was when he was just starting upon one of these excursions that he was seized, and thus an end was put to his profitable trips. Though they worked hard, they did not get rich, and they often risked their liberty for the most paltry gains. Watering-places do not generally yield much profit to the midnight thief, being mostly full of lodging-houses, which seldom contain much that is costly and valuable; consequently, burglaries are seldom committed in them. Hence the astonishment and excitement that prevailed amongst the inhabitants when almost daily they heard of some house or other having been entered during the night. I remember well my own landlord, who was the relieving officer, and the least likely of all men to indulge fear, becoming so nervous and excited as to have extra bolts put upon the doors of his ancient house, and shutters made where no one had ever dreamed for two hundred years to have shutters made before, although in the time of the second Charles the place was notorious as the habitation of smugglers. Bells were attached to the shutters, and the pistols were kept ready for action, and the never-forgotten question was always put to the servant at night, "Are you sure, Maria, that all is safe?" It was almost amusing to see the alarm that was depicted upon each countenance; every one looked full of dread, as not knowing but that their habitation was already marked for plunder, and that the property they were then fondly calling their own might ere the morning dawned be in the possession of the mysterious visitants.

This state of affairs lasted for several months, until the girls quarrelled, for it was not likely that uninterrupted friendship should long continue between such persons. They were planning another robbery when Selina Jones positively refused to accompany her companions. It might have been caprice, or it might have been, and doubtless it was, the first whispering of conscience. She had been better taught; she had once been happy and respected, but what was she then? a wretched outcast, loathsome to herself, and despised by others—one who dared not look upon the light, who was familiar only with scenes of darkness and shame. The glorious sun could not cheer and irradiate her sad heart with its brightness; the storm and the tempest were more welcome, as affording greater security for her to accomplish her guilty deeds. Sick at heart, she firmly told her companions that she would not go with them; and they accordingly went without her. The results of this happy determination we shall see in our next number.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

168. What law was given by God through Moses against manstealing?

189. Turn to Rom. v. 1—10, and find by what expressions unconverted men are there described.

190. What instance can you find of the respect which a great king paid to his mother?

191. How did Jesus in his last agony show his affection and respect for his mother?

192. What prophecy was fulfilled in Mary as she stood by the cross of her dying son?

Page for the Young.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

151. Jas. i. 6. "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed."

152. That of Caleb. Num. xiv. 24. "My servant Caleb, because he had another spirit with him, and hath *followed me fully*, him will I bring into the land whereinto he went."

153. 1 Tim. i. 15. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." iv. 8, 9. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation." 2 Tim. ii. 11. "It is a faithful saying, For if we be dead with him, we shall also live with him: if we suffer, we shall also reign with him." Titus iii. 8. "This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works."

154. The word of God. Jas. i. 18. "Of his own will begat he us with the *word of truth*." 1 Peter i. 23. "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, *by the word of God*."

155. Romans vii. 12. "The law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good."

156. Eliezer, Genesis xxiv. Deborah, Rachel's nurse, Gen. xxiv. 59; xxxv. 8. Jacob, Gen. xxxi. 36—42. Joseph, Gen. xxxix. 3. The captive maid, 2 Kings v. 2—4. Naaman's servants, 2 Kings v. 13. The centurion's servant, Matt. viii. 9. Cornelius' servants, Acts x. 7.

157. Num. xxiii. 10. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" This was his wish, but his end was far different. He was slain in battle, fighting against the people of God. See Joshua xiii. 22.

158. 1st. As refreshing. In Isaiah xliv. 3: "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed." 2ndly. As cleansing. Ezek. xxxvi. 25: "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you." 3rdly. As quickening. John vii. 38, 39: "He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake he of the Spirit."

159. The walls of Jericho fell at the blast of the rams' horns, Joshua vi. 16, 20. And the Israelites were delivered from the power of the Midianites by three hundred men that lapped, Judges vii. 7. The reason for this God told Gideon, ver. 2, "Lest Israel vaunt themselves against me, saying, Mine own hand hath saved me."

160. Moses, when the people lusted for bread. Numb. xi. 15. "If thou deal thus with me, kill me, I pray thee, out of hand, if I have found favour in thy sight; and let me not see my wretchedness." Elijah, when fleeing from the sword of Jezebel, 1 Kings xix. 4. He requested for himself that he might die, and said, "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers." Jonah (when Nineveh was spared), chap. iv. 3. "Therefore now, O Lord, take, I beseech thee, my life from me; for it is better for me to die than to live." And again (when his gourd perished), v. 8, he wished in himself to die, and said, "It is better for me to die than to live."

161. St. Paul, when a prisoner at Rome. See Phil. i. 23—25. "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ; which is far better; nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you. And having this confidence, I know that I shall abide and continue with you all for your furtherance and joy of faith."

162. See the case of *Felix*, Acts xxiv. 25. "As he (Paul) reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee."

163. Matt. x. 24, 25. "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord. If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household?" 2 Tim. iii. 12. "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

164. Proverbs xxiii. 5. "Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches certainly make themselves wings: they fly away as an eagle toward heaven." 1 Tim. i. 17. "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not highminded, nor trust in *uncertain riches*."

165. Prov. iii. 17. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." 1 Tim. vi. 6. "Godliness with contentment is *great gain*." 1 Tim. iv. 8. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

166. Gen. viii. 7. Noah sent forth a raven from the ark. The raven is named as an *unclean bird* in Lev. xi. 15; Deut. xiv. 14. They were employed to find Elijah at the brook Cherith, 1 Kings xvii. 4, 6. God's care of them is spoken of, Job xxxviii. 41, Ps. cxlvii. 9; and the same care is referred to by our Lord as a pledge to the disciples that their heavenly Father would much more care for them, Luke xii. 24. It was prophesied (Is. xxxiv. 11) that the raven should dwell in the desolate places of Idumea. The glossy blackness of its breast is referred to as an image of beauty, Sol. Song v. 11; and it was part of the curse threatened on the disobedient child, that the ravens of the valley should pluck out his eyes. Prov. xxx. 17.

167. 1 Samuel iv. 3. "When the people were come into the camp, the elders of Israel said, Wherefore hath the Lord smitten us to-day before the Philistines? Let us fetch the ark of the covenant of the Lord out of Shiloh unto us, that when it cometh among us it may save us out of the hand of our enemies."

168. Gen. xi. 2, 3. After the creation. "And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made, and God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all the work which God had created and made."

169. See Gen. viii. 10, 12. The interval of *seven days* referred to furnish ground for supposing that the sabbath day was observed.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

JOHN NEWTON, IN THE TEMPEST, COMING TO HIMSELF

THE PRODIGAL SON.

VI.—COMING TO ONESELF.

Oftimes does nature in her courses take a turn: as when the night changes into day, and the dark fields of the firmament are sown with light; when the buds of the morning burst out in rosy tints, and the watcher sees the golden glory of the sun descending on the mountain heights; or, as when sickness changeth into health, and the body, wasted by disease, begins to renew its vital energies; when pain subsides, exhaustion ceases, and there grows up a consciousness of strength, and the anxious heart, that has been tending the patient, sympathises in his new found life; or, as when madness changeth into reason, and the wild imagination that had broken the bridle of judgment and dashed away into strange regions, there to be excited by unreal scenes, is caught, and checked, and tamed, and once more reined in to serve in works of usefulness, and to taste of real joys; and the friends who had wept to see "moody madness laughing wild amidst severest woe," are now gladdened to behold serious thoughtfulness restored, bringing with it the promise of true satisfaction and peace. Nature, faithful to her office as a typical prophet of spiritual truth,

in all this shows forth to the reflective, symbols of a turn more critical, in a course more momentous. To be "enlightened," to be "made whole," to "come to oneself," are established illustrations, recognised by all, of the conversion of a human soul. The *great change* in man! Heaven and earth are daily pointing to it; the gospel enables us to explain its nature, and their significancy in reference to it. The parable of the prodigal son brings out this change.

"He came to himself." Let us examine what this implies with regard to his former state. The forms of human language are very instructive. "Self-possessed," "beside oneself," "not oneself," "losing oneself," "coming to oneself." Such forms of expression are very old; they run through many tongues. There is thought beneath them; and ever has there been some consciousness, dim or bright, of a startling spiritual fact, suggesting and perpetuating the use of such expressions. The fact is this—that man's nature, made by God and meant to be a united nature, has become divided. It was one at first. It is now broken in two. The understanding and the affections, the intellect and the heart, were once in perfect harmony; they moved together and acted together; but they are now found discordant, at war, struggling with one another—the understanding going this way, and the affections that; the intellect aspiring, and the heart grovelling. We scarcely know how to conceive of thorough moral oneness, how to realize mental freedom and spontaneous moral action, without any struggle, resistance, or temptation—every power obedient to holy law, each existing in perfect order; the soul distinct in its faculties, yet one in its feeling; the whole substance of its energy absorbed in a rich deep flow of love to God. Yet, however difficult or impossible to grasp it in thought, such a state of mind there must be in fact. It is the experience of an angel. It is the blessedness of God. An angel's attributes are manifold; yet is his moral nature one. And so, in infinite perfection, is it with God. *They* are ever themselves. *He* is ever himself—self-governed, self-possessed. The perfection of a human being must be of the same order. As far as Adam was perfect, it was so. As far as man may be perfect hereafter, it will be so.

The rent in our mortal nature is most manifest. Ages ago, even heathens felt humanity was a torn thing. "Certainly," said Xenophon, "I must have two souls, for plainly it is not one and the same which is both evil and good, nor which loves honourable and base conduct, and at the same time wishes to do a thing, and not to do it." "I know," exclaimed Euripides, "that such things as I am about to do are evil; but my mind is better than my inclinations. "I see and approve the better things," confessed the Roman poet, "yet follow the worse." Greek and Latin, they were in this alike. Each was a self-divided being. The one God-made soul had been, as it were, cut in halves, and made into two souls. There was the better half and the worse, the bright and the dark, the heavenly and the earthly, the divine and the demoniacal—the half that remained God-like, and the other half that had become devil-like.

This disunion exists in all, and everywhere; till God's grace produces in us self-reconciliation and harmony. All souls are disorganized commonwealths, till he reduces them to law, order, and unity. But the disunion develops itself, in different cases, in different degrees; the disorganization is more terrible and more visible in some cases than in others. The last and worst degree of such disunion and disorganization had been reached by the prodigal. He was "beside himself," as far as a man could be—had lost himself as completely as a man could do.

"Himself." We take that to mean his better nature; his judgment, his reason, his conscience, the light still shining on him, the ray from heaven falling on the path of duty; the voice from God, saying, "walk therein;" the seeing of that light, the hearing of that word. It was the soul praising the honourable and condemning the base; it was the mind better than the inclinations. It was the power that approved what had not been followed. It was the fragment of divinity remaining among the broken sin-stained pieces of the heart. It was the sunbeam flowing through the chink still left open on the heavenward side of humanity. It was the angel lingering amidst the ruins of the fall, waiting for the ruins to be built up again. From "*himself*" so considered; from his conscience telling him that there were bonds of duty; from his reason, illumined by revelation, assuring him that he had a Father in heaven as well as on earth; he had turned aside, and wandered far. He was beside that nobler self. He had lost that better self. He and conscience were divorced. He and reason were estranged.

Are not the expressions we have employed descriptive of a state insane? Describe they not the pitiable inmates of a Bedlam? Mental aberration! not a mind that walks soberly along the heaven-lit paths of truth and duty; but one that wanders wildly into other and different paths of delusion and confused fancy, and disordered, idle, hurtful thought. Use we not also that phrase respecting the delirium of the feverish patient, or the confirmed condition of the maniac. How the mental here illustrates the moral. How closely, too, are they con-

nected. How the one sometimes melts into the other. A madman is the counterpart of a sinner. A sinner is a madman. The prodigal, ever since he had left his father's house, had been going morally mad. As he wasted his substance in riotous living, he was mad; as he spent his money upon harlots, he was mad. When he went and hired himself to the citizen in the far country, he was mad. When he would fain have filled his belly with husks, he was mad. Sensuality is madness. Intemperance is madness. The waste of noble faculties on sins and trifles is madness. Avarice, as well as wild extravagance, is madness. Recklessly to theorize about truth, and morals, and religion, tearing reason away from its divine teacher, and setting aside God's own word—though vainly called philosophy—is madness. As slaves of vice or of intellectual pride; as worldlings, digging in the earth for happiness; as God-forgetting ones, who dream of perfect independence, we are not in our right minds. We may be sound as to some things; but as to these other things, these greatest things, these spiritual and divine things, we are not sound; just as in cases of common mental disease, sanity and insanity are strangely blended.

And, now, mark how the wandering of the prodigal from himself began. It began with wandering from his father. The mad, self-contradictory, self-degrading career of the profligate commenced by his shaking off the control of paternal authority. He broke away from home government, seeking independence. It was the proof and the ground of madness. In seeking to be a king, he became a slave. In the deification of self, he lost himself. All moral aberration, all spiritual insanity, has its origin in the loss of reliance on God, in the alienation of the will from God. When we cast off God, we lose ourselves. Far from him, we are beside ourselves; for he is our light, and we are dark without him; he is our law, and we are lawless without him; he is our guide, and we wander without him. Self-dedication to God is self-preservation: devoted to him, we are ourselves.

"He came to himself." Let us examine what this conveys as to his altered state. Man may reach a state in which he never comes to himself in the sense here meant. The lost in hell come not to themselves. They have the consciousness of losing themselves; but they never regain themselves. They are sensible of being beside themselves; and they never become again self-possessed. Reason and inclination are ever at war. Conscience and passion, how they fight! The mind and the heart, what fierce collision! the wrestling of two powers chained together!

If men die before they come to themselves, the internal disunion is everlasting. There is no healing the great wound of our nature after death. The fire of the rebellion must be put out now, or it will go on burning through endless ages. Man must be reconciled to himself in time, or the war will go on to eternity. Some minds have passed away in a storm of terror. There have been dark death-beds, over which the shadows of hell gathered thick. At times it has required great effort from without to keep down remorse. "Had I not been there," said Condorcet, speaking of D'Alembert's departure, "he would have flinched." Rousseau died calmly, as many have done, without coming to himself; died *insanely* calm we should say, looking at the nature and consequences of death. But such calm is ominous—"the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below." The after thoughtfulness, the revelation consequent on death, the light showing the soul's everlasting prison-house, and the unending discord of its worse and its better self, the perpetuation of the struggle, and the pain after the delusion has ceased—all that is too terrible to be thought of.

The coming to oneself in this life is very different. There is in it much of painfulness, but there is in it more of mercy. How opposite the judicial inflictions of another life and the reformatory discipline of this; the iron chain there eating into the substance of the soul, and the gentle cord here drawing the soul from its falsehoods, sins, and sorrows, to truth and God! The prodigal had forsaken God, but he has not been forsaken by him; no, not even in that far land; for all the misery which has fallen on him there was indeed an expression of God's anger against sin, but at the same time of his love to the sinner. He hedges up his way with thorns, that he may not find his paths. (Hosea ii. 6.) He makes his sin bitter to him, that he may forsake it. In this way God pursues his fugitives, summoning them back to himself in that only language which now they will understand. He allows the world to make its bondage hard to them, that they may know the difference between his service and the service of "the kings of the countries," that those whom he is about to deliver may at last cry to him by reason of their bitter bondage. (2 Chron. xii. 8; xxxiii. 11—13.) It was when Israel felt the tyranny of the task-master, that the people sighed under the burden of their bondage, and the Lord heard and pitied. So Manasseh also, when in captivity, came to his senses, and far away from his own throne and his country's temple, thought of his king and his God. What an infinite mercy and gain it is, at whatever temporal cost it may be, for man to come to

himself, after losing himself, and to recover the favour of the Almighty after its forfeiture!

To take a modern instance. John Newton was a sad profligate—an African blasphemer, as he used to say, referring to his profanity when a trader in slaves on the Guinea coast. If any man was mad with wickedness, it was he. His career of folly, vice, and impiety, shows that he was utterly beside himself. One night, at sea, he went to bed, and was suddenly waked up by the billows breaking on board. The waves tore away the timbers; some of the sailors set to baling out the water, while others worked at the pumps. In the midst of the terror, he laughed at it, and told his companions that it would serve afterwards for a subject over a glass of wine. "No, it is too late now," said one, with tears. The madness was at its height, just as it was about to take a turn. Newton was at the pump from three in the morning till near noon. At last he said, "If this will not do, the Lord have mercy upon us;" and then, struck with his own words, he asked himself, "What mercy can there be for me?" After a little rest he returned to steer the ship. "I had here leisure and convenient opportunity for reflection. I began to think of my former religious profession, the extraordinary turns of my life, the calls, warnings, and deliverances I had met with, the licentious course of my conversation, particularly my unparalleled effrontery in making the gospel history the constant subject of profane ridicule. I thought, allowing the Scripture premises, there never was or could be such a sinner as myself; and then, comparing the advantages I had broken through, I concluded at first my sins were too great to be forgiven."

He was coming to himself. Blessed storm! precious danger! to have awakened in him such serious thoughts. There arose a gleam of hope; the ship was freed from water. "I thought I saw the hand of God displayed in our favour, and I began to pray. I could not utter the prayer of faith. I could not draw near to a reconciled God, and call him Father. My prayer was like the raven's cry, which yet the Lord did not disdain to hear." It was the beginning of a complete change—the dawn of salvation's day upon the soul of the weather-beaten mariner. Moral sanity was returning; he was coming to his reason by degrees. The dreadful tempest, the danger, the gaping gulf, and the opening hell, had brought him to his senses.

There are new impressions of three subjects received on this restoration to moral sanity.

1. Of *one's dream.* Life has been a mad dream, and now the mind comes to see it so. It is in the spiritual world as in the natural. The dream, when one reviews it waking, is very different from what it was while sleeping. The dream was the creature of the imagination, discharged from the control of judgment. Fancy was busy doing her work alone, and the mind yielded to the spell of that enchanter. It was all taken for truthfulness and reality. Now judgment has returned to exercise itself, and pass in severe criticism before it the idle vision. Its disjointed, confused, contradictory, false, and idle nature, at once become apparent. The imagination is understood, seen through, and estimated aright, now it is over. So one's moral life appears very different, as when seen amidst the delusion, bustle, and excitement of itself, and as when seen in the calmness of a rational review afterwards. "To narrate one's dream," says Seneca, "we must be awake." To confess the world's vanity and our own folly, to see and feel our sin, is a sign of returning health. Men in later life, reflecting in sober reason on by-gone pursuits, and so far come to themselves, without perhaps attaining to that deep spiritual self-knowledge which leadeth to salvation, have penetrated the cheat they once submitted to, and have well exposed it. "I appraise the pleasures of the world," said Chesterfield, "at their real value, which is very low. I have been behind the scenes. I look upon all that has passed as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive dream." "By the time," observed Neckar, "that we have reached threescore and ten, we have looked round and become familiar with the whole scene: though not satisfied, we are sated. Then we feel our need of a new residence, a new sphere of activity, and new sources of employment and pleasure." "I greatly deceive myself," declared Mr. Burke, in his last days, "if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world." All this, and more than this, is discovered by the soul as it returns to moral sanity—as it comes back to its better self—as it looks at its past history in the light of God's truth—as it gives conscience its sovereign place, and lets reason discharge its proper office.

2. The next new impression is of *one's home.* The prodigal now remembered that he had a home. "And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger." How true is the parable to nature. So, in point of fact, does it often happen, that the first sign of returning consciousness of right is a reminiscence of childhood—a seeking of a long castaway picture of one's father's house. The happy fireside, the evening hymn, the Sunday-afternoon reading and conversation with a sainted mother, the sermon heard when a boy in

the old parish church, or in the chapel where he went with his parents—those visions of memory come like merciful angels to touch the heart of the prodigal in a far country. Such are among the first signs of returning reason, even as I have understood that in common insanity, the first thing sometimes which penetrates the mind, to produce order there—the first crystal to give shape and brilliancy to the dull, confused, and troubled map of cogitations—is the thought of home, dear home. The parable, true to nature, is equally true to spiritual experience. A new impression of the soul's proper home takes possession of the soul when it comes to itself. The need of a better resting-place than earth is felt. Heaven is remembered. There is the conviction that man belongs to another world as well as this; that his soul comes from above; that above it must ascend to reach its rest; that it is, that it must be, a wanderer till it has established a conscious connection with what is eternal and infinite. Ascend in thought, in faith, in prayer, in love, in aspiration! Ascend! The heavenward path is the homeward one. The road mounts above Alpine heights, above the whitest snow, above the bluest sky, above the sun, and above the stars—excelsior, excelsior, till it reaches the gate of the home of God, the angel's home. The soul's home is there. In person, it must go there hereafter, to be at home. It must go there now in spirit, to be at home. Not, however, that the soul finds its home in any place. After all, localities, except as images, bear no relation to the immaterial substance of man's spiritual nature, regarded as something craving rest and peace. It is not in circumstances, but in moral condition, in religious state, that the heart gets into its home. Heaven will be its home hereafter, more as a state than as a place. Heaven is its home now, not as a place, but as a condition. Humble faith, trustful love, fervent devotion, joyful obedience, holy gratitude, filial praise, zeal for what is pure, and true, and good; that will be heaven, the soul's home hereafter; that is heaven, the soul's home now. No heaven can we find *in* this earth; but we may find heaven *on* it. Not from any temporal circumstances, however felicitous they are presumed to be, can a heaven be obtained; but amidst them, however disastrous, we may enter into a most blessed one. The body may work and the mind may rest; there may be outward pain and inward peace. We may be in a "far country;" and at the same time at home with God.

3. The third new impression is of *one's father*. "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger. I will arise, and go to my father." He was serving a master, who put him to a degrading service. He began to remember that he had a father, whose service was far different. The servants at home were better off than sons where he was. Better to be the bondsman of a true Israelite, a lord in the land of promise, than the heir of a foreign keeper of swine. His country and his father came into his thoughts, and made him long for both. He felt how much worse off he was than they were who once waited on him; as the captive Romans, after the battle of Canna, said to Marcellus, "We are in a worse condition than captives were among our fathers." Poor prodigal! he had been tired of filial subjection; now he longs for menial servitude. He had cast himself off from being his father's son; now he would gladly be his father's servant. What he had once looked on as liberty, he now found to be slavery; what he before deemed slavery, now appears freedom. So it is when the soul comes to itself. There is a perfect revolution in the notions held about liberty and bondage, about pleasure and happiness, because there is a perfect revolution in notions about self and God.

From the idolizing of himself, from the mad idea that he was his own centre and his own end, his own law-giver and his own king, the prodigal turns to the belief that God is his Father, and that happiness must be sought in his service. He feels his relationship to God; he feels the claims of God; he feels the duties he owes to God; he feels the sinfulness of his wandering from God. "I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight." The conviction is like a burning fire, like a thunder-bolt from heaven. He looks at the law, he looks at the gospel; he has violated and abused both. Conscience presses home charge upon charge. Yes, he acknowledges again and again, "I have sinned." Sorrow, shame, humility, now fill his once gay, proud, presumptuous heart. "I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." It is seen that God has been a father all along, but the privileges of sonship are forfeited. All ground of right must be abandoned. The soul must come to God on a new footing. The sinner can no longer stand on the ground of justice; he must throw himself on the bosom of mercy. His prayer is now, not that God would give him "a portion of goods," but that God would forgive his manifold sins. Thoughts of God at first may be enough to drive the soul to despair. So it was with the psalmist: "I remembered God and was troubled." Thoughts of God's purity, holiness, justice, and truth, are overwhelming to the soul that is convinced of sin. But there are further thoughts we are taught to entertain. God reveals himself in the gospel as a father still: though we have thrown off sonship, he has

not repudiated fatherhood. (Jeremiah xxxi. 18–20.) We have thrown up a barrier in the way of our return—piled up walls of partition behind us. He has broken them all down, swept them all away by the cross, and levelled the path to his heavenly home. Through Christ he reveals himself. In Christ's person, character, work, and sufferings, he shows us his infinite love for us, in spite of all our ingratitude and wandering. Such a sight of God subdues despair; hope springs up; and encouragement is taken. The soul feels itself to be lost, but not for ever; to have forfeited God's favour, but not for ever; to have bartered heaven away, but not for ever. And then comes the vow, "I will arise." Why tarry any longer in thy wretchedness and thy rags, while there is promise of a father's mercy? Why tarry in the far country, at a distance from him, when every moment's tarrying is a moment added to thy misery? Why tarry, since to do so adds sin to sin? It is the resolve at once of faith and hope, of duty and of wisdom, "I will arise, and go to my father."

TOO BIG TO PRAY.

"I TARRIED," says the correspondent of an American journal, "for a night with an old friend, who had always seemed indifferent on the subject of religion. His wife was pious, and endeavoured to impress the minds of her children with proper views of God and eternity. Her little boy of two or three years, when about to retire to rest, knelt down by his mother, and reverently repeated a child's prayer. When he arose from his knees, he turned to his father with a seeming consciousness that he had performed a duty, and addressed him, 'Father, I have said my prayers: have you said yours? or are you too big to pray?' I thought it was a question that would reach that father's heart, and it might yet be said of him, 'Behold, he prayeth.'

"I have since noticed many, very many, who were too big to pray. I knew a young man, a college student, of brilliant talents and fascinating manners. Yet he would sneer at piety and pious men. He was considered a model by a certain class around him. The Spirit of God strove with his heart. He saw his danger and resolved to reform. Then he thought of his companions who had witnessed his past life. They would say he was weak-minded and fickle. He would lose their respect. He could not come down from his high position. He could not take up the cross through good and evil report, and his serious impressions passed away, perhaps for ever. *He was too big to pray.*

"I knew a man who had passed the middle age of life. His children had grown up around him, while he had been careless and unconcerned about their eternal welfare. A change came over him, and he felt that duty called on him to pray in his family. But how could he assume such a task before his household, which would be astonished at such a strange event. He shrank from the effort, and finally relaxed into his former coldness and indifference. *He was too big to pray,*

"I knew a physician who held a high rank in his profession. The urbanity of his deportment, joined with an intelligent mind, made him a pleasant companion. But he was sceptical in the doctrines of the Bible. He witnessed the happy death of one who triumphed in the last trying hour, and his infidel opinions were shaken. 'Almost he was persuaded to become a Christian.' But the pride of his heart was not subdued. He could not humble himself at the foot of the cross. *He was too big to pray.*

"I knew a man of great learning and great worldly wisdom. He became a disciple of Christ; but he mistook the nature of prayer in the 'simplest form of speech,' and he often used 'great swelling words' and lofty rounded periods. His prayers were not edifying. *He was too big to pray.*

"How many thousands there are around us, who have been elevated to high places in our land, who would not dare to be seen upon their knees, supplicating the majesty of heaven. *They are too big to pray.*"

BIBLE COMMERCE.

WE all know what modern commerce is. Of vast extent, spread over the whole world, engaging almost all nations, it is the powerful agent of both good and evil. Now while the commerce carried on in Old Testament times was far less general than that of our own day, it was perhaps far more extensive and important than many suspect. We propose to direct attention to a few facts connected with this interesting subject, which will be profitable to the ordinary reader of the holy Scriptures.

It is difficult to say when commercial intercourse between various nations began, but it is easy to see that it would naturally commence when one nation perceived that another possessed advantages unknown to itself. Men soon became fond of comforts and luxuries, which were valued in proportion as they were rare and costly; they speedily grew dissatisfied with the products of their own country, and anxious to possess those of others. In this way commerce would begin; probably at first by land and between neighbouring states, afterwards with

countries more remote. The invention of ships was an expedient of later date, and it required a degree of courage, which would not at first be found, to tempt the rough sea. In the tenth of Genesis we find mentioned the names of several whose descendants afterwards became famous as commercial nations. The journey of Abraham into Egypt (Gen. xii.) implies intercourse and probably traffic with different countries; and the purchase of the cave of Machpelah (Gen. xxiii.) was a regular business transaction, for Abraham paid four hundred shekels of silver current money with the merchant. About a hundred and fifty years later, the brethren of Joseph sold him to "a company of Ishmaelites, who came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt," where they found a ready market for such valuable articles. These Ishmaelites, like some of the Arabian tribes, their descendants, led a roving kind of life, and were spread over a vast surface of country, from the east of Canaan to Assyria, and from Egypt to the Persian gulf. They were, therefore, admirably fitted to be the medium of communication between Egypt and Eastern Asia.

Apparently travelling in company with the Ishmaelites, there were Midianites, also descended from Abraham, whose territory lay towards Mount Sinai and the Red Sea. Their modes of travelling and trading have been carried on to the present day in the east. A modern writer, who supposes that they traded with India, expresses himself in this manner: "Here, upon opening the oldest history in the world, we find the Ishmaelites from Gilead conducting a caravan loaded with the spices of India, the balsam and myrrh of Hadramaut; and in the regular course of their traffic proceeding to Egypt for a market. The date of this transaction is more than seventeen centuries before the Christian era, and notwithstanding its antiquity, it has all the genuine features of a caravan crossing the desert at the present hour."

Whether the Ishmaelites traded with India may be uncertain, but the description of their mode of traffic is very curious and interesting, as is also the reference to Gilead and its fragrant balm. This balm was among the most prized of gums in ancient times: it is mentioned as one of the articles which Israel bid his sons carry to Egypt as a present for Joseph. Jeremiah also alludes to it, (viii. 22; xlvi. 11; li. 8) and Ezekiel expressly says (xxvii. 17) that Judah traded with Tyre in balm. We may add that to this precious commodity there is frequent reference in the Greek and Latin writers, some of whom speak of it as peculiar to this locality.

Myrrh, another article of commerce enumerated, is a native of Arabia, and was also extensively valued.

MYRRH.

Reference has been made to India. Now it appears from the mention of cinnamon in Exod. xxx. 23, that an Indian trade must have existed at that early period. Cinnamon is the produce of India and Ceylon, but the knowledge of its value made it an article of commerce, as it would appear, with Egypt. By what means it was conveyed, and whether by land or water, is unknown. It is mentioned by Solomon in connection with myrrh and aloes in Prov. vii. 17; and along with many other fragrant articles in Solomon's Song iv. 14.

Egypt, for whose sake so many continually hazarded their lives, by traversing distant and inhospitable countries and stormy seas, was not a nation of commercial enterprise. Shut up within herself, and hedged about by the idea of self-importance, like modern China, she received the visits of all, but returned them to none.

She waited till other nations brought her the commodities she stood in need of, and gave them in exchange the things which remained to her after her own wants were supplied. Hence it is

CINNAMON.

that we find all nations journeying to Egypt to buy and to sell; but not until later times do we trace the natives of that country going out to engage in foreign traffic.

The invention of shipping is not recorded, but it was no doubt of very early date. The ark of Noah may have taught many lessons in the art of ship-building to those who were dispersed over the world by the flood. But the first mention we have of ships is in Gen. xlix. 13, where Jacob says, "Zebulon shall dwell at the haven of the sea, and he shall be for a haven of ships." From this passage we should certainly imply that ships were very well known. The little boat or ark which the mother of Moses made was probably in imitation of boats which were then used upon the Nile, similar perhaps to some of those represented in Egyptian sculptures, or to those which are now in use upon the river Tigris. In Numbers xxiv. 24, Balaam speaks of the ships of Chittim; and Moses (Deut. xxviii. 68) predicts that the Jews shall be carried again into Egypt by ships.

All these passages may have reference to a coasting trade carried on upon the shores of the Mediterranean, or to the commerce of the Phenicians. The Phenicians were the first commercial nation in the world. The products of the entire east were purchased by them, to be conveyed in ships to Africa, the islands and states of Greece, and even to Italy, Gaul, and Spain. In return, they brought back silver and other merchandise, which they disposed of to the more eastern nations with which they traded. Sidon, their first metropolis, was renowned throughout the known world as the mart of every precious commodity, and the centre of the world's commerce; and Tyre afterwards even exceeded it in glory. The Phenicians had colonies and ports everywhere. Carthage in Africa, with Hippo and Utica; Tarshish or Tartessus in Spain, with others in the same country; and Massilia or Marseilles, with Nemausus or Nismes, in France, were formed by them. Their ships appear to have visited India, sailed round Africa, and trafficked with Britain. From this country, equally with Spain, they seem to have obtained iron, lead, and tin. Their port of Tarshish, now called Cadiz, was the great emporium of the west, and its ships are supposed to have had intercourse with our own country as far back as 1500 years before Christ.

THE ALOE PLANT.

A century earlier than this, and for 1100 years afterwards, the Phenicians were famous as a trading nation. They are not merely mentioned as such in the Scriptures, but by Homer and the most ancient Greek writers. The wealth of Tyre and Sidon was everywhere known, and the ships of Tarshish sailed on almost every sea. Phenicia must have been the rendezvous of men from all the countries of the east, and have accumulated in its storehouses untold wealth. The vast extent and variety of its

cities are often alluded to in the writings of the prophets, while their luxury and vice are frequently the theme of denunciation.

A knowledge of these facts throws considerable light upon many passages of the Old Testament, and accounts for some interesting facts there recorded. For instance, we see why Solomon employed the fleet of Hiram, king of Tyre, to convey the materials of which the temple was built. It is very probable, too, that Solomon himself was induced to engage in maritime commerce from a consideration of the great advantages which it had conferred upon Tyre and Sidon. Hence we find that he availed himself of the assistance of these cities in order to undertake those long sea voyages, each of which occupied a period of three years. From the port of Ezion-geber on the Red Sea, the ships of Solomon, partly manned by his own servants, and partly by those of the king of Tyre, went to Ophir for gold and other articles of value. (2 Chron. ix. 21.) Many conjectures have been formed as to where Ophir was; but whether it was in India or in Arabia, it was a distant region, celebrated from the earliest times for its gold; hence we find it alluded to by Job xxii. 24, and xxviii. 16.

After the death of Solomon, an attempt was made to revive this trade, but without success, as his ships were wrecked at Ezion-geber. (1 Kings xxii. 48, 49.)

It would appear that the ships of Tarshish sometimes went from the Jewish port of Joppa, as we read that Jonah there embarked with the intention of going to Tarshish; but his design was frustrated by Divine Providence, in a remarkable way.

To what extent the Hebrews themselves in later times conducted a foreign trade, is not very apparent. There is, however, but little doubt that after the Babylonian captivity, they carried on a more extensive commerce than they had previously done. Before the time of Christ, Jews were to be found engaged in mercantile pursuits in many foreign countries.

From the very brief sketch which we have given of the commerce mentioned in the Old Testament, it will be apparent that it existed from the earliest period to a considerable extent, and that the great land-carriers were those nations who traversed the Asiatic continent by means of caravans; the great water-carriers being the Phenicians, to whom the others were mainly subordinate. This commercial intercourse arose from the necessities of nations, and their strong desire for luxuries and foreign products. Commerce, more than conquest and colonization, brought the knowledge of distant countries. Sometimes, indeed, conquest was suggested by commerce as a means of gain.

It would be gratifying if we could discover that the commerce of nations was productive of more substantial benefits than wealth and power. Perhaps in some cases it was the precursor of letters and civilization, as Cadmus, the Phenician, is said to have given an alphabet to Greece; but more often it was the forerunner of dissipation and of pride. Instead of extending the true knowledge of God, it frequently led to the adoption of new forms of idolatry and superstition. Thus that which might have been a means of real and permanent good was, not seldom, only a questionable benefit, and frequently a positive and enduring evil. Indeed, it is melancholy to know that the very nations who in old times were distinguished for their activity in foreign trade, were destitute of that simplicity which characterized some others, and were tempted to an excess of sin and folly to which non-commercial regions were strangers. And so it is with men even now: those things which might, if properly employed, not only add to their temporal good, but to their moral and spiritual welfare, are too often perverted to the worst of purposes, and serve to bring upon them a more speedy and a more complete destruction. We have already suggested that it was so with Tyre and Sidon. Where now are the ships of Tarshish? and what now are Tyre and Sidon? The predictions which were uttered against them have been signally accomplished. The ships of Tarshish have been broken, and Tyre and Sidon have been stripped of their ancient glory. "Tyre is a complete desolation; but Sidon still subsists as a town, and carries on some traffic with the neighbouring coasts." A modern traveller thus graphically speaks of Tyre:—"On the site of the first Tyre, not a single vestige of an ancient city appears. I have seen the ruins of Athens, and the innumerable memorials of Egyptian glory in Thebes. There, enough survives to lead the mind to expand with wonder, or to sadden with regret; but of ancient Tyre there just remains that utter NOTHING, which seems best suited to prepare the Christian for imbibing the spirit of the prophetic language." (Ezek. xxvi. 1—21.) "Its present inhabitants," says another, "are only a few poor wretches harbouring themselves in the vaults, and subsisting chiefly on fishing, who seem to be preserved in this place by Divine Providence, as a visible argument how God has fulfilled his word respecting Tyre; namely, 'That it should be as the top of a rock, a place for fishers to dry their nets upon.'"

We are a commercial people; let us muse on those great communities which have preceded us in this character, and learn not only to be "diligent in business," but also "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

MODERN MONASTICISM.

THE ORATORIANS IN ENGLAND.

THE doctrine of "development" has, perhaps, nowhere so singularly exhibited itself amid the varied ramifications of the Romish church, as in the attempt to render monachism palatable to the tastes, and innocuous to the eyes, of English Protestants. A brief outline, therefore, of the rise, progress, and purpose of the order of St. Philip Neri, in this country, cannot but be interesting as well as instructive; whilst it may serve to put the unwary on their guard against Jesuitical machinations, and the insinuating fangs of men who are ever ready to "compass sea and land to make one proselyte."

After the Rev. Mr. Faber resigned the living of Elton, in Huntingdonshire, and embraced the tenets of Romanism, he, together with some dozen of his parishioners — all poor working men—associated together, and formed a sort of religious community in Birmingham. The new fraternity was first denominated the "Wilfridians," but was subsequently altered to "Brothers by the Will of God."

Mr. Faber's fame attracted some few Cambridge undergraduates, who renounced their Protestantism and their worldly prospects, to become—they did not well know what! At all events, they associated themselves in community together. The Wilfridians, being chiefly mechanics, plied their various trades, whilst their superior, Mr. Faber, in the true humble spirit of a monk of yore, performed the chief drudgery of the house. The brothers remained some nine or ten months at their establishment in Birmingham, when they removed, in September 1847, to Cotton Hall, in Staffordshire, the gift of the late Lord Shrewsbury. This beautiful seat, with its spacious demesne, was formerly occupied by a Mr. Smith, who, upon renouncing his Protestant principles, disposed of his possessions to the nobleman just named, and took up his future residence at Rome, in the household of Pius IX. A magnificent Roman Catholic church was erected at Cheadle, and Cotton Hall received such alterations as were necessary to turn it into a cloister; so that altogether, to the eye of the inexperienced traveller, the country around appeared as if Romanism had never departed therefrom. However, somehow or other, the new sodality did not succeed, although under the fostering wing of a wealthy and influential propagandist nobleman. After Dr. Newman had returned from Italy, a consultation was held, the result of which was that Mr. Faber's plans were frustrated, and another order was established, bearing the title of the "Fathers of the Oratory." It first consisted of those who had associated themselves with the brothers of St. Wilfrid, and who were either chiefly or entirely *perverts* from the Protestant faith.

Towards the close of the year 1848, Mr. Faber, with his colleagues, retired from Cotton Hall, which establishment was handed over to the *Passionists*, and removed to King William street, near the Strand, where the Oratory was first opened in October, 1848. About the same time another branch of the order was established in Birmingham, Father Faber being appointed head of the former, and Father Newman director of the latter house. Two elegant and chaste structures have since been erected in both cities, one at Brompton, and the other at Edgbaston. The number of fathers (exclusive of lay-brothers) in each house, may be computed at about fifteen.

A good deal of comment and even merriment was occasioned at the time the Oratorians first presented themselves to the public eye. Their broad-brimmed hats, long monkish *soutanes*, "boy-like turn-down collars," and strange gait, caused no small degree of surprise and wonderment, for they seemed like the ghosts of past ages in the sunlight of our civilization! People were amused, but few suspected what those disciples of St. Philip were about, or the insidious designs which they entertained against the Protestantism of this nation. Many were induced, out of curiosity, to attend the so-called devotions and lectures conducted and delivered by the fathers, whilst but few were aware that the whole institute addressed itself not so much to Roman Catholics as to those of a purer faith. The chief object and aim of those "missioners" were to render Catholicism acceptable to Protestant consciences, and thereby to instil the poisonous tenets of Romanism into our people's minds; and, if possible, place this country once again under the intolerable yoke of priestcraft and the iron rule of a foreign despotism.

The priests of St. Philip most undoubtedly deserve credit for the ingenious manner in which they speak of the work they propose prosecuting in this land. "It can hardly be denied," writes Father Faber, "that there is a Protestant *look* about St. Philip's Oratory, especially in England, where men, in gazing on Catholicism, fix their eye just on what separates it off from the national religion, and on this exclusively. A first look detects differences; the perception of points of agreement comes later on. A Protestant conventicle resounds with a vernacular hymn, characterized by its frequent repetition of the name of Jesus: so did St. Philip's Oratory at Rome some half century before conventicles were invented. . . . . The Oratory, with its prayer-meetings, its familiar use of holy names, its vernacular

hymns, its prominence given to preaching, its homely style, is older than puritanism in England, and it sprung up in the sacred city itself, under the shadow of St. Peter's chair, and the church has canonized the man who set it going. Here is our *fact*. What does it mean? Or is it unmeaning? Suppose we say, as we have said, that it was the remedy God provided for the very state of things in which poor England finds itself, and that interpretation does not please—at least the fact remains, and must have its meaning put upon it . . . . . How is this, unless St. Philip be the representative of modern times, their godfather, and their saint?"*

The great want of England at the present day is, according to Father Faber, the establishment of societies of the Oratory in all our large towns. In fact, he considers the very existence of our nation impossible, or at least doubtful, if Oratories be not made the safety-valves to draw off the electricity arising from the "terrifying agglomerations of overworked and not over-contented people, sprinkled like black-charged storm-clouds all over the land." These the fathers regard as "our dread, our difficulty, our problem, our opprobrium medicorum reipublicæ!" The mediæval idea of monasticism, and indeed of piety, has no existence in the mind of the Oratorians. St. Philip discountenanced the notion of sequestration from the world, severe penances, and long prayers. He was for conducting to heaven by a shorter, and certainly by an easier and pleasanter road! A saint of the old school—an aboriginal pietist—his soul abhorred. St. Philip made everything in the way of religion agreeable. His theology and asceticism were confessedly *lax*. He would make his meditation whilst lying in bed, or sitting on a bench rocking to and fro. He used even to hear confessions in bed; and when boys came to him for this purpose, he would send them away to play at "fives" in the court-yard till their proper turn came to shrive themselves. So very *lax* indeed was St. Philip, that before saying mass, he was wont to have books read to him of a character anything but spiritual; even at the "altar" itself, he scrupled not to amuse himself by playing with watches and keys, and gazing on the assistants. He was no enemy to dress, and used to suffer his female penitents to wear headgear, and other superfluous ornaments. He always encouraged his disciples to be cheerful; and when some, in spite of his admonitions, appeared thoughtful or melancholy, he would give them a box on the ear, saying, "Be cheerful." His, indeed, was a "sunshiny religion." Not without reason does Mr. Faber ask, "Is this like a picture of a mediæval saint?"

* "Spirit and Genius of St. Philip Neri," pp. 100–111.

One cannot well help admiring the genius and jesuitry of that church which can so easily frame itself to the wants and prejudices of all people and all times. When St. Philip established his Oratory in Rome, about 300 years ago, his main object was to defend the Roman church against the new doctrines which found vent in the writings and teachings of Martin Luther. His successors, at the present day, have a similar end in view—one indeed of wider significance; for whilst the original Oratorians merely associated themselves for the purpose of forming a bulwark against the irresistible surges of new ideas and opinions, the modern fathers labour not alone to *conserve* antiquated notions, but to *uproot*, if possible, all traces of enlightened and progressive thought from English soil. They regard Protestantism as a hydra-headed monster, which it is necessary to slay—as an upas tree, under whose deadly shade every good thing perishes—as a "nascent" idea, and "behind its time;" and would substitute instead St. Philip and societies of Oratorians!

But, seriously and solemnly speaking, do the Oratorians mean to succeed in their proselytising mission? That they do; and they make no secret of the matter. They are quite earnest in their work, and assiduous in the means which they employ. Protestants may at least be assured of this, that the fathers of St. Philip view not their mission as an idle dream or Quixotic labour. Hear the London superior: "When or where was the world so much in us and upon us and around us, thick, stifling, inextricable, as it is in English society of the nineteenth century? *Why, St. Philip never had such a battle-field before.* And he knows it, and he has made up his mind to do great things, greater than you and I have a dream of. On earth he was a man who, when he willed a thing, did it; and wills are freer in heaven, both to plan and to do, than they were on earth. If God has given his servant St. Philip liberty in England, *he will run his race and come to the end whereto he was sent.*"*

It is plain from these and similar remarks that the Oratorians hope for great success, especially, as they themselves say, amongst the mechanics of the metropolis and the factory-mills of our large towns. There is no denying the fact that our Protestant churches have not proved as diligent as they should have been in engaging the sympathies of the masses; consequently they have become alienated as it were from their spiritual mother, and are the more likely to be led captive by the bland smiles and jesuitical wiles of Romish propagandists. It is well not to shut our eyes to a fact so stubborn; otherwise,

* "Spirit and Genius of St. Philip Neri." By F Faber

where are we to look hopefully for a remedy? Unfortunately, the "great gulph" which divides one class of mankind from another, and the absence of all sympathy between the several artificial grades of society, have also found their way into our holy places. The poor have not been cared for as they ought. Now it is clear that if we will not educate and instruct them in the pure doctrines of the gospel, there are persons but too ready to look after "the shepherdless flock," and instil their pernicious tenets into their minds. As a mere matter of self-defence, it behoves Protestant churches to be up and doing; but, assuredly, higher and holier motives are not wanting. St. Philip's watch-word to his people is, "Hard work, and no dreams"—one, by the way, which the disciples of Christ may laudably and profitably adopt.

Ancient catholicism, its dim solemnities, its affecting rites, are decaying fast. So are its doctrines. Its musty scholasticism and asceticism, the growth of dark and bigoted times, will not suit modern times nor modern enlightenment. Hence the Jesuits are trying to cast a new light upon the old darkness—not so much to reveal as to conceal it. The Disciplina Arcani is abandoned for modern rubrics and devotions—those "surpassingly beautiful cosmos of the Catholic church," as Mr. Faber terms them. The fact is, that a last and terrible struggle is being made to prop up a tottering spiritual despotism. It is prostrate in Rome, whence it arose; so an effort is set on foot to establish it in England. For this end, every advantage is taken that can be taken of adventitious circumstances; and even prevailing modern ideas are most subtlely interwoven into this new feature of Romish "development." The Oratorians disclaim the catholicism of the past. They are not for enthroning a past age in their affections. That to them would be idolatry, nay, heresy and schism, "incompatible with an orthodox belief, as well as with a true Catholic obedience." A thing may be admirable, and yet not imitable; while the imitable itself needs continual adaptation. The Oratorians are no revivalists. They do not endeavour to produce dull, stupid, servile, unimaginative copies of the past. In fact, they have no faith in such galvanic vitality so replete with innocuous ineptitude and blunder. What they proclaim is a new church, instinct with life, such as, according to them, has risen up in this country—"the Rome of to-day," cheerful, reverent, submissive, admiring; loyalty to which, says Mr. Faber, constitutes "the health, and sinew, and heart of the real Catholic life."

There are not wanting some Romanists who discountenance and condemn those modern innovations, and view their progress with no small degree of trepidation and alarm; seeing and hearing in such manifestations the last paroxysms and death-notes of a dying church. Even the old Roman Catholic saints, who have been accustomed to the suppliant entreaties of multitudinous votaries, must naturally feel hurt at the marked indignity they now receive from those whom they frequently helped by their suffrages. They have been forsaken for rivals, having far less claim upon their devotion. "There can be little doubt," writes Father Faber, "but that in the holy city itself the devotion to St. Philip has interfered with the previous devotion to St. Antony of Padua. The devotion of the north of Italy to St. Thomas of Canterbury is also another remarkable instance of a local cultus."

That the Oratorians are Jesuits under a *nom de guerre* there can be little doubt; only they have thought proper to throw aside jesuitical secretiveness, whilst they retain the cunning for which the disciples of Loyola have always been renowned. So far from its being denied, that no friendly connexion exists between both orders, it is positively affirmed that the exchange of good offices and even instinctive sympathy is reciprocal between the Company of Jesus and the Oratory of St. Philip. And it is notorious that in those countries where the former have been expelled, the latter have always occupied the vacant ground. It was and is so in Spain and Mexico; while in Florence the fathers are nicknamed "the consuls of the Jesuits," which order has long since been driven from that state.

Although since the establishment of the Oratorians in England some excitement has been occasioned by the nature of the "Exercises," and some few converts gained through indefatigable domiciliary visitation of the poor, still we have no cause whatever to fear either for our countrymen or our Protestantism. The Oratorians thought of storming all our Protestant strongholds, and taking us all captive to their theories and opinions. They have, however, already found their mistake; and that neither Protestants nor Protestantism was so indefensible as they were foolishly led to suppose. Nevertheless, it behoves the unwary to be on the alert against their perverting strategy, for the Oratorians boast the possession of a "Samson's lock!" The following verses from a hymn to St. Philip, by Mr. Faber, out of a collection used by the fathers in their public ministrations, will serve to show us by what prelusive and subtle artifices the Oratorians mean to subvert the faith of those with whom they come in contact.

"By haughty word, cold force of mind,
We seek not hearts to rule:
Hearts win the hearts they seek. Behold
The secret of our school.

By winning way, by playful love,
Our wonders will we do;
The playfulness of such as know
Their faith alone is true.

By touch and tone, by voice and eye,
By many a little wile,
May cold and sin-bound spirits own
In us our father's guile."

REMINISCENCES OF A REGISTER OFFICE.

PART II.

We mentioned in our last paper the resolution formed by the subject of our narrative, to decline accompanying her partners in guilt in their evening expeditions, and how she had adhered to this determination. Unhappily, however, destitute as she was of all materials for pleasing reflection, her own thoughts were terrible to her. The unhappy girl could not remain alone, and went out soon after her comrades. She wandered about the streets all night, whilst her companions were engaged at their usual work. By being alone, it appears they did not succeed so well, and through an unlucky chance for them, they caused alarm to the inmates. Some one was aroused from sleep, and called for the police. They effected their escape just then; but the officers this time followed the right scent, and managed to get to their abode before they returned to it. One of the detective force went in, and hid himself behind the door, ready to capture them when they entered. The man thought it was not prudent to venture home, but the girl was more reckless, and boldly went into the house. The woman who kept the wretched tenement, seeing her danger, gave a sign denoting there was an unwelcome visitor there. She, therefore, lost no time in making her exit, and ran she knew not whither. When she got into an adjoining street, she saw Jones sitting upon the steps of a door, crying bitterly. She told her where they had been during the night, the alarm they had caused, and added that she was afraid to go home, asking her to go for her and get a shawl that she very much wanted. She good-naturedly complied, and went; and not meeting with any one to warn her, walked into the room, when she was instantly seized, taken to the town-hall, and locked in the black hole.

In the course of the day her companions were taken, and all three appeared before the magistrates. After the necessary examinations were gone through, they were committed to take their trial. The assizes came round, and they were found guilty; the man and one girl were transported for life; but Jones was only to be imprisoned for twelvemonths, as she was not with them when they perpetrated the last burglary. In the prison, the workings of remorse commenced. Being no longer under the baneful influence of the guilty being who had caused all her misery and disgrace, and being at the same time under the instructions of the worthy chaplain, she entered upon a Christian course, and at the expiration of the year was pronounced by him to be a true disciple of the Son of God.

A few days after I saw her, I was applied to by a lady for a servant. The situation which she offered appeared to me to be most suitable for Jones. But I had a difficult task to perform, it being important for the right discharge of my duties that I should be at all times, and under all circumstances, candid and truthful. I could refer her to no one for a character. If I directed her to the chaplain, it was more than probable that, whatever might be his assertions to the contrary, she would still have doubts as to the sincerity of her repentance; and the knowledge of her having been a housebreaker would at once deter her from running the risk of taking her into her house. There was no alternative, then, but for me to take the responsibility of recommending her upon myself. I did so by exciting her sympathy, representing her, as I safely and truly could, as a heart-stricken, sorrowing mourner for having broken the laws of morality and virtue; at the same time, fearing that if I did so she would never get a place, (though perhaps it would have been safer to have been more candid,) I did not explicitly state that she had violated the laws of her country. I prevailed, accordingly, upon the lady to receive her into her service. She had been there about three months, and had conducted herself with the greatest propriety, and not in one instance had she given her mistress cause to doubt her genuine repentance. But the poor girl's trials were not over, for, to her unutterable dismay, there came a girl to live at the next door, who had known her when she was leading a life of sin, and was acquainted with the circumstances of her trial and imprisonment.

She came to me in the greatest distress of mind; her sorrow seemed insupportable, as she had an unconquerable foreboding that such a misfortune would follow her through life, and the dread of it would ever haunt her like some hideous spectre.

What could she do? Where could she go to escape the eye of recognition, and the look of scorn? "She was a housebreaker," she heard whispered wherever she went. She would gladly hide herself in the remotest parts of the earth; and she almost envied her companions that were far, far away. Leave her present abode, at any rate, she must.

It was impossible to look upon her grief unmoved; and deeply compassionating her sufferings, I urged her to look upon the bright star of hope, which seldom fails to illumine the darkest soul; at the same time suggesting that even such an untoward circumstance might be the means of leading her to ultimate happiness. But her heavy heart could not rise high enough to reach comfort. She refused to listen to the idea that peace and happiness might yet be in store for her. Could she but at that moment have only seen through the veil that hangs before futurity, what transports of joy would have filled her desponding soul.

But there was no time to be lost, as it had become necessary that she should hasten to a distant part of the country, where she would be in less danger of being known. A favourable opportunity soon occurred, and she went to the north.

SELECTIONS FROM

THE SACRED POETRY OF GERMANY

OF THE 16TH AND 17TH CENTURIES.

GERMANY is rich in sacred poetry. No other nation can boast of such a hymnology: and we have often been surprised that, while a spurious philosophy and a defective theology have been readily translated and widely diffused throughout this country and the United States, the friends of scriptural Christianity have not attempted to give a "local habitation and a name" in our land's language to those sacred songs which have kept alive in many German hearts and homes the knowledge of "the truth as it is in Jesus" during the long dark night of infidelity, when scholarship and power dedicated themselves to the suicidal task of uprooting the foundations of "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." Happily for Protestant Germany, a new day has begun to dawn upon it. Wearied of pantheistic speculations and false philosophies—that never gave and could not give solace to the suffering, deliverance to the burdened in conscience, repose to the honest inquirer, or light to those sitting in the shadow of death—multitudes are beginning to seek for the "old paths," and are turning back again to the once despised word of God, feeling assured that there, and there alone, can the great necessities of the human heart and mind be met.

Fifty years ago, when the revival of the religious life begun to manifest itself in our own country, a new and intense interest was taken in the writings of such men as Baxter and Bunyan, Owen and Howe, and in the hymns of Watts, Doddridge, Cowper, and Newton, that embodied and expressed the fundamental facts and doctrines of the Scriptures and the phenomena of Christian experience. So is it at the present hour in Germany. The preachers and poets of the Reformation, who delighted to speak and sing of the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," are sought and read with avidity and pleasure where they were formerly disregarded and contemned; and we cherish the hope that this altered state of opinion and feeling will spread throughout the land, in spite of the manifold and serious "stumbling-blocks" that lie in the way.

Such of our readers as would like to become familiar with the evangelical poetry of Germany in its native vesture, would do well to possess themselves of the large and valuable collection made by Chevalier Bunsen, or of the "*Evangelischer Liederchatz für Kirche und Haus*," by Albert Knapp of Stuttgart, which contains (in one volume, published at Stuttgart and Tubingen in 1837) *three thousand five hundred and ninety hymns!* and all of a very high order of excellence. We propose in these selections to open up an almost unworked vein of sterling ore and matchless value. We shall avail ourselves of the translations made by Frances E. Cox and others, who have rendered the original with fidelity and spirit; and if they tend to awaken or deepen the love of the Redeemer in any heart, to console the sorrowing, or to cheer the weary-hearted, we shall have attained our object in bringing them beneath the attention of our readers.

The following hymn was written by Johann Heerman, who was born in Silesia, in 1585, and from his youth was, by his pious mother, dedicated to the service of God. Her hopes were not in vain. In after years, having passed through many vicissitudes and "fiery trials," during the dreadful period of the Thirty Years' War, when experiencing severe bodily afflictions, he fully realized the blessing of salvation, and it was *then* that he wrote the greater portion of his hymns—hymns rarely equalled in lyrical beauty, devotional feeling, and pathetic tenderness. The following on "THE CRUCIFIXION" exhibits his characteristic style, "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." It was eminently so with Heerman. The motto of the hymn is the 5th verse of the 53rd chapter of the book of Isaiah: "*He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities.*"

What laws, my blessed Saviour, hast thou broken,
That so severe a sentence should be spoken?
How hast thou 'gainst thy Father's will contended,
In what offended?

With scourges, blows, and spitting they reviled thee,
They crown'd thy brow with thorns while king they styled thee;
When faint with pains thy tortured body suffer'd,
Then gall they offer'd.

Say, wherefore thus by woes wast thou surrounded
Ah! Lord, for my transgressions thou wast wounded:
God took the guilt from me, who should have paid it—
On thee he laid it.

How strange and marvellous was this correction!
Falls the Good Shepherd in his sheeps' protection;
The servants' debt behold the Master paying,
For them obeying.

The righteous dies, who walked with God true-hearted;
The sinner lives, who has from God departed;
By man came death, yet man its fetters breaketh:
God it o'ertaketh.

Shame and iniquity had whelm'd me over,
From head to foot no good couldst thou discover;
For this in hell should I, with deep lamenting,
Be aye repenting.

But oh! the depth of love beyond comparing
That brought thee down from heaven, our burden bearing!
I taste all joy and peace the world can offer,
Whilst thou must suffer!

Eternal King! in power and love excelling,
Fain would my heart and mouth thy praise be telling,
But how can man's weak powers at all come nigh thee,
How magnify thee?

Such wondrous love would baffle my endeavour,
To find its equal, should I strive for ever:
How should my works, could I in all obey thee,
Ever repay thee?

Yet shall this please thee, if devoutly trying
To keep thy laws, mine own strong will denying,
I watch my heart, lest sin again ensnare it,
And from thee tear it.

But since I have not strength to flee temptation,
To crucify each sinful inclination,
Oh! let thy Spirit, grace and strength provide me,
And gently guide me.

Then shall I see thy grace, and duly prize it,
For thee renounce the world, for thee despise it;
Then of my life thy law shall be the measure,
Thy will my pleasure.

For thee, my God, I'll bear all griefs and losses,
No persecution, no disgrace or crosses,
No pains of death, or tortures e'er shall move me,
Howe'er they prove me.

This, though at little value thou dost set it,
Yet thou, O gracious Lord, wilt not forget it;
E'en this thou wilt accept with grace and favour,
My blessed Saviour.

And when, O Christ, before thy throne so glorious,
Upon my head is placed the crown victorious,
Thy praise I will, while heaven's full choir is ringing,
Be ever singing.

"Eternal life" is the gift which God offers freely to every member of the human family through the Lord Jesus Christ. That this offer might be made consistently with the moral government of God, Christ died and rose again; thus the claims of justice and the intentions of mercy are harmonized, and God remains just "while he is the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus." (Romans iii. 23—26.) But if any reject the offered grace of "life," that is, union with God now and for ever, *they constitute themselves heirs of eternal death.* How needful, then, to ponder the relations which we sustain to—

ETERNITY.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long thou art, Eternity!
Yet onward still to thee we speed
As to the fight th' impatient steed,
As ship to port, or shaft from bow,
Or swift as couriers homeward go:
Mark well, O man, Eternity.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long thou art, Eternity!
A ring whose orbit still extends,
And ne'er beginning, never ends;
"*Always*" thy centre, ring immense!
And "never" thy circumference:
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long thou art, Eternity!
Came there a bird each thousandth year
One sand-grain from the hills to bear,
When all had vanish'd grain by grain,
Eternity would still remain:
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long thou art, Eternity!
As long as God shall God remain,
So long shall last hell's torturing pain,
So long the joys of heaven shall be;
O long delight! long misery!
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long thou art, Eternity!
O man! let oft thy musings dwell
Upon the dreadful woes of hell,
Oft on the saints' all-glorious lot,
For both shall last when time *is not*.
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long thou art, Eternity!
The thought of thee in pain, how dread!
In joy, how bright thy prospects spread!
For here God's goodness glads our eyes,
And there his justice terrifies:
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long thou art, Eternity!
Who here lived poor and sore distress'd
Now truly rich, with God doth rest;
With joys consoled for all his ill,
He lives to praise God's goodness still.
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long thou art, Eternity!
A moment's pleasure sinners know,
Through which they pass to endless woe:
A moment's woe the righteous taste,
Through which to endless joy they haste:
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long thou art, Eternity!
Who thinks of thee alone is wise;
Sins, pleasures, all he can despise;
The world attracts him now no more,
His love for vain delights is o'er:
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long thou art, Eternity!
Who thinks of thee speaks thus with God,
"Here prove me with thy chast'ning rod;
Oh, let me here thy judgments bear;
Hereafter, Lord, in mercy spare:"
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long thou art, Eternity!
"O man! I warn thee, think on me,
Think oft on me, Eternity;
For I, the sinner's woe shall prove,
And recompence of pious love:"
MARK WELL, O MAN, ETERNITY!

(*Wulfer.*)

The following hymn, entitled the "CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER," will be recognised as a heart-utterance by all who have made the discovery of their own sinfulness and of the "great grace" of the Redeemer. Only those who know "the plague of their own heart," and who have caught sight of the remedy which an all-merciful God has provided for its cure, have ever prayed such a prayer as this:—

A new and contrite heart create
In me, thou God compassionate;
Shut close the gate, and keep the door,
That sin may enter in no more.

To thee, my soul I open wide.
Come, Saviour! and therein abide;
And from thy temple, Lord, my heart,
Bid all unrighteousness depart.

Oh! let thy Holy Spirit's light,
And thine own heavenly radiance bright,
O'erflow my spirit like a flood,
Eternal source of every good!

Thus to my cleansed and contrite heart
Thy heavenly treasures, Lord, impart;
And let thy wisdom, truth, and grace,
Take root within the barren place.

Then shall I tell in grateful song
The praises that to thee belong;
And while I live, my joy shall be
To consecrate myself to thee.

(*Neus.*)

The next hymn was written by Luther in 1523. It is a free paraphrase of the 12th Psalm. In it we can hear the trumpet-tones that aroused Europe to note the manner in which the church of Rome had systematically corrupted the word of God, enslaved the nations, and ruthlessly destroyed all within her power who either denounced her apostasy or separated from her communion. It is entitled a

HYMN FOR THE REFORMATION.

Look down, O Lord, from heaven behold,
And let thy pity waken,
How few the flock within thy fold,
Neglected and forsaken!
Almost thou'lt seek for faith in vain,
And those who should thy truth maintain,
Thy word from us have taken.

With frauds which they themselves invent,
Thy truth they have confounded:
Their hearts are not with one consent
On the pure doctrine grounded;
And whilst they shine with outward show
They lead the people to and fro,
In error's maze astounded.

God surely will uproot all those
With vain deceits who store us,
With haughty tongue who God oppose,
And say, "Who'll stand before us?
By might or right we will prevail;
What we determine cannot fail,
For who can lord it o'er us?"

For this, saith God, I will arise;
These wolves my flock are rending;
I've heard my people's bitter sighs
To heaven, my throne ascending:
Now will I up, and set at rest
Each weary soul by fraud opprest,
The poor with might defending.

The silver, seven times tried, is pure
From all adulteration;
So, through God's word, shall men endure
Each trial and temptation:
Its worth gleams brighter through the cross,
And purified from human dross
It shines through every nation.

Thy truth Thou wilt preserve, O Lord,
Pure from their artful glozing.
Oh! make us lean upon thy word,
With hearts unmoved reposing;
Though bad men triumph, and their crew
Are gathered round, the faithful few
With crafty toils enclosing.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

170. Prov. iii. 12. "Whom the Lord loveth he correcteth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth." Heb. xii. 6. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Rev. iii. 19. "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten."

171. Acts xxii. 3. He was brought up at Jerusalem, at the feet of Gamaliel.

172. See Acts v. 34—40. When counsel was taken to slay the apostles, we read that there stood up one in the council, a Pharisee, named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, had in reputation among all the people, and commanded to put the apostles forth a little space. The reasons for this advice are then given, his address concluding with these remarkable words—"Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

173. Absalom, of whose rebellion we read in 2 Sam. xv.—xviii. He was caught up into a large oak by his hair, and there slain by Joab, thus dying the accursed death.

174. Gen. vii. 1. "The Lord said unto Noah, Come thou *and all thy house* into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation." Gen. xix. 12. "The men said unto Lot, Hast thou here any besides? Son-in-law, and thy sons and thy daughters, and *whatsoever thou hast in the city*, bring them out of this place, for we will destroy this place." Gen. xxx. 27. "Laban said unto him, (Jacob), I pray thee, if I have found favour in thine eyes, tarry, for I have learned by experience that the Lord hath blessed me for thy sake." Gen. xxxix. 5. "It came to pass, from the time that he (Potiphar) had made him (Joseph) overseer in his house and over all that he had, that the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake: and the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house and in the field." Acts xxvii. 23, 24. "There stood by me (Paul) this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar: and lo, God hath given thee *all them that sail with thee*."

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

VII.—THE WAY HOME.

THIS parable is not the whole of the gospel. There are other communications made by Christ and his apostles, which must also be taken into account. It is very idle to select some portion of Scripture and argue upon it without reference to the rest of Scripture. In this way doctrines may be deduced from Scripture at utter variance with Scripture. To argue from the silence of this parable respecting the mediation of Christ, that there is no such mediation, and that simple repentance will suffice for the reinstatement of men in the favour of God, is a striking instance of sophistry. It is utterly illogical, with a number of premises before you, to rush to a conclusion from only one of them. He who here unfolds to us the mercy of God, also exhibits himself as the medium of that mercy. He who here paints the prodigal on his way home, gives a key to the picture, and explains that he himself is the way. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." He who spake of the prodigal's acceptance, died upon

No. 77.—PUBLISHED OCTOBER 18, 1855

PRICE ONE PENNY.

the cross; and that death upon the cross, according to the inspired teachers of his truth, was an offering for sin—a demonstration of divine righteousness. We must associate the parable with the whole teaching of the New Testament; we must read it in the light of the Lord's redemption. The place in which to study it is the foot of the cross. Deny the atonement, forget the atonement, and you may pervert this parable to bad purposes—you may employ it to give countenance to error. Take the whole of the Christian revelation. You will reason on religion safely only as you are careful to examine all the premises bearing on any point of doctrine or duty before you bring out your conclusion.

So, also, to argue from the silence of the parable respecting divine influence on the human mind, that there is no such influence, and that man's repentance springs up of itself, is a further piece of sophistry. For the author of this parable is he who instructed Nicodemus in the work of the Spirit and the new birth; and we may add, the same who said, "No man can come unto me, except the Father who hath sent me draw him." He also gave the promise of the Comforter. The shedding down of light and life and power on the day of Pentecost was the fruit and proof of his ascension. Deny the work of the Spirit, or forget the work of the Spirit, and you will pervert the parable. It cannot be fully and properly understood without faith in the mediation of Jesus Christ, and the agency of the Holy Ghost. Study it in the light of both these lamps.

The soul may start for home and miss it after all. The prodigal said, "I will arise, and go to my father." Many, like him, have said it, without ever reaching their Father. Driven to want and wretchedness in the far country, they have, for a moment, lifted up their eyes to heaven, and breathed a wish for deliverance from their abject condition, when some new master has appeared, professing them better employ than swine-feeding—better wages than husks. They have accepted the terms, and again forgotten their Father. How many houses of God, where the truth is faithfully preached—how many chambers of sickness—how many hovels, cellars, and garrets—how many solitary walks in woods by the side of rivers—can bear witness to the resolution of the prodigal, "I will arise;" how many other spots—how many shops and counting-houses and market-places—how many drawing-rooms and studies—how many haunts for amusement and pleasure—could bear equally faithful witness to the breach of the vow as soon as uttered, to the repetition of a new attempt to find food and lodging in the far country, after the heart has been sickened by disappointment, and has been withering through want. When the world looked to you such an arid, greenless, unwatered, burnt-up, sandy waste; as you lost your property, or lost your health, or lost your elasticity of mind, or lost your wife, child, or friend; you seemed drawn to your Father in heaven: your back was to the world, and your face was Zionward. But it was only for a moment; and now we see you again under the old spell, spinning out your idle dreams once more, or languishing in hopeless hunger, or with your back to God and your face earthwards, rushing down lower and yet lower into some dark depth, chasing a fire-fly, or with a gaze fixed on vacuity, the gaze itself wild and vacant.

Others have said, "I will arise," and have actually arisen, and have gone a little way towards the kingdom of heaven. But they have turned back before they have proceeded very far, like Pliable, and have died in the city of destruction after all. Others have stopped on the road, and built for themselves a house short of home. They have been reclaimed from profligacy by religious convictions; they have felt the smart of conscience and the soothing of the gospel; with an energy which only the power of truth could inspire, they have renounced their swinish sensuality, and have flung aside the filthier food they had been tempted to taste, and they have accomplished a moral reformation which has remained, though the religious impulse has ceased. The profligate has become a respectable worldling. The drunkard is now a sober, thriving tradesman. But the flush of devout feeling which was blended with the first impetus towards virtue, is gone, and the soul is deadened down again into spiritual apathy. The mended prodigal is making his home a long, long way on this side his Father's house.

There is another halting-place. Awakened to religious concern amidst the degradation of vice, sometimes the mind goes on a little way, and then stops short at some philosophical substitute for the gospel. A theory of natural religion, to the discarding of evangelical truth—a notion of obtaining peace through personal and social virtue—a something, perhaps, which includes the veneration of the Supreme Being—some worship of the Maker of the sun and earth, of angels and of men—is adopted and trusted in, to the exclusion of all trust in the one Divine Mediator, and all recognition of the one sanctifying Spirit. That kind of religion will not satisfy. The man who betakes himself to it, is only feeding on cleaner husks. Nothing but the fruit that grows on the tree of life will afford the rich nourishment that the soul craves after. One who tried that as well as other

things, before he went to his Father, has forcibly described the unsatisfactoriness of a philosophical religion, even though it be the sublime philosophy of Plato tinctured with some teaching of Hebrew holy writ.

"I saw," says Augustine, "thy invisible things understood by those things which are made; and though cast back, I perceived what that was which the darkness of my mind hindered me from contemplating, even that Thou art infinite and everywhere; that Thou art the same for ever, and that all things come from Thee. Of all this I was assured, yet too ignorant to enjoy Thee. I talked as one well skilled; but unless I had gone on to seek thy way through Jesus Christ our Saviour, I had been killed instead of skilled. Afterwards my spirits were tamed through thy word; my wounds were touched by thy healing fingers. So I began, and whatsoever truth I had read in those other books (Platonic), I found here amidst the praises of thy grace . . . . . What shall wretched man do? Who shall deliver him from the body of this death, but only thy grace, through Jesus Christ our Lord, whom Thou hast begotten co-eternal, and formedst in the beginning of thy ways, in whom the prince of this world found nothing worthy of death, yet killed he him, and the handwriting, which was contrary to us, was blotted out. This those (philosophical) writings contain not. Those pages present not the image of this piety, the tears of confession, thy sacrifice, a troubled spirit, a broken and a contrite heart, the salvation of the people, the bridal city, the ernest of the Holy Ghost, the cup of our redemption. No man sings there, in those mere literary haunts, 'Shall not my soul be submitted unto God? for of him cometh my salvation. For he is my God and my salvation, my guardian; I shall no more be moved.' No one in those academic bowers hears him call, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour.' They scorn to learn of him, because he is meek and lowly in heart; for these things hast thou hid from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. For it is one thing, from the mountain's shaggy top to see the land of peace, and to find no way thither; and in vain to essay through ways impassable, opposed and beset by fugitives and deserters, under their captain, the lion and the dragon: and another to keep on the way that leads thither, guarded by the host of the heavenly General; where they spoil not who have deserted the heavenly army; for they avoid it, as very torment. These things did wonderfully sink into my heart, when I read that least of thy apostles, and had meditated upon thy works, and trembled exceedingly."

In those unsatisfying paths of reason, from which Augustine was delivered, many wander to the end, and never find the home of God.

The prodigal not merely said, "I will arise, and go to my father;" but he actually arose, and went. He stopped not, till he reached his father. Nor must we. But how are we to find the Father? What is the road by which we are to travel homeward? Many, earnest and anxious, make a mistake. We go back to the words already quoted, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." He is the Mediator—the revealer of the great truth, that there is a divine Mediator—the Giver of spiritual life, obtained and bestowed through that mediation. All revealed religion from the beginning showed that God appointed mediation as the way of deliverance. The institution of priests and sacrifices was a standing witness of it. Priests and sacrifices were of divine appointment, and served a most momentous purpose for ages. They are done away with only through Christ. Where Christ is not known, or only imperfectly known, they are clung to still; so deep is the inward want of mediation. Sophistry may dull the edge of the want; but where the thoughts and feelings of man's soul are unsophisticated, there one hears a deep yearning after a mediator. Pagan religions would soon perish, did they not inspire some enthusiasm, through the promise (false though it be) which they make of mediation between the sinner and the God he has sinned against. Christianity knows of no mere human priest, of no mere material sacrifices, because it reveals Christ as the Divine Mediator —the Priest and the Sacrifice both in one. Through him, we—both Jew and Gentile—have access, by one Spirit, unto the Father. Faith in Christ, then, is the same thing as arising and going to the Father. Without him, we are far from the Father. We are brought nigh by the blood of Christ. We have created for ourselves a burden of guilt; the Lamb of God takes it away. Without pardon we perish; but we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins. The gospel proclaims acceptance with God. Now "we are accepted in the Beloved."

Some fifty years ago, in the old chapel of King's College, Cambridge, there sat a young man, full of care and sorrow about his soul. The 16th chapter of Leviticus was read. He heard these words: "And when he hath made an end of reconciling the holy place, and the tabernacle of the congregation, and the altar, he shall bring the live goat: and Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of

the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness: and the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhabited: and he shall let go the goat in the wilderness." The young man pondered the words. The gospel interpreted them. They threw back a light on the gospel. Christ bearing away sin is beautifully illustrated in the passage which the young man heard. It touched his heart, and comforted him. It showed him the way to the Father, which he was then so anxious to know. And he said within himself, "If the Lamb of God has borne and carried away my sins, I will not bear them another hour myself." Now that is true faith in Christ; and through that faith he came to God, and was thereby freed from guilt.

The young man was Charles Simeon.

And when the soul arises, and comes to God through Christ, God arises and comes forth to meet the soul. How true to nature is the description: "And when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." How like a loving father! How like the tenderness of David for Absalom! "And the soul of king David longed to go forth unto Absalom." Absalom sent for Joab and said: "Behold, I sent unto thee, saying, Come hither, that I may send thee to the king, to say, Wherefore am I come from Geshur? It had been good for me to have been there still: now, therefore, let me see the king's face; and if there be any iniquity in me, let him kill me. So Joab came to the king, and told him; and when he had called for Absalom, he came to the king, and bowed himself on his face to the ground before the king: and the king kissed Absalom." A father's heart is a father's heart all the world over, be it Hebrew or Anglo-Saxon; and many an old dim eye, from beneath white, shaggy brows, has shed hot tears as the parable of the prodigal has been heard; and the thought of some wayward, wicked boy, who left home long ago and has not been heard of since, has come to mind. Then the prayer has gone up to God, that he would one day bring the wanderer back; and the yearning heart has given its strongest pledge that forgiveness should even anticipate repentance. And these natural instincts are reflections of his love who implanted them.

The Father in heaven, who has created every father on earth, cannot be less loving than they. We are sure of *His* heart, for his only-begotten Son has revealed it to us in that touching appeal to *ours*: "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" Salvation is the best of gifts; his parental hand will not withhold it from those who seek it. And what is the mediation of Christ—what the sacrifice on the cross—what the priesthood of the Son of God — what but a declaration of the Divine righteousness in the remission of sins—the combination of justice with love—the proof that he is a King and Judge as well as Father—that he exercises the affections of the one in accordance with the prerogatives and claims of the other?

While we are yet a great way off, our Father comes forth and meets us. In the Bible, he anticipates our return. His love is beforehand with our repentance. In the New Testament, and in the Old too, he pours forth the riches of his compassion. When he says: "But thou hast not called upon me, O Jacob; thou hast been weary of me, O Israel"—"I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth; wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye"—is it not a coming forth to meet us? And though we may be only beginning our homeward journey, though we are got only a little way out of the far country, though we are yet a long distance from him, as to the depth of our repentance and the strength of our faith, yet he comes forth to meet us. Before we call, he hears; while we are yet speaking, he answers. The fact is, that every good desire is of his inspiration; every prayer we offer rises from an impulse communicated by him. Do we cry, "God be merciful to us sinners?" it is because his mercy has already given us to feel that we are sinners. He has pricked our hearts. He has shown us our vileness. We ask for a physician because he has made us sensible of the fact that we are sick. In the far country we have been followed by him. He, unseen, has been beholding us. We have driven him out of our memory, yet we have lived all along in his sight; our troubles have been overruled by him. Feeding upon husks, and gnawed with hunger, we have had the determination to come to him, aroused by the inward whispering of his Spirit, "Come unto me." Our disappointments, vexations, and griefs have been but the shadow of his love falling on the land of our exile, to awaken in us wishes and longings for our own sunny home. The storm drives the sheep to their shelter; the broken nest is the signal for the bird's upward flight.

In our last paper, we noticed the spirit of repentance in which the prodigal resolved on his return. The humility and sorrow of his confession formed the temper in which he took every step of his homeward journey. We fancy him full of palpitating fear till he beholds his father coming out to meet him. Not till he receives the kiss of reconciliation is his confidence established; and even then, while the warm heart of a father throbs against the penitent heart of a son; while they beat one against

another in strange music, as child and parent are locked in mutual embraces, the former can but give utterance to his meditated confession—can but tell the sorrow for sin that had been welling up from the depths of his soul all the way home. Putting these words into the lips of the son after his father has kissed him, is very significant. He has received assurance of forgiveness; still he says: "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

Repentance and confession belong not exclusively to the first stage of a religious course. They are not merely antecedents of pardon. They are not the purchase price of pardon. Pardon—free as the mountain rill, free as the morning light, free as the summer breeze—when it falls on the heart, awakens afresh repentance as well as gratitude and love. Repentance is no selfish act. It comes not forth in full power till selfishness is lost in adoring thankfulness. Never do we so truly repent as when we see our sin in the light of God's prevenient love, when we see how he has anticipated our return, when we believe that he was waiting for us every moment that we were wandering from him. The best, the purest, the most acceptable repentance, is that which does not mingle with the first prayer for mercy; but that which blends with the after-song of thankfulness, "Oh Lord, I will praise thee, for thou wast angry with me: thine anger is turned away, and now thou comfortest me." Repentance in the ripe fruitage is better than in the early bloom.

Very earnest and sincere was David's repentance, as expressed in the 51st psalm. How he cries: "Have mercy upon me, oh God, according to thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions." How he prays to be washed from his iniquity, and cleansed from his sin! how he confesses that against his Father in heaven he has sinned and done evil! how he implores the creation of a clean heart, and the renewal of a right spirit! And, mark! the psalm is entitled, "A psalm of David, when Nathan the prophet came unto him after he had gone in to Bathsheba." The history tells us that David said to the prophet, "I have sinned against the Lord," and that the prophet said to David, "The Lord hath put away thy sin." The writing of such a psalm after the revelation of the Divine mercy, though it may seem strange to unspiritual and selfish minds, will be understood by the man of truly evangelical repentance, and must be acknowledged by all to be in harmony with the parable, which places the utterance of the confession after the kiss of reconciliation, which makes us hear it just as the prodigal falls on the shoulder of the forgiving parent.

Have we left off repenting? Do we cease to sorrow for sin because our Father has come forth to meet us, and is reconciled? Can we think of our prodigality without anguish, because heaven is pacified? Is there no sting in the remembrance of guilt, because the gate of hell is shut and the flaming sword extinguished and sheathed? If so, our repentance has been legal, not evangelical. We have quailed before the terrors of the law; we have not wept and prayed like loving children because of the peace and mercy of the gospel. The son's confession is followed by fresh manifestations of love on the part of the father. He said to his servants, "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it." Tertullian makes the robe the clothing of the Holy Spirit; Augustine, the dignity we lost in Adam, or the hope of immortality, which he connects with baptism. Others make it the righteousness of Christ—the imputation of his obedience to the sinner's person. The ring has been taken to mean the pledge of faith, the seal of the Spirit; the shoes, the preparation of the gospel of peace; the fatted calf, the eucharist. Much of this is fanciful; the last is worse—it is false. We think it is a sounder method of exposition to take the particulars together, as tints in a picture, contributing to bring out one figure. The one beautiful thought, of which together the robe, and the ring, and the sandals, and the banquet, are less than a worthy exponent, is, that God accepts, and restores to the full privileges and joys of sonship, the child that returns to him from his wanderings.

Allow us to press on the reader the importance of connecting together and experimentally going through the stages of return and renovation here depicted by our Lord, and illustrated by other parts of the gospel. Are you dissatisfied with the world? Are you pining with want? Do you complain that no man gives unto you? Pause not there. Enquire why you are discontented and unhappy—why, but because you are not at home; because you are in the far country away from God? Let the truth sink deep into your soul, that all your misery is the consequence of your alienation; and pause not there. Is there not hope? Is not Jesus Christ the way to the Father? Is he not the one Mediator between God and man? Believest thou this? Then pause not there; but go to him at once; go to that Divine person. Rest not on abstract truths, on theological propositions; but lay hold on the power and love of Jesus Christ himself, and by faith in him go to the Father.

We repeat the words again: "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh to the Father but by me." Paths of salvation, roads

back to our Father's house, marked out by men, are manifold, divergent, opposite, contradictory. They lead into labyrinths, intricate soundings, deep woods, dark forests, deadly jungles, pestiferous swamps, barren deserts, or some scanty beach, at the foot of a perpendicular cliff, with the tide coming in. The way which avoids all these is one, only one. It is a mischievous fallacy to talk as if there were many roads out of the far country to the home of God. There is no other name whereby we can be saved than his whom we have proclaimed. Amidst Babel voices crying, "Lo here, and lo there," the voice from heaven cries, as the star of the east goes before us, along one line of journeying, "This is the way." If we take our eyes off that star, and seek some human guide, we are lost. What can show us the way to God, but a word from God? And what can be more explicit than that word? Men, we know, are troubled about many questions of interpretation. Philologists, metaphysicians, and critics are often puzzled; but it is very remarkable (and it really settles the question as to the sufficiency of the Bible as a spiritual teacher for the soul of man) that plain, unsophisticated minds, coming to the Book to seek the way to the Father, have not failed to discover where it lies. We never heard of a man sitting down to read his New Testament with thoughtfulness, and rising up with the complaint, "I want to know how I must return to the Father, but there is no such knowledge for me here."

ROBERT MORRISON.

THE history of missionary effort in China has at the present time a peculiar interest, and it is to one of the most conspicuous characters who figures in this history that we now invite the attention of the reader.

Robert Morrison was born at Morpeth, on the fifth of January, 1782, and was apprenticed at an early age to his father. The pious culture which he had undergone seemed at one time as if it had been expended upon a sterile soil. He "grew somewhat loose and profane," and was even more than once drawn into the whirl of intoxication, whilst yet but a boy. Reflection alarmed him, and he swam to that ark where the drowning sinner finds safety and peace. He was then about sixteen years old; but immaturity of age and a masculine zeal are by no means necessarily disjoined. Of the year 1800 we read that, during the whole of it, he was actively engaged in visiting the sick, to whose temporal relief he also assigned every week a portion of his scanty earnings. The instruction of poor children was another of the channels in which the current of his pious zeal ran.

In November, 1802, he made application to be received as a student at Hoxton Academy, and he was at once accepted. At the time of his entrance he had acquired not only an elementary knowledge of Latin, but also the rudiments of Greek and Hebrew. He had promised not to leave his home whilst his mother lived; and when he did quit it, after her death, an affectionate invitation was given to him to return to his father's house and resume his former engagements. The dissatisfaction of his relatives at his departure did not subside at once, but he adhered to the course upon which he had entered. We may mention here, too, that at an early age he had made proposals of marriage, which, when he decided to go forth as a missionary, were at first demurred to, and then declined. When his young friend afterwards thought differently, he had been appointed to China, where he went, as we shall see, alone. Why he resolved to be a missionary, we have not the data with us to tell; but it appears from the following statement of his fellow-student, Dr. Fletcher, that his decision was based upon sober thought. "His interest in the cause of missions was manifest rather by the impression he felt of its claims, than by his conversation. He seemed to be far less excited by the meetings and movements designed to produce impression on the public mind, than by the calm and retired contemplation of the subject; and I well recollect a conversation, in which he spoke of his own personal obligations to become a missionary, in a tone of most fervent and impressive conviction. The early development of his mental character was marked by no predominant feature, except that of intense and continued application; and all that his future life and labours effected may be traced, under the Divine blessing, to this untiring perseverance." In his case, as in others, the term 'intense' might perhaps be more correctly written 'excessive.'

In May, 1804, he offered himself to the directors of the London Missionary Society, and was accepted. He proceeded to the missionary seminary at Gosport, and was appointed in the same year to the Chinese mission. In August, 1805, he returned to London, to acquire some knowledge of medicine and astronomy, which might be of service to him in his mission, and to gather up as much of the Chinese language as he could. He transcribed a manuscript deposited in the British Museum, and also a manuscript Latin and Chinese dictionary. Nor did the attractions of the metropolis seduce him into the neglect of those duties which Christians of literary tastes are perhaps prone to shun. Instead of resorting to the social circle for relaxation after close study through the day, he often walked several miles to visit the poor and

the afflicted, and to hear children repeat hymns and portions of Scripture which he had given them to learn.

After a visit in the previous summer to Newcastle and Scotland, he sailed in the beginning of 1807 for Canton, by way of America. The following anecdote is from the pen of the gentleman at whose house our missionary lodged during his stay in New York. On the morning of his departure, he had a last interview with the missionary companions who had been his fellow-voyagers thus far. "We then set out together," says the writer, "to the counting-house of the ship-owner, previously to his embarkation. I cannot forget the air of suppressed ridicule which lurked on the merchant's features, and in his speech and manner toward Morrison, whom he appeared to pity as a deluded enthusiast, while he could not but secretly respect his self-denial, devotion, courage, and enterprise. When all business matters were arranged, he turned about from his desk, and, with a sardonic grin, addressing Morrison, (whose countenance was 'a book wherein men might read strange things,') said: 'And so, Mr. Morrison, you really expect that you will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese empire?' 'No, sir,' said Morrison, with more than his usual sternness, 'I expect GOD will.'"

On his voyage from America, he writes: "If you now call me 'a missionary,' I will tell you that missionaries (if others be like me) have as many hard struggles against the corruptions of their own hearts, and temptations of Satan, as ye yourselves have. When you pray for me, do it as for one of the most unworthy of all those who look to the mercy-seat." He reached Canton on the seventh of September, 1807.

The Chinese were prohibited, under the penalty of death, from teaching their language, and the East India Company forbade any person under their rule to stay in the country except for trading purposes. The Chino-Portuguese settlement at Macao was, of course, no post for a Protestant missionary. In short, the difficulties which confronted a missionary were such as might well have utterly disheartened the pioneer of Protestantism in China. But he did not give way. Thinking it would facilitate his object, he adopted the dress and manners of the natives. He walked about in a Chinese frock, and with thick Chinese shoes, wore a tail, allowed his nails to grow, and ate with chopsticks. But he afterwards disapproved of this course. His dissimilarity to other foreigners was a proclamation that his objects were not the same as theirs, and therefore jealousy, instead of conciliation, was the result to be expected. A lamp made of earthenware supplied him with light, and a folio volume of Henry's Commentary, set up on its edge, prevented the wind from blowing it out. Anxiety, labour, and climate, added to the want of air and exercise, brought him to such a feeble condition, that he could not walk across his room. A removal to Macao was recommended, and thither he proceeded on the first of June, 1808. Here he remained three months; but after his return, all Englishmen were ordered away, and he was compelled to depart suddenly. In February, 1809, he was married, and on the day of his marriage a proposal was made to him to become Chinese secretary and translator to the factory of the East India Company. He had resolved to go to Penang to avoid the difficulties of residence in China, his preparations were made, and the time of departure was fixed; but this appointment gave a new turn to the stream of his life. The health of his wife soon began to fail in one of the most distressing ways which human sufferings take. As he was absent from Macao for about one half of the year, she was left in almost complete solitude, for no European female was allowed to live at Canton. Her complaint appears to have been a nervous affection.

The official salary of our missionary was now increased to one thousand pounds a year, together with the other privileges of the establishment of the East India Company. In the summer of 1813, he was joined at Macao by his well-known fellow missionary, Milne, who was compelled to proceed immediately to Canton. He subsequently settled at Malacca. On the sixteenth of July, 1814, the first Chinese Protestant convert was baptized "at a spring of water issuing from the foot of a lofty hill by the seaside"—the first sheaf of a glorious harvest.

In the beginning of the next year, long-continued illness rendered it necessary for Mrs. Morrison to quit China; and for years her husband was left alone. In the same year, he was made acquainted with the determination of the Court of Directors of the East India Company to dispense with his services, through an apprehension that serious mischief might arise from his missionary translations into Chinese—a decision, however, which was rescinded. In 1816, Mr. Morrison went to Pekin with the British embassy—a journey which afforded him a little relaxation after nine years of study. In the following year he writes: "I have been here these ten years now. I wish I could see it my duty to go where I might enjoy the sweets of liberty and religious society. I am under continual dread of the arm of the oppressor, and more than that, the natives who assist me are hunted from place to place and sometimes seized." The same year he penned the following Catholic sentiments—and would that every missionary and every Christian were

THE TOMB OF DR. MORRISON.

animated by the same spirit of fraternal love: "The church of Scotland supplied us with a catechism; the congregational churches afforded us a form for a Christian assembly: and the church of England has supplied us with a manual of devotion, as a help to those who are not sufficiently instructed to conduct social worship without such aid. We are of no party. We recognise but two divisions of our fellow-creatures—the righteous and the wicked—those who fear God, and those who do not. Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

Towards the close of 1819 an entire version of the Bible into Chinese, which was chiefly the work of Dr. Morrison, was brought to a conclusion. The next year reunited Dr. Morrison to his long-lost family, but in less than another year he became a widower. The Anglo-Chinese college at Malacca, founded and munificently aided by him, was now fairly launched on its way, though unhappily it did not realize the hopes of its noble-hearted founder. In 1823 he paid a visit to Singapore and Malacca, and there, as in China, his pious energy manifested itself. At the close of this year, Dr. Morrison sailed for England, after sixteen years of toil, in which he had completed a dictionary of the Chinese language, besides his scriptural and other labours. He visited France, Ireland, Scotland, and the principal towns of England, chiefly with the view of exciting more interest in the condition of the heathen in literary and religious circles. The following extract from one of his public addresses is still mournfully true:—

"But to descend to a lower standard than an imitation of Jesus, how few of the spiritual Christians, to accomplish their object, emulate the enterprise of the secular merchant, or the fortitude, courage, and perseverance of the ambitious. How few do as much for the spiritual interest of men, as the celebrated Howard did to alleviate the temporal sufferings of guilty criminals.

"In yonder eastern regions, how many Britons are there who, for the sake of temporal support or the acquisition of a fortune, endure an exile of twenty or thirty years, and all the discomforts of a foreign land and of insalubrious climates; and most of these young persons go from the families of the comparatively opulent in this country. The love of self enables them to do all this; but how disproportioned are those whom the love of Christ their Saviour carries forth and keeps there! No! of the

churches, our text reversed is yet true. Every man looks on his own things, and few, or comparatively few, regard the things of others."

Dr. Morrison intended to leave England early in 1825, but he yielded to the wishes of his friends, and delayed his departure in order that he might promote the great object for which he had done so much. A society of a missionary and literary character was established under high patronage, but it soon became extinct, affording another melancholy token of that lack of interest which cramps the efforts of the friends of missions.

Dr. Morrison sailed from England with his wife and family, after a stay of a little more than two years. An alarming mutiny broke out in the ship, which, with his aid, was quelled. But we will now pass over some years, and come to the following picture of our missionary, which is given under the date 1833: "Strangers to Dr. Morrison's habits, who occasionally attended his devotional exercises, were surprised at the mental and bodily fatigue he seemed capable of enduring, especially upon finding that the English service was immediately succeeded by one for the natives. This was intimated by the sound of voices singing the praises of God—a devotional exercise in which he took peculiar delight, and which he never omitted, although he often had to complain of not being assisted in it by his congregation. He always read the prayers of the church of England in the morning, modifying them to suit the peculiar circumstances of his hearers. In the intervals between public worship, he was either occupied in reading or in hearing his children repeat their hymns, etc. This indulgence was generally solicited by themselves: for although his manner on the Lord's day was marked by a more than usual degree of seriousness, which would repress any approach to levity, still there was not in it the slightest tincture of austerity.

"On these occasions, his usual resort was a terrace in the front of his residence, beyond which lay the bay of Macao, encircled by barren hills. The terrace was shaded by beautiful flowering shrubs and bordered with European plants and flowers. Here, generally accompanied by the whole of his family, the little ones on his knees, or, according to Asiatic custom, sitting on mats spread on the grass, with their attendants of various nations, Chinese, Portuguese, and Caffres, and a favourite Newfoundland dog invariably making one of the group, might be seen the beloved subject of this narrative, whose presence diffused general happiness throughout that favoured circle. Often, while viewing with benignant complacency the interesting scene thus feebly depicted, he would express the pleasure it afforded him, and his grateful sense of the mercies and blessings he enjoyed; yet, reflecting on the uncertain tenure by which all earthly good is held, he would frequently add, "but I rejoice with trembling." Such simple pleasures as those by which he was surrounded Dr. Morrison enjoyed in a high degree; yet his taste for them was never gratified at the expense of more serious duties; consequently, sacred music, conversation, or the contemplation of the beauties of nature, were by him only indulged in occasionally as a relaxation from intense study."

In December, 1833, Dr. Morrison was again left alone, with the exception of one son, who remained with him in China, but who saw little of his father during the brief remainder of his life of long and faithful service. Dr. Morrison was appointed secretary and interpreter under the new state of things introduced into the trade with China. He had accepted this post but a very short time before his death, which took place at Canton on the first of August, 1834. We quote from a letter to Mrs. Morrison: "Our departed friend fell suddenly from our sight. In the afternoon of his death I was with him some time, and though weak, he could walk into another room, talk feebly, and unite in supplicating the Divine mercy. He said that he thought his life was in danger, but I did not; and I think he did not anticipate so speedy a change. I sat down by him, and he repeated many passages of Scripture, which he revolved in his mind continually. 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;' 'we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;' and such like. He then prayed aloud for all of us if he should be taken away, that 'God would be merciful to Eliza and the dear children, and bless them with his protection and guardian care. He prayed that the Lord would sustain him, and forsake him not now in his feebleness. He prayed for the Chinese mission, that grace and peace might rest on all the labourers. And having said these things, he lay down to rest. He was to have a sick certificate, and I was going with him to Macao. But how affecting! That night he was released from sickness and suffering, and we went with him to Macao indeed; but it was only his dead body that went, for God had taken the spirit. . . . . .

"He had finished his work, and had *well* done it; and the Lord would no longer withhold his infinite reward from the servant worn out in his service. Oh! may our end be alike peaceful, and our reward equally sure. I rejoice for him, but mourn for you and for ourselves; for if he was a husband and a father to his family, so was he truly to this mission. Be consoled then, dear friend, by the remembrance of what he *was*, be cheered by the assurance of what he *is*, and be joyful in the hope of what you both will be."

Even so far as this world is concerned, Dr. Morrison may be said to have been a prosperous man. He reaped no starveling sheaf of earthly fame; but it is with eternity as its back-ground that the true grandeur of such a life as this stands out in striking brilliancy. Its glory may be dated from that event where the riches and honours and pleasures of this world terminate. How much that is deemed desirable and great will be found to be base and worse than worthless, when the touchstone of eternity is applied to it. But there is another consideration to be drawn from such a life, which appertains to the Christian reader. If our estimate of true glory be a just one, how is it that we hear from time to time that there is a lack of men to reap missionary honours? The merchant quits his home for paltry gold, and the soldier for a wreath of fading laurel. Let it not be said any longer that the Christian will not go for that imperishable garland which will be twined round the brow of the self-denying heavenly-minded missionary, and that "inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven" for faithful disciples. "Verily, I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."

SACRED PHILOSOPHY.

THE BOW OF GOD.

THERE is a form of temporal calamity, and only one, which, having once been experienced, will never occur again. It is not famine, or nakedness, or pestilence, or the sword. These may repeat their visits; and each time of their coming to the nations, it may be under circumstances of additional rigour. But God has said that, having opened the windows of heaven and broken up the fountains of the great deep, so as to carry away the inhabitants of the earth with a flood, he will never renew the terrible incident; and he "set," or appointed, his "bow in the clouds," to be a memorial of the pledge, a token of the covenant, to all generations. To Noah and the remnant preserved in the ark during the one deluge, it would otherwise have been an unspeakably mournful event, when the clouds gathered, the winds blew, and the rains descended, for they would naturally have anticipated a return of the dreadful visitation, and have been as men whose hearts quailed them for fear. But remembering the promise, and seeing the sign, under certain conditions of showers and sunbeams, the threatening aspect of the skies would not be misinterpreted. Age after age the signal of mercy has been exhibited; the world has been comforted by it; and the promise has been kept. Even among idolatrous and savage nations, the spectacle of the brilliant and fleeting arch aloft has not only excited admiration, but administered soothing—a dim traditionary recollection of its consecration to a benign purpose having been unconsciously retained.

The Hebrews called the glorious vision, the "bow of God," on account of its association with a divine promise. To the ancient Greeks it was the "daughter of wonder," as a surpassingly lovely but perfectly inexplicable object; while the rude inhabitants of the north gave expression to a fancy which its aspect originated, styling it the "bridge of the gods," as apparently an archway connecting heaven and earth. The bow is common to all countries, under the same atmospheric conditions. It delights all eyes and interests all ages by its varied, distinct, yet nicely blended hues, its striking contrast with the cloud in the background, its sudden apparition and as sudden vanishing. But it appears with features of peculiar grandeur in certain situations, as in mountainous countries, springing from one hill-top to another, and overarching a valley, or where cliff and ocean combine their sublimities. There it may be seen, occasionally resting one foot upon the sea, and the other upon the dry land, like the angel in the Apocalypse, who was himself "clothed with a cloud, and had a rainbow about his head." Voyagers in the Pacific have beheld the "coronal of light" bestriding a cocoa-nut island, stretching its "zone of grace" over it from sea to sea, as if guarding the spot from the ocean wildly dashing its billows on the coral shore.

The analytical investigations of modern science have made us acquainted with the laws of the phenomenon. Its natural and sacred philosophy are gracefully illustrated in the following lines from an unknown source:—

"See! see! ere it departs, the bow of heaven;
Its arch how perfect, and its hues how pure;
Strange! that a sign so fleeting should be given
To seal the promise of a grace so sure.

Where rests that arch? How stands its form so true
Upon the darkening, beaming, changing sky?
It rests upon thine own enchanted view;
Its central point—thine own admiring eye.

The falling crystals in the showery air
Transmit the colours of the riven rays;
And build ten thousand separate arches there,
Around the charm'd ten thousand eyes that gaze.

When clouds keep back the brighter beams of day,
How gloomily descends the shower to earth;
But let it reach the sun's creative ray,
And lo! a glorious vision springs to birth.

Then, fair and joyous, nature's face appears,
Crowned with a diadem of hues so bright;
Thus heavenly mercy shines on sorrow's tears,
And spreads celestial glories to the sight.

When shall the last, last rainbow o'er these skies,
In all its varied hues, be stretched abroad?
And when shall burst on our astonished eyes,
The emerald rainbow round the throne of God?"

The last stanza alludes to the manifestation made of the Divine majesty to the banished evangelist in Patmos. He saw "a throne set in heaven," the emblem of sovereignty. But there was "a rainbow round about the throne," the symbol of grace, "in sight like unto an emerald." Thus loving-kindness blends with supreme authority in all the dispensations of the Almighty to those who keep his covenant and his testimonies. There is, perhaps, no natural object which has been so suggestive of consolation to the Christian mind as the bow of heaven. Some thoughts of this nature, natural in themselves, and as old as the days of the primitive church, are expressed in the annexed verses. They were recurred to while passing in a pilot-boat from the stormy Scilly islands to Penzance, during gusty weather, and with a heavy swell upon the Atlantic, a position somewhat trying to the nerves of a landsman.

"See! painted on the darken'd sky,
The beauteous bow appears;
While stormy clouds are hovering nigh,
And nature is in tears.

Science the causes can unfold,
That make yon glorious gleam;
But Truth Divine bids faith behold
Sweet mercy in the beam.

Oft has the Indian bent his bow,
And loosed the fatal string;
And the wild death cries of his foe
Have made the forests ring.

But 'tis no messenger of wrath,
No minister of woe,
That travels in yon cloudy path,
Bent *from* us is the bow!

Though like a weapon, forth for peace,
And not for war, 'tis hung;
Pale coward Fear thy throbs may cease,
It is a bow *unstrung*.

Yes! still to-day, as in the past,
Heaven's love from thee we know;
From age to age thou never hast
An *arrow* in thy bow.

Hail! beauteous child of sun and rain,
Fruit of a stormy hour;
On thee my eye delights to strain
Its keenest visual power:

For ne'er seems beauty half so bright,
As when it meekly blends
Its graces with things opposite,
And lustre to them lends.

Oh! glorious arch, still span the sky,
When lowering clouds appear,
Type of God's mercy, ever nigh
To human grief and fear!"

The rainbow shows us how instantaneously the most sombre cloud may be turned into a vision of delight; and he who causes it to gleam as a signal of peace, can as readily, and will as surely, enliven the gloomiest scene of life to the souls that hope in his covenant of mercy with a fallen world, through Christ Jesus.

REMINISCENCES OF A REGISTER OFFICE.

PART III.

One day a young woman, extremely well dressed, looking delicate, but very interesting, called upon me. Her features were familiar, yet I could not recall where I had seen her before. She smiled, and reminded me that she was Selina Jones. She had been absent four years, and was much altered; indeed she had greatly improved in her appearance during that time. I welcomed her with undisguised pleasure, and rejoiced to see again one who had been "snatched as a brand from the burning." I requested her to give me an account of her movements since I had last seen her, and the substance of her narrative was as follows:—She had remained, she said, two years in the situation I procured for her; she had worked very hard, but was happy in the consciousness that she gave entire satisfaction, and she had looked forward to being with her employer for years to come. But a sad misfortune overtook her. They had no water save what they obtained from a deep well. One evening when she was drawing up the bucket, it suddenly slipped and went down again with great force. At that moment the blood poured out of her mouth—she had ruptured a blood-vessel. Medical assistance having been called in, she was conveyed to bed, and received from her mistress and family every attention and kindness they could bestow. It was a considerable time before she recovered her strength. The doctor advised her to leave, and take a place where her duties would be lighter. She was unwilling to do so; but the advice was judicious, and she left with the good wishes of all. She was fortunate enough soon to obtain another situation, where the duties were of a different kind. She remained there rather more than eighteen months, when unmistakable signs of delicacy of constitution made their appearance. She was compelled, therefore, again to leave her place and try change of air. She returned to the west accordingly, and hence her visit to me. She showed me two testimonials from her mistresses, giving her an excellent character for good conduct in every respect.

The mildness of the air and relaxation from work had restored her again to comparative convalescence. Feeling well enough to take another place, she entered a third time into service; but she had been there only a short time when

she was again taken ill, and getting gradually worse, she was compelled to give it up.

Her situation was most deplorable. The produce of her earnings was soon consumed in procuring medicine, paying for her lodging, and other necessaries. She had no home; her father and mother were dead, and her brothers and sisters she knew nothing of. She was at length obliged, very reluctantly, to apply to the parish. There seemed no other course for her to adopt. She saw the relieving officer, but he had unfortunate recollections of the past. He recognised in her the former housebreaker (he had been present at her trial), and was severe and disdainful, refusing help unless she went into the house, from which she would be regularly passed on to her own parish. The overseer was inexorable. Commiserating the sorrows of the poor girl, I waited upon her last mistress, who was a Christian gentlewoman. She sympathised with her afflictions, and kindly and generously rendered her the assistance of which she then stood in so much need. At the same time she enquired if she had any friends or relations to whom she could apply, and who might help her. She said she had an aunt, a friend possessing a little property, and that it was probable that if some one would take the trouble to write to her and represent the condition she was in, she would relieve her. She was accordingly written to, and she generously responded to the appeal by sending money for her present necessities, and a further supply to enable her to bind herself for six months to a dress-maker and milliner to learn the business. She would no longer then be compelled to labour as a servant, which, from the delicate state of her health, she found she was totally unfit for.

Being sufficiently recovered, the poor young woman entered the establishment of Mrs. B——, who had the most flourishing and fashionable business in the town. Jones had thus an opportunity of qualifying herself to fill a position far above any previous station she had been in. Having a considerable share of intelligence, natural good taste, and withal an intense desire to raise herself in life by her industry, she applied herself with such unremitting assiduity to acquire a knowledge of the business, that at the end of six months she was able to take a very prominent part as assistant to her employer.

After remaining twelvemonths here, she entertained a desire to commence business on her own account. She, therefore, left, and took apartments nearly opposite my house. I was daily in the habit of seeing her, and anxiously watched her success. But to establish a business is hard, up-hill work, and particularly so was it for one situated as she was There was always a certain something, an undefinable feeling of reluctance in applying for business. She was afraid of being recognised, and she trembled when she entered a house, being fearfully familiar with the interior of too many. Recollections of the past hung like a heavy pall over her down-cast soul, deadening and paralyzing exertion. She struggled to conquer it, and prayed, and trusted, and worked, but all in vain. Sad thoughts and long working hours soon produced wearisome nights, and, sick at heart, she came to me for advice. She thought it would be better for her to take a situation as lady's maid, being perfectly qualified, from her knowledge of the dress-making and millinery.

All circumstances considered, I thought this would be a right step, and promised my help. An opportunity soon offered, and she gave up her business, and engaged to go to London. Her mistress, unfortunately, proved to be too gay for her safety and comfort, and being sensitively alive to the slightest indications of indiscretion, and too wise and cautious to expose herself to temptations which might, by degrees, undermine her strength and prudence, she gave the usual notice and left. She soon obtained another situation, where every thing proved to her entire satisfaction and comfort, and here she might have continued for years, had not an unexpected, but most welcome, circumstance occurred.

One day, to her great astonishment and delight, she received a letter, informing her that a distant relative had died, and left her a legacy of four hundred pounds; although there were some legal difficulties connected with the will, a copy of which she had better get, and take it to a solicitor for his opinion. She, of course, lost no time in doing so. Leaving her situation, she took apartments near Bedford-row, Holborn, as she had frequently to communicate with the lawyer, who lived in that neighbourhood.

The law-matter was soon arranged, and the legacy was received. But her good fortune, if we may so term it, had not yet ended. A very respectable person, totally unacquainted with her accession of property, having made her acquaintance, was so pleased that eventually he made her an offer of marriage. The events of her past life rushed with overpowering force into her mind. That she was of humble birth, poor and uneducated, he already knew; but he knew no more. Oh! how would he feel when he still further knew that she had stood at the felon's bar, a creature of scorn, tried, condemned, and imprisoned? What could she do—how could she act? Should she conceal the past? That would be to deceive him, to be at variance with her Christian principles, and to

enter upon a life of torture. The dread of discovery would become unendurable agony. She would never be safe. A fellow prisoner might recognise her, when with him in the street, or a servant might have to wait upon her from the very town of her disgrace. The conflict of principle and inclination at length became too great for her physical powers, and they yielded under the force of mental strife. Fever laid her prostrate, and for some time her tossed and troubled spirit hovered about the confines of another world. However, she passed the crisis safely, and she recovered. This illness gave her time for reflection, which enabled her to decide how to act. Praying for strength to do her duty, and to act out religiously the character she professed to be, and with feelings that can neither be imagined nor described, she disclosed the awful past.

Such an unexpected disclosure rendered the other party almost speechless with conflicting emotions and mental agony. He sat pale and motionless, looking more like an image of the sculptor's art than a living, thinking being. At last, the tumult in his soul subsided, and admiration for her heroism and integrity operated with such force, as caused him to conquer any other consideration. Loving, respecting, and honouring her, he entered into that most solemn of all engagements—the marriage union. Thus did she become elevated in station above anything that the wildest flight of her imagination could have pictured, as well as morally elevated by her rectitude and right principle. Self-respect and peace now took possession of her once sad heart, and a chastened joy shed its sweet influence over her future life. Her heart was filled with gratitude to that adorable Being who had so tenderly watched over her, and guided her safely through the tempestuous scenes of sin to a happy home of peace, where she lived beloved and respected. She dedicated herself to his honour and glory.

Thus terminates this extraordinary *but most truthful account* of one who had sunk, to all human appearance, below the possibility of elevation in this world. Surely it offers encouragement to the greatest sinner to go to that fountain of mercy, which is ever flowing, to wash out sins of the deepest dye; while the narrative illustrates how true religion can lead to the recovery, not only of spiritual, but often of temporal happiness by those who had forfeited both. My narrative surely also holds out encouragement to those who labour for the rescue of some who seem to have fallen beyond the power of human aid. Many discouragements attend those who thus labour, but the case I have detailed proves that for these even there is sometimes an ample reward in store.

A SERVICE WITH THE VAUDOIS AT TURIN.

Of all the cities in Europe, none is more compact and beautiful than the capital of Piedmont. The length and regularity of its streets, the varied façades of its lofty houses, the grandeur of its squares, the coolness of its piazzas, and the pleasant drives of its surrounding boulevards, render it altogether a most attractive spot. Other cities present the visitor with glaring contrasts. Here are the open, the elegant, the aristocratic parts, while hard by the eye is offended with the neglected abodes of reckless poverty. In Turin, there is a unique harmony in the appearance of all its divisions. It would be difficult to say which is the west end and which the east. The working classes inhabit flats in mansions fit for merchant princes, and thus there is a total absence of those miserable scenes of wretchedness and squalor which may be met with in London or in Paris.

As the metropolis of a Roman Catholic country, it affords many an opportunity for witnessing the celebration of papal worship in all its paganism and pomp. Processions of priests, of monastic orders, and of confraternities, are of every-day occurrence, and the temples are always open for the devout suppliants of their varied demi-gods. From the gorgeous building, with its symbols of idolatry, from the jewelled mitre, the embroidered robe, the gilded cross, and the silver censer, we willingly turn and wend our way to the new Vaudois church. If going towards the central railway station, the visitor turns to the left and walks beneath the trees, which afford a grateful shade from the summer's sun, he will soon observe its pinnacles through the thick foliage. It stands in an admirable position; for though outside the city, it is easily reached from any part of it. The building is plain and substantial, yet not deficient in architectural pretension. The interior is spacious, consisting of a nave and two aisles, separated on each side by columns of lofty height and fair proportions. The pulpit stands in the centre at the upper end, in the position occupied in a papal church by the high altar. In the one, Christ is preached to the people; in the other, he is said to be presented in the form of a wafer by the priest to God for the sins of the living and the dead. In the one, he is exalted as the only Saviour, who by one offering has secured the salvation of his people. At the other, he is degraded into a piece of inanimate matter, and his sacrifice is proclaimed to be imperfect by the necessity for its perpetual repetition.

Two congregations assemble within its walls, one using the Italian language, and consisting very largely of converts from Romanism, and

the other speaking French. The ordinary attendance at the French service numbers about one hundred and fifty women, and between forty and fifty men—a disproportion similar to that which is so often observed at home, and which tells unhappily against the devotional tendencies of the stronger sex. The Italian congregation is somewhat larger.

The service is begun by the precentor, who reads several chapters of the Old and New Testament in succession, concluding with the decalogue, at which all the people stand. The minister, in gown and bands, generally enters the pulpit before the reading ends, and when it is finished, he rises and says, "Our help be in the name of God, who made the heaven and the earth. Amen.

"My brethren, let each one of you present himself before the face of the Lord, and make to him a humble confession of his sins, following my words from the heart.

"Lord God, almighty and everlasting Father, we acknowledge and confess before thy holy majesty that we are poor sinners, conceived and born in sin and in corruption, inclined to evil, incapable of ourselves of any good, and that we have transgressed in various ways thy holy commandments, and thus draw down upon ourselves condemnation and death through thy just judgment. Nevertheless, Lord, it deeply grieves us to have offended thee. We condemn both ourselves and our sins with true repentance, and implore thy grace to help our wretchedness. Have pity then upon us, God of all goodness, Father of mercy, in the name of thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Pardon our sins, grant us a daily increase of the graces of thy Holy Spirit, to the end that, acknowledging our unrighteousness with all our hearts, we may be affected with a sincere sorrow, which may destroy sin within us, and produce the fruits of righteousness and of innocence which may be acceptable to thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

After this simple and touching confession, a psalm is sung. The congregation do not join as generally as they ought, and as many of the continental congregations do, especially the German. The organ is too powerful for the place, or rather it ought to be played in a more subdued style. This part of the service needs as much improvement as it frequently does amongst ourselves. It is hard to say why the service of God should be degraded by bad singing, when a little preparation would secure good.

After the hymn the minister offers the following prayer: "Almighty God, our heavenly Father, we pray thee, according to the promises which thou hast made, to be in the midst of those who are assembled in thy name, and to hear us when we call upon thee in the name of thy Son. May it please thee to look upon us in thy pity, and to elevate our thoughts and desires to thyself, that we may this day render to thee an acceptable service.

"Great God! we humble ourselves before thee. We adore thy Supreme Majesty. We celebrate thy wisdom, power, and goodness, which shine with such splendour in the mighty works of creation, and of our redemption by Jesus Christ. We bless thee, Lord, for all the temporal and spiritual benefits which we are continually receiving from thy bountiful hand. But we praise thee especially, with all Christians who are this day assembled together, that thou hast sent thy Son into the world to save us, that after having given him for our offences, thou hast raised him again for our justification. We thank thee for that which thou hast given us by that glorious resurrection, even so great a hope of immortality.

"O God, thy glory is great in all the churches, and the praise of thy name resounds in all the assemblies of thy saints. Let our thanksgivings rise before thy throne. Make us worthy to have a portion in the resurrection of the just, and in the glory of the kingdom of heaven; where Jesus Christ has entered as our forerunner; where he lives, and reigns, and is adored and glorified with thee, and the Holy Spirit, God blessed for evermore. Amen.

"O God, who dost instruct us by thy holy Scriptures, which we are this day about to read, to hear, and to meditate upon, enlighten our minds and purify our hearts to the end that we may understand and receive as we ought the things which are there revealed to us. Assist thy ministers that they may declare thy word with purity, with clearness, with simplicity, and with fervour; render their preaching efficacious by the power of the Holy Spirit, that this holy seed may be received into our hearts, as into ground well prepared, that it may there produce fruit abundantly; that we may not only hear thy word, but keep it, living in a manner conformable to thy divine teachings, and that at last we may come to eternal life through Jesus Christ, who has commanded us thus to pray, Our Father," etc. etc.

After this prayer the sermon follows. The sermon we heard was plain, intelligent, and affectionate. Space will not permit any particular account of it. It is sufficient to observe that the preacher's enunciation was so distinct, that any English person with an ordinary knowledge of French might have followed him throughout, and scarcely lost a word.

After the sermon comes the intercessory prayer, as is the custom also in the church of Scotland.

"Almighty God! we thank thee for the grace which thou hast vouchsafed to us to hear thy word. Render the salutary instructions which it has given to us effectual by thy Holy Spirit, to the end that it may remain in us abundantly, and fill us with wisdom.

"Sovereign Master of the world! Thou who controllest the destiny of nations, we entreat thee for all kings, princes, and lords, to whom thou hast entrusted the government of the people, and the administration of righteousness. We especially address to thee our vows for the king N., our august sovereign, and for all the royal family; pour upon them thy benedictions; direct their designs and their undertakings; and cause that, under the reign of his majesty, we may serve thee with freedom in peace and in prosperity.

"We also pray thee for all those who are endowed with any authority in our midst. Bless their administration, that it may be to thy glory, to the maintenance of good morals, and to the happiness of the people entrusted to their care.

"We pray thee for the powers in friendship and alliance with this state, and especially for those who profess the same faith with ourselves, and who cause us to feel the happy effects of their Christian benevolence. And equally bless those generous individuals who display their charity in our regard, whether by the sustenance of religion, or by the consolation of the poor. We pray thee, oh God, our Father and our Saviour, for all those whom thou hast appointed pastors in thy church, and especially those to whom thou hast given the guidance of the flocks of these valleys. Animate them by thy Spirit, that they may discharge their ministry with fidelity and zeal, and that they may labour effectually for the conversion and salvation of souls. Raise up on all sides, and chiefly amongst ourselves, ministers faithful, zealous, humble, and lovers of truth and peace; and for this purpose grant thy grace and thy fear to those who are intended to serve thee hereafter in the holy ministry.

"Reserve to this church the peace which it now enjoys, and continue to shed thy most precious favours upon this portion of thine heritage which thou hast so miraculously preserved in these countries. Protect in the same manner other churches, and cause those who are suffering for the profession of thy truth to feel the effects of thy fatherly compassion.

"God of all consolation! to thee we commend all nations who are afflicted by plague, war, or famine; all persons whom thou visitest with sickness, poverty, or any other misfortune, whatever it may be. We entreat thee especially for the sick of this church, and for all those who desire the help of our prayers. Deliver them from their troubles, O our God! And above all, cause them to understand that it is because of thy love that thou dost prove them, that they, suffering with patience, and forsaking their sins, may obtain the happiness which thou hast promised to thy faithful ones.

"Father of mercies! who desirest to be acknowledged as God and Saviour of the whole world in the redemption procured by thy Son Jesus Christ, grant that those who are still deprived of thy knowledge, and are plunged in the shades of ignorance and of error, may be illuminated by thy light, and led into the way of salvation, which consists in the knowledge of thyself as the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. Enrich still more and more with thy blessings those whom thou hast already distinguished by thy knowledge, that we may all unitedly adore thee as our God, our Creator, and our Father; and that we may submit to Jesus Christ, thy Son, as our Redeemer, and our King.

"Finally, oh our God and Father, give grace to us who have come here to hearken to thy word, that, penetrated with the feeling of our misery by nature, and convinced that our sins render us unworthy of any part in thy kingdom, we may have recourse to thy mercy, through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that we may repose all our confidence in him, to the end that he may dwell in us to destroy in us every sinful practice, and produce in us eternal life.

"Hear us, Father of grace! it is in the name of thy Son that we call upon thee."

"Our Father," etc.

"Lord, increase our faith."

"I believe in God the Father," etc.

After the Apostles' Creed, a hymn is sung, and the service concludes with this benediction: "The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord look upon you with favourable eye, and be propitious to you; the Lord lift upon you his countenance, and sustain you in peace and happiness. Go in peace. Remember the poor; and the God of peace be with you and your families. Amen."

These prayers will teach English Christians the essential religious unity which exists between them and their brethren of the valleys, and excite still deeper sympathy on their behalf.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

193. Of what was Jesus accused before Pilate?

194. To what two recorded incidents in his life would you refer as proving the utter groundlessness of such an accusation?

194. Can you point out any examples of similar accusations being urged against the disciples of Jesus?

195. What words of our Lord to his disciples were thus fulfilled?

Poetry for the Young.

MORNING PRAISE.

Not up, you little sluggard! fie!
The sun has long been in the sky;
He comes to little Annie's bed,
And says, "Lift up your drowsy head."
The winds of spring are all about,
And whisper, lovingly, "Come out;"
Let's hurry to the fields and flow'rs,
They smell more sweet in early hours.
The lark is up; I hear him sing;
See how he mounts upon the wing;
And with a voice so loud and strong,
Pours forth to heaven his healthy song.
I listen'd to his early hymn,
While yet the dawning light was dim;
And bent my head with grief and shame,
That from my heart no music came.
Oh shame! to let a little bird
Thus get the start, and first be heard!
Come, darling, let us tune our throats,
And join its song with grateful notes.
Yes, kneel and thank God for his care,
And say how sorrowful you are,
That He has had so long to wait
For your thanksgivings cold and late.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

THE CHILD'S COMFORT IN SORROW.

"Why is the house so dark and still,
Is dear mamma so very ill?
Do go and ask the doctor, nurse,
Whether he thinks her really worse.
Oh no, too well I guess the case,
And read the news in your grave face;
You need not tell me she is dead;
Your weeping eyes the truth has said.
O let me to her chamber climb,
And kiss her for the last sad time;
And take a lock of her soft hair,
The only relic time will spare.
On tiptoe, softly, let us creep,
Mamma seems only in her sleep;
I'll press my ear against her cheek,
And listen if she yet can speak.
Oh no, I see it is in vain,
She never more will speak again;
O take me quickly from the room,
I cannot bear its silent gloom.
Hear how my little sister cries,
While still mamma unconscious lies;
Dear Amy, wipe away your tears,
She whom you mourn no longer hears.
Come let us both kneel down and pray,
And God will hear all we can say;
He knows that we are left alone,
Two orphans—both our parents gone."

"Yes, Nelly, all you say is true,
And bless his love *for sparing* you;
Yes, let us both together kneel,
And tell him all the grief we feel."

"I know mamma is happier now
Than she could ever be below;
Though stiff and cold her body lies,
Her *soul* is living in the skies."

"Yes, dear, for Christ to earth came down,
That she might wear a heavenly crown;
And died to save her from her sin,
And a free pardon for her win."

ELLEN ROBERTS.

LIFE AMONG SEA-WEEDS.

E'en in winter's barren hours
Ocean's garden has its flow'rs;
Summer's suns may pass away,
Still *they* smile and look as gay—
Not a leaf among them sere,
Fadeless through the changing year;
Ev'ry form and hue displayed,
Varied as the rainbow braid.
On the dry and sterile rocks,
Fair conferva hangs her locks;
There she waves her tresses fair,
Soft as infant's silken hair—
Now in tufts of silver green
Floating on the tide serene;
Small sea-insects in her bow'r
Sporting as in summer hour:
How their gambols, light and free,
Flow from an excess of glee!
Happiness—too great to hide
E'en within the ocean wide.
Wherefore is a scene like this
Grac'd with images of bliss?
All this animal delight,
Living wreaths to charm the sight?
Is it to enhance *man's* joy,
Heav'n such agents would employ?
Are these sportive creatures sent
His pure pleasures to augment?
Strange his sullen discontent
Thwarts the merciful intent—
Frustrates nature's arts to please,
Unimpress'd by all he sees.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

TO THE RED-BREAST.

Lessons of reproof are heard
In thy cheerful note, sweet bird;
Chiding dull and thankless men,
In thy gay and grateful strain.

Singer sweet, thy constant song
Cheers us all the winter long,
Bidding us be blithe and glad,
While the world is dark and sad.

Would that my consoling voice
Thus the mourner could rejoice,
And, like thy refreshing lay,
Soothe him on his lonesome way.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE FAMILY FESTIVAL, TO CELEBRATE THE RETURN OF THE LOST SON.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

VIII.—THE WELCOME.

THE absorbing question in the mind of the prodigal all the way home would be, "How shall I be received?" With the recollections of his home, with reminiscences of old scenes and familiar faces, with the picture of his father renewed in his memory, this enquiry would blend to the overpowering of other thoughts. So the absorbing question in the mind of an awakened sinner, with his face homeward, has ever been, "Is there hope for me?" In proportion to the depth of his convictions—the insight which he has into the nature of evil, and the remorse, and agony, and fear of his soul—will be his apprehension lest, after all, he should not find mercy. Persons whose religious course has been tranquil, who in early life have been preserved from playing the prodigal, whose hearts the Lord has gently opened, who have glided as it were into the kingdom of God, have little idea of the terrible storms of spiritual distress—of the agonizing doubts—of the perfect despondency, to which minds of another order are exposed.

Look at John Bunyan walking about the village of Elstowe, and the streets of Bedford,

No. 78.—PUBLISHED OCTOBER 25 1855

PRICE ONE PENNY.

with a broken heart, and telling to poor Christian people, and to good Mr. Gifford, his pastor, how the billows and the waves of despair went over him. "But my original and inward pollution, that, that was my plague and affliction; that I saw at a dreadful rate, always putting forth itself within me; that I had the guilt of, to amazement; by reason of that, I was more loathsome in mine own eyes than a toad, and I thought I was so in God's eyes too. Sin and corruption, I said, would as naturally bubble out of my heart as water would bubble out of a fountain; I thought now, that every one had a better heart than I had; I could have changed heart with anybody; I thought none but the devil himself could equal me for inward wickedness and pollution of mind. I fell, therefore, at the sight of my own vileness, deeply into despair; for I concluded that this condition that I was in, could not stand with a state of grace. 'Sure,' thought I, 'I am forsaken of God; sure I am given up to the devil, and to a reprobate mind;' and thus I continued a long while, even for some years together."

A perfectly true history is this, and we doubt not through the souls of some of our readers have rolled thoughts just the echo of poor John Bunyan's. Very beautiful is it for such to turn to our parable, and to read in it the assurance of God's welcome.

The parable really conveys such an assurance. Christ uttered it for the very end of convincing deeply sorrow-stricken penitents that there was hope for them. It was a sermon for publicans and sinners. Are other arguments wanting? Christ's incarnation, Christ's death, Christ's sending of the Comforter, are all proofs and pledges of God's welcome.

That God's welcome to sinners is very cordial is plain from what we saw in our last, of the kiss and the ring, the robe and the banquet. And mark how music and dancing, the recognised oriental symbols of joy, are added to the feast. And turning to the words of Zephaniah, the prophet, we see how fully we may apply the metaphor to Almighty love: "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing." (Zeph. iii. 17.) The whole house sparkled and rung with a benevolent gladness, and the home servants sympathized with the master; and here we should take in what is said in the former parables: "For there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." The unfallen and blessed sympathize in the pure love of God. Their minds are strings in one great harp, tuned to the melodies of mercy. How God's touch brings out the music of that harp! Angels are like the woman who rejoiced at finding the lost piece of silver. They are like the shepherd when the stray sheep was brought home. They are the opposite of the elder brother. They look on man as the younger offspring of their Father's love, and follow him in his wanderings with concern and commiseration. With God they come forth to meet him, and with God they give him welcome. For they know the soul's value; they appreciate the magnitude and blessedness of the change involved in its repentance; and they connect it with the history of the kingdom of Christ, and with the great commonwealth and family of the glorified, of which they form a part.

But let us glance for a moment at the elder son, in comparison with the younger brother. "He is one who has been kept by the law from gross offences; he has been occupied, though in a servile spirit, in the works of that law. So, no doubt, had been many of the Pharisees. Many of them hypocrites, but also many of them sincerely, though in much blindness of heart, following after righteousness—a righteousness indeed of a low sort, in the strivings after which, which were mostly external, they did not attain to any deep self-acquaintance, any such knowledge of the plague of their own hearts as should render them mild and merciful to others—any such insight into the breadth of that law, which they professed to keep, as should thoroughly abase them before God. Such may have been some of the murmurers here; persons not utterly to be rejected, nor the good in them to be utterly denied; but who had need rather to be shown what was faulty, deficient, narrow, and loveless in their religion—to be invited to renounce their servile for a filial spirit, and to enter into the nobler liberties of that church and kingdom which Christ was establishing upon earth. And in this sense we must, then, understand the father's invitation to the elder son to come in. Hitherto he had been labouring in the field. (The opposite of the prodigal, who had wasted his substance in extravagant and riotous living, this one had not wasted his; he had been working in the field, but in a hard, rigid, servile spirit.) His father now invites him to a festival. They whose work for God had hitherto been the hard task-work of the law, are invited now to enter into the joy of the Lord—the freedom of the Spirit. This part of the parable will then be as much a preaching of the gospel of the kingdom to the legalist, as the earlier part of it had been to the gross sinner: as love to the one spoke there, so love to the other here.*

* Trench on the Parables, p. 417. A work to which we are much indebted.

This view of the parable is instructive and affecting; but while thus the contrast between the two brothers is brought out, we must remember the main point of this latter part is the contrast between the elder brother and the father.

The father comes forth to meet the prodigal: the elder son remains in the field. The father commands the feast, throws his heart into the joyous occasion, and will crown it with the brightest signs of delight: the elder son, when he draws nigh and hears music and dancing, will not go in; but calls one of the servants, and coldly asks what these things meant. Immediately he is angry. The father comes out and entreats him. The other repels his advance: "Lo," he says, "these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment, yet thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends."

The father had said, "this *my* son;" but the elder of his offspring says not, "this *my* brother;" for, denying the brotherhood, and almost reproaching his sire with the fatherhood, he only says "*this thy son.*" The father has no reproaches; but the brother makes a stinging allusion to the "harlots" and the "riotous living." The father has given robes and jewels; but his first-born grudges even the fatted calf. The father's love comes out all the stronger for the son's coldness and reproachfulness—love to melt this one's selfish heart, as well as love to heal the other's contrite one. "Son, thou art ever with me; and all that I have is thine." He speaks not here of merit, but of privilege. The emphasis is not on the "*thou*," but on the "*me.*" It speaks not of reward, but of gracious, free, abounding bounty. It is not a promise, but a reminiscence. The object is not to commend and praise, but to humble and subdue—to melt down. God's welcome in contrast with man's rebuff, is brought out more strongly by the latter. Joy in heaven; apathy, coldness, repulse on earth.

There is an intimate connection between servile righteousness and self-righteousness, and between both and that rigidness of feeling which excludes large and benevolent sympathies. "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die." One has little love for mere just and equitable people, who have no notion of anything but rights—their own rights and others'! It is on the good man, on his heart of kindness and love, that one's whole soul reposes. The elder brother had righteousness without goodness. God has both: goodness and righteousness, love and justice, piety and unimpeachable rectitude. What tenderness of mercy like that on Calvary? What awful holiness as well.

People like the brother, unlike the father—like the Pharisee, unlike God—are still plentiful enough. It is not our purpose to describe at large the characters of such, to distinguish and divide them into minor classes, to specify their varieties, to denounce their spirit, to hold them up to indignation and reproach; but rather to ask of ourselves, and beg the reader to ask himself: "Have we in us anything of the spirit of the elder brother? Are we deficient in a large-hearted sympathy with God's free gospel? Are we apt, in our judgment of others, to go to the extreme of severity rather than to lean on the side of mercy? Do we form the worst opinion of people that we can, or the best? Do we look with coldness and suspicion upon persons professing repentance, after a life of flagrant sin? Do we plume ourselves on our superiority, because we have not run to the same excess of riot with some? Are we over-cautious and coldly hesitative about giving encouragement to religious enquirers? Or, in the absence of any positive offence of this kind, are we simply apathetic about the welfare of men's souls—ironlike, icelike, towards their sins, their sorrows, and their cares? Have we no heart for angel joys over conversion, no heart for apostolic toil to produce conversion? The spirit of God's welcome to sinners is a pattern for our welcome, and it is the spirit of all benevolent Christian activity and enterprize. It is interesting to compare the language of the servants' "safe and sound," with the language of the father, "This thy brother was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found." How superficial the one—how deep the other! The former looks at the body, the latter at the soul. The first is a mere temporal conversion—the last a thoroughly spiritual one. It is as if *they* had said: "After all his wanderings and excesses, he has not destroyed himself. He is come home better than one would have imagined. His health is uninjured. We thought he had perished ere this; but here he is, quite safe." It is as if *he* had said: "A wonderful spiritual change has occurred. The case must not be judged of by outward signs. There has been a revolution in the soul. There has been a revival and a redemption there. He was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

We should rejoice in a sinner's repentance; we should share in God's joy on account of it, because it is a resurrection. It was a joyous sight for Ezekiel to look on the vision of dry bones, when the breath of the Lord came on them, and the dead rose and stood on their feet. It was a joyous sight to see the widow's son

restored to consciousness and life; to see him waking up from the mysterious slumber of mortality, once more a sound and healthy, a useful and vigorous working man in a world needing workers, and with a heart full of love to his mother in a home where such a love made a little heaven. It will be a joyous sight at the last day to see the glorious spring coming over the winter of the grave; to behold the great withered tree of man's bodily existence putting forth richer verdure and bloom than do the gardens, and orchards, and parks in the beautiful month of May. It is better still to contemplate dead sinners made alive now, through the power of the Holy Spirit. Better than the reunion of bodies at the last day, will be the general assembly of renewed and glorified souls.

We should rejoice in a sinner's repentance, because it is a rescue, a recovery. The soul has been lost, like the sheep that was imperilled, but is found, and is safely folded. It has been lost, like the piece of money, which had been useless; but is found, and put into the purse and employed. The soul was on the edge of perdition; it is now saved. It was lost to God, to truth, to holiness; it was lost to man; it was lost to itself. It is now put into its right place, and used for what it was first meant for. But the soul is not a thing; it is a person. It is not used as an implement; it works as an agent. Its new-found powers it devotes to God and Christ. Blessed finding! better than treasure-finding, gold-finding, world-finding, the finding of Australian mines, the finding of Californian wealth, the finding of an American hemisphere.

MADAME DE STAEL AND MADAME DE BROGLIE.

FROM THE "CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR."

"But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." *Luke* x. 42.

THE character of Madame de Stael has always been one of deep and yet perplexing interest to me. The powers of her mind were of so very high an order, the affections of her heart so overflowing in genuine kindness and tenderness, that while one cannot cease to lament the vanity and the many inconsistencies of so highly gifted a being, it is impossible to think of her with severity. "What might that woman have been," one is led to say, "had she become a truly enlightened, decided, and consistent follower of the Lord Jesus Christ?" To our astonishment we find the wish in some manner realised in the person of her daughter. It is of course impossible to speak of Madame de Broglie as being what her mother was, the woman of the highest intellect of her times; but there was a noble simplicity, a loftiness of mind, about the daughter, which seemed to raise her in some respects above her mother. The elevated dignity of her character was always sustained without effort and without affectation; there was nothing exaggerated, nothing inflated: and whence was this? because her daily study was the Holy Bible; because the pattern constantly kept before her was that of Him who hath left us an example that we should follow his steps.

At the time that I was full of enthusiastic admiration for her works, I first saw Madame de Stael. It was on one of the private nights of the exhibition of pictures at the British Gallery. The rooms were filled with some of the most distinguished persons, as to rank and talent, in the country. Among the former were the unhappy Princess of Wales, then on the eve of her departure from England; and the wife of the chief captain of the day, who on that night appeared for the first time as Duchess of Wellington. My attention was fixed on Madame de Stael. I was struck at once with her countenance, her manner, her whole appearance: there was no beauty, no gracefulness, but the very opposite. The style and the colours of her dress were, if I remember, glaring and ill-chosen; but the fire of genius flashed from her large black eyes, and her every look, her every word, was alive and glowing with intellectual vigour. Her powers of conversation seemed inexhaustible, and her wit delightful from its brilliancy and freshness. The admiring group that attended her, not only surrounded her when seated, but moved on with her as she moved along, as if unable to resist the attraction of that enchanted circle, and unwilling to lose a word that fell from her lips. Immediately behind her, leaning on the arm of some one whom I did not notice, was a tall and graceful girl, in every way the contrast to Madame de Stael; her countenance full of nobleness—calmness in her modest eyes and on her open brow—sweetness upon her closed and silent lips: her figure at once youthful and dignified, and her dress and hair without ornament of any kind. Her whole demeanour was still more distinguished by gentleness and humility; this was Mademoiselle de Stael, the distinguished daughter of that distinguished mother.

Shortly after I visited the neighbourhood of Coppet; but Madame de Stael was no longer its attractive inmate. Her funeral was just over, and the tribute to her uprightness of character, as well as to her matchless powers of mind, was as universal as it was spontaneous throughout that part of Switzerland. Ah, how touching was the contrast from the brilliant evening when

I had seen that extraordinary woman surrounded by the highest and the loveliest of the nobility of England, then at its height of earthly glory, and the silent tomb where her cold and senseless remains were now laid in darkness and corruption! What was the thought? what the inquiry then of those who loved her best? The immortal spirit, where was that? Had she, like one who was among the most gifted of men —had she also learnt to count all things but loss for the excellency of Christ Jesus? Her daughter has said that in the latter part of her life especially, she was in the practice of reading the Bible, and that she had sometimes found her engaged in prayer in her room.

Madame de Stael was undeniably a woman of genius; and she was one of those few remarkable individuals whose after-life more than fulfils the promise of precocious childhood. We see her, when only eleven years of age, seated on her little wooden stool, on which she was obliged to sit very upright, by the side of her father's arm-chair, even then an object of attention and interest to many of the most eminent literary men of the day. We are told of the Abbé Raynal taking both her little hands in his, and conversing with her as if she had been five-and-twenty. At dinner she sat with attention, and though she uttered not a word, she almost seemed to speak in her turn, all her flexible features displaying so much expression, her eyes following the looks and motions of those who spoke, and seeming to seize their ideas before she heard them. How finely has it been said of her in after-life, in the full and matured season of her intellectual vigour, that "because she felt with enthusiasm she penetrated with sagacity, because her heart beat high with zeal her imagination glowed with fervour. No one was less fickle in her friendships; full of enthusiasm, she was yet constant; prone to vehement feelings, she was without violence, either of temper or disposition! All was noble and generous to her very faults. Nothing mean or paltry belonged to her understanding or her heart. But the predominant feeling of her soul was filial love; her father had ever been her most confidential and attached friend, from whom she had no thought or feeling of her heart concealed, and devotion to him through life, and tender veneration for his memory, seemed to occupy her whole mind when she lost him; and she in her turn was cherished with the same ardent affection by her own children!" Such was Madame de Stael!

We turn to a far lovelier subject when we speak of Madame de Broglie. Yes, while we turn away dazzled by the brilliancy of the one character, the heart loves to rest its gaze upon the pure and gentle lustre of the other. We bring forward the character, the conduct, the whole course of this modest and Christian woman—her plain-spoken godly decision, her lowliness of mind, the admirable consistency of her walk, the powerful influence of her example in the very highest circles both of rank and literature; and we entreat the gentlewomen of our land to consider, and to weigh the value of such a character.

The death of her mother seems to have deepened the character of her piety, though from her earliest childhood we are told that she never remembered the time when she did not love God. "One of the earliest recollections I have," she said, "was that of repeating on my knees, at my mother's side, the Lord's prayer." She was placed by Madame de Stael, at a very early period, under the late excellent M. Cellerier of Geneva, who came to Coppet several times a week to instruct her and her brother in the Holy Bible: "and from my earliest years," she continues, "I took delight in reading the Scriptures, and committing myself to my Saviour." Much of the daughter's superiority may be attributed to the admirable system of the mother, and the wise and enlightened views which she took in those days of false systems of education; the way in which she inculcated implicit obedience from the child to the parent; her utter abhorrence of every kind of artifice and affectation, and the good plain sense which she showed in all her management of her children. "She raised them," says Madame Necker de Saussure, "to the level of her own mind, and herself to the level of their simplicity." She seems to have united in her system the most perfect confidence with the most dignified reserve. "Never was a mother more open," said Madame de Broglie, "and, at the same time, more authoritative."

From the time of the marriage of Mademoiselle de Stael to the Duc de Broglie, she might be considered as the head of a little company of evangelical Christians at Paris; and her influence was very great in the sphere where she was then placed, being not only intimately acquainted with the king and queen, but the wife of the prime-minister of the kingdom. Wherever she was, however, she never forgot "whose she was, and whom she served." She spoke out, but with admirable sweetness and discretion, on all occasions; and in a sphere where it is perhaps most difficult to serve God openly, and to follow Christ faithfully, she walked humbly with her God; like our own Lady Howe, not only upholding, but adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour at all times and in all things.

She was consulted constantly by the wise and the good in their efforts to circulate the holy Scriptures, and to send the missionaries of the

truth to foreign lands. And so far as the influence of a modest, retiring woman could be exerted in public life, her influence was felt. I well remember at a meeting of the Bible Society in the town of W——, a few years since, when it was announced that the report of the Paris Bible Society had been written by the wife of the prime-minister of France, supplying the name, which had been forgotten, of the pious daughter of Madame de Stael.

In her own family it was the daily custom of this excellent woman to assemble her children and servants, and to read the Scriptures and pray with them. She was indeed a woman of much prayer. After the attempt which had been made upon Louis Philippe's life by Fieschi, her first words to a friend who called upon her were—"Oh! there must have been much praying on the part of some of God's people, or it would have been far worse with us than it was." On that occasion, a musket-ball passed through the front part of her husband's coat, and cutting slightly the skin on the collar-bone, passed along to the upper part of the sleeve on the other side, and there lodged, having spent its force.

And this woman, in the mysterious providence of Him who doeth all things well, was cut off in the prime of her life and in the midst of her usefulness. Let those who unite in lamenting her loss unite also in praying that God may raise up others in similar spheres of usefulness to supply her place, to imitate her example, and to exert around them a like influence. These are the women best fitted to form the character of a nation, by forming, as Christian mothers, the character of her statesmen, and of the heads of her various orders of society, in their childhood. It has been said by a distinguished statesman of our own country, and the testimony is peculiarly valuable as coming from such an individual to a woman of such decided godliness, "that if to celebrate the capacity of women, as well as to prove how gracefully the rarest gifts of the understanding may be combined with the kindliest dispositions of the heart, the moralist will naturally point towards the illustrious mother; he will also name the admirable daughter, if he would present to the love and respect of mankind the purest example of every female virtue, and of all the accomplishments that can adorn the softer sex." But the mainspring of all that was pure and lovely and of good report in this distinguished lady, was humility; and the secret of her humility has been thus admirably portrayed: "She was truly humble, for her thoughts were habitually fixed, not upon those gifts and graces which she possessed in the sight of men, but upon those which she wanted in the sight of God."

I DESIRE TO DIE.

The following reasons for desiring to die were written by Mrs. Jane Ratcliffe, an eminent Christian lady, who died at Chester more than two hundred and eighty years ago.

I desire to die, because I want, while I live here, the glorious presence of God, which I love and long for, and that sweet fellowship of the angels and saints who would be glad of me, as I am of them, and would entertain me with unwearied delight.

I desire to die, because, while I live, I shall want the perfection of my nature, and be as a banished person from my father's house.

I desire to die, because I would not live to offend so good a God, nor to grieve his Holy Spirit; for his loving-kindness is better than life itself.

I desire to die, because this world is infected with the plague of sin, and some have this plague sore running upon them, and I myself am tainted with the same disease, so as while I live here, I can be in no place, nor in any company, but I am still in danger of being infected, or infecting others; and if this world doth hate me because I endeavour to follow goodness, how will it rejoice if my foot do but slip?

I desire to die, because of the devil's malignant and incessant assaults. I can stand nowhere before the Lord on earth, but one devil or other is at my right hand, and I must of necessity enter into conflict with them, and their temptations, and be buffeted and gored by them, which is a thousand-fold worse than death.

I desire to die, because by death I shall rest from the hard labours of this life.

I desire to die, because nothing in this world can give me solid and durable contentment.

I fear not death, because it is but the separation of the body from the soul.

I fear not death, because death is such an enemy as has been often vanquished, and because I am armed for it, and the weapons of my warfare are mighty through God, and I am assured of victory.

I do not fear death for the pain of it, for I am persuaded I have endured as great pains in life as I shall find in death, and death will cure me of all sorts of pains; and because Christ died a terrible and accursed death, that any kind of death might be blessed to me; and that God, who has greatly loved me in life, will not neglect me in death; but his Spirit will succour and strengthen me all the time of the combat.

I do not fear death for any loss, for I shall but lose my body by it, and that is but a prison to my soul, an old rotten house or ragged garment; nay, I shall not lose that neither, for I shall have it restored again at my Saviour's second coming, made much better than it now is.

THE ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE.

THE BEAR.

THE bear of Scripture is the Syrian bear of naturalists. It is somewhat like the common brown bear of Europe, from which it may be distinguished by its smaller body, more lengthened head, and its yellowish-brown or yellowish-white fur, occasionally clouded with darker. Its habits are those of the bear tribe generally. It leads a solitary life in the depths of gloomy forests, or the caverns of wooded mountain-ranges in summer, and frequents the open country after its winter-sleep. It lodges in caves, and artfully conceals the entrance—at least some respectable writers say so—by drawing branches over it; occasionally it lives in the hollow trunks of old trees. The food of the Syrian bear is animal and vegetable, chiefly the latter. Fruits of various kinds are devoured by it with great relish. It pays frequent visits overnight to the orchards in the neighbourhood of Mount Lebanon; and the fields of a kind of chick-pea, of which it is particularly fond, as well as other crops cultivated near the snowy region of Lebanon, attest its destructive ravages. Except when irritated or pressed by hunger, it never attacks man; but if compelled to defend itself, it displays great courage, enormous strength, and agility quite surprising in a creature so massive and ungainly.

The bear has ever been regarded as a formidable enemy. This comes out in the earliest notice of the animal on record—the story of David's rescue from a lion and a bear; where he ascribes his deliverance "from the paw of the bear" to the divine protection. (1 Sam. xvii. 34, etc.) Shepherds in the east have still occasionally to encounter this much dreaded foe; and it is in relation to these and similar contests that the Saviour draws our attention to himself, as the good Shepherd, who lays down his life for the sheep. (John x.) The bear appears somewhat later, in the narrative of the judgment at Bethel (2 Kings ii. 23, 24), where two bears destroy forty-two youths, who "mocked the prophet of the true God, calling on him to go up after Elijah, that they might be well rid of them both."* Still later, Amos speaks of the bear—and it may be that his experience as a herdsman of Tekoah enabled him to speak from personal observation—as scarcely less dreadful than the lion (chap. v. 19). And that this beast of prey is still the terrible enemy these references would lead one to suppose, may be gathered from the work of a recent traveller. "The young men," of the Nestorian village of Zawectha, says Mr. Layard, in his 'Popular Account of the Discoveries at Nineveh,' "were eloquent on the subject of the chase, and related their exploits with the wild animals of the mountains. A cousin of the chief, a handsome youth, very gaily dressed, had shot a bear a few days before, after a hazardous encounter. He brought me the skin, which measured seven feet in length. The two great subjects of complaint I found to be the Kurds and the bears, both equally mischievous; the latter carrying off the fruit, both when on the trees and when laid out to dry; and the former the provisions stored for the winter. In some villages in Berwari, the inhabitants pretended to be in so much dread of the bears, that they would not venture out alone after dark."

The male is dangerous enough; but not to be compared with the female, especially when watching over her cubs. If deprived of them, her fury knows no bounds; she attacks her opponent with extraordinary rage, and gives up the contest only with her life. The sacred writers employ this characteristic with great effect. Thus Hushai, the counsellor of Absalom, compares the anger of David and his followers to the fury of "a bear robbed of her whelps in the field" (2 Sam. xvii. 8); Solomon declares that it were better that a bear deprived of her cubs should meet a man, rather than "a fool in his folly" (Prov. xvii. 12); while the prophet Hosea, in describing the judgments that were hanging over the Jews, employs the same figure; "I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps, and will rend the caul of their heart, and there will I devour them like a lion: the wild beast shall tear them." (Chap. xiii. 8.)

The love of symbolism so marked in the Chaldeans, is to be observed in the writings of Daniel, whose images, especially when animal forms are employed, are distinguished, like the sculptures of Nineveh, by what Hengstenberg would call a taste for the gigantic. The second of the four "great beasts," in one of the visions of this prophet, which resembled a bear, raised itself on one side, and having three ribs in its mouth, and to which the command was given, "Arise, devour much flesh" (chap. vii. 6), represented the Medo-Persian empire, which was distinguished from its rise to its fall by savage cruelty and a thirst for blood.

The bear has long haunted Palestine. In the earlier times, it would appear to have roamed at large over the whole country, as the brown species once did in our own land. Gradually, however, these animals decreased in number, and retired to the northern and eastern borders; although, as we learn from Hamilton Smith, they were still numerous and of considerable ferocity in the time of the first crusade. The old chronicler, Matthew Paris, has preserved the

* Chalmers.

following incident in his "England." As Godfrey of Bouillon was riding for recreation in a forest, during the siege of Antioch, he saw a poor stranger, who was heavily loaded with a bundle of wood, flying from an enraged bear. Godfrey immediately hastened to the rescue; and the bear, turning upon his new adversary, wounded his horse, and compelled him to fight on foot. After a severe struggle, he plunged his sword up to the hilt in his savage foe, and killed him. This was about the twelfth century. The Syrian bear, after this time, was so seldom noticed by travellers, that it was thought to have been extirpated from the country. But two German travellers, Hemprick and Ehrenberg, showed that this was not the case, as they killed a female near the village of Bischerre, in Syria. The specimen was about four feet two inches long. The den was formed by great masses of the whitish limestone rock, which is so plentiful in the neighbourhood. This species has also been found throughout the mountain ranges of Asia Minor, the Caucasian group, and various districts of western Asia. The male of the pair now in the gardens of the Zoological Society, London, was brought from the banks of the Euphrates.

ELISHA AND THE SYRIAN BEARS.

It may be as well, for the completeness of this paper, to observe that Dr. Kitto, in his Biblical Cyclopædia, hints that there possibly exists another species of bear, on the borders of Palestine. It may be so. But as far as the latest information enables us to go with certainty, we think that the specimen to which he refers is but a variety of the Syrian species.

The bear is a rugged and powerful adversary; so are the enemies with whom the Christian has to contend; and in the outset of his pilgrimage, as if on trial, he will be called to numerous conflicts: he is just emerging from the world, and the world will not let him go without a struggle. Sin will also endeavour to retain him with a murderous gripe, temptations will beset him, and his own passions will league against him; but supported by God he will overcome all.

THE SABBATH KEEPER REWARDED.

AN INCIDENT FROM REAL LIFE.

"I HAVE just taken a business in this neighbourhood, sir," said a young man who brought me a letter of introduction from his pastor, "and I have come to ask your advice upon a matter of considerable importance."

"I shall be most happy to aid you as far as I can," was my reply.

"I have been somewhat deceived in this matter," he said. "I believe the amount of

business that has been done is correctly stated; but I was not aware, until I had signed the agreement, that a large portion of it has been transacted on the morning of the Lord's day. My capital is small, and I cannot afford to lose any part of it; but I fear that many of the customers will be offended, and leave the shop, if I do not follow the practice of my predecessor."

"Follow out," I replied, "the dictates of your conscience. Obey, most strictly, the Divine command, and put your trust in God. You may possibly sustain some loss at first, but depend upon it you will enjoy the Divine blessing, with the satisfaction of knowing you have done the thing that is right."

A lengthened conversation followed. I perceived that the struggle was severe between his fears of temporal losses and his desire to "remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy." At length he said, "If I were a single man, I should not hesitate a moment: but I have a wife and child dependent upon me, and I cannot bear the thought of involving them in difficulties."

"But," I inquired, "what does your wife say upon the matter? Of course you have consulted her before you sought my counsel."

"Oh sir," he answered very emphatically, "she tells me by all means to keep to the Bible."

"Then do so," I replied.

"I will, sir," he said, after some thoughtful hesitation.

We bowed the knee together. I prayed that God would give him holy courage to carry out the resolution he had formed, as also comfort him under any difficulties he might be called to sustain. Nor did I forget most sincerely to entreat for him the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it.

"Thank you, sir," he said most fervently, as I grasped him by the hand and bade him farewell.

I watched the movements of my young friend with much interest. He took possession of the premises on Monday morning. I had advised him to put up a notice to the effect, "No business transacted on Sundays." This, however, he did not do, and I feared his heart might fail him. But on the very first Lord's day the shop was closed. He thought it better to remain at home that morning to answer inquiries; and to all who came—and they were not a few—he civilly stated his intention to observe the sabbath; whilst he expressed his hope that they would not be offended at his acting as his conscience dictated. The returns of the following week exhibited a considerable decrease, and the next were still worse. At times his courage almost gave way; but he sought Divine aid and was enabled to persevere.

About the fourth or fifth week a young man in livery came to effect a purchase for his master, who was one of the best customers he had. He was just preparing to go to the house of God, and said with much trembling, yet very decidedly, "I do not sell anything on the sabbath." The servant simply replied, "Oh, very well, then I must go somewhere else." But the next day he came and asked for his master's bill. With a heavy heart, the conscientious tradesman took it to the gentleman, and as he presented it, said, "I hope, sir, you are not offended."

"You refused to let me have what I sent for yesterday," was the reply.

"It was Sunday, sir," he answered; "and my Bible tells me, six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work."

"I care nothing about your Bible," replied the evidently offended gentleman. "I look upon all you saints as a set of hypocrites, and if I cannot be served by you with what I want on the Sunday, I will take care not to trouble you on the Monday. There's the amount of your bill, and I have done with you and all such fanatics."

The young man bore these insults with Christian meekness, and on leaving the house came direct to my dwelling.

"Matters are getting worse and worse," he said: "but this is the most serious loss I have yet sustained. If this goes on much longer, I fear I must give it up altogether."

"What," I inquired, "give up obedience to God's commands?"

"Oh no, sir," he answered, very emphatically, "not that; but I fear I must give up the business, or I shall be ruined."

"Nay, nay, my dear friend," I replied, "I cannot believe that; I know you have had some new customers to replace those you have lost, and I cannot but believe that after your faith and patience have been tried, God will fulfil his promise, to honour those who honour him."

Matters began to improve; and a few weeks after the circumstances above mentioned, the livery servant again entered the shop, with a large order from his master. The young man took the articles to the house himself. He was introduced to the gentleman, and thanked him most warmly for the return of his custom.

"Well," said he, smiling, "I behaved somewhat rudely to you at our last interview, for which I am sorry; but I am glad you bore it patiently. I have known several of your class, or those who pretended to belong to it, who were mere canting hypocrites, and I unjustly suspected you to be of that number. I see that I am mistaken. I know, and perhaps care, very little about religion myself, but I have always a very high respect for consistency wherever it is manifested. I have had my eye upon

you, and I perceive you act from principle. You will continue to serve me as before; and" —giving him his hand—"I wish you much prosperity."

"Sir," said the comforted tradesman, "I thank you. It appeared hard to see my business declining, but I could not disobey the commands of God. He has been a good master to me, and I only wish that you and every body else did but know experimentally the value and blessedness of salvation through Christ Jesus,"

"There, there," replied the gentleman, "I did not send for you to preach to me. You are a well-meaning young man, and perhaps you are right after all. But"—and he paused a moment —"good morning."

My young friend came to tell me these tidings with a joyful heart. "You were right, sir," said he, "and I believe I shall succeed. I have never had a doubt as to what was my duty, but I have been sorely tempted to effect some kind of a compromise. I am glad and devoutly thankful I have not yielded, and I hope I may be able at all times to say with the apostle Paul, 'And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men.'"

Time rolled on, and the business of the conscientious sabbath-keeper greatly increased. He had a large degree of prosperity. He became greatly respected in the neighbourhood, and made himself very useful in the cause of God. Riches did not rob him of his humility, nor clog him in his devotedness. He was liberal both with his money and his activities. He had his trials, especially in the loss of children; but he had no reverses in trade. He always called the sabbath a delight, and the holy of the Lord, honourable. Many years have passed since he retired from business, to reside usefully in the country. His successor in the shop, although not a decidedly pious character, imitated his example as a keeper of the sabbath, and the premises have never since been opened on the weekly day of rest.

SHALL THE BRITISH MUSEUM BE OPENED ON SUNDAY?*

SUPPOSE that your lordship's † views were met, the museums open, twenty thousand visitors entering them each Sunday, and one attendant employed for every five hundred visitors; this would be forty. That number may be either more or less than would be actually required; but such is your lordship's supposition, and the case would be little altered by doubling or diminishing the number. Then, the first effect of your lordship's measure would be, that forty Englishmen would find the Lord's day, instead of a day of rest, a working day. Hitherto they have considered it a birthright given to them by the good-will of heaven and the whole tenor of British law, for the physical benefits of rest, and the spiritual benefits of worship. It is probable that by many of them it has been used for its holiest ends; to all it has been a periodical call to remember their highest destinies, and to train their families in good ways; but now it becomes a call to sell, for bread, at once their civil birthright and their conscientious scruples. Thus, to forty men the day is changed, from a rest and a moral aid, to a tyranny and a demoralization.

When your lordship has darkened the light of the sabbath in forty English homes, only the first blow is struck. Your twenty thousand Sunday visitors must, as Mr. Goulburn truly said, come, for the most part, from some distance. To bring them to the spot, many poor servants of van-owners would then find the Lord's day a working day, and, instead of a call toward heaven, a call to barter away home, repose, and religion. Many omnibus men, to whom some miserable shred of a Sunday morning, for a longer sleep and a leisurely breakfast, had remained as a slender token that God had some care for a poor man, would find even that gone. Probably your lordship has never heard an omnibus man say, with a jerk of his reins, "Us!—no one believes as we have got any souls. They give us one Sunday in five, and it is not enough to make up sleep, worked like we are. Gentlemen can afford to have souls."

Then, as the crowd teems in and out, a confectioner eyes them. He never sold on Sunday; but what a chance! His wife asks if they are going to sacrifice the only day of peace they have; and his daughters cry at the thought of being behind the counter all Sunday; but the bait is too attractive. A rival tradesman rises from his fire on Sunday afternoon, stands at the window, and, after a long look, exclaims, "This will cut us up. If he does all this business on Sundays, he can afford to undersell us in the week. It is too bad, but we must open in self-defence." The visitors are often caught in the rain, and the sellers of old umbrellas consequently find "good call." A greedy draper takes the hint; parasols for heat, umbrellas for wet, gloves, and the like, soon begin to be looked for. Many women find they can as well do a little shopping when they come to see the sights. Some shopkeepers go into a rage, but still open in self-defence; some gladly ply the opportunity; and

* From the Rev. Mr. Arthur's able pamphlet, "The People's Day."

† The pamphlet is an appeal to Lord Stanley, in consequence of his advocating the opening of the Museum, etc., on the day of rest.

some vow they will be ruined rather than open. So it proceeds till, when a shopman goes into New Oxford-street or St. Martin's-lane to look for a situation, he finds that two out of three shops require Sunday work. Doubtless, your lordship never saw a country youth bravely striving to get through his tale, then breaking into tears as he related how he found that in shop after shop, he was asked to work on the sabbath; whereas in "his town" that was looked on as a heathen bondage. This, thank God, is not yet the case in the higher shops; but here, just as elsewhere, the lower a man sinks, the less is he able to protect himself. Many a shopman in this free city of ours already does "seven days' work for six days' wages."

While this is proceeding, the call is made to open exhibitions, which are private property. Why not the Turkish Exhibition. Models are as good as pictures. Why not Wyld's Great Globe? Geography is better than amusement. Why not Madame Tussaud's? Why not Astley's? Why not a dozen others? Your lordship is consistent. Because Kew is open, you would open the museums. Because many gentlemen work their servants without remorse, you would work officials. *A fortiori*, because museums are opened, smaller exhibitions should be opened. Because the nation works its servants, private exhibitors should work theirs. Each new exhibition thrown open robs of their rest and religion a number of attendants, and each carries a retinue of shops in its train. Then comes this demand: men who have been working all Sunday need recreation, and therefore the theatres must be opened. On what score could your lordship resist it? Men are not to keep their religious scruples, but to sell them; not to keep the sabbath, but to show and see shows. After such a Sunday, they are fit for nothing but the play and the dancing-room, and these they must have. These once opened, surely the Post-Office is as good as the playhouse, business as sacred as comedy. The letters then come in on Sunday. A number of houses in the city advertise in the "Times," that orders from the country are executed any day in the week. Other houses find their "accounts" leaving them, because they keep orders over the Sunday. Then comes the struggle, whether the warehousemen of London will retain the blessing which God gave to their fathers, and their fathers left to them; or lay down their sabbath at your lordship's feet, and be hereafter seven days' drudges for six days' pay; ay, for less than their old six days' pay.

By this time the sacredness of the day is destroyed. Your lordship has observed enough to know how soon the constant sight of Sunday work and Sunday amusements weakens the sense of the day's sacredness with Englishmen on the continent. Those who never lost that feeling among signs of rest and religion, lose it totally among signs of work and play, and become as ready for either work or play as if they had never been in England. Would not the same influences at home produce the same results? Would not jewellers, and all other tradesmen, here as elsewhere, would not bankers and merchants, would not manufacturers and farmers, feel they had as good a right to work their men, as your lordship feels you have to work servants and government officials? Would not workshops and factories be kept going upon Sundays as in other countries? And thus that hallowed shade, under which the English working man now rests his day, none daring to make him afraid, being hewn from above his head, he would be driven to a ceaseless round of drudgery; and the PEOPLE'S DAY would be a bitter day, when men worked, remembering that their fathers rested, and then would go at night to casinos, plays, and drink, to drown the sense of degradation!

HOLY WELLS OF IRELAND.

CONCLUDING PAPER—LOUGH DEARG.

WE have already directed the reader's attention to the holy wells of Ireland generally, and have also described several of those which have been the most frequented by the votaries of Romish superstition. But we now devote a concluding paper to "St. Patrick's Purgatory," which, situated on an island of Lough Dearg—a lake lying in the southern part of the county of Donegal—has long claimed preeminence over every other place of penance and pilgrimage in Ireland.

The earliest notice of Lough Dearg and its sacred waters, which is furnished us in the religious history of Ireland, dates so far back as the twelfth century. At that time thick darkness reigned over the land. The purity of doctrine and morals, and the sanctified learning, which had made Ireland the light of western Europe, "whither," as Lord Coke expresses it, "the Anglo-Saxon youth did resort as to a faire"—these had been submerged beneath the flood of Danish invasion, and the final triumph of Rome, by means of the conquest of Henry II, over the independence of the early Irish church. The Pope himself gave his sanction to the "purgatory" in Lough Dearg, through which a covetous priesthood had professed to have discovered the passage into the unseen world; and thus its reputation was at once established.*

* Pope Benedict XIV preached a sermon in favour of Lough Dearg pilgrimages. Within the last twenty-five years, a Roman Catholic bishop held a station on the island

After the Reformation, attempts more or less successful were made to suppress this "fond thing" by the force of law. But the popular faith clung with pertinacity to scenes with which had long been associated such sanctifying power. Within the present century Lough Dearg has resumed its supremacy over the masses; and, while the circulation of the Scriptures, and the progress of evangelism, have lessened the number who go on pilgrimages, they have not yet destroyed the charm attached to St. Patrick's Purgatory. Within the last year, a Dublin newspaper, the "Telegraph," has declared that there is no place on earth whither a man can repair with greater certainty of receiving benefit to his soul. It is thus that the blood of Jesus Christ is set at nought by those who, in prescribing for the remedy of spiritual maladies, prove themselves "physicians of no value."

Lough Dearg is a sheet of water nearly six miles in length and four in breadth, surrounded on every side by barren hills. It contains several rocky islands: on the largest, which is called by some St. Aveog's, by others, St. Finan, once stood a convent of canons regular, of the order of St. Augustin, a fine chapel, and convenient houses for the monks; and the remains of some of these buildings are still visible. Here the passage to purgatory is said to have been first discovered; but it was so near the shore that the people had too easy access to it; and another island was selected as the scene of pilgrimage, that the monks might have the profit of a ferry-boat for taking the pilgrims over the lake, and an opportunity of working further upon the imagination of the people, and making them believe that they were really going into another world.* This island is small. It is covered with several modern buildings, each one dedicated to some saint. In the vicinity of these are a number of circular stone walls, from one to two feet in height, enclosing broken stone or wooden crosses, which are called saints' beds; and around these the penitents pass upon their bare knees, repeating a certain form of prayer in each.†

"They then visit the chapels, where they remain night and day, performing certain ceremonies and saying a prescribed number of prayers, which are in proportion to the amount or degree of crimes committed. The pilgrim, while engaged in these rites, which generally occupy several days, is allowed to partake of at most one meal of bread and water in twenty-four hours; and while in the prison, in which the individual continues a day and a night, previous to quitting the island, food of every description is prohibited. . . . They hear mass several times a day, and have a sermon occasionally preached to them in Irish, about one o'clock in the afternoon. They are obliged to confess before they begin their 'stations,' and some do it much oftener, paying sixpence for every confession. In their circuits they must walk with a cross-staff in their hands; and their crossings, bowings, and kissings of stones, are almost innumerable. If any one cannot conveniently perform this penance himself, when he comes to the place, he may obtain licence from the friar to do it for him. It is also usual for some that never saw Lough Dearg to get it done by proxy; which is esteemed to be as good as if they did it in their own persons."

For the pilgrims resorting hither, there was published some time ago a little manual of directions as to the mode in which the penance was to be performed, written by "B. D.," who says that "the honour of St. Patrick" moved him thereto. In this paper, Scripture-texts are quoted and fearfully misapplied and perverted, as is usual when Romish writers refer to the Bible at all. Thus, for example, the "Directory for Pilgrims" draws its warrant from Psalm xxxii. 8, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go;" and over the whole scene is thrown the encouraging assurance of entire absolution from guilt by the text (Psalm xxxii. 1), "Blessed are they whose sins are forgiven." Because the pilgrims pass into the island by water, there is an application to their case of Psalm lxvi., "We have passed through fire and water." And the circuit round the chapel and the altar seven times, in which seven *decades* are repeated, is declared to be in accordance with David, "the royal prophet," when he says, "I have surrounded and sacrificed in his tabernacle." (Douay version.) The pilgrim entering the water, which surrounds certain sacred stones, goes round them three times, "to satisfy for the sins of will, memory, and understanding; saying, in the mean time, five paters, four aves, and one creed, to redeem the punishment due to the sins of the five outward senses," etc. Again, at page 16, we find that the pilgrim going forward by the altar of St. Patrick, he enters the chapel, and there repeats the psalter and rosary of the Blessed Virgin; and, at page 19, "As soon as we leave the grave or vault, we immediately plunge ourselves into the water, washing our heads and bodies, to signify that we are washed and

---

which is the scene of resort. On this island were sometimes collected more than a thousand persons, while others stood on the shore waiting to be ferried over.

* Hardy.

† These circles are commonly called the Seven Saints' Penitential Beds, because it is believed that St. Columba, St. Patrick, and five other holy persons, lay several nights upon these beds, by way of penance for their own sins and the sins of the people.

cleansed from the filth of sin, and have broken the dragon's head in the waters. (Psalm lxviii. 13.) And even as the children of Israel left their enemies drowned in the Red Sea, so shall we leave our spiritual enemies drowned in this red lough; by which we are buried with Christ unto death, that with him we might rise again to eternal glory."

The enlightened reader will not fail to remark how to the waters of Lough Dearg are here given all the significancy of the water of baptism, and how to them is ascribed that death unto sin and new birth unto righteousness which the initiatory ordinance of our holy faith so impressively suggests, in the case of every one who has, through faith in the Saviour, obtained "the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost."

Mr. Inglis, in his "Travels in Ireland in 1834," describes with much vivacity of style the incidents of a visit paid by him to Lough Dearg. The credulity of the people is sufficiently manifest from the following extract.

"I was considerably surprised, when, upon my remarking that with one meal of bread and water in the twenty-four hours, the pilgrims must become faint, the woman with whom I was speaking said, 'Oh no! the wine revives us, and gives us strength.'

"'Wine,' said I; 'then you have wine: who pays for the wine?'

"'Oh,' said she, 'it costs nothing; but I see your honour doesn't understand!' and then she explained to me the pleasant contrivance by which the pilgrims are regaled with wine free of expense to them or anybody else. The water of the lake is boiled, and being blessed, is called *wine*, and is given to the faint and greedy pilgrims as soon as they are able to swallow it. One of the women showed me her lips, covered with blisters from the heat of the 'wine' she had drank; and I no longer doubted of the fillip it must give to one's sensation to have some half-boiling water poured into an empty stomach. I was assured the effect was wonderful; and I well believe it."

Another modern writer has given a faithful description of the scenes here enacted, in his "Lough Dearg Pilgrim." He was in early life himself a pilgrim. Our space forbids more than a few extracts. Of the great virtue attached to the place, he says: "There is no specimen of Irish superstition equal to that which is to be seen at St. Patrick's Purgatory, in Lough Dearg. A devout Romanist who has not made a pilgrimage to this place, can scarcely urge a bold claim to the character of piety. As soon as a man, who is notorious for a villainous and immoral hardihood of character, and has kept aloof from 'his duties' (going to chapel, confession, etc.) thinks proper to give himself up to the spiritual guidance of his priest, he is sent here to wipe out the long arrears of outstanding guilt for which he is accountable—to neutralize the evil example of a bad life by this redeeming act of concentrated devotion. . . . It is a fact that many a sinner *runs a career of vice and iniquity on the strength of Lough Dearg*; particularly those who reside in that part of the kingdom, where, in consequence of their contiguity to it, a belief in its efficacy is most habitually present to the mind."

Of the great importance attached by the peasantry to the scapular, the same writer gives a graphic illustration. Overtaking a stout elderly woman, who was bound for the same destination as himself, and who mistook him for a clergyman of her church, he asked her how she was able to travel at such a rapid pace.

"'Your reverence,' said she, 'ought to know that I'm shure you cuddn't expect a poor ould crather o' sixty to travel at this rate at all, except for razons, your reverence.' She here repeated an Irish prayer to the blessed Virgin, of which that beginning with 'Hail, Holy Queen!' in the Roman Catholic prayer-books, is a translation. While she was repeating the prayer, I observed her hand in her bosom, apparently extricating something, which, on being brought out, proved to be a *scapular*. She held it up that I might see it. 'Yer reverence, this is the ninth journey of the kind I've made; but you don't wonder *now* how stoutly I'm able to do it.'"

After painting in the most vivid colours, the superstitious reverence in which this celebrated place was held, as indicated by the silence, solemnity, and thoughtfulness in the aspect of the pilgrims, and the remarkable contour of many visages, "exhibiting every description of guilt" and "every degree of religious feeling," this author describes his own experience of the horrors of St. Patrick's Purgatory. "Think what I must have suffered, on going round a large chapel, in the direction of from east to west, along a pavement of stone spikes; I was absolutely stupid and dizzy with the pain, the praying, the jostling, the elbowing, the scrambling, and the uncomfortable penitential whining of the whole crowd. I knew not what I was about, but went through the forms in the same mechanical dead spirit which pervaded all present." He does not fail to notice the "vain repetitions" of prayers prescribed, and how saint-worship had the pre-eminence over that rendered to the Deity. "During this circuit," he says, "I repeated fifty-five paters and aves, and five creeds, and five decades; *and be it known that the fifty prayers were offered up to the Virgin Mary, and the odd five to God.*"

Lying down to sleep when night had come, he relates how a man broke in on his incipient repose, with the ringing of a large hand-bell and with a low, supernatural groan, "Waken up, waken up, and come to prison." After washing in the holy waters of the lake, the pilgrims entered the famous "prison," which is a naked, unplastered chapel, with an altar and two side galleries. Here no prayers are repeated, "a dim religious light" is thrown over the kneeling groups, two priests stand on the altar with pale, spectral visages facing the congregation, and the lethargic influence of the atmosphere and of the low murmurs of about four hundred persons was almost overpowering. But to sleep is to *sin mortally;* and when the desire of keeping awake is placed in antagonism with the weariness of maintaining one position, and the fatigue and exhaustion of the pilgrims from travelling and fasting, their sufferings may well be regarded as terrible.

Having narrated these horrors, and the entire proceedings, the writer asks: "Is it any wonder that a weak mind and exhausted body, wrought upon by these fiendish bugbears, should induce upon itself the malady of derangement? . . . I regret to say, that I had upon that night an opportunity of witnessing a fatal instance of it. . . . There is not on earth a regulation of a religious nature more barbarous and inhuman than this. It has destroyed thousands since its establishment—has left children without parents, and parents childless. It has made wives widows, and has torn from the disconsolate husband the mother of his children; and is itself the monster which St. Patrick is said to have destroyed in this place—a monster which is a complete and distinct allegory of this great and destructive superstition. . . . .

"As for that solemn, humble, and heart-felt sense of God's presence which Christian prayer demands, its existence in the mind would not only be a moral but a physical impossibility at Lough Dearg. Salvation as offered in the word of God, and the simple, unencumbered views of fallen nature, and of God's mercy in enabling him, by faith in Christ, to raise himself from his natural state of sin, do not belong to the place. . . . .

"Oh Romanism, Romanism! the blood of millions is upon you. You have your popes, your priests, your friars, your nuns, your monks, your hermits, your hair, teeth, nails, garments, your blessed buttons, rotten bones, bits of wood, your gold, your ivory, your pictures, your scapulars, your cords, your candles, your salt, your water, your charms, your exorcisms, your fasts, your feasts, your jubilee, your oils, your absolutions, your floating funds of good works in this life, to be sold out to the credulous to relieve them from imaginary purgatories in the next; you have your visionary lies and lying visions, your dreams, your raptures, your miracles, your HOLY WELLS, your blessed graves, and your Lough Dearg; you have all these, but you have not Christ; these form the great idol which you have set up in his stead—these are the 'strong delusion,' the 'lie,' which you are given to believe, and yet you call yourself the church of Christ. Did Christ speak truth when he declared that there is no way to the Father but by *him*—that *he* is the *way*, the *truth*, and the *life?* These words contain the whole sentence of your condemnation: in them you hear the eternal voice of God against you."

The system of "holy wells" in Ireland, which we have been considering, is immediately associated with the false teaching of the church of Rome, with purgatory, penances, absolution, and indulgences. To every reader we appeal, to try that teaching by the unerring standard of God's own word, accompanied by earnest prayer for the illumination of the Holy Spirit. And should these papers fall into the hands of a Roman Catholic, we affectionately entreat him to remember that "the remission of your sins is neither in the power of the pope, nor bishop, nor priest, nor of any other man, but reposes solely on the word of Christ, and your own faith in him. It is this heavenly indulgence which reconciles man to God."* For "it is God that justifieth;" and "being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. viii. 33; v. 1.)

"'TIS BUTS."

AN English friend, settled here in the far West, yesterday related to me the following incident. A lady, who had known little about the heathen, or missionaries carrying the gospel to them, attended the anniversary of a missionary society, and became interested in the good cause by what she there heard. The next year she attended again, and presented to the treasurer a beautiful little box, on which were inscribed the words, "'TIS BUT." On opening it, it was found to contain about thirty pounds sterling. She had formerly been accustomed, like many other persons, when she saw anything she desired, and could get for a small sum, to buy it, even if she did not much need it. She would say, "'T is but a sovereign," or "'T is but ten shillings;" and purchase it. But during the last year, when tempted to make such purchases, she had saved her "'T is buts," and found they amounted to *thirty pounds*, for the missionary cause. Reader, is there not some one, not very far from you, who may do well to imitate her example?

* Luther's Sermon on Repentance.

Poetry for the Young.

THE MOTHER'S FEARS AND HOPES.

My little Edwin I behold
With some foreboding fears;
He shows a spirit rash and bold
Beyond his early years:
The character of all his games
The bias of his mind proclaims.

With skill he shoulders his small gun,
Though but a baby-toy;
You treat it as a bit of fun,
The frolic of a boy;
But I, with trembling, look afar,
Two brothers having lost in war.

He listens to the band at play,
Then beats his tiny drum:
You laugh to see the martial way
With which his fingers strum;
But *I* recall my brothers dead,
And look to future years with dread.

They tell me, on the nursery floor,
With only his small stick,
The plan of sieges he will draw,
Or pile up brick on brick,
To show how soon a city-wall
Before his brave assault can fall.

You tell me I am much too grave,
And full of idle fears,
That you would think a child so brave
More fit for smiles than tears:
The day may come when I, like you,
May take this animating view.

For God to good account can turn
The ardour I lament:
Its fire may in *His* service burn,
And for His cause be spent:
For God can join him to His band,
A soldier under Christ's command;

Armed with the weapon of his word,
To march through distant parts,
And with the Spirit's conq'ring sword
Make captive alien hearts:
Ah! then I should rejoice indeed,
And bid him, from my heart, "God speed!"

ELLEN ROBERTS.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

197. What chapter can you point out in Scripture which gives a most affecting picture of Israel's misery from civil wars and rebellions, when as a nation they had departed from God under the rule of the kings?

198. The tenderness with which two birds watch over their young is used in Scripture as a type of God's care over his people; what passages are referred to?

199. Give examples of miraculous escapes from prison.

200. To what does the Bible compare the laughter of fools?

201. Is there any allusion in the Bible to the very ancient custom of writing on stone or the rock?

202. Give examples of confidence in God in time of adversity.

203. What promises does God give to godly parents of a blessing on their children?

204. What figure best describes the *oneness* of the believer with Christ?

205. When did the manna cease to fall?

Religious Intelligence.

London, September, 1855.

It was said of the venerable Dr. Bogue, that he could read a newspaper as devoutly as most Christians could read their Bibles, because he was able to see how, by the great events which were passing in his day, the Divine Ruler of the world was bringing to pass the purposes of his grace. We are not among "the people who delight in war:" we have too painful a sense of the sufferings it entails, to contemplate its horrors without shuddering; and yet we must not pass without noticing that great victory which has been gained by the capture of Sebastopol. We may hope that a speedy termination will now be given to the strife in which we are engaged, that the objects of this great conflict may be secured, and that soon the God of Peace will make wars to cease unto the ends of the earth.

There has been a most important trial in France, the result of which must awaken the sympathy of the Christian world in behalf of many brethren who are denied liberty of worship in that country. The trial took place at Bellac, in the Haut Vienne, on the charge of assembling for religious worship in fields, woods, and private houses. Among the ten brethren accused, there were three pastors, whose replies to the charges laid against them are such as to remind us of "the boldness of Peter and John." They acknowledged that they took part in the religious meetings, even when they knew the prefect's prohibition, and they pleaded as their justification their deep sense of the superiority of the Divine command to the decree of man. The affliction of these brethren and of their congregations is very great, but they are determined to persevere in their righteous course. They have been condemned and fined by the court (in the smallest penalty we believe), and they are prepared for any further inflictions which may fall upon them in yielding obedience to the kingly authority of Christ.

Since our former notice of the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance in Paris, various proceedings of an interesting character have taken place. Professor Tholuck gave a very encouraging account of the spread of evangelical sentiments in Germany during the last twenty-five years. He mentioned that formerly the university of Tubingen was the only one professing the Christian faith, whereas now there is only one in which rationalism is predominant—that of Giessen. Twenty-six years ago, Dr. Tholuck was sent to Halle to oppose rationalism, when only three of the numerous students, from congeniality of sentiment, attached themselves to him on his arrival. Halle is now distinguished for the piety and earnestness of its students.

One of the most hopeful movements of our day is presented in Young Men's Christian Associations. These admirable organizations have hitherto been known to us only as they exist in England, or, perhaps, in the United States. The meeting in Paris has brought to light much encouraging information respecting similar associations in France, and in various parts of Germany. In France, these unions number about fifty. Twice a month a periodical is published, to which the members of these associations contribute. Dr. Durslem gives an interesting account of

similar institutions in Germany, which are in number 130, embracing about six thousand young men. Similar associations are also now found in Antwerp and Brussels. The number of members in London is 1300, while in the provinces, and in Scotland and Ireland, there are above forty branches with about six thousand members. According to the report given as to the state of these associations in America, there are in Boston not less than five thousand members, representing thirty different churches; in New York, two thousand five hundred; in Buffalo, eight hundred; in Baltimore, eight hundred; and an association exists in nearly every town in the United States. We are glad to find that the representatives of these associations, from different parts of the world, have recommended the forming of a confederation on the following basis: "The Young Men's Christian Associations seek to unite those young men who, regarding Jesus Christ as their God and Saviour, according to the Holy Scriptures, desire to be his disciples in their doctrine and in their life, and to associate their efforts for the extension of his kingdom among young men." By virtue of this confederation, the great benefit will be secured to pious young men as they pass from one country to another, of taking with them a travelling certificate of membership, by which the members of one society will secure a fraternal reception from the members of any other.

At the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance in Paris, a curious and painful illustration was supplied of the utter want of religious, to say nothing of civil, liberty experienced in France. It consisted in the fact that the members of the conference dared not dine together at the conclusion of their meetings, without the positive sanction of the police, and on the condition that three secret agents should attend and watch the proceedings. It was also specified in the authorization, that "no singing or speeches" would be allowed. It is said that three government spies were present at all the meetings. If they gave a faithful report of the noble sentiments which were uttered in their hearing, as it may be presumed was their duty, we may hope, as the result, that some important advantage will be gained to the cause of truth and freedom. The Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel spoke out boldly respecting the timidity manifested by some Christians when living among those who disregarded religion; and applying his remarks especially to France, urged Protestants of that country, both pastors and people, to be less careful about themselves, and of disturbing their relations with society, and to give their efforts in favour of Protestant truth, casting aside all worldly fear, and taking up a tone of confidence to which, he said, they had been too long strangers. He called on the young men especially to prove their love of the truth, and their zeal for the Lord, by engaging boldly in the work of evangelization, regardless of all the consequences which might arise from such a course of conduct. The noble and glowing appeal of Dr. Duff appears greatly to have excited the moral courage of our continental brethren, and will, we hope, operate on the minds of some of those Protestant princes on the continent who participate with Romish sovereigns in opposing the rights of conscience and the liberty of worship. "We must," said this excellent man, "be boiling hot, not zero. Get together all the emperors in the world; I need not their authorization to obey my God. Suppose they imprison me, or tear my body to pieces—washed by the blood of Jesus, I shall only the sooner be with my God, and my very body will one day rise to confront them! God can prevent persecution; but supposing we die, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. Let us have no base cringing supplications to the sovereigns to whom we are about to appeal, in the name of this assembly; but utter a noble, firm, respectful protest. The sovereigns may refuse it; but it may awaken some sleeping pastor or student into a living Luther."

The most encouraging religious intelligence of this month comes from the seat of war, and relates to the circulation of the sacred Scriptures. The agent of the Bible Society in Constantinople reports the distribution of 2070 Italian Testaments among the Sardinian troops. The distributor finds the men very liberal in their religious opinions, and averse to papal thraldom, although maintaining the Roman Catholic faith. The brotherly feeling existing between the British troops and the Sardinians is peculiarly favourable to the labours of the Bible Society's agents. It is also gratifying to hear of the readiness with which the Turkish people continue to receive and read the word of God. They are now purchasing the Scriptures openly, and Testaments are exposed for sale on the floating bridge at Galata. A colporteur, seeing a Turk reading in his shop, said to him: "I perceive that you can read; will you not buy one of my books?" handing him at the same time a New Testament, which, after a short examination, he bought. A few days after, the colporteur passing that way again, saw his customer and saluted him; on which the Turk called out to him to approach, and said, "Was it not you who sold me the New Testament?" The colporteur answered in the affirmative, thinking all the while that he was going to be abused, and have the book returned to him; but quite the contrary. He called a friend of his, a shopkeeper, and pointing out the colporteur, said, "This is the man who sells the Gospels;" on which the other Turk bought a New Testament and a psalter. Two colporteurs and a Türk in the course of a month sold upwards of seventy Testaments and Psalms, and three or four Turkish Bibles.

Our readers will peruse with much interest the following account of a visit to St. George's monastery in Constantinople, by Mr. Barker, who says: "A day or two ago, I visited the monastery; and though very much pleased with the romantic appearance of the place and many things beautiful about it, there was nothing which cheered me so much as when, on being invited by a monk into his cell, I saw there a Testament and a book of Psalms, prized to a great degree. The appearance reminded one of a prison, owing to the dreariness of the place and the dejectedness of the man. In one corner was the hard bed, in another the stool, in another the table, and the other was a place of devotion. Upon the wall hung the pictures and the crucifix. Before these stood a reading table, on which lay two books, one a New Testament, the other a book of Psalms, both the gifts of the Bible Society. The monk read passages which he seemed to admire, because, after reading them he would say, "Very good." He had a letter translated into English, in which he gave thanks for himself, the superior, and others, for the Testaments, and asks if by any means he can be supplied with Bibles.

Very encouraging accounts are also given, by the Bishop of Jerusalem, of the circulation of the word of God in that ancient city and its neighbourhood. It is mentioned, too, that the whole congregation of a considerable village near Nablous left the Greek church, with their two priests at their head, and that they are now learning the pure word of life.

A very extensive distribution of the New Testament and portions of the Old is going forward in China. We read of the circulation of four hundred in one place, seven hundred in another, and two hundred in a third. Most of these copies are received by literary men, who eagerly peruse them. It appears that by the magnificent river, the Yang-tsze-keang, the missionaries can proceed far into the interior of the country, where their visits are received with respect and gratitude. In consequence of there being such an open door for the word of God in China, the Bible Society has resolved that 50,000 copies of the mandarin colloquial version of the New Testament shall be printed as soon as possible.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE CHRISTIAN CAPTIVE BROUGHT AS A SACRIFICE TO THE DRUID IDOL

DAYBREAK IN BRITAIN.

I.—THE CAPTIVE.

More than seventeen hundred years ago, in the days of old, when, where England's stately cities now stand, rude thatched huts were seen, and a wilderness of brushwood spread where now crops of golden corn wave; in the depths of a green forest in Cantii, which in present times we call Kent, a maiden of the ancient race of Britain lay stretched on the ground beneath an old oak. Her dress was of the woolly skin of a sheep, her arms and her feet were bare, and her long hair fell unconfined on her shoulders; but the golden bracelet round her arm showed her to be descended from a British chief, and the skin-covered shield which supported her head had once been the buckler of a warrior. A little space in the wood had been cleared from trees, and a circle in it formed with large stones; in the middle of this appeared a huge idol, framed of wicker-work, which, as the setting sun's red rays streamed through the forest, threw its long-chequered shadow over the grass, till it rested upon the form of young Imogen.

A little mound of earth was close to the girl, where the grass had not yet grown, nor the

No. 79.—Published November 1, 1855. Price One Penny.

moss gathered; with clasped hands, and face turned away from the light, she lay silent and still beside it. You might have thought that she was sleeping, but for the stifled sob which now and then shook her frame; and had you approached her nearly, you would have seen that her father's shield was wet with her tears. The orphan girl lay by her mother's grave; in the early spring of her life she was alone in the desolate world; that grave seemed to contain the last hope of her heart, for, alas! the heathen child had no hope beyond.

Presently there was a rustling in the leaves, and an aged man approached through an opening in the wood. His form was bent, and his locks grey, but there was fire in the eye which gleamed from beneath his shaggy brows, and no one could with a firmer hand strike the harp, or draw the bow with more deadly aim. Imogen hastily rose, dried her tearful eyes, and received the druid, or priest, with awe not unmixed with fear; for he was looked upon as a holy man, and all the tribe of the Cyri paid him reverence. Through the cold of winter no roof sheltered his head; through the heat of summer no cooling stream quenched his thirst, from sunrise till the setting of the sun; no animal food ever passed his lips; it was said that he spent the long nights in prayer. But to whom did he pray? not to a God of mercy and love; and where was his holiness? not in the heart. He knew not that neither fast nor sacrifice can take away sin, and that while others looked upon him as a saint, in the pure eyes of the Almighty he was a miserable sinner.

"What, weeping yet, daughter of Sadoc?" said he, as he hung upon the oak-branch the harp which he carried. "Tears will not make the withered bough bloom again, nor recall the dead who have passed away. Rather raise your voice in a song of triumph. Vortimer returns, and returns crowned with success."

"Has he fulfilled his vow?" asked Imogen, timidly glancing round at the gigantic idol.

"Yes, he brings a victim devoted to our goddess, a stranger from the land of the rising sun."

"A warrior taken in battle?"

"No, he came neither as warrior with spear and shield, nor as merchant with silver and gold. He carries but a few leaves of parchment in his breast, and seems to be the priest of some unknown faith; but his God shall not deliver him from ours." And the druid dashed his hand across the chords of his harp, and made wild discord as he spoke.

"And when will the victim be given to the fire?" said Imogen, half shuddering at her own words.

"Not till the crescent moon has swelled to the full," replied the old priest. "When the sun has four times set and risen again, the propitious moment will arrive. Hark!" he continued, stooping to listen, "is that the sound of the wind through the branches?"

"It is the distant war-song of the Cyri!" exclaimed Imogen, after a moment of silence.

"Is that a herd of deer approaching through the brushwood?"

"No," cried the young girl; "chariot and horsemen are advancing towards us."

"I knew it," muttered the druid; "and they bring to us the victim."

In a few minutes more the open space was filled with Britons, their looks wild and fierce, their forms half clad, bows in their hands and quivers at their backs, their faces and bosoms painted to look more terrible. In the midst stood Vortimer, their chief, in his war-chariot, from which, on either side, projected sharp scythes, to mow down his foes in the field of battle. He was a bold, proud, cruel man, who had never yet feared to meet an enemy; but even his eye sank beneath that of the grey old priest, whose spirit was more merciless still than his own.

Imogen scarcely observed the chief, though the successor to her father and a kinsman of her own. Her eyes were fixed upon the captive bound behind his chariot, the victim devoted to death. Pity towards the stranger seemed to the youthful idolatress almost a crime; and yet her gentle heart could not but feel pity as she looked upon the pale brow and weary form of the aged captive, the expression of calm suffering upon his face, the white hair which shone like a silvery crown, and the thoughtful eye upraised to heaven.

As he was rudely dragged from the chariot, and the rope which girded his waist fastened to a tree, one of the Britons struck him on the brow with his unstrung bow. The prisoner looked upon his unmanly foe, but not with anger nor fear; he quietly wiped the blood from his face, and seated himself upon the turf opposite to the huge idol. There, with the spot chosen for his death scene ever before his eyes, was he to await the day appointed for his sacrifice.

The bards touched their light harps, and music resounded through the groves. For a while there were feasting, song, and mirth; then the wild Britons gradually dispersed through the wood, and the captive was left to solitude and to night.

II.—WHAT IS THE SOUL?

Imogen lay down to rest in her little thatched hut, on her couch of dry leaves and rushes.

She closed her eyes, aching from long weeping, but sleep did not come to the child. Grave and sad was her youthful face, but it was not of her mother she was thinking; it was not remembrance of her loss that drove away slumber from her eyelids; she could not forget the countenance of the captive, and she sighed as she thought of his fate.

"And now, during this cold autumn night," thought Imogen to herself, "he is lying bound beneath the great tree; chill, perhaps hungry and faint for food, and watching the cold moon which measures out the few days of his life. And he looked so gentle and holy, no angry word came from his lips, he sought not our shore as an enemy, and yet he is to perish by our hands."

Gently Imogen arose, and, half guided by the dim light, half feeling her way, she first approached a corner of the hut and laid her hand upon a rude earthen vessel which contained a small supply of milk. A little heap of acorns lay beside it; such was the coarse fare of the old inhabitants of Britain. Raising the vessel, and taking with her a portion of the acorns, Imogen passed through the opening which served for a door, and found herself in the open air.

The grass was wet with the heavy dew, which looked white and cold in the moonlight. The wind was howling through the branches of the trees, strewing the ground with withered leaves along the path of Imogen. She shivered and paused, half fearful to tread the forest way alone. It being very dark beneath the shadow of the boughs, Imogen moved slowly and cautiously on, extending her hand before her. Presently she reached the opening in the wood, close to the grim idol which the Britons worshipped. Imogen trembled; she dared not pass the spot; a feeling of awe chained her to the ground.

Hark! there is a sound, as of a human voice, borne on the still night air! Imogen paused and listened; the words were in her own language, but the accent was strange to her ear. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

"It is the captive," thought Imogen; "but to whom is he speaking? There is nothing near but the quiet stars, and the moon glistening through the trees."

"My hope is in thee, oh God! I have said, Thou art my God!"

"There is some being near whom I cannot see," whispered the young Briton, her blood turning cold at the thought. "There is some being talking with him whom I cannot hear, some one watching over him whom I know not."

With a sudden impulse, Imogen crossed the open space between them, and was at the prisoner's side. He started, and looked up.

"Do you speak to the stars?" said Imogen, in a low voice.

"I speak to him who made the stars, who hung the blazing sun on high, and bade the moon shine from the heavens. I speak to him who formed the earth, clothed it with beauty, and filled it with life. I speak to the Maker and Preserver of all things."

"And does he listen to you?" said Imogen, in the same subdued tone.

"He ever heareth prayer."

"Where is he?" cried Imogen, gazing fearfully round; "I see him not."

"The air is around you, yet you see it not; it sustains your life, yet you cannot behold it. Such is the presence of the Deity."

"And is your God more powerful than our gods?" said the girl, stretching forth her hand towards the idol before them.

"There is no god but one God," replied the stranger, solemnly: "as for idols, they are the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not; neither is there any breath in their mouths."

"Oh! dare not to speak thus," cried Imogen, trembling lest his words should draw down the vengeance of the goddess upon them both.

The stranger smiled. "Yon idol has no power to harm us! It is formed of the green tree which grew in the valley; when autumn breathed on it, its yellow leaves were scattered on the plain; when the winter's blast rushed over it, its branches bent and waved. Touch it with fire, and it becomes a heap of ashes; lay it in the stream, and it slowly decays. What power has the idol to help or to hurt, when it cannot even drive away the bat now wheeling round it, nor the little birds that fear not to rest on its frame?"

"And can your God save you?" asked Imogen, sinking down on the grass at the captive's feet, and raising her large earnest eyes to his.

"He can, for he ordereth all things in heaven and earth."

"And will he deliver you from the hands of your enemies?"

"I know not," replied the captive calmly; "but I know that whatever he wills is best. If my life be preserved, it will be that I may glorify him yet upon earth; if it be here cut short, I have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. I shall be sooner with my God. Men may destroy my body, but they cannot hurt my soul."

"What is the soul?" said Imogen, gazing into his countenance as one watching a dim distant light breaking upon darkness. The

stranger laid his hand upon her head as he replied: "The soul is that nobler part of man with which he reasons, reflects, and worships God. The eyes of the blind are closed, yet in thought he still sees the well-beloved friends whose faces he can behold no more—it is the soul that *thinks*. The slave when the hour of his freedom draws near, exults in the hope of deliverance from bondage—it is the soul that *hopes*. When our loved ones are laid in their narrow graves, when we listen no longer to their voices, yet their memory still is dear to us—it is the soul that *loves*. The flesh shrinks from suffering and pain, yet honour, patriotism, religion can rouse even the timid to meet death without flinching—it is the soul that *dares*. And well may it dare death, for the soul never dies; the body decays and mixes with dust, but the soul lives for ever and ever."

"For ever and ever!" repeated Imogen dreamily, as if her mind could not grasp the thought.

"Yes," replied the stranger, "when our children's children lie in their graves, thy soul will be living still; when years, numerous as the leaves in the forest, or the motes in the sunbeam, have run their course, thy soul will be living still; when the sun has ceased to shine, and the earth has perished, and the stars are blotted from the heavens, thy soul will be living still."

"But where," exclaimed Imogen, in a thrilling tone.

"Those who have loved and served God will rejoice in unchanging bliss, and those who have not——"

"My mother, oh! my mother!" exclaimed Imogen, clasping her hands, and turning her eyes, swimming in tears, towards the grave—"where, where is she?"

"In the hands of the Judge of all the earth, my child, who will do the thing that is right. You have served a rude idol with rites of blood; we approach a heavenly Father with trust: you look upon your deities with terror and fear; we know that our God is love."

Imogen thought, as the moonbeams shone on the form of the victim, his flowing garments and his uplifted face, that he looked like a messenger from another world, sent on an errand of mercy to man. Silently she arose from her grassy seat, for her heart was too full for speech; she pointed to the refreshment which she had left at his side, then without a word she glided from the spot, leaving the captive with the feeling that a gentle vision had been before him, and melted away.*

* This narrative, we may observe, was originally prepared with a view to circulation among the natives of the east; and an orientalism of style was therefore designedly aimed at, in order to introduce attractively passages of Scripture explanatory of the elementary doctrines of Christianity. The same qualities, however, that fitted it for circulation among the heathen abroad, qualify it also for the instruction of the masses in our own country and metropolis, who still require rudimentary instruction in divine things.

MRS. SHERWOOD.

PART I.—ENGLISH LIFE.

MARY MARTHA BUTT, whose religious compositions have edified so many thousands of youthful readers, was born in the parsonage of Stanford, in Worcestershire, on the 6th of May, 1775. Many years after she describes with enthusiasm the beauties of this, her childhood's home. In front, green lawns and orchards sloped down to "the silver Teame," beyond which a fine range of bold heights bounded the view; in another direction the parsonage overlooked the noble park of a neighbouring gentleman, with Broadway and Malvern in the distance; again, a forest-like scene presented itself, while from the last stand-point the eye rested on orchards and fruitful fields and cosy farm-houses.

As all was beauty without, so all was elegance within the parsonage walls. Mr. and Mrs. Butt were persons of cultivated minds and elevated tastes. Their daughter tells us that she never heard any persons converse as her parents were accustomed to do, and that the children, who were compelled to listen, thus attained at a very early age an unusual amount of knowledge. Her father was the object of Mary's unbounded admiration and love; she describes him as a man of genius, singularly fascinating in his manner, and possessed, moreover, of a large, warm, benevolent heart. A dear companion she found in a brother, one year older than herself, a fine imaginative little fellow, who wandered with her through the woods, and culled the wild flowers: while resting under some wide-spreading tree they indulged in talk, which, sweetly childish as it was, proved that these little ones were endowed with minds of rare promise.

On this point their father had no misgivings, and to test their respective talents he set each to write a story. Both pens appear to have been sufficiently fluent, but Mary never discovered to which of his children her father awarded "the first palm of genius."

A fitting training, this, for the future authoress. A fitting training, too, in many respects, for the woman. A most happy, most blessed childhood, we should pronounce Mary Butt's to be, but for one formidable drawback. It does not appear that an enlightened apprehension of religious truth was possessed at this time by either the clergyman or his wife. And we cannot doubt that the humblest cottage in the little

village, or the dark confined room of the mechanic, in the crowded city, where "the truth as it is in Jesus" is intelligently apprehended and its influence paramount, is both a happier and higher sphere for the training of a young immortal, than this elegant parsonage, with its lawns and gardens, its fine library and exquisite pictures. Not that there was the absence of all religion here. Far from it. But it seems to have been of a very dark and vague type—at the best that kind of vision which sees "men as trees walking," Mrs Sherwood, with a daughter's love, speaks somewhat favourably of the religious state of her parents, says her father's religion was more of the heart than the head, adding, "I do not think that his ideas of doctrine were over-clearly defined. Neither he nor my mother had any distinct ideas of human depravity; hence neither of them, until the very last, could see all that the Saviour has done in a true point of view. I have reason, however, to believe that they were both enlightened on these subjects before their death." The ignorance in which their daughter grew up of the way of a sinner's salvation, a daughter otherwise so carefully educated, is a sufficient indication of the very imperfect state of their own religious knowledge. Mary was in her thirteenth year, when the valuable living of Kidderminster was presented to her father (he had the honour, moreover, to be a royal chaplain), upon which he removed his family thither. Hitherto Mary had been her mother's pupil; and a severe enough disciplinarian the good lady was. The little folks who have pored with delight over Mrs. Sherwood's stories, will be shocked, with their modern notions, to hear how she learned and lived in her girlish days. She tells us that, from her sixth till her thirteenth year, she did her lessons standing in stocks, with an iron collar (according to the fashion of the times) round her neck, and a back-board strapped over the shoulders; that she never sat on a chair in her mother's presence, and that her food was the plainest possible, such as dry bread and cold milk. "Yet I was a very happy child," she adds, "and when relieved from my collar, I not unseldom manifested my delight by starting from our hall door, and taking a run for at least half a mile through the woods which adjoined our pleasure-grounds."

Now all this was changed. Mrs. Butt, whose tastes were fastidious, disliked the society of Kidderminster, and her constitutional love of retirement growing morbid, she left her daughters (there was now a second, Lucy,) very much to educate themselves as they best might. And their mode of spending time was at least sufficiently entertaining—the elder girl extemporising innumerable stories for her own and her sister's benefit.

The vicar, with wider sympathies than his wife, found objects of interest everywhere, and threw himself heartily into the society around him. His daughter has preserved some curious anecdotes of his incumbency. There were at that time two dissenting chapels in Kidderminster, and when a charity sermon was being preached in either, the vicar was in the habit of attending in his gown and cassock, and stood at the door as the people retired, placing his daughter before him to hold the plate.

At fifteen, Mary Butt was sent to school. The seminary chosen for her was the Abbey at Reading, a choice which furnishes further proof of the want of religious decision in her parents. The husband of one of the principals was a French refugee and a Roman Catholic;* both the principals appear to have been utterly devoid of any religion. The tone of the household may be understood from the following anecdote related by Mrs. Sherwood. "My mother," she writes, "had packed a Bible, bound in black leather, which she had had at school, in my trunk, and the first Sunday after we had been at church I brought out this Bible and sat down to read it in the school-room. It was, I now venture to assert, the only Bible I saw that year at the Abbey, though there might be others in some of the trunks. But, oh! what a hue and cry there was when my occupation was discovered! Had the old Benedictines, in whose refectory or library I was then sitting, suddenly all risen from their graves, and seen me reading the volume, interdicted from profane eyes by their church, they could not have made more clamour than the teachers, and some of the girls in imitation of them, made, at the sight of my Bible. It almost might have appeared that some of them had *never* seen a person reading the Scriptures in a private house before."

The second year of Miss Butt's residence at the Abbey was spent chiefly in dancing in the garden with the many French refugees who frequented the house, and in acting French plays. Nor was the total neglect of her spiritual interests the only perilous feature in her present position. Proselytism to the Romish faith was attempted by one of her French friends—the Abbé Beauregard; but in this instance without success. Miss Butt seems to have escaped chiefly by the argument addressed to herself that, as her father was a clergyman of the church of England, it would be very strange for her to become a Papist. An unseen hand was holding her back from the many pits by which she was

* Of this gentleman Mrs. Sherwood writes: "It is remarkable how many celebrated ladies have issued from under the tuition of Monsieur St. Q. Miss Mitford, Lady Caroline Lambe, and Miss Landon, were also his pupils, not to speak of one or two less known writers."

surrounded—a hand then all unrecognised; but gratefully acknowledged when, her feet established on the Rock, she could look back on all the dangerous way she had traversed.

Two years after Mary's final return from school, the family were once more settled at their beloved Stanford parsonage, and the young people, in gay intercourse with their neighbours, the family of Sir Edward Winnington, looked forward to many days of mirth and worldly enjoyment. But suddenly the scene changed. One morning, word was brought to the parsonage that Lady Winnington was dead. Nine months after, the master of the parsonage followed his friend to the grave. This occurred in September, 1795. The death of her father was the most severe affliction which Mary might endure—doubly afflictive to his children in that their mother had gradually become reserved and gloomy to a painful degree. Keenly did Miss Butt feel this bereavement; but her sorrow as yet was but the sorrow of the world, and no blessed fruits of holiness sprung therefrom. She had not learned to kiss the rod, or to value the chastening of her Father's hand.

The period which immediately follows, is the least pleasing in all Mrs. Sherwood's life. Leaving her mother and sister in their grief, she betook herself to Bath, on a visit to her god-mother, in the hope of leading a more cheerful life there than she could then at Stanford. But there, too, she found crosses and disappointments. Temptations came also, and the heedless girl, ill-prepared for such, well nigh slipped. Relating how, after this visit to Bath, she met her brother at Oxford, and was by him presented with an elegant pocket New Testament, she says: "I had for many weeks past been associated with a young gentleman who was an avowed infidel, and he had so far prevailed, mixing up his poisonous principles with much flattery, that I had almost began to hear him, at least without indignation; but this one simple gift, so kindly and unsuspectingly tendered from my ever-dear Martin, undid at once all the mischief which had been done by the infidel at Bath." So simple are the means which the Lord often employs to defeat the most subtle arts of the tempter.

After some time, Mrs. Butt determined to settle in Bridgenorth. The choice was distasteful to her daughter, for here they were removed from the society of nearly all their friends; and the house which their mother, with a morbid dread of expense, thought proper to take, was ugly and gloomy, in all respects presenting a painful contrast to their lovely home at Stanford. Poor girls! removed from the pleasures and excitements to which they have been accustomed, shall we find that they—a too common case—abandon themselves to moping and fretting, and idle novel reading? From the sin and misery of such a life, they were happily preserved. Her Bridgenorth residence is a marked season in Mary Butt's life. Here we have the first indications of what became so prominent a feature in her after course—her active benevolence. She and Lucy betook themselves to Sunday-school teaching, first, as it would appear, as a resource from ennui, but speedily with a very hearty love for the work itself. And very exemplary teachers they were. They not only instructed their girls on the Sundays, but they regularly visited them in the week, made articles of clothing for them, and took a warm interest in all their concerns. Nor was their benevolence confined to these; for the poor generally they toiled and made many sacrifices. Their mornings were devoted to visiting them, their evenings to working for them, and in hard times they went laden with supplies of "bread, butter, tea, and sugar." They did all their own needlework, and bought nothing in the way of dress but what was absolutely necessary, that they might have the more to give. So far well. But a dangerous element was worming itself insidiously into their habits of thought. They took to fasting (not as a means to an end, as a scriptural practice to bring the spirit into closer communion with God, but apparently as a meritorious performance), and Lucy carried her self-denial so far as to study to render what food she ate disagreeable to her palate. Mrs. Sherwood indicates the vitiating principle at work: "We were rapidly adopting the idea of self-infliction, and were just in the state to have entered into a nunnery, had it been as easy to have done so then as it is now."

Miss Butt's mind was now, and had been for some time, strongly drawn to the subject of religion. "What at first had given me alarm," she writes, "respecting what might be the end of a life of mere self-pleasing, I cannot remember." Alarmed she was, however; anxious as to her condition in the sight of God, yet ignorant of the righteousness of Christ, going about to establish her own righteousness. And now is manifested the radical defect in her education. True, the most scriptural education which Christian parent could bestow would be powerless in itself to draw the soul to the Saviour. But here we have an awakened soul, groping in darkness regarding the mode of a sinner's acceptance, ignorant of the Rock, building again and again in the sand, and enduring the anguish of seeing its structure demolished. Mary Butt had not learned that the heart of man is evil, and only evil, and that till its affections undergo a change so great as to deserve to be called a new birth, it can have no real delight in God's service, and can give him no true or

acceptable obedience. She had not learned that she could perform no action which could recommend her to the favour of the Most High, but must come a poor, guilty, utterly helpless sinner to the foot of the cross, willing to receive as the free gift of infinite mercy, a salvation which she could do nothing to deserve, but which Jesus had lived and died to obtain for men. She had not learned that it is only when the sinner really believes this, that such love to God is awakened, such hatred to sin acquired, as leads him to choose the ways of holiness as alone pleasant for the renewed man to walk in. Nor did she know that in her own strength she could do nothing; that God's Spirit alone teaches savingly and to profit. Ignorant of all this, she entered on her hard work in her own strength, and failed. Now she is dedicating herself to God and his service, praying for a heart to keep the concerns of her soul and eternity ever before her, and making many pious resolutions; then deploring the weakness which causes her to break them.

Nor are all her thoughts turned to religion, even after her own fashion. She has still gay companions whom she dearly loves; and very attractive are the gaieties and pleasures of the world to her. The poor soul is in a state of continual struggle between religion, which the judgment commands to make the chief concern, and pleasure, to which the heart obstinately clings.

Literature had already come to occupy much of Miss Butt's time. She had appeared before the world as an authoress ere she was nineteen, much against her own wishes. Her father had discovered some manuscript tales of hers, and insisted on having them published for the benefit of a friend in distress. Now she wrote and published various works of her own free will, giving to her productions, of course, the religious colouring which her own mind had received. At this period "Susan Grey," originally written for her Sunday class, was published. "This little volume," says its author, "is remarkable in the annals of literature, from its having been the first of its kind, that is, the first narrative allowing of anything like correct writing, or refined sentiments, expressed without vulgarisms, ever prepared for the poor, and having religion for its object."

"Susan Grey," she continues, "was, in its time, so great a favourite, that it was pirated in every shape and form, and it would be impossible to calculate the editions through which it passed before the year 1816, when the copyright was returned to me. In that year I altered and sold it again."

On the last day of August, 1803, Miss Butt took the name by which she became so well known to the world, by her marriage to her cousin, Lieutenant Henry Sherwood, of the 53rd regiment. They were soon after quartered in Sunderland, and here we find Mrs. Sherwood still struggling with the old difficulty, the old anxiety, "What shall I do to be saved?" She is making progress, however, for she has at length become a diligent student of the Bible. She desires to interest her husband in the same pursuits, when to her horror she discovers that his sentiments are somewhat sceptical. Her own Bible reading goes on, however; and by and by comfort comes to her regarding her husband. "After the birth of my babe," she writes, "it is affecting to recall that, on the joy of her bestowal to us, her father, who had up to that time disregarded all thoughts of a future state, came to me, and doubled my happiness and gratitude to God, by saying in the moment of his thankfulness, that he would read the Bible to me every day. And from thenceforward this promise was kept; the sacred book has since then ever been our daily study together."

A year after, the 53rd was ordered to India; and Mrs. Sherwood, leaving her babe with her mother in England, prepared for the life of a soldier's wife in a foreign land.

THE MOST ANCIENT POEM IN THE WORLD.

MANY of our readers may feel at a loss to know what this is. Some even who are familiar with the literature of antiquity may not be exactly aware what was the first metrical composition ever written. There can, however, be no doubt that this distinction belongs to the address of Lamech to his wives, recorded in Gen. iv. verses 23, 24. It is true, in our authorized version, the passage does not present, to an English reader, the poetical form. But, viewed according to the laws of Hebrew metre, the original exhibits as complete a specimen of Hebrew verse as that language contains.

In the most ancient poetry of which we have any knowledge—the Hebrew—it is well known, the harmony of the verses does not arise from the *rhyme*, that is, from similar corresponding sounds terminating the verses; but from some kind of rhythm, or perhaps metre, the nature of which is now altogether unknown. Still, there are evident marks by which the poetry of the Hebrews may be distinguished from their prose writings, and which consist in the *parallelism*, or correspondence between one line and another.

The most usual kind of parallel lines are those called synonymous, that is, where the lines correspond to one another, by expressing the same idea in different words. The address of Lamech to his wives affords an admirable illustration of this kind of Hebrew poetry.

THE MODE OF TRANSCRIBING ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.

"And Lamech said unto his wives:—
Adah and Zillah—hear my voice.
Ye wives of Lamech—hearken unto my speech.
For I have slain a man—to my wounding:
And a young man—to my hurt.
If Cain shall be avenged—seven-fold;
Truly Lamech—seventy and seven-fold."

Here it will be observed, after the first line, which is prose, almost every expression has its counterpart in the following line: "Adah and Zillah"—"Wives of Lamech:"—"Hear my voice"—"Hearken to my speech," etc. In the original, however, the parallelism is more striking, in consequence of the greater conciseness of the Hebrew. In fact, the whole passage consists but of twenty-three words in the Hebrew, although it forms forty-two in our version. Bearing in mind, then, the rhythmical character of the passage, let us make some inquiry into the meaning of this sole relic of antediluvian poetry.

We begin by stating that Lamech was evidently a bad man. He was of the line of the Cainites, none of whom appears to have been distinguished by anything good. He is the first recorded instance of polygamy—a practice which directly opposes the original ordinance of heaven, that *two only should constitute one flesh*. For introducing this sin into the world, Lamech is branded with undying disgrace.

But, worse than this, Lamech, like his ancestor, was a murderer. It is not distinctly stated under what circumstances this horrid crime was perpetrated; but there can be no doubt of the fact that he slew a man—not, as some critics suppose, a man and a young man. This is simply the repetition which the laws of Hebrew poetry demand. "He had slain a man on account of his wounding; even a young man on account of his blow." The plain meaning of which seems to be: some man struck or wounded him, and he had in revenge killed the offender.

But the greatest difficulty yet remains:—

"If Cain shall be avenged—seven-fold;
Truly Lamech—seventy and seven-fold."

Why is Cain introduced here? On what grounds does this wicked man claim impunity for his crime, and expect to be thus specially defended from the vengeance of man?

The explanation appears to be this: Cain had slain his own brother—had risen up against him, and, without any provocation, killed him in cold blood. Yet, notwithstanding this, God had seen fit to guard him from the just retribution to which he was exposed, by threatening that sevenfold vengeance should overtake whoever slew him. "Now," says Lamech, "if one who slew *his own brother*, without the slightest provocation, was thus protected from the punishment he so richly deserved, much more shall I, who have slain one not of my own kindred, and one, moreover, who had wounded me." He comforts his two wives, and seeks to dispel their apprehensions concerning him, by referring to the example of Cain, his own ancestor. We do not state our own views of the passage of course as decisive on the subject. If our interpretation, however, be the correct one, the passage affords a striking illustration of that well-known text: "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

SINS ESTIMATED BY THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN.

BY DR. PAYSON.

"Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance." *Psalm* xc. 8.

It is a well known fact that the appearance of objects, and the ideas which we form of them, are very much affected by the situation in which they are placed in respect to us, and by the light in which they are seen. Objects seen at a distance, for example, appear much smaller than they really are. The same object, viewed through different mediums, will often exhibit very different appearances. A lighted candle, or a star, appears bright during the absence of the sun; but when that luminary returns, their brightness is eclipsed. Since the appearance of objects, and the ideas which we form of them, are thus affected by extraneous circumstances, it follows that no two persons will form precisely the same ideas of any object, unless they view it in the same light, or are placed with respect to it in the same situation.

These remarks have a direct and important bearing upon the intended subject of the present discourse. No person can read the Scriptures candidly and attentively, without perceiving that God and men differ very widely in the opinion which they entertain respecting almost every object. And in nothing do they differ more widely than in the estimate which they form of man's moral character, and of the malignity and desert of sin. Nothing can be more evident than the fact that in the sight of God our sins are incomparably more numerous, aggravated, and criminal than they appear to us. He regards us as deserving of an endless punishment, while we scarcely perceive that we deserve any punishment at all. Now whence arises this difference? The remarks which have just been made will inform us. God and men view objects through a very different medium, and are placed with respect to them in very different situations. God is present with every object; he views it as near and therefore sees its real magnitude. But many objects, especially those of a religious nature, are seen by us at a distance, and of course appear to us smaller than they really are. God sees every object in a perfectly clear light, but we see most objects dimly and indistinctly. In fine, God sees all objects just as they are; but we see them through a deceitful medium, which ignorance, prejudice, and self-love place between them and us.

Apply these remarks to the case before us. The psalmist, addressing God, says, "Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance." That is, our iniquities or open transgressions, and our secret sins, the sins of our hearts, are placed, as it were, full before God's face, immediately under his eye; and he sees them in the pure, clear, all-disclosing light of his own holiness and glory. Now if we would see our sins as they appear to him, that is as they really are—if we would see their number, blackness, and criminality, and the malignity and desert of every sin—we must place ourselves, as nearly as is possible, in his situation, and look at sin, as it were, through his eyes. We must place ourselves and our sins in the centre of that circle, which is irradiated by the light of his countenance, where all his infinite perfections are clearly displayed, where his awful majesty is seen, where his concentrated glories blaze, and burn, and dazzle, with insufferable brightness. And, in order to this, we must in thought leave our dark and sinful world, where God is unseen and almost forgotten, and where consequently the evil of sinning against him cannot be fully perceived, and mount up to heaven, the peculiar habitation of his holiness and glory, where he does not, as here, conceal himself behind the veil of his works and of second causes, but shines forth the unveiled God, and is seen as he is.

Let us then attempt this adventurous flight. Let us follow the path by which our blessed Saviour ascended to heaven, and soar upwards to the great capital of the universe, to the palace and the throne of its greater King. As we rise, the earth fades away from our view; now we leave worlds, and suns, and systems behind us. Now we reach the utmost limits of creation; now the last star disappears, and no ray of created light is seen. But a new light now begins to dawn and brighten upon us. It is the light of heaven, which pours in a flood of glory from its wide open gates, spreading continual meridian day far and wide, through the regions of etherial space. Passing swiftly onward, through this flood of day, the songs of heaven begin to burst upon your ears, and voices of celestial sweetness, yet loud as the sound of many waters, and of mighty thunderings, are heard, exclaiming, "Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Blessing, and glory, and honour, and power, be unto him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for

ever." A moment more, and you have passed the gates; you are in the midst of the city, you are before the eternal throne, you are in the immediate presence of God and all his glories are blazing around you like a consuming fire. Flesh and blood cannot support it; your bodies dissolve into their original dust, but your immortal souls remain, and stand naked spirits before the great Father of spirits. Nor, in losing their tenements of clay, have they lost the powers of perception. No; they are now all eye, all ear, nor can you close the eyelids of the soul, to shut out for a moment the dazzling, overpowering splendours which surround you, and which appear like light condensed, like glory which may be felt. You see, indeed, no form or shape; and yet your whole souls perceive, with intuitive clearness and certainty, the immediate awe-inspiring presence of Jehovah. You see no countenance, and yet you feel as if a countenance of awful majesty, in which all the perfections of divinity shone forth, were beaming upon you wherever you turn. You see no eye; and yet a piercing, heart-searching eye, an eye of omniscient purity, every glance of which goes through your souls like a flash of lightning, seems to look upon you from every point of surrounding space. You feel as if enveloped in an atmosphere, or plunged in an ocean of existence, intelligence, perfection, and glory; an ocean, of which your labouring minds can take in only a drop; an ocean, the depth of which you cannot fathom, and the breadth of which you can never fully explore. But while you feel utterly unable to comprehend this infinite being, your views of him, so far as they extend, are perfectly clear and distinct. You have the most vivid perceptions, the most deeply graven impressions, of an infinite, eternal, spotless mind, in which the images of all things, past, present, and to come, are most harmoniously seen, arranged in the most perfect order, and defined with the nicest accuracy: of a mind which wills with infinite ease, but whose volitions are attended by a power omnipotent and irresistible, and which sows worlds, suns, and systems through the fields of space with far more facility than the husbandman scatters his seed upon the earth: of a mind, whence have flowed all the streams which ever watered any part of the universe, with life, intelligence, holiness, or happiness, and which is still full, overflowing, and inexhaustible. You perceive, also, with equal clearness and certainty, that this infinite, eternal, omnipotent, omniscient, all-wise, all-creating mind is perfectly and essentially holy, a pure flame of holiness, and that as such, he regards sin with unutterable, irreconcileable detestation and abhorrence. With a voice which reverberates through the wide expanse of his dominions, you hear him saying, as the sovereign and legislator of the universe, "Be ye holy; for I, the Lord your God, am holy." And you see his throne surrounded, you see heaven filled by those only who perfectly obey this command. You see thousands of thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand, of angels and archangels, pure, exalted, glorious intelligences, who reflect his perfect image, burn like flames of fire with zeal for his glory, and seem to be so many concentrations of wisdom, knowledge, holiness, and love; a fit retinue for the thrice holy Lord of hosts, whose holiness and all-filling glory they unceasingly proclaim.

And now, my readers, if you are willing to see your sins in their true colours; if you would rightly estimate their number, magnitude, and criminality, bring them into the hallowed place, where nothing is seen but the whiteness of unsullied purity and the splendors of uncreated glory; where the sun itself would appear only as a dark spot; and there, in the midst of this circle of seraphic intelligences, with the infinite God pouring all the light of his countenance round you, review your lives, contemplate your offences, and see how they appear. Recollect that the God, in whose presence you are, is the being who forbids sin, the being of whose eternal law sin is the transgression, and against whom every sin is committed. Keeping this in mind, let us,

I. Bring forward what the psalmist, in our text, calls our iniquities, that is, our more gross and open sins, and see how they appear in the light of God's countenance. Have any of you been guilty of impious, profane, passionate, or indecent corrupting language? How does such language sound in heaven? in the ears of angels, in the ears of that God who gave us our tongues for noble purposes? Bring forward all the language of this kind which you have ever uttered; see it written as in a book, and while you read it, remember that the eye of God is reading it at the same time. Then say, "Is this fit language for an immortal being to utter? Is this fit language for God to hear?" Especially, let every one inquire whether he has ever violated the third commandment, by using the name of God in a profane or irreverent manner. If he has, let him bring forward his transgressions of this kind, and see how they appear in the light of God's presence. Sinner, this is the Being whose adorable name thou hast profaned, and who, bending upon thee a look of awful displeasure, says, "I will not hold him guiltless that taketh my name in vain." O, what an aspect of shocking, heaven-daring impiety does this assume, when viewed in this situation. Have any of you been guilty of uttering what is untrue? If so,

bring forward all the falsehoods, all the deceitful expressions, which you have ever uttered, and see how they appear in the presence of the God of truth; of that God who has declared that he abhors a lying tongue, and that all liars shall have their portion in the burning lake. O, what is it to stand convicted before such a God as this! Have any of you been guilty, either at home or in foreign countries, of perjury or false swearing? If so, you may here see the awful Being whom you mocked, by calling him to witness the truth of a known deliberate lie. And how, think you, does such conduct appear in his eyes? How does it now appear in your own? When you took that false oath; when you said, "So may God help me as I speak the truth," you did in effect utter a prayer that his vengeance might fall upon you, if what you swore was untrue. And will not God take you at your word? Will not that vengeance which you imprecated fall upon you? O, be assured that it will, unless deep timely repentance and faith in Christ prevent. Nor is the guilt of those who share in the gain of perjury, and permit such as are employed by them to make use of it, much less black and aggravated in the estimation of him whose judgment is according to truth.

Have any of you transgressed the command which says, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy?" Such transgressions, I am aware, appear very trivial on earth; but do they appear so to him who gave this command? Do they appear so in heaven? Let those who have been guilty of such transgressions, hear a voice from the glory around them, saying, "I, to whom you are indebted for all your time, allowed you six days for the performance of your necessary labours, and reserved but one for myself—but one to be employed exclusively in worshipping me, and in working out your own salvation. But even this one day you denied me; when spent in my service, you considered it as a weariness, and therefore employed it, either wholly or in part, in serving yourselves; thus proving yourselves to be wholly unqualified and unfit to enjoy an endless sabbath in my presence."

Have any of you—we must propose the unpleasant question—been guilty of violating the command which forbids adultery and its kindred vices? If so, bring forward these abominations, and see how they look in heaven, in the presence of the holy angels, in the sight if that thrice holy God, who has said, "I will come near and be a swift witness against the adulterers, and they shall have their portion in the lake of fire."

Have any of you been guilty of fraud, injustice, or dishonesty? Have you in your possession any portion of another's property, without the owner's consent fairly obtained? If so, bring forward your dishonest gains; hold out the hands which are polluted by them, and see how they look in heaven, in the presence of that God who has said, "Let no man overreach or defraud his brother in any matter; for the Lord is the avenger of all such."

Have any of you been guilty of intemperance? If so, let such look at themselves, and see how a drunkard, a rational being, self-degraded to a level with the beasts, and wallowing in the mire of his own pollution, appears in heaven, in the sight of pure angelic spirits—in the sight of that God who endued him with intellectual powers, and thus capacitated him for being raised to an equality with the angels.

While attending to the preceding remarks, probably many, perhaps most of my readers may have felt as if they were not personally concerned in them, as if they were guilty of none of these gross iniquities. I would indeed hope that of some of them at least, none of you are guilty. But these are by no means the only iniquities of which God takes notice; for our text further informs us, that he has set secret sins, the sins of our hearts, in the light of his countenance.

PERPETUA, A STORY OF THE FIRST PERSECUTIONS.

THE similarity of Christian faith and experience under the most different circumstances, in those who are genuine disciples, offers one of the most remarkable confirmations of our holy religion. The records of the struggles, hopes, and comforts of those who lived in that faith sixteen or seventeen centuries ago, describe accurately the experience of the church in our own days. We can sympathise with our brethren who have gone before us. Rich and poor, learned and unlettered, bond and free, male and female, Jew and Greek, true believers are indeed members of *one* heavenly family, whose elder brother is he who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

About the year 200 of our era lived in Carthage a young lady of noble descent, of great beauty, and of excellent education—Perpetua. Her lot was cast in stirring and trying times. Christianity was fast penetrating through all the provinces of the Roman empire, and winning converts from amongst all ranks and conditions of men. Heathenism, utterly incapable of resisting its inroads, was opposing violence to its progress, and attempting to extinguish the kindling flame with the blood of martyrs. But in those days men were first of all Christians; the hope of the gospel formed the grand object, and constituted the great theme of their lives. They suffered

joyfully the loss of all, and, as Ignatius expresses it, presented themselves "as the wheat of the Lord to be ground by the teeth of wild beasts, in order to be formed into the pure bread of the Lord." Amongst others, Perpetua had been awakened to an interest in the things that belonged to her peace. Her father was still a heathen, but her mother and all her other near relatives were either professed Christians or in preparation for it. Perpetua was twenty-two years old, and had only been married a comparatively short time. She was giving the nourishment of her breast to her only child when the storm of persecution burst around the church at Carthage. She had not yet been baptized when first called to testify for the Lord. Perhaps on this ground her aged father, who, besides the threatened loss of a beloved child, dreaded the disgrace of her dying on the arena as a Christian, urged her to recant. But in reply, pointing to a vessel beside her, she asked, "Father, do you see this vessel? can I call it anything else than what it is?" "No." "Neither can I call myself anything else than what I am and what I remain—a Christian." It was in vain that her father threatened, urged, and entreated her to change her mind. A few days after this interview, she was baptized. She said, "The Spirit prompted me at my baptism to ask for nothing but patience." And her prayer was heard and wonderfully answered.

When Perpetua was dragged into prison, along with three Christian young men, and a sister-martyr, Felicitas, her spirit sunk within her. All appeared so different from that to which she had been accustomed. Instead of the peace and comfort of her happy home, she relates, "The excessive heat occasioned by the multitude of prisoners, the rough treatment we experienced from the soldiers, and, finally, anxiety about my child, made me wretched. I was tempted, for I had never before been shut up in such darkness. Oh, what a dreadful day!" Christian friends succeeded in purchasing for the suffering brethren a better apartment, where they were at least separated from the other criminals. Perpetua got leave to spend a few hours more at liberty. During that time she suckled her babe, which had well-nigh perished for want of that support. At last she was even allowed to take the child along with her into prison. So grateful was she for this boon that, as she expressed it, "the dungeon now became a palace" to her. The brethren still continued their comforting visits to the prisoners, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to those who were so soon to sit down with the Lord at his table. But above all, he who never forgets or forsakes his own, strengthened Perpetua. In a dream, she saw a vision of heaven and the path to it through many tribulations. She heard the "welcome" from the Master to the church above.

But trials were not wanting. In prison her companion, Felicitas, was delivered of a child. The rough jailer said to her, "You suffer so much at present, what will you do when you are thrown to the wild beasts?" The believer confidently replied, "Now I suffer *myself*, but then I will suffer for Him, and he in turn will suffer for and with me." Her hope, we need scarcely say, was not to be disappointed. When the day for the final examination approached, Perpetua's father, swallowed up with grief, came once more to entreat her to desist. The scene must have been harrowing in the extreme. "Child, pity my grey hairs," he urged; "pity thy father, if indeed I am still worthy to bear that name. I have brought thee up to the bloom of life; I have preferred thee to all thy brothers; do not expose me to such disgrace among men. Lay aside thy lofty spirit; do not plunge all of us into ruin." So little could he appreciate her motives or understand her conduct.

The distracted father threw himself at her feet; he kissed her hands, and in phrensy called her not his daughter, but his mistress. "My father's grey hairs," said the sufferer, in describing the scene, "filled me with sorrow. I considered that of all my family he alone could not rejoice in my sufferings." When he pressed upon her the consequences of her profession of faith, to herself, her child, and her family, she calmly replied, "Father, what will happen depends not on us, but on the will of the Lord. Know that we cannot dispose of ourselves; we are in God's hand." At last the hour of trial arrived. An immense crowd, whom curiosity had attracted, surrounded the tribunal. Amongst them was her aged parent, holding aloft the babe. "Take pity on thy child," he exclaimed. The judge himself seemed moved, and urged her to spare her father's grey hairs and her own helpless babe, and to comply so far as to offer sacrifice. She replied, unhesitatingly, "I cannot do it." "Art thou then a Christian?" asked he. Before the wondering multitude, Perpetua professed her faith, and confessed her Saviour, Her fate was now sealed. She was sentenced to be exposed to wild beasts at the coming festivities.

Perpetua returned to her prison full of peace in the Holy Ghost. She had hoped still to be allowed to press her infant to her breast, but her father had taken it away. She was to see it no more. Wonderful to relate, from that day the babe no longer cried for its mother. Perpetua took this as a special interposition on her behalf. During the interval between her sentence and execution she was mightily upheld.

The very night before she had to enter the arena she had a vision, in which (in a figure) she saw her combat on the morrow, and the quarter whence seasonable aid and final victory were to be brought. According to ancient custom, a last meal was laid out for them, as it were to allow the condemned for a brief period to forget the approaching doom. The captives transformed it into an agapæ, or love-feast, such as was usual with the Christians of those days. To the curious crowd around them they spoke of the judgment to come. Amongst themselves they sung the praises of the Lord. The morning of the execution dawned, and the vast amphitheatre was crowded with eager multitudes, wondering whether this strange fortitude would not yield to fear in view of so terrible a death. But the prisoners went joyfully forward to meet it. They refused to comply with the ancient custom by which, before entering the arena, the men were to be clothed with red cloaks as priests of Saturn, and the females with white bands as priestesses of Ceres. To avoid such practices they had come to the amphitheatre, and should they now be obliged to yield to them? The justice of their demand was acknowledged. So far from being afraid, the young men boldly spake to the assembled people of the future judgment, and admonished them to repentance. The fury of the populace knew no bounds. The youths were scourged, thrown to leopards, bears, and wild boars, and quickly torn to pieces. Perpetua and Felicitas remained to be exposed to a wild cow. Accordingly, they had been undressed and put into a net; but their manifest modesty induced those present to demand that their clothes should be restored to them.

The goaded animal was now let loose upon them. The first push threw both to the ground. Perpetua's first attempt on rising was to wrap herself in her torn garments. She next plaited her hair, lest her flying hair should give her the appearance of mourning while confessing her Saviour. She then went forward to assist Felicitas, and took her stand beside her to await the next onset. Even the populace were so much moved at the spectacle presented, that they advised their removal. The gladiators were to prepare to end their sufferings more quickly with the sword. During the short interval, they were again comforted by the brethren. Perpetua seemed to awaken from a sleep. She was apparently quite unconscious of what had passed, and only the sight of her wounds and her torn dress could convince her that she had really been in the amphitheatre. They soon returned to it, For the last time they now exchanged the kiss of Christian love, and lay down together. Perpetua herself guided the trembling hand of the young gladiator, and received in silence the last stroke.

Their liberated spirits ascended to their heavenly home. Their bodies rest in the grave till the resurrection morning; the record of their faith and patience remains behind a witness for Christ to the latest generations: "whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

THE DOCTRINES OF INFIDELITY.

A RECENT perusal of the volume of M. Bungener, entitled "Voltaire and his Times," has drawn our attention to the utter want of morality which characterised the infidel party in France during the last century, and to the insane doctrines they inculcated on those solemn questions which relate to the nature, character, and destiny of man. In this paper we propose to state the views which were entertained by Voltaire, Rousseau, and their numerous colleagues, as fully as a regard to the purity of our pages will permit; and then leave the reader to pronounce, after comparing them with the exalted and benevolent doctrines of the divine word, which are the more agreeable to truth, the more consonant with the just dignity of human nature, or the better fitted to support us in the hour of affliction and death.

The philosophers to whom we refer were perpetually speaking about the greatness of man. Man with them was idolized; the goddess Reason was but a representative of man. Their so-called sublime ideas on this head became a political engine; kings and emperors were baubles when compared with man. In reading some portions of their works, an unsophisticated and ignorant person would imagine that man had hitherto been shamefully degraded, and that it was left for Voltaire to raise him from the dust, and assert his true dignity. Not satisfied with paying unbounded honour to man, they deify him and offer their homage at his shrine. Yet with all this glorification of *man*, what low ideas did they entertain of *men!* Man in the abstract was, according to them, a glorious, a perfect being; man, as he appeared around them in the ignorant and half-starved population of France, was an object that deserved to be treated with the utmost contempt.

Voltaire called the people "a compound of bears and monkeys," and declared that the most worthless, the *canaille*, were in it "in the proportion of a hundred to one." But perhaps he looked upon these poor people as standing in need of instruction; perhaps he dwelt thus earnestly upon their degradation in order to induce his followers to labour for their elevation.

By no means. No such sympathy touched his sceptical heart. Voltaire knew nothing of religion. He found all the consolation he wanted in philosophy. With him philosophy was the only name for happiness and virtue. And yet Voltaire felt no desire to impart the blessing which he prized so highly to the miserable crowds of Paris. Writing to the king of Prussia, he says: "Your majesty will do an eternal service to the human race, by destroying that infamous superstition (Christianity). I do not say among the poorest classes, *who are not worth being enlightened*, and for whom all yokes are proper; but among persons of credit, among men who think: it is for you to give white bread to the children of the family, and to leave the black bread to the dogs." Here we have the philanthropy of atheism. The philosophers are "the children;" the multitude are "the dogs." How different were the sentiments of Jesus Christ. "The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost." "Go ye into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." "If a man have a hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray? Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that *one of these little ones should perish.*"

How did it come to pass that Voltaire entertained such contempt for the multitude? The reply must be, this contempt sprang from his principles. He did not recognise that which alone renders all men truly great and inconceivably valuable—the existence in them of a spiritual and immortal principle. Hence he had to look for human greatness in the accidents of life, in learning, literary fame, wealth, glory, political power, in everything, in short, which can throw a gleam of splendour around the individual. But it was a direct consequence of such principles that the great mass of humanity would appear simply despicable. The Bible tells us that man is not a mere compound of material substances, but an immortal being, that his soul is of greater value to him than the whole world, that he is entrusted with talents and opportunities for which he will have to give up an account at the bar of God, and that an endless state of happiness or woe succeeds the transitory scenes of the present life.

In this view every human being is of priceless value. The most degraded and ignorant carries about with him a jewel of such vast worth, that it beggars the pomp and wealth of the universe. Hence the Christian is encouraged to labour for his fellow men. He is taught to respect them, he is made to love them; no efforts here are thrown away; he is sowing for immortality. Nothing of this kind could possibly present itself even to the imagination of Voltaire. "I am corporeal," said he, "and I think"—a gross fallacy, but one which satisfied him. That he had a body he knew, and that he was capable of thinking he knew, and so he linked the two together as cause and effect. His body was the thinking principle. As well might he have said, "I have a poetic imagination, and I eat: therefore my poetic imagination is the *eating* principle." It did not seem to strike him that he might be *both* material and spiritual, and that, as his bodily senses assured him that he possessed a body, so his spiritual consciousness ought to assure him that he possessed a soul. No, with him we are mere "machines;" our "souls completely depend upon the actions of our bodies;" "the thinking faculty loses itself in the eating, the drinking, and the digesting faculty." In keeping with such views, death is pronounced a "mere sleep—as like sleep as two drops of rain;" we are told never to think of death, since it can only poison life. Such a man could form no conception of life at all in keeping with its true solemnity and vast importance. "I make life a plaything, madam," he writes to one of his friends; "it is fit for nothing else." Such views of life are inconsistent with a sincere belief in God. The Bible tells us that "God is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Here is a spur to diligence, and an encouragement to devotion. We are told that his tender mercies are over all his works, "that he makes the sun to shine, and the rain to fall upon the evil and upon the good." What a lesson in philanthropy, what a check to selfishness, is supplied by the thoughts that God daily watches over, and provides for the wants of his intelligent family, and that he so loved the world as to send his only-begotten Son, in order to provide a way of pardon for sinful man.

The views which Voltaire and his friends entertained with regard to society were quite in harmony with those they held respecting man. This is just as we might have predicted both from experience and reflection. Society is but an aggregate of men, and if one man is no better than a single ant, the world is no better than an ant-hill. It is the recognition of man's immortal and responsible nature that gives birth to noble principles in social and political life. If he is a mere tissue of material substances, then it is no great thing to treat him despotically, to coin a new decalogue, or frame a new religion, and force him to accept both. What is the meaning of conscience, if man is only what Voltaire says he is—"in the first rank of those animals that live in troops, like bees, poultry, sheep, etc."—a mere whim or caprice at best; perhaps only a distemper of the blood? As the strongest buffalo is master

of the herd, so the strongest man seems naturally invested with the right of imposing his will on the behaviour of the rest. On such low views, tyranny is never anything else than a misfortune to the victim; it never becomes a wrong in the tyrant. We see the social tendency of Voltaire's principles exhibited more clearly in the writings of Rousseau. What was the character of Rousseau's social ethics? They have been loudly vaunted, but we venture to describe them as equally vague, groundless, and degrading. Hear him describe the original state of mankind: "They were like lions and tigers, hating each other, and every moment in danger of becoming the victims of each other's fury." Man in his primitive condition, according to him, had no sociability, cared not at all for any ties that might bind him to his fellows: he "needed not the aid of another man, any more than a wolf or a monkey that of another of its kind." At length this primitive equality and isolation were broken through; misery and rapine followed; it became necessary to frame laws. Then mankind met in a large plain, and entered into a contract with each other; the poor consenting that some should be rich, and the rich contracting that they would help the poor. On the part of the rich, however, the whole affair was a mere device to get everything into their own hands. These ideas are as irreligious as they are absurd. How infinitely more rational is the glimpse of man's primitive state as we see it in the Scriptures. How much more does it harmonize with the Divine character to regard him, not as endowed originally with solitary and savage instincts, but animated with friendly sympathies towards the rest of his species. How much more natural is the condition of man in early times as described in the memoirs of the patriarchs.

The views of Rousseau also respecting civil society were as intolerant as they were absurd. He held that every citizen should be, in his sense, religious, that the sovereign alone should fix the articles of his religion, and that apostacy from them should be punished with death. The character of the Jansenists is well known. Whatever errors they held in connexion with papal principles, it is acknowledged that they approached nearer to evangelical views than any other section of the Romish church—so near as to provoke the most malignant opposition on the part of the Jesuits. We might expect to hear some liberal sentiment from the lips of a philosopher in referring to a persecuted community which could plead in self-defence the piety and genius of a Pascal. How then does Voltaire treat them? In his Philosophical Dictionary he says: "The man who is called a Jansenist is really a fool, a bad citizen, and a rebel. He is a fool because he confounds his own personal ideas with demonstrated truths; he is a bad citizen because he troubles the order of the state; he is a rebel because he disobeys." Very well, Voltaire. By the same rule we may say of St. Paul, Huss, Wycliffe, Luther, Latimer, Ridley—of every martyr that ever sealed his testimony to the truth with his own blood—"he is really a fool, a bad citizen, and a rebel."

We trace back to the pages of Voltaire and Rousseau much of the false sentiment which now prevails respecting the way in which the world is to be regenerated. It is common for some philanthropists to see imperfection in everything but in man himself, and to allege everything as a cause of the misery which still prevails, but the sinfulness of his own heart. Holding such views, they tell us that society must be improved before we can improve man. This is just as sane as it would be to say to a sick person—"My friend, you must provide yourself with a new suit of clothes before you can expect to get well." In both cases the fault lies deeper. Voltaire preached up poetry, philosophy, chemistry, and political economy. Long before Voltaire, one who "spake with authority" said, "Ye must be born again;" and whatever aid may be contributed by the agencies just mentioned, it is to the practical influence of the gospel upon the heart that we have to look for "a new heavens and a new earth." This alone can fulfil our hopes. Any other reliance must prove delusive. How many proofs does history give us of this! One of the last of the band of infidels who were contemporaries of Voltaire, Condorcet, wrote thus in his old age: "No doubt man will not become immortal, but the interval between birth and death may (by the effects of science) be indefinitely increased." Man also, he imagined, influenced by the enlightenment which then prevailed, would become indefinitely better. "Who knows," said he, "but that the time will come when every act invasive of another's rights will be as physically impossible as an act of barbarous cruelty would be to most of us at the present day." Alas! for the hopes of infidelity, the harvest which had been so industriously sown half a century before was now about to be gathered. Condorcet uttered these predictions within three years of the execution of Louis XVI, and the massacres of Robespierre. From these false principles, how cheering is it to turn to the book of God. There we find truth and safety. There alone can we discover the path to wisdom, purity, peace. From this celestial source must those living streams proceed which can purify and quicken our hearts, and cleanse a polluted world.

Poetry.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

HARK! that loud, triumphant chorus,
Swelling high o'er earth and sea;
Darkness vanisheth before us;
Light has risen; shadows flee.
Hallelujah!
Hail the year of jubilee.

Lo! the dead to life are waking;
Hellish hosts oppose in vain;
See among the bones a shaking;
Spirit! breathe upon the slain.
Hallelujah!
God Omnipotent shall reign.

O'er the heights of pagan error
Streams the standard of the cross,
Borne by men who smile at terror,
Shame, and scorn, and earthly loss.
Hallelujah!
God shall give them gold for dross.

Faithful witnesses for Jesus!
Well and boldly have ye striven;
Fear for you shall never seize us;
Fight! and victory shall be given.
Hallelujah!
Great is your reward in heaven.

Watchful servants! meekly bearing
All the burden of the day,
While ye toil, shall *we* be sparing,
Slack to aid, and slow to pray?
Hallelujah!
Through the strength of Jesus, nay.

Where ye went ye knew not whither,
See the golden harvest wave:
Father! send more labourers thither;
Crush the empire of the grave.
Hallelujah!
Bare thy mighty arm and save!

JOSEPHINE.

THE RESURRECTION MORN.

"Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." 1 *Thess.* iv. 14.

IT breaketh even now to Faith's clear, purged eyes,
The dawn of that majestic morn's uprise,
Over the silence of the waiting skies.

The mighty wheels of the celestial car
Come rolling onwards, echoed from afar,
That beareth him, the Day's ascendant Star.

In his bright train will come the covenant dead,
Awoke to glorious life from sleep's dark bed,
And crown'd with living light each new-raised head.

And those, the martyr-souls, once steeped in blood,
Who fearless urged their way through fire and flood,
At torture's rack with brows undaunted stood.

The fair-haired babe, the mother left to rest,
With yearning, bleeding heart, on death's cold breast,
Will come in robe of dazzling white new-drest;

And far too radiant then its form with light,
For her to gaze upon with mortal sight,
Who once wept that so early came its night.

And she who trembled at the altar side,
The loved, and beautiful, and fond young bride,
Torn from affection's arms in nuptial pride;

She, too, shall come, with jewels rich bedight,
From the celestial cabinet of light,
Pure, sparkling, and out-dazzling to the sight.

Oh, Love! thy cherished ones shall each be brought,
Who rest on Jesus' wounded bosom sought;
Won from the grave, with blood so dearly bought.

Pale mourner! patient wait the herald-ray
Of Prophecy's imperial crowning day;
When death from the redeemed shall pass for aye.

MARY LEWIS.

FULNESS OF CHRIST.

I.

WHAT the breast is at the birth,
What the soul is to the earth,
What the gem is to the mine,
What the grape is to the vine,
What the bloom is to the tree,
That is Jesus Christ to me.

II.

What the string is to the lute,
What the breath is to the flute,
What the spring is to the watch,
What the nerve is to the touch,
What the breeze is to the sea,
That is Jesus Christ to me.

III.

What th' estate is to the heir,
What the autumn's to the year,
What the seed is to the farm,
What the sunbeams to the corn,
What the flower is to the bee,
That is Jesus Christ to me.

IV.

What the light is to the eye,
What the sun is to the sky,
What the sea is to the river,
What the hand is to the giver,
What a friend is to the plea,
That is Jesus Christ to me.

V.

What culture is unto the waste,
What honey is unto the taste,
What fragrance is unto the smell,
Or springs of water to a well,
What beauty is in all I see,
All this and more is Christ to me.
All this and more may he appear
Through every new successive year.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

IMOGEN'S NIGHT VISIT TO THE CAPTIVE, IN QUEST OF INSTRUCTION.

DAYBREAK IN BRITAIN.

III.—WHOM DO WE WORSHIP?

IMOGEN was awakened in the morning by the voice of the druid Urien. Hastily she sprang from her leafy couch, for it was appointed to her to attend his will, and she dreaded his angry frown.

"Come, daughter of Sadoc!" exclaimed the priest, as Imogen bowed lowlily before him; "lay thy hand on the harp, strike the chords, and raise the hymn. Sing how our goddess rides on the thunder-cloud, directs the storm of battle, and triumphs over the slain!"

The last words of the captive sounded in the ears of Imogen in strange contrast to this call—the words, "Our God is love."

"Sing how her path is marked by the dead, when the hot summer wind brings the pestilence. The red bolt is grasped in her hand, none can turn her fury aside."

Imogen laid her hand on the harp, the strings vibrated beneath her touch, but the sound that came was soft and low, like an echo of the words "Our God is love."

The druid looked upon her with impatience and anger; he saw that some feeling stirred in the heart of the orphan, but he mistook the source of that feeling.

No. 80.—PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 8, 1856. PRICE ONE PENNY.

"Why ever thus mourning and lamenting?" he cried; "turning thy face from the present, to look back upon the past? Why thus grieve for what is the common lot of all? When the acorn is ripe, it must drop to the ground; and when day has fulfilled its course, the red sun must set."

"May not the buried acorn spring into new life?" murmured Imogen; "and shall not the sun rise again in the morning?"

"Ha!" exclaimed the priest sternly, "what hast thou to do with thoughts like these? Search not into matters too deep for thee. Let woman tend the flock, and bring thatch for the roof, strike fire from the flint, and prepare the meal; she has no soul for the mysteries of religion; the low pool in the valley ascends not the mountain."

"Yet may the low pool reflect the stars," thought Imogen, as the priest strode proudly away. "Oh! if the lips of the stranger spoke truth, if it is the soul that thinks, then have I a soul; if it be the soul that loves, then have I a soul; and I once could hope," she murmured sadly; then her father's blood rose to her cheek as she added, "I still can dare!"

The bright morning sun was bathing the world in light; the fragrant air, filled with the music of birds, invited the young Briton forth to enjoy the beauties of nature. She bent her steps towards a favourite wooded hill which she had not visited since the illness of her mother. She needed a quiet time for thought; and where can we meditate so well as amid woods and mountains, where everything speaks of the Creator? The rich tints of autumn were on the trees, which meet the approach of winter in ways as various as mortals meet the approach of old age; some pale and shrivelled, trembling in the blast; some wearing still the green hue of hope; others clad in yellow, more flaunting than in spring; others, again, flushing into rose tint, most beautiful in decay. The gossamer webs were strung with diamond dew-drops, sparkling and glittering in the sun, and the breeze had a balmy softness, as though summer were loth to depart.

Imogen climbed the hill, and gazed towards the south, and there at a distance lay the mighty sea, a sheet of liquid silver, quivering in light. A little stream gushed from the bank near which Imogen stood, springing over the pebbles, and making the moss more green, as it hastened on its way towards the ocean.

"Is not that little stream like this life?" said Imogen; "and the life of the soul like the vast sea beyond? This is ever passing on, but the other abides; with dry ankle I can ford the stream, but who can measure the depths of the ocean?"

She gazed admiringly on the fair scene around. "Oh! stranger, thy words must be truth, for all nature repeats them. The glad sun riding in the blue sky, the sparkling waters, the waving branches, the laughing flowers, all, all say, God is love. Why was the fruit planted, or the flocks created, or the kindly dew scattered over the earth? Yes, God is love—God is love!" The truth shone like a sunbeam on the soul of Imogen.

But the smile faded at once from her lips as she caught sight in the valley below of an oak, towering above the other trees of the forest, which marked the place of the druid circle, near which her mother slept in her lowly tomb. Imogen could not forget that to that oak was bound one whose days were numbered—one destined to suffer a cruel death by fire. "If God be love," thought the heathen maid, "why is there misery in the world which he made? If the soul be created for endless joys, why is the passage to them so painful and so dark? Why is there sorrow, why is there suffering? This is a mystery too deep for me; I will seek the aged captive again to-night, and ask him why the gloomy shadow of death is cast over this beautiful world."

The day was now advancing, and Imogen turned towards the spring to slake her thirst in its pure waters. She pushed her way with some difficulty towards the little stream, for there were brambles between, which entangled themselves in her rough garment, and wounded the hand which drew them aside. At length Imogen gained the brink of the rivulet, and knelt down to drink; but she suddenly started back with an expression of terror, for half hid by the moss at the bottom of the stream, lay the bloated form of a dead snake of a venomous kind, mingling its poison with the limpid water. Yet the rivulet went on dancing and glittering still, though its fount was tainted with death.

IV.—HOW CAME DEATH INTO THE WORLD?

It was with an emotion of joy that night that the prisoner beheld a light slender form glide between him and the huge idol. With a smile on his pain-worn countenance, Alpheus welcomed the British child.

"I have been praying for thee," said he.

"Then was it thy God who preserved me in danger?" exclaimed Imogen, with awe. "It cannot be, for I know him not."

"But he knows thee; he gave thee life and breath, he guarded thy infancy, and watches over thee now, with a love beyond that of a mother. But what danger hast thou escaped, my child?"

Seated at the captive's feet, Imogen told him

of the serpent, and how nearly she had drunk of the tainted stream. His look of interest encouraged her to proceed; her lonely, desolate heart had at length found one in whom she felt that there was sympathy and kindness, and her naturally thoughtful and enquiring mind gladly opened itself to a superior intellect, that neither despised its ignorance nor repelled its confidence.

"And now, stranger," exclaimed Imogen, "if there is but one God, and that God is love, why has he made the earth full of danger and pain?"

"The earth, alas! is not as the Lord created it at first. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth; and God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good."

"Then whence came the change?" asked Imogen.

"It is a long and a sad story," replied Alpheus; "it is recorded in the book which God himself has given to us, and I will try to relate it to thee in the very words of that book as they are written on my memory and in my heart.

"The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. And the Lord planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man whom he had formed. And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an helpmeet for him. Thus Adam and Eve, our first parents, were made holy, happy, rejoicing in the Lord. For God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him. There was no sorrow then, my child; there was neither pain nor death."

"And how came they into the world?"

"The Lord commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it, for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

"That was no hard command to obey," said Imogen, "when all other fruits were before them."

"Now the serpent was more subtile than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?"

"Could a serpent speak?" enquired Imogen, in surprise.

"It was an evil spirit, Satan, who had taken the form of a serpent, that spoke. Satan was an angel who had rebelled against the Most High, and who, banished from heaven, saw the innocent with envy, and sought to drag them with him in his fall. He could not harm our first parents, but by tempting them to sin he desired to make them as miserable as himself."

"And what replied the woman?" said Imogen; "or did she not rather fly from the tempter?"

"The woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden; but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat."

"Alas!" cried Imogen, "they had broken the one command, and must die."

"And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day; and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden. And the Lord God called unto Adam and said unto him, Where art thou?"

"Oh! how fearful that voice must have sounded to him then!" exclaimed Imogen. "And did God indeed punish his disobedient creatures with death?"

"From that fatal hour death began his reign. The ground, cursed for their sakes, produced thorns and briars. Adam and Eve, and all we who have sprung from them, became subject to sickness and grief, the death of the body, and the endless suffering of the soul."

"Must all perish for the sin of one?" exclaimed Imogen.

"Alas! sin is now our heritage as well as death. The weed can produce but the weed; when the serpent has tainted the spring, the poison is mixed in each drop. No child of Adam can be pure; and the God of love is the God of holiness."

"What can we then do to be saved?" cried Imogen, in a tone of despair. "If thou hast come but to tell us that our doom is death here, and misery hereafter, oh! it had been better to have left us in darkness still, where we might at least have been gladdened by hope."

"There is hope!" exclaimed Alpheus; "blessed be God, there is ——"

"Hark!" cried Imogen, bending forward to listen, with an expression of fear in her face.

"What dost thou hear, my child?"

"It is Urien the druid upon his nightly watch. He is purifying himself by fasting and

vigil. He must not find me here; he has struck me ere now for a lighter offence, and——"

"Go then, and the blessing of God go with thee."

"Oh, Lord," exclaimed Alpheus, as Imogen disappeared, "if thou hast granted my prayer to lead this one lamb of thy flock to thee, welcome be suffering with such a reward, welcome even the bitter cup of death; for the rescued one will be my joy and crown through eternity."

Urien approached, and gazed sternly and silently upon his victim. He stooped and raised a sharp stone from the ground, and flung with the force of his strong arm at the unresisting form before him. Oh, man! sin must indeed have deeply tainted the whole spring of thy being, ere thy soul can find pleasure in adding to the overflowing measure of human suffering, or rejoice in sharing the work of Satan.

THE LITURGY OF THE VAUDOIS.

The specimens which have already appeared of the public liturgy of the church of the Valleys, may awaken a desire for further extracts. Two striking points of difference between it and the service of our national church may already have been observed. The one is, the prayers of the Vaudois are not broken into a number of short collects, each one confined to its own subject, but are continued *in extenso*. The other is, that no provision is made for responses by the people. The minister alone speaks audibly, even when uttering the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed.

At the evening service, the general confession is the same with that used in the morning. The intercessory prayer, after the reading of God's word, is similar in subject, but is happily varied in expression. The following prayer, before the reading of the Scriptures, is one which might be well used by any Christian at the commencement of divine service.

"Oh Lord, as we are here assembled together in thy name, still to sanctify this sabbath-day, to hear and meditate upon thy word, which thou hast given to be a lamp to our feet and a light to our path, we pray thee, for the love of Jesus Christ, whom thou hast given to be the light of the world, to illuminate our understandings, and to give us thy Holy Spirit, to lead us into the knowledge of the truth, and to sanctify us. Give us grace to listen with attention to thy word, to understand its meaning, and to conform our lives to the instructions which it gives; to the end that what we hear may tend to the glory of thy name, to our advancement in godliness, and to the comfort and salvation of our souls, by Jesus Christ our Lord, in whose name we pray, and say, Our Father," etc.

Besides the services of the congregation, there are special public services for the catechetical instruction of the young. The baptised children, though not communicants, are still regarded as members of the church, subjected to pastoral care and discipline, to be trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord by the parents in private, and in public by the ministers. The following prayers, before and after the examination, may assist Christian parents at home in their supplications for their little ones.

PRAYER BEFORE CATECHISING.

"Almighty God, our heavenly Father, this is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. Thou willest that all men should come to the knowledge of the truth: for this purpose thou hast commanded us to declare thy word, not only to adults but also to children, and to bring them up under thy discipline, and to communicate to them thy teaching. We pray thee, therefore, with all our hearts, to give them grace, that laying aside all malice, they may ardently desire to arrive at the knowledge of thy word, that by it they may grow in wisdom and in grace before thee and before men; that they may all be of those little ones, out of whose mouths thou hast perfected thy praise; that they may form a new elect people, a royal priesthood, and a holy nation.

"Vouchsafe also to all of us, of whatever age, thy Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of thyself. Illuminate our minds, that we may know what are the truths we ought to believe, and the precepts we ought to practise, that we may live in a manner worthy of our glorious calling, and share in the great blessings of which it inspires the hope. Grant that, following the truth with love, and growing up in all things in him who is the head, Jesus Christ, we may love thee, we may adore thee, and glorify thee; we may edify our neighbours, and adorn the doctrine of God, our Saviour, in all things, by a course truly Christian, which may be acceptable to thee by Jesus Christ, who has commanded us to pray, and say, Our Father," etc.

PRAYER AFTER CATECHISING.

"Merciful God, and our Father, we continue to adore thee from the depth of our hearts; we give thee humble thanks for all the blessings which thou hast heaped upon us; above all that thou hast caused us to be born in thy Church, in which we have been consecrated to thee by baptism; and for that, whilst so many peoples remain plunged in the shades of error and igno-

rance, thou hast caused our children and ourselves to be instructed in the knowledge of thy truth, which is according to godliness. We earnestly entreat thee to render effectual, by the power of thy Holy Spirit, all those salutary instructions which we have just heard, and all that we shall hear in the future; that we may be filled with the knowledge of thy will, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding. Grant, O God, that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith; that we may walk before thy face, that we may be perfect, and bring forth abundantly the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ to thy glory and praise; and that at last our whole persons, body and soul, may be preserved without blame unto the coming of Jesus Christ. Grant us these favours, Father of mercy, through the Divine Redeemer, who has taught us thus to pray: Our Father," etc.

When the youth of both sexes have been fully instructed in the principles of Christianity, they are received to the Lord's Supper, on a public profession of their faith. The form of reception is as follows: after the sermon, the pastor calls the catechumens by name, and addresses the whole assembly in these words:—

"My brethren, we are about to receive, with due solemnity, to the participation of the holy supper, the young persons whom you see here, and who in a personal examination have given satisfactory evidence of their instruction. They come to ratify, intelligently and publicly, the vow which has been made for them by their baptism, that they may henceforth enjoy all the privileges which Jesus Christ has granted to Christians.

"The transaction is important. It ought to cause us all to withdraw within ourselves, and recal to memory the favours which are found in fellowship with our Saviour, and the engagements into which we have entered with him. Let us bring to it all the attention of which we are capable.

"We will begin by impressing upon these young people, the engagements which they make who enter the Christian church, after which we will pray God that he may grant us all grace perfectly to fulfil our duties."

The pastor then addresses the catechumens, and says:—"You, then, who desire to be admitted to the holy supper, and have been instructed in the truths of the gospel, are you so fully convinced of those truths that nothing can induce you to renounce the Christian religion, and that you will be ready to endure all suffering rather than abandon its profession?"

Answer—"Yes."

"Have you examined yourselves, and are you resolved to renounce sin, and to regulate your lives according to the commandments of God?"

Answer—"Yes."

"Ever to strengthen your faith and piety, do you promise to apply yourselves carefully to the reading and meditation of God's word, and to prayer; to frequent constantly the sacred assemblies, and to employ all other means with which Providence may furnish to work out your salvation?"

Answer—"Yes."

"Do you then sincerely and heartily confirm the vow of your baptism, which obliges you to renounce the world and its vanities, to combat your passions, and to consecrate yourselves to God and to Jesus Christ, and constantly to live soberly, righteously, and godly?"

Answer—"Yes."

The pastor, addressing himself to the catechumens, thus continues:—

"In consequence of these declarations, and of these promises, I admit you, in the presence of this sacred assembly, to the participation of the Lord's Supper, to the end that you may enjoy all the privileges of the new covenant, which God has entered into with us by his Son.

"Clearly understand the importance and the force of the engagements you have undertaken, and remember them during all your life. Reflect that it is to God, our Creator, and to Jesus Christ, our Redeemer and our Judge, that you have made these promises, and that on the care which you take in accomplishing them depends your eternal happiness or misery. Conduct yourselves, therefore, for the future in a manner worthy of your vocation. Let the light of your good works shine before men. Live in the exercise of the humility and obedience due to all your superiors. Give yourselves up to godliness, to charity, and to all Christian virtues. Labour to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord.

"For this purpose, implore every day the help of God. Nourish yourselves with his word. Unite watchfulness with prayer. Avoid evil companions. Flee youthful lusts, dissipation, idleness, vanity, the love of pleasure and of unrestraint.

"In devoting yourself thus to God from your youth, you will become so habituated to fulfil your duties, that the yoke of the Lord will appear to you sweet, and his burden light, and it will be a joy to you to do that which is right. God on his part will bless you, and give you his peace, which passes all understanding. The eye of the Eternal will be upon you, and his ear will be open to your cry. The blood of the Lord Jesus Christ will cleanse you from all sin. Fear nothing. He who is in you is mightier than the world: his strength will be made perfect in your weakness: you will be able to do all things through Christ strengthening you. At the hour of death you will be sustained by

the hope of a blessed resurrection; and after having enjoyed here below the fruits of holiness, you will possess in the end everlasting life."

Then the pastor, speaking to all the assembly, says: "You, my brethren, who this day behold these young people entering into a more intimate connection with you, redouble your affection and your sentiments of charity towards them. Let us all unite together as the members of the same body, and fervently entreat our God to pour his grace upon us, and to lead us by his Spirit."

The following prayer is then offered; the catechumens kneeling:—

"O Lord our God, and our heavenly Father, who hast formed a church upon the earth, and hast promised to preserve it to the end of the world, and then to elevate it to thy glory; to thee we present these young persons, who are prostrate before thee, to be solemnly received into this holy society. . . . They come to consecrate themselves to thy service, and to supplicate thee to look upon them as thy children. They have learned to know thee, O our God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent. They are persuaded that there is salvation in no other, and they desire to share in the blessings of the sacrifice which he has offered to thee, and in the efficacy of his intercession. O God, accept these dispositions of their hearts, and receive them into the communion of thy Son. They promise to obey thy laws; they vow in thy presence to be faithful. Bless these holy resolutions, and give them strength to execute them. Grant, Lord, that being sustained by thy help, they may ardently love thy truth, may ever labour to know thee more perfectly, and that they may profess it with constancy to the end of their days: that they may fight against sin, may renounce the world and its false joys and vain expectations, and that their conduct may be that of citizens of heaven. Let the sacrament, in which they are about to participate, be accompanied in their experience by a new measure of thy grace. Let thy Holy Spirit become the lord of their affections, and bring them into perfect subjection to thy will; and when they depart from this life, may they obtain the end and the reward of their faith, the eternal salvation of their souls.

"O, Almighty God, we bless thee that thou hast preserved this church, and that amidst the storms which have overwhelmed so many others, thou hast sustained it, and given it the comfort of receiving new children. Grant that all its members may uphold the honour of their religion by a holy life, and may one day be received into the heavenly Jerusalem with all the just who are made perfect."

Then follow the intercessions and thanksgivings of the usual morning service. Such a service as this cannot fail to affect the hearts of the young, and has been reckoned by some to be amongst the chief causes to which the preservation of the religion of the Vaudois from one generation to another is to be ascribed.

THE JEWS IN NORTH AFRICA.

It is singular that, although Christian missions to the Jews have been actively carried forward during the last fifty years, the Jewish colonies now existing in North Africa have attracted, we believe, little attention till very recently. But while everybody is applauding the indomitable energy of the explorers of Central Africa, a tale may be told of 700,000 veritable sons of Abraham within a day's sail of Europe, which will convince the reader that he has only to cross the Mediterranean at Gibraltar, and pursue the coast line towards Cairo, in order to find one of the noblest mission-fields in the whole world.

The fifteenth century in Spain was an era of awful bloodshed. It was then that Ferdinand and Isabella established the tribunal known as the new inquisition. An institution of the same kind had previously existed, invented by the Dominican monks as an instrument for the destruction of the Vaudois. This, however, was organized with far more of systematic and ferocious cruelty. One of its chief distinctions was that it was directed mainly against the Jews. Ferdinand was induced to favour it for the sake of the large wealth which he knew he should derive from confiscations; and his queen, though at first reluctant, was drawn into it by a vow that she had once made before her confessor, that if ever she came to the throne she would "maintain the Catholic faith with all her power, and extirpate heresy to the very root." During three centuries this vow was most fearfully put into execution; for 17,000 victims endured death, numbers were also burnt in effigy, and 90,000 others were condemned to suffer minor penalties.

It was in the year 1492 that the scourge came in all its terror upon the Jews. The monks industriously circulated a report that the Jews had seized a monk and killed him for a sacrifice. They surely, in making this charge, must have forgotten one point of the law which the Jews always carefully observed. He was prohibited from offering anything except it was "without blemish." However, the scandal was simultaneously sent forth from a large number of points, and accomplished the tour of the Spanish cities, and towns, and villages, with the speed of lightning. The government would gladly

have hushed this matter up, for the Jews were after all of the highest value to the empire, and it was but policy to give them all possible liberty. It was now about three hundred years since they colonized in Spain, and they had proved good friends to the country of their adoption. Up to this time, indeed, the Spanish sovereigns had shown the high estimation in which their services were held by encouraging their energies, and even conferring on them high offices of responsibility. They had long been both the physicians and the financiers of Spain, and she has never seen their equal. Even Ferdinand and Isabella had received good and faithful service from them; and many of the nobles of Arragon had sprung from their race.

But the popular outcry, goaded to fanatic fury by the jealous monks, was too desperate to be disregarded by the throne; and just at the same moment that the last Moslem kingdom in the peninsula was made to submit, there came forth from Granada, the capital, an edict that no one who was a Jew by religion must remain in the Spanish dominions after four months from that date. Only four months' notice for 600,000 citizens, whose fathers had already left a noble history in that country, to quit its shores for ever! A colony of two or three hundred years' growth to be torn up by the roots and swept clean from its coasts in a single winter! Such were the thanks which the Jews received for raising Spain to a state of prosperity which she has never seen since. It was stated, indeed, that they might dispose of their property and export the value in bills of exchange; though they must not carry away gold, silver, or jewels, except to a certain amount. But this was simply a deception; for the laws of trade were at the same time so adapted, by temporary restrictions, to the plunder of the poor exiles, that "a house was sold for an ass, and a vineyard for a piece of linen." Many families, who had lived in comfort and inherited fair domains, went homeless to the wide waste, and their clothes were even torn from their backs as they went.

But whither should they go? This was the question which many a father and mother asked the king and queen, with looks of unutterable distress, as they pointed to their little helpless ones. Aye, whither? The nearest asylum was the deep billows of the Mediterranean; and many, many a watery grave was found there by heroes whose memories have been forgotten, but who acted worthily as members of the race, "whose were the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came." They endured exile, famine, death, rather than forsake the religion which Ferdinand would have had them exchange for the worship of Mary and the saints. More than half a million in those few weeks were scattered, like the leaves of a withered tree. Even a man of the world who had no sympathy with their religious heroism, felt the heart of the poet moved to the most passionate utterance when he read of their sufferings. Thus he addresses them:—

> "Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
> How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
> The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
> Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!"

Many were robbed of everything by the pilots who engaged to convey them across to Africa. Some were heedlessly thrown overboard, as soon as their little property had been secured. A few struggled safely through the waves; and one, whose history has been written by a French author, made this insertion in his diary: "To-day we reached the dreary coast of Africa. No sooner had we landed than my wife died of starvation. The same day both my sons died. I made them three graves of sand, and then I cried out, 'My God! my misfortunes would tempt me to abjure thy law; but I am a Jew; do with me as thou wilt; I will be faithful.'"

Such was the ancestry of the present North African Jew. He is descended from the finest specimen of his race; while he holds his traditions with the same determined grasp, he has received with them a heritage of hardship and pain. Walter Scott said he could only liken the Jews to the flying fish, which flew from the foe in the water only to be pounced upon by another in the air. And so the Spanish exiles found it. Some of them were even followed to Africa by monks, who, finding them in a state of starvation, held a piece of bread out to them in one hand, and a crucifix in the other. But the men who would lie down and die rather than abandon their faith, have left behind them sturdy sons, who have managed to bear up under all the oppressions of the Mohammedan yoke; and there they are, still patiently enduring the most cruel degradation, but resolutely maintaining the religious customs of their nation. Bespoiled of everything else, they have perpetuated their synagogues.

Their adherence to the Old Testament (though mixed up with much of the error with which the rabbis have filled their other sacred books) gives the Protestant missionary an easy access to their ear, as he at once finds a ground of argument; and they greatly respect the man who will reason with them out of their own Scriptures. It is also remarkable that in all the cities above mentioned, though you dare not attempt the conversion either of a Mahommedan or of a Papist, the law allows you to speak and labour as freely as you like, if you confine yourself to the Jews. These circumstances have

lately encouraged good men to attempt the mission work among them in the form of conversations with individuals in their own houses, in the shops, and in the streets. This has been intended to serve only as an introduction to schools and other permanent efforts. The experience of one of them is peculiarly interesting.

He was a young Jew, living in Gibraltar, but belonging to Africa, and strongly attached to all the Jewish traditions, when he became converted to Christ chiefly by reading the "Pilgrim's Progress." He felt an irrepressible desire to try and make Christ known to his relatives and countrymen. But they lived in a territory on the north-west of Africa, where the government is fearfully tyrannic. The law of that country inflicts death upon any Jew that shall change his religion, unless he becomes a Mahommedan. To go therefore as a Christian Jew into his native land, would be to expose himself to immediate death; and would this be right? He thought and prayed over this question until he could no longer stay the yearnings of his heart, and at length, in 1846, he embarked. He landed in a coast town where he had every reason to expect that if the Jews made any stir on his account, he would at once be put to the test. He took lodgings, opened a sale of Bibles in the Judæo-Spanish language, gave away a few Testaments to those who engaged to read them, and also some selections from an excellent work by Dr. Mc All of London, entitled, "The Old Paths."

In a few days the whole town was full of excitement. It so happened that the chief rabbi was then residing there; and this rendered our friend's position the more dangerous, for the chief rabbi is supreme in the ecclesiastical affairs of the Jews, and could easily have procured his arrest and execution. However, one morning there came a message from his reverence, who knew the family of the young man, and seemed anxious to reclaim him to Judaism, asking whether he would have any objection to a visit from the chief rabbi. The proposal was courageously welcomed. The rabbi came, and twenty other dignitaries came with him. An argument of six hours' duration followed, and at length the rabbi actually invited the missionary to a private interview at his house. The next morning found this young Jew closeted with the rabbi, and probing his conscience with the Old Testament prophecies and the types of the law. The rabbi became impressed, and for some time afterwards even read "The Old Paths" with his students in the place of a lesson from the Talmud.

The missionary left those dominions, where stood the very citadels of Mahommedan and of Jewish bigotry, without a hair of his head being touched. He pushed on through several cities, till he reached the borders of the Great Desert, and entered the gates of an ancient seat of despotism, where no Christian missionary had been known to make his appearance for 1500 years. Here an outcry was instantly raised. The sabbath was coming on; and on the morning of that day every synagogue was made to ring again with the declaration of the rabbis, that "any Jew having intercourse with the missionary should be accursed." This, however, only had the fine effect of advertising him to the whole community; and as they came out of the synagogue, knots were seen here and there discussing who this innovator could be, with the utmost curiosity. Many seemed to think that the anger and fear of the rabbis proved him to be "some great one;" others began to manifest indignant independence of spirit at being thus forbidden to exercise their own free will; and what with the curious and the independent, the rabbis had no satisfaction, and our friend no rest while he stayed in that city, for his lodgings were literally besieged day and night by Jewish visitors, inquiring about his doctrines and buying his books.

It is gratifying to add that this young servant of God, who has been instrumental in the conversion of several relatives, including his father, is still at work in North Africa, among the small band sent forth by Christians of various denominations, who are seeking to show the oppressed Israelites the difference between that intolerant spirit which cast their fathers out of Spain, and that loving Saviour who once wept so compassionately over his blinded brethren.

JEWISH PRIEST AT PRAYERS, WEARING THE PHYLACTERY AND VEIL.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

SINS ESTIMATED BY THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN.

PART II.

II. BRING our hearts into heaven, and there, laying them open to view, see how they will appear in that world of unclouded light and unsullied purity.

And, oh, how do they appear! What a disclosure is made when, with the dissecting knife of a spiritual anatomist, we lay open the human heart, with all its dark recesses and intricate windings, and expose the lurking abominations which it conceals, not to the light of day, but to the light of heaven! My hearers, even in this sinful world the spectacle which such a disclosure would exhibit could not be borne. The man, whose heart should thus be laid open to public view, would be banished from society; nay, he would himself fly from it, overwhelmed with shame and confusion. Of this every man is sensible, and therefore conceals his heart from all eyes with jealous care. Every man is conscious of many thoughts and feelings which he would be ashamed to express to his most intimate friend. Even those profligate, abandoned wretches, who glory in foaming out their own shame, and whose mouths, like an open sepulchre, breathe out moral contagion, putrefaction, and death, scarcely dare utter to their own equally abandoned associates every thought and feeling which arises within them. And if this is the fact, if the heart, laid open to view, would appear thus black in this dark, sinful world, who can describe or conceive of the blackness which it must exhibit when surrounded by the dazzling whiteness of heaven, and seen in the light of God's presence, the light of his holiness and glory? How do proud, self-exalting thoughts appear when viewed in the presence of him before whom all the nations of the earth are less than nothing and vanity? How do self-will, impatience, and discontent with the allotments of Providence appear, when viewed as exercised before the throne of the infinite, eternal, universal Sovereign? How do angry, envious, revengeful feelings appear in the eyes of the God of love, and in those regions of love where, since the expulsion of the rebel angels, not one such feeling has ever been exercised? How do wanton, impure thoughts appear—but we cannot pursue the loathsome, sickening enumeration. Surely, if all the evil thoughts and wrong feelings which have passed in countless numbers through either of our hearts, were poured out in heaven, angels would stand aghast at the sight, and all their benevolence would scarcely prevent them from exclaiming in holy indignation, Away with him to the abode of his kindred spirits in the abyss! To the omniscient God alone would the sight not be surprising. He knows, and he alone knows, what is in the heart of man; and what he knows of it he has described in brief but terribly expressive terms. The heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their hearts. The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked! Thus our own hearts appear even to us, if we view them in the light of God's countenance, and recollect that in his sight thoughts and feelings are actions, that a wanton look is adultery, and hatred murder.

III. Having thus viewed our actual sins of heart and life, as they appear in the light of heaven, let us take a similar view of our sins of omission. Should we neglect to do this, we should see but a small part of our sinfulness; for our sins of omission are by far the most numerous, and by no means the least criminal offences of which we are guilty. But before we proceed to take this view, allow me to remind you once more where you are, and in whose presence you stand. Recollect all which you have heard and seen of God's infinite perfections, of his unapproachable glory, of the offices which he sustains, of the works which he has performed, of the blessings which he has bestowed upon us, and upon our fellow creatures. Look at him once more, as he appears when seen in the light of heaven; as he appears in the eyes of the angels and archangels around you, and then say what he deserves from his creatures. Does he not deserve, can you avoid perceiving that he deserves, all their admiration, love, reverence, confidence, gratitude, and obedience? Does he not, O does he not, deserve to be loved, and feared, and served with all the heart, and soul, and mind, and strength? This, you are sensible, is what his law requires of us; and can any requisition be more just and reasonable? Can we refuse to comply with it? can we withhold our affections and services from such a Being as this, without incurring great and aggravated guilt? Yet this, my fellow sinners, is the Being from whom we have all withheld our affections and services. Our whole lives present one unbroken series of duties neglected, of favours not acknowledged. And, oh, how do

they appear when we review them in the light of God's countenance! When we see before us our Creator, our Preserver, our Benefactor, our Sovereign, and our heavenly Father! when we see in him, to whom all these titles belong, infinite excellence, perfection, glory and beauty! when we see with what profound veneration, with what raptures of holy, grateful affection, he is regarded and served by all the bright armies of heaven; and then turn and contemplate our past lives, and reflect how they must appear in his sight, can we refrain from exclaiming with Job, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eyes seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes? I have sinned; what shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men?" Must not each of us say with the psalmist, "Innumerable evils have compassed me about; mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of my head; therefore my heart faileth me." Nay, more; when you see what God is, and how he is worshipped in heaven, and then look at the coldness, the formality, the want of reverence, with which you have often approached him in prayer, and listened to his word, must you not feel conscious that should he call you into judgment, you could not answer for one in a thousand of the iniquities which have stained your holy things, your religious duties?

But the duties which we owe to God are not the only duties which we are required and which we have neglected to perform. While his law requires us to love him with all the heart, it also requires us to love our neighbour as ourselves. And this general command virtually includes a great number of subordinate precepts; precepts which prescribe the duties of the various relations that subsist between us and our fellow creatures. And how far have we obeyed these precepts? How far have we performed the duties which God requires of us as husbands, as wives, as parents, as children, as masters, as servants, as citizens, and as members of the human family? When we spread our lives before God, and look at them as they appear in the light of his countenance, can we fail to perceive that we have in all these respects been grossly deficient, that we have left undone many, very many things which we ought to have done, and that we are far from having discharged the duties of a single relation which we sustain? O, how much more might we have done than we actually have done, to promote the temporal and eternal happiness of all with whom we are connected!

Nor do our sins of omission end here. There is another Being whom we are under infinite obligations to love, and praise, and serve with supreme affection. This Being is the Lord Jesus Christ, considered as our Redeemer and Saviour, who has bought us with his own blood. We are required and sacredly bound to feel that we are not our own, but his; to prefer him to every earthly object, to rely upon him with implicit confidence, to live not to ourselves but to him, and to honour him even as we honour the Father. Every moment, then, in which we neglected to obey these commands, we were guilty of a new sin of omission. Nor have we the smallest excuse for neglecting to obey these commands; for he is most worthy of all which they require. Even the angels, for whom he never died, regard him as worthy to receive everything which creatures can give. Much more, then, may it be expected that we, for whom he has done and suffered so much, should regard and treat him as worthy. But how grossly have we failed in performing this part of our duty! How must the manner in which we have treated his beloved Son, appear in the sight of God? How does it appear to us, when we contemplate him as he appears in heaven; when we see the place which he there fills; when we recollect that in him all the fulness of the Godhead dwells, and that to him are unceasingly ascribed wisdom, and strength, and blessing, and honour, and glory, and power?

The subject before us is far from being exhausted, and very far from having had justice done to it; but we must leave it, and hasten to a conclusion. Before we close, however, permit me to ask whether you cannot now perceive the reason why your sins appear more numerous and criminal in the sight of God than they do in your own? Have you seen or heard nothing which convinces you that they are far more numerous and aggravated than you had supposed? If so, you have seen nothing of what has been exhibited; you have, properly speaking, heard nothing which has been said; you have not seen your sins in the light of God's countenance; for had you seen them in that light, they would have appeared, in some measure, to you as they appear to God himself. Witness, for instance, the effect which a view of God's glory produced upon the prophet Isaiah. Though he was an eminently good man, and had probably fewer sins to answer for than either of us, yet when in vision he saw Jehovah seated upon his eternal throne, and heard the surrounding seraphim exclaiming, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory"—he cried out in amazement and consternation, "Woe is me; for I am undone; I am a man of unclean lips." In a similar manner, my readers, would you have been affected had you seen even but a glimpse of those glories which we have vainly attempted

to exhibit. Can you not easily conceive that this would have been the case? Can you not conceive that were you really placed in heaven before the throne of God, with all the light of his glory shining around you, all the majesty of his countenance beaming upon you, every glance of his omniscient eye piercing your hearts, your sins would appear to you far more black and numerous than they now do? If so, allow me to remind you that a day is approaching in which you will be constrained to see your sins, as they appear in the light of God's countenance. When that day arrives, his eternal Son, the appointed Judge, will be seen coming in the clouds of heaven, with all his Father's glories blazing around him, and all the bright armies of heaven following in his train. Seated on a throne of resplendent whiteness, with a countenance from the terrors of which the heavens and the earth will flee affrighted, he will summon the whole race of men before him, and there cause their lives to pass in review, expose all their secret sins, lay open the inmost recesses of their hearts; while the flood of pure, celestial light which pours itself around him will by contrast cause their blackness to appear sevenfold more black. Then all disputes respecting the depravity of mankind and the demerit of sin will be ended for ever. Then no more complaint of the strictness of God's laws, or of the severity of the punishment which it denounces upon transgressors, will be heard; for every mouth shall be stopped, and all the world stand guilty before God. But a conviction of sinfulness and guilt will then come too late; for there is no available repentance beyond the grave. He that is found a sinner at the judgment day will continue a sinner, and be treated as a sinner for ever. Oh, then, my hearers, be persuaded now to come to the light, that your deeds may be reproved and set in order before you; exercise such feelings respecting them, and so judge yourselves, that you may not be condemned of the Lord in that day.

MRS. SHERWOOD.

PART II.—INDIAN LIFE.

A PAINFUL parting with parent and child, and the varied dangers of a long voyage in war times, were not likely to diminish the seriousness and earnestness which had now begun to characterize Mrs. Sherwood. She furnishes us with no connected detail of her religious progress; but there are incidental notices in her autobiography which are full of meaning. After describing the inconveniences of her miserable little cabin on board "The Devonshire," she relates how at a certain hour her husband came down to read the Bible to her, and adds: "I have some very, very sweet recollections of home, which were particularly blessed to us in that dark corner where no light ever visited, and where no pure breath of heaven could blow." For such diligent and loving students of the Scriptures, though yet but feeling their way to its meaning, through much darkness and the misconceptions of education and previous feeling, there is great hope. But they are about to be placed in a situation of peculiar danger. In the dark land they are approaching, their countrymen have but too generally thrown off all thought of that God and that religion which had never been to them anything more than the God and the religion of their country. Scarcely less sad than the base idolatry of its native population, was the utter disregard of all religion which at this period characterised the English residents in India.

The 53rd regiment was ordered to Dinapore, and here the wife of Capt. Sherwood arranged her first Indian home. Everybody knows the ordinary routine of an English lady's life in the east, and no one expects her to leave her couch and her novel, perchance, save for her drives and her parties. Already Mrs. Sherwood was above sinking into such a course as this. She possessed both physical and mental activity too great to be repressed into downright indolence, even by the enervating climate of India; and there was awakened in her soul a solemn sense of the value of life as God's gift, to be employed for his glory and the good of men, which forbade her passing an entirely self-seeking or useless life.

At Dinapore, though a wife and a mother, we find her working as assiduously for others as in her maiden days at Bridgenorth. There is no schoolmaster in the regiment, and the Sherwoods, grieved to see the poor children grow up in utter ignorance, arrange to have them taught within their own premises, charging themselves with both the trouble and the expense. The lady undertakes the office of schoolmistress, her only assistant being a certain staid sober sergeant, who, acting as clerk to her husband (he being paymaster) now consents, with a little extra remuneration, to take the office of under pedagogue. Even in healthful England, it were no easy task for a delicately nurtured lady to spend four hours daily in instructing a set of rude, noisy, ill-trained urchins; in the exhausting climate of India, and frequently with a young baby, such labour may well be denominated heroic. "My school," she writes, "gradually increased from the thirteen, with whom it first began, to forty or fifty. It consisted chiefly of the children from the barracks, with a few officers' children, in general even worse

behaved, because more pampered, than the soldiers' children, and children perhaps of merchants and other people in the neighbourhood of the cantonment in which I might chance to be. I refused none who came to ask me to receive and instruct their little ones, not even when the children were coloured; but I was speedily brought to see that many of my pupils were extremely wicked, and complaints of very bad language and very bad conduct were brought to me."

Strange enough pupils presented themselves sometimes. At Cawnpore, she was surprised one morning by the arrival at her school-room, in quest of knowledge, of a young man, a half-caste Portuguese, "foppishly dressed in white nankeen, with rings and brooches, and when out of doors, wearing white gloves; his general air and manner was free and easy to a degree difficult to be described." "Poor Decoster [the name of the youth] had heard that there was instruction to be had by asking for it at Mr. Corrie's, and he came and begged to be taught, having been introduced by some of Mr. Corrie's many protegés. Mr. Corrie forthwith sent him to me, with a note, expressing his hope that I would instruct him. I was certainly somewhat puzzled what to do with him, as I never professed to teach grown gentlemen; however, I located him in the boy's room, and between myself and Sergeant Clarke we gave him lessons, though I could not set him in any class, and was obliged to give him lessons apart from the children. After I had dismissed the school, during the hot winds season, I had more time to give him religious instruction, and instruction in writing English, but he was so wrapped up in his own self-sufficiency that it seemed utterly impossible to teach either his heart or understanding. When I saw Mr. Corrie next, after this addition to our seminary, I said, 'By the bye, what could have induced you to send me such a pupil as you did this morning?' He laughed, and replied, 'Because I could not bear to teach him myself; I could not stand his extreme self-sufficiency and forwardness.' However, I continued to do what I could, till the youth got tired of us all, and absented himself entirely."

When at Meerut, she tells us a Colonel Ruttledge "sent a band of young black drummers and trumpeters with his compliments, and he should be obliged to me if I would instruct them. I was, indeed, then ready to refuse, for some of these boys were taller than myself; but I did not."

Another of Mrs. Sherwood's benevolent projects was the care of orphans. Very touching, and full of encouragement to believing parents, is the story of the first parentless child, the first of many who found a home and a mother's care in the house of the pious officer. While at Berhampore, and temporary residents in the house of the chaplain, their host, Mr. Parson, was called to see a sick woman. He came home much affected. The patient was a young woman recently arrived from England, and was fast dying. She had not had time to make acquaintances in the regiment. "She was quite alone, saving that on her pillow sat a little pale girl, not much more than three years old, a sweet little creature, wholly unconscious of her threatened loss. The dying woman had sent to Mr. Parson as the minister of Christ; but, as often happens between the minister and the person dying, the holy lesson was to come from her to him, and not from him to her. He found her furnished with much religious knowledge of the best kind. She repeated, he said, many passages from the Scriptures, and from 'Watts' Hymns,' (these last were at that time universally taught in Sunday and other schools.) She gave this evidence of her faith—an evidence the strength of which a tender mother only can comprehend: she expressed herself in that, her dying hour, perfectly assured, without a shadow of uneasiness, that her little beloved one would be well provided for, yea, even better than she could do for her herself."

Some time after, while at Cawnpore, Mrs. Sherwood determined to adopt a motherless girl, and having employed a woman in the regiment to look out for one, she was much affected by having brought to her the little pale creature whom Mr. Parson found sitting on her mother's dying pillow. Anne Childe had now lost her father as well; but He to whom the pious mother's faith had entrusted her, had now provided for her all which that mother's heart could desire. The history of this interesting orphan, who grew up a singularly sweet girl, is given by Mrs. Sherwood in her work called "The Indian Orphans."

But to resume Mrs. Sherwood's more personal history. The first chaplain under whose teaching she found herself was of the world, worldly—a man who could frequent gay dinner parties, and even traffic on the Lord's day. But, happily, there were English chaplains in India, even then, of a far different character. These were the days when this land was blessed with the holy ministrations of Browne and Daniel Corrie, Henry Martyn and Thomason. Mr. Parson, too, belonged to this small but most noble brotherhood, and his labours were made useful to an inquirer.

"Our chaplain," she writes, "was undoubtedly my first teacher (through the Divine Spirit) of this very essential truth, that man's nature is depraved, for he admitted this doctrine as explained in our ninth article. He stated

that original sin belonged to all the children of Adam. . . . . He showed me many texts which proved his words, and I sought out many others. I found immediate comfort in the doctrine; it was the comfort of one who, having long felt himself sick, finds the nature of his disease and its remedy laid open before him. I was then, through Divine mercy, precisely in that state to receive, to admit, and to make my own, all that Mr. Parson taught me on this subject of original sin. I read with greediness a book which he lent me, namely, 'Owen on Indwelling Sin.'"

To their next station, Cawnpore, Henry Martyn came, and for some time Daniel Corrie also resided there. How happy they justly esteemed themselves to be brought into such society. Other messengers for good their Lord sent them likewise. He subjected them to the teaching of severe bereavements. Two fair children are taken from their arms, and though it is sad to hear the first anguished cries of the mother, it is profitable to observe how the purposes for which the rod is sent are being accomplished.

In this periodical* some passages have already appeared descriptive of the intercourse between Henry Martyn and the Sherwoods. Full of interest and beauty is the whole scene. Now we have this holy man kindly pointing out the beauties of God's word to the little orphan Anne Childe; "the senior wrangler," as Mrs. S. remarks, "and the almost infant Anne conversing together, whilst the elder seemed to be in nowise conscious of any condescension in bringing down his mind to the level of the child's." Then we have the Christian friends spending such evenings as Christians are not always careful to enjoy.

"We were," writes Mrs. S., "during this, our second stay at Cawnpore, peculiarly blessed in our society. Few were the evenings which we did not spend with Mr. Martyn and Mr. Corrie, and twice in the week we all went together to Mr. Martyn's domain, the children not being omitted. First we went to the church bungalow, where we had service, and afterwards to his house. One or other of these excellent men usually expounded to us. Our party consisted of some young officers, who were almost always with us, a few poor, pious soldiers, some orphans of the barracks, and a number of our former pupils. We always sang two or three hymns from the Calcutta collection, and sat at one end of the place of worship, the other and larger end not being finished, and of course not open. After the service, as I said, we went to the bungalow and had supper, and generally concluded with another hymn. Mr. Martyn's principal favourite hymns were:—

'The God of Abraham praise,'

and,

'O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.'

I remember to this hour the spirit of hope and of joy with which we were wont to join in these words:—

'O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, with hope and praise;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.'

Oh, what glorious feelings have we enjoyed when Mr. Martyn, leading the hymn, we all broke forth in one delightful chorus. On such occasions all languor was forgotten, and every heart glowed with holy hope."

The first break in this blessed party was caused by Mr. Martyn's departure for Persia—his departure to his grave. But such friendships and such intercourse are capable of interruption only, not of dissolution. They are eternal.

Captain Sherwood's last station in India was Meerut. He and his wife having given themselves to the Lord, were now active missionaries of the cross. "Our house," writes Mrs. S., "was the only depository of the Scriptures in that part of India. We had been the first to bring the strawberry-plant up the country, but we were far more highly blest in being permitted to bring the translated and printed word of God, before all others, into the province of Delhi." As soon as possible they established a school for native boys in their compound, and set various other agencies for good to work. At home or abroad—amongst the native population, their own poor soldiers, or the magnates of the land—they never lost sight of that great object which lay so near their heart, the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Mrs. Sherwood finding on one occasion that she, with a few other English ladies, would be permitted an interview with a native princess, the Begum Somm, had a Persian Gospel splendidly bound and decorated to present, taking care to place it herself in the hands of the royal lady, who received the gift most graciously. Thus did she sow her seed in the morning, and in the evening withheld not her hand, knowing not which should prosper, this or that.

The fancy loves to hover over this beautiful home in Meerut. It "stood in a large and fair garden, gay with *bambool Parkinsonia* and pome-

* Sunday at Home for 1854, p. 121.

granate, orange and citron, and provided with a long grape trellis." In this garden, amidst fragrant flowers, and approached by a shadowy grape terrace-walk, is seen a second building, a little chapel, erected by Captain Sherwood. And seldom is sanctuary better occupied. Twice or three times a week Mr. Parson performs service there, and all the white population of Meerut are crowded into the little garden temple. The regimental school is held here too; and after parade it is placed at the disposal of the pious men of the regiment (the same who, as has been already mentioned in this journal, used to meet in ravines or woods, or any "secret place they could find, to read, and pray, and sing.") "Never shall I forget," says Mrs. S., "the sweet feelings which we had when the sound of their simple hymns used to reach us within the bungalow, as we sat with our doors open."

A Hindostanee service was conducted in this little chapel by Mr. Sherwood on the Sunday. His wife tells us of an unpleasant dilemma in which she once found herself, in connection with this service, and the very delightful manner in which she was relieved. Capt. Sherwood was absent on military duty, and a Mr. Leonard was expected to take his place in the chapel. The time of meeting arrived. Mrs. Sherwood was standing in the verandah with her little girls, ready to join the congregation, when "the servants came up in high glee, ill concealed by assumed perplexity, to say that the congregation were waiting, but no reader could be seen coming over the plain. Another and another servant followed, each with the same tale.

"The congregation are waiting in the sun," said one: "shall they be dismissed?"

"Open the chapel doors, then," I replied, "and let them in."

"It is very late, and Mr. Leonard is not to be seen," replied the attendant. "He is not coming. Will the Beebee Sahib give orders for dismissing the people?"

"Though sorely perplexed and troubled," says Mrs. S., "I could not find it in my heart to do so. No, I will not, I thought; if they go they must, but I will never order the gates of this little place of worship to be closed. But it was a moment of triumph to the heathen servants, and it was natural for them, by constant applications, to try to obtain orders for dismissing the congregation."

Thus grieved and perplexed, Mrs. Sherwood was looking in all directions for any appearance of Mr. Leonard's arrival (who was detained by illness), when suddenly two strangers appeared —natives, evidently men of rank. The servants quickly opened a way for them, and having made their salams to the lady, they informed her that they were Christians, converts of Mr. Chamberlayne, a Baptist minister, and that they had come expressly to see her. She then related her present embarrassment, when one of her visitors told her he was accustomed to assist Mr. Chamberlayne in his services.

"Will you come with me, then, now?" I said; "you can read and expound to my little congregation."

"With joy," he answered; "and you shall stand by me, and tell me what I shall do."

"Not a moment more was lost; books were placed in the strangers' hands, and they proceeded through the flowery and embowered paths to the little chapel in the pleasure-ground, whilst every Hindoo and Mussulman servant, of every degree in the compound, crowded after them, and filled the place of worship. The stranger took his place at the desk. The Hindostanee version of the English liturgy was opened before him; we directed him how to proceed; little Sally made the responses, and all was delightful.

"The stranger, whose name was Permunund, read extremely well, and was not in the least embarrassed by the novelty of his situation. He went through all the forms of the liturgy as if he had been brought up in Oxford, and the Christians in the place followed his lead, and knelt down and rose up when proper so to do. The Hindoos and Mussulmans who stood around, however, showed their independence, by sitting through the service, or standing with their arms folded. In the places appointed, Permunund gave out hymns, set to some old Eastern melody, some of which are exquisitely sweet, though generally sad. He knew many hymns of this kind, of which our Lord was the theme, and the metre entirely oriental. The voice of this gifted native was uncommonly fine, and when he on this occasion broke forth in the praises of him whose name is the Beloved, I felt that I had never heard such music before. Nor do I ever again expect to hear strains so sweet as those then seemed to be, till all shall be fulfilled of which those songs of holy love were then the earnest. Permunund gave out the words of the hymn, verse by verse. The air was well known to many. Mary and Sarah took up the strain, and every Christian present joined. Thus the chorus was filled, and surely such a chorus had never yet arisen in that province, of old the principal seat of the mighty emperors of Delhi."

This native, whose arrival was so opportune, was engaged by Mrs. Sherwood to remain and take part in their evangelistic labours, and in him they found a useful assistant and friend during the remaining period of their stay in Meerut.

[To be continued.]

A LITTLE ILLNESS NOT CONSIDERED DANGEROUS.

Minister. Good morning, John. I am very sorry to see you wrapped up. What is the matter?

John. Indeed, sir, I have had a bad cold, and somehow got all upset. Out of sorts, you know, sir. But thanks be, I am a good deal better.

Minister. I am glad you are better.

John. Why, it is very provoking for a man like me, with business to attend to and a family to maintain, to be laid up.

John's wife. Ay, sure enough it is.

Minister. Perhaps you may have learned some profitable lessons which will make up for the loss of time. Now I should be glad to know what serious thoughts have occupied your mind during this day or two while you have been ill.

John's wife. Oh, it was not at all dangerous. He'll be out again to-morrow or next day.

Minister. I hope you don't think serious thoughts are only fit for a dangerous illness. It strikes me that God often takes people aside by a very trifling illness to teach them great things.

John. To tell the truth, sir, I did not feel fit to attend to anything very particular during these few days.

Minister. Well, that is just one of the most important lessons that a little illness, not considered dangerous, may teach any of us. If you did not find yourself fit to attend seriously to what required thought when you were only a little ill, how vain it must be to put off settling the concerns of our souls, the most important business of all our lives, till we are seriously ill, and of course much more unfit for an important work of any kind.

John. It is true, sir. What I have felt these few days makes me see I ought to attend to my soul while I am in health, if I mean to think of it at all as I ought.

Minister. Ah, yes, come to Christ while you are well, John; you cannot come too soon, nor give him too much of your time or heart. You will find the value of doing so. I was going to say, another lesson which might be impressed on you now is, to look forward to that happy world where "the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick." It is a poor thing to be ill. What suffering it brings, what weakness and worthlessness! How many a pleasant day has been spoiled by the toothache or headache! How often we are afraid *this* will give us cold, or *that* will knock us up! We feel that we are in an imperfect, unsettled state. We know this is the effect of sin, and when sin is destroyed out of the world, the liability to disease will go too. Let us struggle forward more manfully for the prize set before us. Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God which worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure.

John. Indeed it is quite a comfort to think of getting where one never can be ill!

Minister. Christ is the way, John.

John's wife. But though my husband has been knocked up these few days, I must say, he generally enjoys good health; indeed so we all do, thanks be to God.

Minister. And perhaps a little illness is now and then sent with this message, that we should much more than we have done value and improve the good health God gives us.

John. It is the greatest of earthly blessings.

Minister. Perhaps you did not think so before this illness.

John. I can't say I thought much about it.

Minister. Well, if you have long enjoyed a blessing, but not thought much of it, don't you think it was worth while to lose it for a few days only to find out its value? Only think of how many there are who are not just a few days ill like you, but constant invalids. Don't you think when you are perfectly restored to health, you should receive it from God, and be more heartily thankful to him for it? I think if you return to your business with a more thankful heart for the blessings of health, a more constant desire after the things which God has prepared for them that love him, and a deeper sense of the danger of putting off religion to a dying day, you will not have been ill in vain.

John. I am sure it will be better for me than all I might have gained in these few days.

Minister. Let us pray: Oh, Father, who dealing with thy people as with children, dost gently chasten to bring them into thy way, mercifully grant that we may each of us, by the aid of thy Holy Spirit, learn to walk more carefully in thy paths. We humbly thank thee that now is the accepted time and the day of salvation, and we desire now to come to thee for all that is necessary to our souls. Begin now, we beseech thee, that life of religion within us which shall continue to grow and increase throughout eternity. May we feel that this is not our rest, but have a lively sense of those good things which thou hast promised. May this thy servant recovering, and we who are blessed with health, joyfully thank thee, receiving each moment of time and of enjoyment as from thy hand, the purchased gift of thy dear Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, through whom alone we dare come to thee. Amen.

Page for the Young.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

175. See the history of Balaam—Numbers xxii. xxiii. The mouth of the dumb ass was opened by God to expostulate with the rebellious prophet. This might have warned him, but did not; yet afterwards, instead of his being permitted to curse Israel as he obviously wished, he was forced to bless them and denounce their enemies. See his words to Balak, xxiii. 8, 12, 20, 26.

176. See Exod. iv. 10, 12. When Moses complains, "O my Lord, I am not eloquent . . . . but I am slow of speech and of a slow tongue." The reply is, "Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing or the blind? Now, therefore, go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say."

177. Sol. Song. ii. 11-13, "For lo, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell."

178. In being entirely free from sin—2 Cor. v. 21. "He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin." Heb. iv. 15. "Was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin;" vii. 26. "Holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." 1 Peter ii. 22. "Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." 1 John iii. 5. "In him is no sin."

179. Their replies to his oft-repeated statement as to his future sufferings—as Matt. xvi. 21, 22, where we read, "Then Peter took him and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord; this shall not be unto thee." The favour asked by the mother of James and John, Matt. xx. 21. "Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand, and the other on the left, in thy kingdom." The anxiety of the disciples to know which of them should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven, as Matt. xviii. 1. The question asked by them just before our Lord's ascension, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?"

180. When standing before Pontius Pilate, in answer to the inquiry, "What hast thou done?" our Lord said, "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is my kingdom not from hence."

181. See Acts xxviii. 3, 5. "When Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks and laid them on the fire, there came a viper out of the heat, and fastened on his hand. And he shook off the beast into the fire, and felt no harm."

182. James iii. 17. "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy."

183. Job xxviii. 28. "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

184. See Job xiv. 4. "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one."

185. From the words addressed by the high priest to Jesus, (Matt. xxvi. 63.) "The high priest answered and said unto him, I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, *the Son of God.*' (Mark xiv. 61.) "Art thou the Christ, the *Son of the Blessed?*"

186. Isaiah i. 3. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."

187. 1. By becoming deeply in debt (then only as a hired servant), see Lev. xxv. 39. "If thy brother that dwelleth by thee be waxen poor, and be sold unto thee, thou shalt not compel him to serve as a bondservant." See an illustration of this 2 Kings iv. 1. 2. By the crime of theft. Exodus xxii. 3. "If he have nothing, then he shall be sold for his theft." 3. By virtue of his birth. See Exod. xxi. 4. Illustrated by a reference to Abraham's household. Genesis xiv. 14. "He armed his trained servants, born in his own house, three hundred and eighteen."

188. Exodus xxi. 16. "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death."

189. Verse 6, "Without strength—ungodly;" verse 8, "sinners;" verse 10, "enemies."

190. See 1 Kings ii. 19. "Bathsheba, therefore, went unto king Solomon to speak unto him for Adonijah. And the king rose up to meet her, and bowed himself unto her, and sat down on his throne, and caused a seat to be set for the king's mother; and she sat on his right hand."

191. John xix. 26, 27. "When Jesus, therefore, saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then said he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."

192. The prophecy of Simeon. (Luke ii. 35.) "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also."

193. Of perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying that he himself is Christ, a king. (Luke xxiii. 2.)

194. To Matthew xvii. 24–27, where we read of a miracle wrought to obtain the piece of money with which our Lord might pay the tribute; and again, to Matt. xxii. 15–21, where in reply to the question, "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar or not?" he said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

195. See Acts xvi. 19, 20, 21. "They caught Paul and Silas . . . . and brought them to the magistrates, saying, These men, being Jews, do exceedingly trouble our city, and teach customs which it is not lawful for us to receive, neither to observe, being Romans." Acts xvii. 6, 7. "They drew Jason and certain brethren unto the rulers of the city, crying, These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also; whom Jason hath received; and these do all contrary to Cæsar, saying that there is another king, one Jesus."

196. John xv. 20. "Remember the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also." (See also Matt. x. 24.)

197. 1 Kings xvi.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE CAPTIVE PROCLAIMING THE TRUTH OF GOD TO HIS FOES.

DAYBREAK IN BRITAIN.

V.—THE LAW.

VORTIMER, the chief, returned weary from a morning's chase. The prey had escaped even his keen aim, the wind had turned aside his whistling arrow, the bow had snapped in his hand.

"I will hunt no more to-day," said the chief, throwing himself impatiently on the ground. "The sun is still high in heaven; Urien, bring hither thy harp to chase away the tedious hours of the day."

But the druid drew his wolf's-skin mantle closer round his meagre form. "I have vowed that my harp shall not sound," said he, "till it mingle its notes of triumph with the death-shriek of the victim."

"Ha! the victim," exclaimed the chief, half raising himself on his arm, "he may add to our mirth to-day. Vladamir, thou sayest that he speaks our tongue; hence, sons of the forest, drag him hither; and thou, gentle kinswoman," he added, glancing towards Imogen, "thy seat be on the heather beside me."

The heart of Imogen beat fast as, amid a circle of the wild race of the Cyri, appeared the flowing robes and venerable form of the stranger,

No. 81.—PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 16 1855. PRICE ONE PENNY.

as he moved on with difficulty and pain. She turned aside her face to avoid meeting his eye; it pained her to appear amongst his enemies; she dreaded the insults to which he might be exposed, from which she felt that she had no power to shield him.

"Stranger, of feature and garb so unlike our own," said Vortimer, "art thou of the fierce race of the Romans, who sheath their limbs in steel, and come to spoil and to ravage? or is thy home among the tribes of Gaul, who dwell beyond the green waves in that land whose white cliffs we sometimes see in the distance?"

"I am neither a Roman nor a Gaul. I come from a country so far removed from the coast of Britain, that the last year was young when I set out from thence, and yet I have not loitered on my way."

Exclamations of astonishment burst from the rude circle, who had never before dreamed that the round world could be so vast.

"And what led thee to commence so long a journey?" cried Vortimer; "was the land which thou hast left a dreary wild, where the earth give no fruits, and the sun no light?"

"Oh, the sun shines there as it never shines here, and the land flows with milk and honey. Nature brings forth an abundance of fruits, the fields are covered with golden maize; there is the luscious fig and the melting peach, and no piercing winter is known there."

"And why didst thou quit so goodly a land?" cried the chief, with increasing surprise.

"To bear tidings of great joy to those who sit in darkness; to tell them of One who quitted heaven itself to deliver them from sin and destruction. I set not out alone; one of your own countrymen was with me—Helvyllen, who for seven years had wandered over the earth, the slave of a Roman centurion. In the days of his bondage, his soul had found freedom; while he served an earthly master, he had heard of a heavenly One; and when at length he obtained his liberty, he determined to return to his native land to preach there the gospel of Jesus Christ. I accompanied him, for he was dear to me as my own soul."

"And where is the Briton now?" said Vortimer.

The captive silently pointed to the blue sky above them; then with a deep sigh continued: "He has gone to a land where all is sunshine, where the weary rest and the sorrowful rejoice. He now looks upon Him whom he loved upon earth; he sees what he once believed, enjoys what he once hoped; his sins are for ever washed away, and he stands pure in the presence of his God."

"And wherefore didst thou pursue thy journey alone?" asked Vortimer.

"That I might teach his nation how to follow him to glory."

A wild laugh burst from the lips of the chief. "A thankless task!" cried he. "Hadst thou brought us gold, or steel, or wine, it had been well for us and for thee; but what dost thou bear to the land of the Cyri?"

"A message of peace, an offer of mercy from the God whose laws we all have broken."

"I acknowledge not thy God, and I am ignorant of his laws; I bow to Frega and Thor, and Lok; they have victims from my hand, and spoils from my conquests; and the only law which I know and own is the law of the sword and the right of the strongest." As he spoke, he quivered his dart in the air with a look of haughty defiance; then flinging it down, the chief continued: "But tell us, oh, stranger! what are these laws of thy God, and where were they given, and by whom were they received? Thou hast, doubtless, seen and heard strange matters in thy travels, and if thou hast come so far to deliver a message, it were churlish to slay thee ere it be heard."

So saying, Vortimer folded his arms over his broad chest in an attitude of attention; Vladamir, the young bard, leaned on his harp behind him; the wolf-like eyes of the druid glared from beneath his cowl; and Imogen sat listening, still and motionless as an image. The captive clasped his hands, and was silent for a moment, engaged in fervent prayer; then, not like a prisoner awaiting death, not as one whose life hung on the will of those whom he addressed, but with the calm dignity of an ambassador from heaven, who felt the danger of his hearers to be far greater than his own, Alpheus thus replied to the British chief:—

"In the days of old, the Eternal chose for himself a people, delivered them from bondage, and saved them from their foes: for them he appointed to know his will, and preserve his worship upon the earth. They gathered around the mountain of Sinai, when the Lord descended in clouds and darkness to give them his sacred law. The earth saw and trembled, the hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, and Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke! Then the voice of the Almighty was heard, and these were the commandments which he gave unto men.

1. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

2. "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything 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; for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers

upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments."

"He mocks our gods!" exclaimed Urien, starting up with fury; "strike him to the earth!"

"Be content, priest, the moon is near its full," said Vortimer, motioning to the druid to resume his seat. "I would hear the remainder of these laws."

3. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

4. "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.

5. "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee,

6. "Thou shalt not kill.

7. "Thou shalt not commit adultery.

8. "Thou shalt not steal.

9. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

10. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife; nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbours."

"Ha!" exclaimed Vortimer, "is even the natural desire of conquest forbidden?"

"Yes, the law of God reaches to the thoughts and the heart. 'He that hateth his brother is a murderer,' saith God, and the whole law of truth is comprised in this sentence, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbour as thyself."

"Then that law is not for me," exclaimed Vortimer, fiercely; "nor will I bow down to a Deity whom I cannot see."

"Thou shalt see him when he cometh in the clouds of heaven to judge the living and the dead. The hour is coming when they who are in the graves shalt hear the voice of the Eternal, and they who hear shalt live. 'For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, and with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God.' And the dead shall be judged according to their works."

There was fearful solemnity in the words of the speaker; Imogen trembled and turned pale; Urien gnashed his teeth, and scowled at God's messenger with mingled hate and fear. Vortimer hardened his heart in his pride, he would not believe for he would not cease from sin.

"Be thy words sooth, or be they not," cried he, "when my foe is at my feet, I will strike; when gold tempts my grasp, I will seize; when pleasures surround, I will enjoy! The law of thy God is too holy for me, and for the judgment after death; there is time enough to think of that."

"Yet listen," said Alpheus, "to the message of mercy——"

"Mercy!" exclaimed the chief; "I never yet showed mercy, and I ask it not from God or man. No more of this; I have heard enough; my soul would dwell upon other themes. Vladamir!" he cried suddenly to the young bard behind him, "let the sound of thy voice drive away these thoughts as the morning breeze scatters the sea mist. Give us a lay of the olden times meet for a warrior's ear."

The young bard obeyed and came forward, but with a grave and a thoughtful mien. Perhaps the words of the captive had touched some chord of his heart, perhaps the idea of judgment had some terrors for his soul, for the lay that he chose was the saddest strain of all those to which the Cyri delighted to listen.

VI.—THE GOSPEL.

The evening of that day closed in gloom and tempest, but a heavier gloom was on the spirit of Imogen. In vain she sought to raise in her own mind any doubts of the truth of the words of the captive. When he had reasoned of righteousness and of the judgment to come, a strong voice within her, which would not be silenced, had borne solemn witness to those truths. A religion so holy must be from God; a faith which had led a stranger to her race to forsake home and country, and all that he loved, to bear hardships and toils, brave suffering and death, that he might proclaim to the heathen a message from heaven, such faith could not spring from deceit.

"But oh, if the truth found me in darkness, where has it left me?" cried Imogen, as she sate alone in her hut, awaiting the night. "It has taught me that I was born in sin, a descendant of sinners; it has taught me that I myself have broken God's holy law, and lie under his terrible wrath. I have bowed to other gods, I have sinned with my lips, my thoughts have been revengeful, covetous, unholy! I have not loved God supremely, nor my neighbour as myself. I can never stand before the holy Judge. If, like the first man, I now heard the voice of the Lord God, I should try to hide

myself from his presence. Yet the preacher spoke of hope, and must I despair? He spoke of a Briton who had died in peace, who had appeared *pure* before his Maker! Was he no son of Adam and Eve? Had he never sinned in thought, word, or deed? Or had he by penances washed away sin, by tormenting the body preserved the soul? What has he done that I dare not do? what has he suffered that I dare not endure? I could bear all but the thought of misery for ever and ever, and the frown of an angry God."

So Imogen sate and longed for the night, that she might seek her instructor again. It came with storm and tempest; yet through storm and tempest she ventured forth. The dark wings of the thunder-cloud brooded over the earth, and its angry voice pealed on high. A few heavy drops fell, like tears, through the leaves; it was no longer the moon that illumined the woods, but the vivid dazzling flash of the lightning. The elements seemed in furious war, the forest trees bent and rocked, all nature appeared convulsed with fear; Imogen had witnessed many a storm, but never a storm like this. She remembered the terrors of Sinai, the fire, the thunder, the smoke, when the Almighty had descended on earth to give laws to a trembling world. "And he is to come again in his glory to judge those who have broken that law! Can this tempest be the sign of his coming? Do I hear his voice in that thunder-crash? Oh! mercy! mercy! whither shall I flee from the wrath of an offended God?"

Even as the words were upon Imogen's lips, the whole sky above her seemed in a blaze; a sudden deafening roar was heard, and a lofty pine, the pride of the forest, splintered from crest to root, fell, crashing, not five paces before her. The shock was so sudden, the danger so imminent, that Imogen stood trembling and breathless, gazing on the wreck at her feet. But she stood, though terrified, yet uninjured, while a strange feeling crept over her soul, as though some unseen power had shielded her from death, and was leading her onwards; but whither?

When the young Briton stood beneath the old oak, all was silent and still. The rain had ceased, and the thunder-storm was rolling away to the west. It was very dark, and her straining eyes scarce could distinguish the captive's form stretched at full length upon the grass. Imogen's blood seemed to freeze in her veins; had the bolt from heaven struck him down? was this stillness the stillness of death? Yet even were it so, why should she regret that the captive was free—the destined victim beyond the reach of his enemies?

She knelt beside him, and touched his cold hand; at that instant a sudden flash lighted the whole scene around, and showed her for a moment the face of the prisoner in slumber, calm and peaceful as an infant's.

"Is it thus that he can sleep through the storm?" murmured Imogen; "he can neither fear death nor the judgment to come. Where has he found refuge from the wrath of the Most High? Oh," she exclaimed, in a louder voice, "what, what shall I do to be saved?"

Suddenly wakened from sleep, almost before consciousness had returned, to the cry of the sinner the Christian replied, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"Who is he, that I should believe on him?" exclaimed Imogen.

"The Son of the Most High God, himself very God," replied Alpheus, with reverence, as he raised himself from his damp couch.

"Oh, stranger! from thee have I learnt my danger; tell me where safety can be found. I believe that I have a soul that never can die; I believe that I have sinned, and that the pure God avenges sin; I feel like a debtor who has nothing to pay—like a criminal with punishment before him."

"The debt has been paid, the punishment has been endured."

"For me?" exclaimed Imogen, breathlessly.

"For you, for me, for all who refuse not to accept the mercy freely offered to all."

"Oh, stranger, speak; how has the debt been paid? by whom has the punishment been endured?"

"The debt has been paid in blood, the blood of the Son of God; the punishment has been endured for man by Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners! Listen, my child, to the wondrous history of the redemption of a ruined world; hear of the mystery into which angels desire to look.

"The law of holiness had been broken, and justice had sentenced the sinner. Thus said God, 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' But mercy mourned over fallen man, and wisdom found out a means of deliverance. Punishment must be inflicted, but it might be borne by another; God's law must be honoured, it might be kept by another! Jesus, God's only Son, looked down from heaven, and saw with compassion man's sufferings and woe; he knew that a sacrifice for sin was required; then said he, 'Lo! I come to do thy will, oh God!' For 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

"But God could not suffer or die?" said Imogen, with trembling earnestness.

"As God, the Eternal could not suffer or die. So he took upon himself the form of a man. He

deigned to be clothed in our weak flesh; he who formed the blazing sun lay an infant in its weakness; he who fills unbounded space dwelt in a mortal body; God became man, that he might suffer as man; he died to redeem our souls from death; our sins are washed away in his precious blood; there is no condemnation to those who love him!"

"Oh, wonder of mercy! wonder of love!" exclaimed Imogen. "With what transport must the world have received its Lord! how the natives, far and near, must have thronged to do him homage! how the earth must have rejoiced in the presence of her Maker!"

"No," replied Alpheus, sadly; "he was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not; he came unto his own, and his own received him not. He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not. He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."

Imogen fixed her eyes earnestly, wonderingly, upon the speaker; here was indeed a mystery of love too deep for mortal to comprehend. At length she broke silence: "Who dared to oppress or afflict the Son of God?" she exclaimed.

"The creatures whom he had made; men, guilty wretched men, who hated him for his holiness, who rejected his love! They tried him, condemned him, insulted, scourged, and spat upon him! They nailed his blessed hands and feet to a cross, where he lingered in agonies beyond what thought can conceive: for six fearful hours he endured that cross, ere he rendered up his spirit to his Father in heaven."

"Had not the Son of God power to come down from the cross, shine forth in glory, and strike the murderers dead?"

"The Lord could have consumed all mankind with a frown," replied Alpheus; "blotted out the whole world with a word from his mouth! But the Son of God came to save, and not to destroy; he came to bear suffering and not to inflict it. The sword of justice raised against man, fell upon Christ, a willing victim, for our sakes. Our sins, more than the nails, fixed the Saviour to the cross; had he descended from it, our fearful debt would have been still unpaid; our punishment would still remain to be endured. No, Jesus was content there to suffer and to die, to drain the bitter cup that our guilt had filled; even for those who crucified him he prayed, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' He died, and was laid in the silent grave, but the grave could not long contain the Lord of Life. On the third day he rose glorious, and appeared to his disciples; spoke to them, comforted them, told them of his abiding love; afterwards ascended in their sight to the heaven which was his home, where he now lives to make intercession for those whom he hath purchased with his blood."

"Oh!" exclaimed Imogen, bursting into tears, "am I too among his ransomed ones? Did the Lord Jesus die for *me?* What can I render to my Saviour? may I—dare I call him *mine?*"

"We love him because he first loved us," replied Alpheus.

"But how prove our love and our devotion?" cried Imogen.

"Jesus said, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.'"

DELUSIVE PROSPECTS.

Mr. T——, says an American paper, began life poor, and, as far as patronage was concerned, friendless. Possessing energy and business tact, he soon began to emerge from his discouraging circumstances, and form the nucleus of a little capital beyond the expenditures demanded by his very moderate wants. His principle, as he called it, was to accumulate just so much as would afford, by proper investments, a comfortable support, should any accident lay him aside from active business. His mind would then be easy, and he would take much enjoyment in the family circle, in the cultivation of his own mind, and in the serious consideration of the claims of religion. This was the first stage.

In the lapse of some years, we find him a busier man than ever. His business had enlarged, and had become increasingly profitable. He had far overshot the goal which he had once fixed as his stopping-place, and yet he had no time for the commencement of those quiet enjoyments which had at one time possessed so many charms in prospect. In fact, he felt, without being willing to acknowledge it, a sensible diminution of the zest with which they had once been regarded. The love of accumulation had become his predominant passion, and the more he acquired the more he wanted, and the less was his disposition to be liberal. Here we leave him at the second stage.

Other years pass over him, and he is noted as one of the wealthiest of our citizens. The

humble man, with his honest efforts and moderate expectations, is supplanted by another self, conscious of his own importance, and presuming that wealth had transformed him into a great man. The family circle has fewer enjoyments for him than ever, his mind and heart evince no additional culture, and as to religion, it seldom occupies a thought. His stocks and real estate are the only gods he now worships. Still there is a slowly and indistinctly conceived promise, that he will soon adjust his affairs, make everything snug, and retire from active business to sweet and profitable leisure. This is the third stage.

Now you may note that grey-headed man, exhibiting more than one sign of infirmity. He is no longer in business. He is almost a millionaire. Of course, his attention is now diverted, in some measure, from what has been the absorbing pursuit of his toilsome life! Not exactly so. Habit has become strong, and has extinguished within him the better promises and tastes of youth. Alas! his one prevailing thought is still money! While the fashions of the world have eaten out the very core of domestic felicity, they have conspired, too, to leave the old man without God and hope in the world. He is qualified now for nothing else than to watch the state of stocks, to receive dividends and rents, and to pore over his financial affairs. He rises in the morning to read the newspapers, he visits the exchange, he lies down wearied at night. This is the fifth stage.

We hasten to the close. There, propped up in his chair, is the paralytic old man, still clinging to life, because he is afraid to die. He has children and grandchildren around him, who do not neglect him, for he is rich; but who begin to think that it is a pity he should linger so long! He that leaves a large estate to be divided, is very apt to be followed to the grave by friends most submissively resigned to the dispensation! Poor old man! yes, poor in the midst of wealth; not one bright hope gilds the evening of thy life! Thou art awaking from thy dream, and painful realities are bursting on thy view! Thou art Christless. What has the world profited thee? Thou art dead! This is the sixth stage—the seventh we may not now pry into.

THE DROWNED PHARAOH;

OR, EGYPT'S LONG-FORGOTTEN DEAD—WHAT WERE THEIR NAMES?

THREE persons, among others, are connected with the very striking narrative of Israel's departure out of Egypt, on their way to the land of promise, and act a prominent part in that great event, and yet no mention is made of their *names*. These three are, that unhappy king of Egypt who was drowned in the Red Sea; his first-born son and heir, who died in his youth, with all the other first-born sons of the Egyptians; and, finally, "Pharaoh's daughter," by whom Moses was found, adopted, and educated in all the learning of Egypt.

Neither by Moses, the inspired of God, nor by any Egyptian or other author of ancient times, such as Manetho or Herodotus, have the names of those royal natives of the dark land of Ham been handed down. They left these mortal shores for the world of spirits 1491 years before the incarnation, or 3346 years from the present time.

Is it, then possible, after 3346 years have rolled over their realms without leaving an echo of their royal names—is it possible, we ask, to make their graves give up their long-lost secret, as they must at last give up their long-sleeping dead?

We believe it is possible, and to effect this object, highly interesting surely to the student of God's holy word, we shall consult Osborn's "Monumental History of Egypt," a valuable work recently published.

But the reader may again object: "The king *had* no tomb, unless his sad remains were recovered from the depths of the Red Sea, of which event the Mosaic account of Israel's exodus from Egypt affords not the faintest trace. Besides, why seek *his* name? we already know it—it was Pharaoh."

The last objection we take first. Pharaoh was *not* the monarch's name: the word simply means king. There reigned in this land of Ham several dynasties of Pharaonic kings, comprising some sixty monarchs at least, and each bore the title of Pharaoh. It is an Egyptian term, and is tantamount in import to our word *sun;* so is phra in Coptic or modern Egyptian. Ph, the; ra or re, sun, mean also *the king*. When God confounded the language of the builders of Babel, as stated in Gen. xi. 1—9, some of them marched westward under Mizraim, carrying with them the worship of the sun, as king of nature. On reaching the Nile in Egypt, they built the city of Heliopolis, that is the City of the Sun, and strangely forgetting the God of nature, worshipped the sun instead of its Almighty Creator. "It was," remarks Osborn, "from this association that *all* the kings of Egypt came to be entitled Pharaoh, or the sun-king. In short, these kings claimed *descent* from the sun, and hence, as we shall soon show, the monumental or hieroglyphic sign of this word is invariably the disc or orb of that glorious luminary, and the *real name* of each king is added under other signs."

As to our reader's second objection, that the Pharaoh or king who was drowned in the Red Sea *had* no tomb, we must remove that difficulty by a brief statement, very easily understood.

The sons of Egyptian kings began the building of their tombs early in life, and continued to carry on this singular construction *throughout* their life; now excavating, now ornamenting, and again covering their well-built tombs with abundance of hieroglyphic writings; among the rest, their *names;* and these royal names are always distinguishable from common or plebeian appellatives, because a king's name, as also that of any young prince or princess, are invariably enclosed in a *long circle*, which represents the royal signet ring, such as Pharaoh drew from his own finger and placed upon that of Joseph, as stated by Moses in Gen. xli. 42. It will not, therefore, surprise us to discover, in the Egypt of our own day, the tomb of a king who never slept in it, but "sank as lead in the mighty waters."

Having thus cleared the path to the tombs of Egypt's ancient royal lines of nineteen dynasties, counting from Menos, the first king, to the overthrow of that wonderful monarchy by Alexander the Great, king of Macedon, let us now go in search of the three unnamed names of the king, the daughter, and the first-born son, referred to in the inspired narrative of Israel's sojourn in the Egyptian "house of bondage."

The name of the Pharaoh or king who first oppressed the people of God, grandfather to the king who perished with his army in the Red Sea, is now clearly proved to have been Ramses; but as each king of the dynasty bore *two* names, one as king of Upper, the other as king of Lower Egypt, he is also called Sesostris, and hence his whole appellative is "Sesostris Ramses." On a tablet found at Abydos in Egypt, this "great king," this king "vigilant of justice, born of the sun," is hieroglyphically written in two royal signet rings, as successor to king Sethos I. In these rings appear representations of *a sun, a person seated, a headed sceptre*, and other sculptured figures, all which, according to M. Champollion, who discovered the true method of reading Egyptian hieroglyphics only about thirty years ago, denote the names and attributes we have given above in inverted commas.

"But how do we know this Sesostris Ramses to have been the king so near to Moses's time, and not his predecessor, or some one of his successors?"

1. The name of one of the treasure-cities built by the children of Israel after their reduction to a state of bondage, was Ramses, or "Raamses," as it is called in Exod. i. 11, being so called probably after the Upper Egyptian name of their tyrant. He was, therefore, as Osborn remarks, the other king who arose after Sethos I, and "who knew not Joseph." Sesostris-Ramses had but just before added Goshen, or Lower Egypt, to his other dominions; and it was a uniform custom in the monarchs of Egypt, even from the foundation of its singular and very powerful monarchy, to call by their own names all lands added to their dominions.

2. Chronology corroborates the fact. The fall of Memphis took place when God's chosen people had been 70 years in Egypt. Add 205 years for the eighteenth line of sovereigns, then 56½ years for the reign of Sethos I. and his precursor in the nineteenth dynasty, and 16 for the sole reign of Sesostris-Ramses, and thus, as Osborn observes, "the twenty-first year of this monarch coincides with the 346 years of the sojourn of Israel in Egypt, in which year is dated the acme of their bondage in that land of Ham."

The successor to Sesostris-Ramses, the ancient list of kings calls Amenephthis; but on the hieroglyphic monuments of Medinet-Abou this king's rings contain a ram and other figures, read thus—amn-ra-mh-ha, pth-mu-meh-htp-ho, signifying, "his soul is absorped by Amun-Ra, absorbed by Pha," alluding to the false gods Ammon and Pha. All these rugged letters the Greeks turned into Amenephthis. This king's reign was evidently brief, and was followed, according to the monuments, by a co-regnancy of three, comprising "the daughter of Pharaoh," the foster-mother to Moses, her husband, and the king who perished in the Red Sea.

What, then, are their names? The drowned king has inscribed his signet ring, seen on the tombs, as Setei meh-n-Pha, that is, "Setei absorbed in Pha." This the Greek historians euphonized into Sethos II. The hieroglyphic monumental ring of "Pharaoh's daughter" contains a *bird*, a *mouth*, a *hand*, and other signs, and reads Tha-rois, "she who is vigilant." This name the Greeks turned into Thouonis. Her royal husband's name was Siphtha. Their tomb at Biban-el-Malook is very spacious and elaborately decorated throughout—proof of a long life, for these decorations were always gradually made, and that during the life of each tomb's occupant.

But what name was borne by that hapless youth who fell beneath the hand of the avenger? for "it came to pass that at midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on the throne, unto the first-born of the captive that lay in the dungeon." Ere we reply to that question, let me cite Mr. Osborn.

"In the first recorded exercise of sovereign power by Thuonis, our history links itself with the destinies of the whole human race, and with

the living sympathies of all time. Jochebed, the mother of Moses, was most probably one of the domestic slaves in the palace of Thouonis and Siphtha at Heliopolis. She was in this capacity cognizant of the queen's movements, and therefore placed the basket which contained her infant son," Moses, "near the quay or terrace to which the queen would that day be called by some religious ceremony for the performance of an oblation. How Thouonis at once obeyed the promptings of nature, and of nature's God within her; and how, as a queen, and in her own right, she cast aside and set at nought the infanticidal edict of her father"—Sesostris Ramses—"are details far too well known to need repetition."* These details appear in Ex. ii. 1—10.

It is a most singular fact to be noted, on coming to the name of Pharaoh Setei's first-born son, that while Jehovah made use of second causes in inflicting the first nine plagues on impenitent royalty and the obstinate Egyptians, in the execution of the first-born God put forth his *own* right hand from behind the veil of nature. He himself struck the blow, which fell so heavily on the heart of Pharaoh Setei, and on many a parental heart beside. "It is a fearful thing" for sinners "to fall into the hands of the living God."

Nor is it less singular that the very *name*, and also the brief *story* of this reckless Pharaoh's hapless first-born son, after being a sealed book for sixty generations of men, are now read upon the portal of his early tomb! His name was long stuccoed over by one of his father's successors, Ramses III, by whom the vault was completed. On the removal of the stucco by the lapse of time, the young prince's signet ring was laid bare, and so remained a dead letter from generation to generation till our own times, when Wilkinson made it out. This royal ring contains a sun and other hieroglyphics, symbolically meaning, "The sun watchful in three kingdoms, full of the god Ammon," and personally, as I read it, Rumene-Amun.

The fact that this youth had sculptured his *name* on the tomb shows he had already been associated with the drowned king, his father, in the government of Egypt. His having but *one* ring I regard as proof, if proof were wanting, that he had not *more* than a share or co-regnancy. In fine, as the preparation of his tomb had not advanced beyond its portal, and his ring is not, I believe, found in any other part of the tomb, here is a fresh proof, added to the inspired narrative by Moses, that this first-born of the drowned king of Egypt came to an *early* death.

And now, dear reader, "what shall we say to these things?" There are, indeed, "sermons in *stones*," and history and revelation wonderfully harmonize. Let us all be anxious to have *our* names inscribed in the book of life, in the list of the faithful "followers of the Lamb." Let us see to it that we "follow Christ in the regeneration," and look for salvation through faith in his all-atoning blood; for vain are all human methods of salvation.

The high honour done to Pharaoh's daughter, in making her a kind foster-mother to the infant Moses, may remind us that when God has a work to be done, he ever provides an instrument. Israel's bonds were to be broken; Moses was born, and Thouonis was ordained to protect him while a helpless outcast and a dependant youth. So when the power of antichrist was to be dissolved in the west, a Luther and Melancthon, a Cranmer and Ridley were divinely raised up, and the bondage of Romish Babylon was followed by a holy liberty. The purposes of God always include the *means*, and thus the Divine decrees differ from blind fate. If the seasons "shall not fail," the sun must shine and the earth must revolve. And if "the heathen are to be Christ's inheritance," the church must actively respond to the cry, "Come over, and help us."

FRONT OF THE ROCK TEMPLE OF IPSAMBUL.

* Mon. Hist. of Egypt, ii. 560.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN.

A TRULY good physician is of inestimable worth. His value is generally appreciated, and patients crowd to him for the benefit of his advice, hoping thereby to be cured of their many diseases and pains.

And a good physician can with God's blessing do very much. His remedies alleviate suffering, sometimes dispel the disease, and very often ward off attacks, which, but for his skill, might have proved destructive to life.

So much do men value a physician of eminence and skill, that they will travel many a weary mile to consult him, and pay large sums for the benefit of his advice. They look to him to unravel the mysteries of their disease, and to prescribe the proper remedies; and when they have recovered, they generally thank *him* for the cure. Would that men recognised more the kindness of the One, who gave the physician his skill, and blessed the remedies which he prescribed.

The physician of whom we are now anxious to speak, is the Lord Jesus Christ; he is one well tried in many a difficult case, and we are anxious to recommend him to every one who stands in need. How deserving he is of confidence, how fit to be both consulted and obeyed, we hope that we shall be able to show.

The great physician for the soul is the Lord Jesus Christ: "from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot" man is "nothing but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores;" there is no sound part in him, and if left to himself, all that he can do is to wait in miserable expectation, until his disease terminate in eternal death.

To man, under such fearful circumstances as these, Jesus Christ is proposed as a physician. "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that be sick;" and to the sick he comes, with every recommendation that it is possible for a physician to have. These recommendations we propose to set before you now.

We say, first of all, that Jesus is qualified for what he undertakes. We think nothing of a physician who has not studied anatomy, and learned the various functions of the human body, the construction of its various parts, and how they bear upon each other; he must know all this before he can understand their diseases or their cures. Now precisely in this very point is Jesus qualified; he understands the anatomy of the head, and the heart, and limbs; that is, man's thoughts, and affections, and outward life. Every thought that comes into the mind is known to Jesus; he can tell whence it came, and how it came, and how it works; nothing connected with it is hidden from him. So also with the affections of the heart; he understands how they arise and what they feed on, and everything about them, for he has examined millions upon millions of human hearts, and "all things are naked and open to the eyes of him with whom we have to do." On this ground, then, we recommend to the one afflicted in his soul, the Lord Jesus Christ; it is a great thing in your favour that he knows all about the organ that is diseased; and whether you have to mourn over evil thoughts in your mind, or backwardness of affections in your feebly beating hearts, or shortcomings in your daily life, come to him; his experience of what is deranged makes it very likely that you will receive a cure.

But the Great Physician knows not only the nature of the organ afflicted, but the nature and progress of every disease that attacks it. The bare knowledge of the organs of the body would not be worth much to an earthly physician; his business is with disease, and he must know to what diseases each organ is subject, and how they act. All this is well known to Jesus, the Great Physician of the soul. Countless are the diseases, and of infinite variety, which attack the soul, but our physician knows them every one. From their first symptoms, up to their most virulent attacks, he can trace them step by step. Now this is a very great advantage; to know the disease is very often half way to a cure; Jesus always knows it; he never makes a mistake; it can take no turn but that he is perfectly acquainted with it; and this should give us confidence and induce us to avail ourselves of his skill. And there is one great distinction between Jesus the Great Physician and all others: he is skilful in *every* disease. We hear of one man being celebrated for one thing, and another man for something else, Jesus alone for all. Come to him, and you will never have to reproach yourself for having come to the wrong quarter, or having made a mistake. Men with every kind of diseases in their bodies came to him when he was on earth, and he healed them all; palsy, fever, leprosy were alike to him. Men with every kind of spiritual disease may come now, and they shall find that

he knows all about it; when each man speaks of the plague of his own heart, Jesus will understand what he says, and provide the cure.

There are other requirements, however, for a good physician, and these also we shall find in Christ. He must *understand the nature of remedies;* and, further, *he must know how to apply them.* There is not a single remedy which Jesus does not thoroughly understand. Well does he know the value of his own most precious blood, the great cure for all disease, and the special treatment which each particular case requires. He knows the moment when, and the method how, to make each special application. You need be under no apprehension of wrong treatment if you bring your soul's care to Christ; he never makes a mistake, he leaves no remedy unapplied because he does not know its nature, nor how it is to be used; he possesses infinite wisdom in himself, and brings it all to bear for you. It is the blood of Jesus Christ alone that can get rid of the guilt of sin; and Jesus, when he undertakes the soul's cure, always uses that grand and sovereign remedy for that particular purpose; but there are certain diseases which require specific remedies, and with all these he is thoroughly acquainted. One man is suffering under pride, another under lust, another under avarice, another under rebellion of heart, another under weakness of faith; sometimes the same person is suffering under a combination of two or three of these diseases; Jesus prescribes for each according to his need. At times the Great Physician administers the remedy in the ordinary affairs of life, at times in some special dispensation; on some occasions he works directly by the Spirit, and at others through some event or second cause; but whatever may be his way of proceeding, we know that it must be just what is right, and fittest to attain the needed end.

Another great recommendation which this Physician brings is his *long and varied experience.* Experience is considered a great qualification in the one that undertakes the cure of bodily diseases, and the Lord Jesus Christ brings it with him in his capacity of the physician of the soul. What millions of cases has he treated! what an infinite variety of cures has he wrought! under what different circumstances has he undertaken cures, and always with success! His is no mere theoretical or head knowledge; he has been in contact with disease itself; and whatever your case may be, can doubtless produce many a similar one from the multitudes in which he has already been engaged. Now this is a great comfort to such as have come to Christ for healing, and a great encouragement to such as are half timid, wondering whether he will exactly enter into their case or not. There is nothing that a patient is more anxious about generally than to make his physician perfectly acquainted with all his symptoms—to make him understand the precise kind of pain he feels, and the precise spot in which it troubles him, and under what circumstances it distresses him: men who at other times will scarce speak a word, will in such cases say more than enough; but with Jesus, the Great Physician, a few words will do. No doubt he has his ear open to the story of our need; we are perfectly at liberty to tell him everything we feel, and to detain him as long as we will in the history of our complaints; none need be afraid of wearying him, none need fear lest he have no time for the long story which poor stricken man has to tell him; Jesus will listen to all, Jesus loves to hear all, even though by his long experience he knows everything as soon as we come before him, even before we have begun to speak. There is not a soul now in heaven, but had its everlasting life procured by Jesus; in each case he was the one to heal; contemplate then the millions there, contemplate the multitude and the variety of the spiritual diseases under which they suffered; see how the one Physician healed them all, and then trust implicitly to his experience—an experience so great, that if it were to be found with any earthly physician, you would without a moment's hesitation place yourselves unreservedly in his hands.

But perhaps while you are willing to admit this Great Physician's skill in the abstract, you are holding back because *you consider yours a peculiarly bad case,* whether from the violence or the long standing of the disease. Man is very fond of making exceptions in his own affairs, and often thinks that there is something peculiar in his individual case. Strange to say, he will do this *even against himself* in spiritual things; very frequently instances are to be met of men saying that "they are too bad to be saved." And this is not said carelessly, or with indifference; there is real anguish of mind, there is despair in the heart. Now we would direct the eyes of such to the Great Physician; it is well known that he undertakes the most desperate cases; even though all others have given up, he is ready, we will not say *to try,* but *to exercise* his skill. It is highly possible for a man to be too far gone for an earthly physician to do him any good; although his art may avail in certain stages of the disease, yet the last stage in which it is possible for it to have been effectual, may have passed; but it is not so with Jesus. When things are at the worst, he is ready to undertake the case with absolute certainty of success. Whose position could have appeared more desperate than Paul's? he was a blasphemer, he was mad against the saints of

God, and had shed their blood; but Jesus took him in hand, and healed him. Heaven is full of the wondrous triumphs of Christ's healing power. There are many there who were once lustful, thieves, stained with blood, polluted with almost all iniquity; and if such have been saved, is there any reason why you should not be also? Rest assured, whatever you have done, whatever you have been, the grand remedy of Christ's blood is well able to purge away the guilt, and the influences of his Spirit to get rid of the habit and power of sin; he who undertook the cure of the thief upon the cross, and performed it with success, can and will undertake yours, if you come to him in simple faith.

Perhaps, however, you say, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord? What shall I bring that will be acceptable as a fee to this Great Physician?" Jesus requires no fee at all. If he were to demand a fee proportionate to the value of what he does, none could pay; if he demanded a fee of *any kind*, we must be left uncured, for we have none to bring. One thing Jesus desires, and that is —the heart. He says, "My son, give me thy heart:" and why does he ask for the heart? In the first place to heal it, to make it what he would have it be; and in the next, to possess it, after he has healed it and made it fitted for himself. But you say, "I have no clean heart; Jesus will not have a filthy and diseased one; I may therefore as well stay away." This is a common mistake; Jesus wants the heart just as it is; you may safely leave it to him to do for it all that it requires. We see, however, such gratuitous offers as these very often thought but little of, simply because they are free. We have a memorable instance of this in the case of Naaman at Jordan: "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then when he saith unto thee, Wash and be clean." The cheap cure was despised, when one involving much labour and difficulty, and the cost of the ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment, would have been greedily received. The freeness of the soul's cure has ever been one impediment to man's receiving it at the hand of Christ. Pride will *do*, where it will not *accept*; and the doctrine of the church of Rome, which makes salvation something to be paid for, is after all only the doctrine of the natural and unconverted heart. Come "without money and without price;" come in poverty and want, for "whosoever cometh shall in no wise be cast out."

"Thus much of the Great Physician himself: now let us, in conclusion, say a word or two about the patient. You, on your part, must observe his prescription, whatever it may be. Some there are who come to Christ expecting to have some prescription of their own fancy administered to them; but to come thus is not to come aright.

Are you willing to give up all leaning upon self, all dependance upon any plans of your own, all treatment of your own case, looking to him and to him alone for the effecting of your cure? Are you willing to rely simply upon his blood which cleanseth from all sin; and to undergo any regimen or treatment which he thinks well for the improvement of your spiritual health? It often happens that a man must be kept very low indeed, and that for a lengthened time; are you willing to undergo this? It is not pleasant to bear the prick of the lancet, or to taste the unpleasant flavour of medicine; but should Jesus order you a sharp dispensation, or unpleasant circumstances, for your soul's good, are you willing to comply? What should we think of the man who placed himself ostensibly under a physician, and yet refused to follow his prescriptions—who would take one part and reject another—who would follow those prescriptions just as long as he liked himself, and no longer? We should not wonder if such an one did not recover: let us learn from this ourselves, and simply and continuously obey when Christ commands.

And there is just one thing more of which we would remind you, and that is, that the more quiet we are under the Great Physician's healing hand, the more obedient in following out his prescriptions, the better for ourselves; the quieter we are, the quicker will his work be done; the more regular our observance of his directions, the sooner shall we feel their good effect.

Come one, come all, without money and without price. Jesus himself says, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

MRS. SHERWOOD.

PART III.—RETURN LIFE.

THE long exile of the Sherwoods is about to close. There is joy in the thought, yet mingled with a touch of sadness. How much had God wrought for them since they had landed on these shores! how ignorant were they then of that which it concerned them most to know! how undecided as to whom their supreme service should be given! how uncertain it seemed whether eventually the world with its alluring promises, or religion with its duties

and its joys, should be chosen by them! How devoutly they now adored the grace which, drawing them from the ways of folly to which they were by nature inclined, had led their feet into the paths of righteousness and peace.

In India, too, they had formed their first Christian friendships; there they had taken their place with those who really bore "the reproach of the cross"—the "enthusiasts" of their fellow-countrymen; there God had given them much work to do for him, and there was left the dust of beloved children. Hallowed and precious must their recollections of this land ever remain.

Yet it was sweet to look homeward, to the green meadows, the fragrant flowers, the sweet waters of their own dear England—the land of loved kindred and early friends—above all, the land which enjoyed its sabbaths, and against whose blue horizon no idol form was seen to rise.

A fearful storm formed an appalling interruption to the monotony of their passage. "For some hours," writes Mrs. Sherwood, "we had nothing before us but death. I prayed most earnestly that, whether living or dying, our Saviour would be with us. . . . . I commended myself to the Lord Jehovah, and solemnly renounced for myself and children all pleas for mercy but through the merits of Christ my Saviour. . . . . I felt in those dread hours with the saints of old, that nothing is precious, nothing desirable, but the Lord Jesus Christ.

> 'Oh! could we read our title clear
> To mansions in the skies,
> We'd bid farewell to every fear,
> And wipe our weeping eyes.'

And if I had not read that 'title clear,' well might I have shrunk at death; but I copy here what I wrote at that time: 'This day I was struck with the difference of Mr. M'Kenzie's behaviour, and that of most other persons on board. It was evident to all that we were in great danger: Mr. M'Kenzie then showed where his support was. These scenes display the difference between the children of God and the children of the earth.'"

The port of Liverpool had just been opened to East Indiamen, and "The Robarts" was the first vessel from India which entered it. There was much public rejoicing on the occasion, and our voyagers touched their native shores amidst the ringing of bells and other joyful demonstrations. That night, with a quieter, holier joy, they offered their thanksgivings, and sang together—

> "Here we raise our Ebenezer,
> Hither by Thy help we're come,
> And we hope by Thy good pleasure
> Safely to arrive at home."

On the following Sunday a curious incident occurred. Mrs. Sherwood had become so Indian in her habits as to forget that in England a bonnet is an indispensable part of a lady's out door toilette—forgot till the sabbath morning, when it was too late to repair the evil for that day. What is to be done? Stay at home, of course, our female readers will say. Not so, thought Mrs. Sherwood. "I should have thought it very wrong," she writes, "after all our mercies, with the memory fresh of the fearful storm of that day fortnight, not to have gone to attend Divine service. So, without hesitation, bonnetless as ever, I went with three of my little girls to a fine church near the inn, and heard a good preacher. His subject was the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. We were put into a seat in the centre of the church. Some old ladies in Liverpool still talk of the Indian family who appeared that day, looking so remarkable with their Indian shawls and lace caps, being apparently and really unconscious of their outer appearance."

As speedily as possible the travellers—a large party, for in addition to her own children, Mrs. Sherwood had brought home some of her Indian orphans—sought Worcester, where Mrs. Butt and her grand-daughter, Mary Sherwood, resided. On their way they visited Snedshill, the home of the dear young sister Lucy, who had married the Rev. Charles Cameron some years previously, and was now a staid wife and mother. Strange, passing strange to the returned one, were the changes which these long years had made: her infant grown almost to womanhood, and her parent, sad sight! evidently hastening to the grave. Mrs. Sherwood's resolution was taken at once, never again to leave that parent. Nor were her filial attentions needed long. In a few months the orphan's friend was herself an orphan. Her mother's end was peace. She had learned to trust to the atonement of the Saviour as the only ground of a sinner's hope, and with her daughter's sorrow was blended the high consolation which those enjoy whose loved ones have fallen asleep in Jesus.

On her return to England, Mrs. Sherwood had determined to take pupils. The property accruing to her at her mother's death, and the gains of her literary labours, speedily removed the pecuniary necessity for this; nevertheless she chose to continue it from the love of having young people around her. So the family settles in a curious, old-fashioned country house in the neighbourood of Worcester, surrounded by gardens and orchards sloping down to the loved Teame. And there are the happy youngsters, wandering over the fresh green sward, gay and joyous as young hearts could wish, yet taught,

and the happier because taught, to recognise the goodness of the Creator in wood and field, in every pleasant sight and sound. Or they are gathered round the cheerful winter fire, listening to some interesting tale, for the improvising talent of her girlhood has not forsaken the middle-aged lady: and now its fruits have a wider range, for what delights her own fireside group is destined, by the aid of printer's ink, speedily to delight many other homes.

We found Miss Butt an authoress before she was out of her teens, and the contributor of several little works to the English public before her departure for the east. Amidst the varied and exhausting labours of her residence there, she nevertheless contrived to use her pen largely. Several of her most interesting works belong to this period; and on her return to England, she found herself a well-known and popular authoress. She relates how in her first journey to Worcester she was accosted by a gentleman in the street with the words—"It is, indeed, a privilege, madam, to see the authoress of 'Henry and his Bearer.'" This gentleman was no other than the publisher of the book, which had been sold to him by Mrs. Cameron, to whom it was transmitted from Cawnpore. Mrs. Sherwood records at another time her great thankfulness and joy on hearing from Dr. Morrison that he was translating it into Chinese, and that he had seen it also in the Cingalese language. In England, Mrs. Sherwood continued to furnish the public with work after work, all received with intense delight by her young readers, and indeed by many others besides the classes for which they were chiefly intended. There are few so unhappily void of all the freshness of youthful feeling as to be quite insensible to the charm of Mrs. Sherwood's story-telling, or who cannot, from something of a fellow-feeling, sympathize with the absorbing interest with which their little friends pore over the pages of such books as "The Fairchild Family."

Very early, our authoress, as we have seen, made religion a prominent subject in her works—even when she had need to be taught herself what were the first principles of the oracles of God. Much later, a sentence may be found here and there in her works, which some may, perhaps with justice, assert to be indicative that the defects of her religious education were never entirely got over. She relates herself, naïvely enough, and with a beautiful docility, how Dr. Malan, whom she visited in Geneva, pointed out to her an erroneous passage in one of her books. "When we were seated," she says, "after a while he told me that he knew me well by name; and he told me also that he objected to a passage in my 'Church Catechism Stories,' in which I had asserted 'that Christ, instead of acting according to the will of the Father, had, as it were, by interposing himself between the Father and the sinner, *compelled* him to have mercy.' How kindly, and yet how decidedly did this enlightened Christian point out my error, proving to me that our Saviour is the exponent of his Father's love, not the procuring cause of it; for what saith the witness? 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son' for our salvation. I recalled to mind that once before I had been told that my views of the Father were very defective, and I prayed that, if I were blind as to the truth, my eyes might be opened." It does seem surprising that so intelligent a Christian as Mrs. Sherwood could have written such a passage; but it is pleasing to see the docility with which she acknowledges her error.

The study of the Old Testament types became a favourite employment with Mrs. Sherwood now, and continued so through life. Her elder children she "instructed," she says, "in the Old Testament Hebrew, with the view to the types, of which we were about to commence a dictionary." . . . . After a time Mr. Sherwood also took to the study, and afforded us most useful assistance, for he made for our benefit a Hebrew and English Concordance, a work of ten years' daily labour." "The types," she writes late in life, "have been my study for years, and I still continue at them, though I do not expect to live to see them printed. They form, however, the subject of many sweet thoughts and sweeter conversations."

Thus years passed on with the family circle, bringing the usual changes with them. There were births, and marriages, and deaths. One lovely boy was laid in an infant's grave; many years after two grown-up sisters followed, one of them a wife and a mother. A sore wringing this of the fond mother's heart; but she had strong consolation in the hope of an eternal reunion, for she was blessed to see her children choose "the better part," which should not be taken away.

A long and well employed sowing time had been Mrs. Sherwood's, and though the full reaping must ever be reserved till the great vintage of the world is gathered in, yet a few gleanings are given to cheer the heart of the faithful worker here. It is touching to read the accounts of interviews with her former pupils. "It was when my three elder daughters were just advancing to womanhood, that we had an invitation from Major M'Caskill to visit our beloved fifty-third regiment, then stationed at Weedon barracks, and we took these our daughters with us. What a strange revolution! what a violent flood of old feelings, burst upon my

mind! the past, as it appertained to my Indian life, seeming to roll itself into one with the present.

"On the Friday, in passing through the hall, I found it half filled with officers and as many as eight members of the band, all waiting to see me. The youths stood together, and as I went up to them they gathered round me and formed a circle, their eyes sparkling with pleasure. They were all full grown, tall, military men, finely drawn up, and well acquainted with what was due from themselves to me.

"For an instant I knew not one of them, but soon I recognised in them the babes I had nursed and dressed, and lulled to sleep, and the boys I had taught, whilst yet scarce able to lisp, their letters. The finest, or at least one of the finest among them, for they one and all looked well, came forward and told me who he was, 'William Coleman.' Then came Flitchcroft, who had been one of my particular nurslings; Eliott, who had the same special claim on my regard; Roberts and Ross, Hartley and Botheroyd, and not one of these had even one parent.

"I cannot say what I felt, but I own I was relieved when the meeting was over, and I could retire to pray and weep for my orphan boys. . . . . How gratified was I to hear the most favourable accounts of these boys, and that they did credit to the very great care that had been bestowed upon them."

Her meeting with still earlier pupils, her Sunday-school class at Bridgenorth, is thus related:—

"Whilst staying at my brother's (at Bridgenorth), I was called to speak to a poor woman called Elizabeth Hughes, formerly one of our old scholars. In truth she had been under my sister's tuition, not mine; but she remembered me with affection, and came to see me. I engaged her to take the management of a tea-party, in some house, in which she was to invite all my own and my sister's old pupils who could be found. March 24th was the day fixed for this meeting; and my kind sister-in-law, Mrs. Butt, had some large cakes made, and provided with these, properly conveyed before us as signs of our approach, she guided me to Mrs. Hughes' house, which is on a row on a ledge of the rock on which the town stands, at the entrance of that elegant place called 'the Cartway.' We knew the house from seeing a pyramid of tea-cups arranged in the window, indicating the gathering of the clans, then and there assembled. Mrs. Butt went with me to the door, and witnessed the meeting; for the company had already arrived. Be it remembered that those I then met had all been in the freshest bloom of childhood and youth when I had seen them last, and as bright and sparkling girls I had remembered them all. But I confess I received a shock when I found myself encompassed by a number of elderly, nay, in some instances, really old-looking women. I was thrown a-back, touched with some sad reflections, from which I did not immediately recover. But, if the officers had difficulty to restrain their feelings when they saw my meeting with those fine young men of the band, in the hall at Weedon, youths whom I had nursed and fed in their orphan infancy, this meeting with these poor women was quite too much for Mrs. Butt, who turned away weeping, though not in sorrow. My hands were caught and kissed, whilst every eye ran down with tears. I could not let it so pass, and though some may blame me, I acknowledge that I kissed them all; though for me to recognise the individuals present was impossible, and I did not pretend to do it. . . . . The scene was most affecting. We spoke of days long past, and of former trials incident to youth, in which the Almighty had led us on through dangerous paths, and in much darkness, into that glorious light, in which, as far as I could ascertain, most of us were then standing, through infinite mercy.

"Elizabeth told me, that after my sister and myself had left Bridgenorth, never to live there again, the girls of the first classes had often gone, on a Sunday-evening, to a round hill which may be seen on the right from the castle, and there prayed for us, and prayed that they might never forget the things which we had taught them."

The close of such a life could scarcely be other than lovely. Nor was it. "Thus my lines are placed in pleasant pastures," writes the aged woman, after recounting the blessings she was then in the enjoyment of; "and days and months pass, and old age steals on so gently, that now, in my seventy-fourth year, I can read the smallest print, write four or five hours a day, sleep with unbroken rest at night, and declare myself, with a grateful heart, one of the very happiest old women that ever cumbered this earth." At this period, all Mrs. Sherwood's children, and both her Indian orphans, were married and settled in life; her youngest daughter, with her husband, Dr. Streeten, however, resided with the Sherwoods at their house in Britannia-square, close to Worcester, and were great comforts to the aged pair. Thus two years more passed on, when the sudden death of Dr. Streeten carried mourning into the bosom of this once happy domestic circle. A few months later, Mr. Sherwood followed his son-in-law to the grave. After Dr. Streeten's death, the family had removed to Twickenham, and here the two widows now settled, "bruised and smarting from their wounds," yet enabled by God's grace to say: "Thy will, O my Lord, be done."

Happily for Mrs. Sherwood, in a little while, she was able to resume those mental occupations which had been so great a solace through life. "I thank God," she writes to Lady John Somerset, "that I am able once again to return to my old and favourite 'Typical Dictionary.' When I am sad, I find such lovely things concealed under the figures of natural things, that I am ready to weep for very joy; they are like violets hidden under dark leaves, or precious stones buried in the rock."

On the 27th of March, 1851, Mrs. Sherwood finished the first writing of her "Type Dictionary," a task of full thirty years' labour. Aged as she was, she was about to begin the revision of it, when the engagement to Dr. Kelly of her daughter, Mrs. Streeten—her constant companion and associate in literary labours—interrupted the work, as they thought, for a time; as the event proved, for ever—in the case of Mrs. Sherwood. Mrs. Streeten's marriage was fixed to take place in September, 1851; and the aged mother, who was much attached to Dr. Kelly, looked forward to the event with great pleasure. Little did any of them anticipate, that ere it could take place, or the month had expired, that dear mother should be an inhabitant of the land where "they neither marry nor are given in marriage."

A few days only of illness, and that at first of so slight a character as not to excite alarm, preceded Mrs. Sherwood's death. But her preparation for the solemn change was made long before. With her lamp lighted, she was waiting the coming of the bridegroom. In beautiful keeping with the lessons of her life, were the last intelligible sounds she uttered: "Remember this, my children, that God is love. He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

TOO LATE!—A DREAM.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

I HAVE never crossed the Atlantic,* though it has ever been one of the strongest desires of my heart to do so—to visit what was the home of my fathers, the region of revolutions and battles, the country of song, of eloquence, of great deeds, good and bad. Probably my short purse will never permit me to enjoy all this, and mercy may give me to see a "better land." But in my dreams, I often visit it. There is not a mountain or lake in Scotland which I have not many times climbed or sailed over, nor a landscape of note which I have not pictured in my imagination. In one of these mental visits, lately, the following pictures were before my mind.

I was walking in a nobleman's park, the tall trees were in clusters, and their arches everywhere admitted light and shade in beautiful contrast. The wild birds had their home here, and even the timid deer were seen bounding from one thicket to another, without uttering the wild whistle which we hear in our forests, when a deer sees a man. In the midst of all that was lovely, stood the old family mansion; and there it had stood for centuries, with its towers, its wings, its niche for the family plate, its gardens and stables, and its thousand conveniences and elegancies. But all around the house was still. The clock in the tower was stopped, the horses in the stables were unharnessed, and the domestics were gathered round in whispering groups. The bell and the knocker were bandaged in crape, and I now knew that death was looking into the windows, or that he had already entered the door. On entering the lofty rooms, panelled and stuccoed after the fashion of other days, you of necessity associated it all with great wealth. In the antiquated but beautiful furniture you saw, at a glance, that in no generation had the possessor been called upon for self-denial. In one of the most remote rooms, whose doors were curiously inlaid with variegated wood, whose ivory knobs turned noiselessly, whose carpet rendered the heaviest tread a velvet one, lay an old man, the possessor of all this estate. He was tall, noble in mien, but trouble had most evidently known him long. His countenance was sunken and haggard, the lips colourless, and the breast scarcely moving as he breathed with great difficulty. It was difficult to say whether he was weighed down most heavily by bodily or mental agony. Friends were standing near him, but they were not near in blood. Servants were in waiting, anxiously waiting, but their sorrows were not those which children have for a dying father. A large scroll of parchment was lying on the table. It was the will of the dying nobleman. The gentleman named in it as executor was carefully reading it over.

"Mr. Douglass," said the dying man, "I know you will scrupulously observe all the directions of that instrument. I believe I have been minute and particular. As to that son—my only child! The memory of the past is overwhelming. He is mine, as you know, only by adoption. I took him when a mere child, at the dying request of his father. I have educated him as my own child and loved him as such. Oh! what returns have I received from him! Ungrateful, disobedient, prone to all that is evil, giving himself up to every vice, he grew more and more vile, till at last he fled from me and

* The author has since, we believe, paid a visit to the shores of England.

from his country, and for many years has lived in a foreign land, amid society and scenes which I dare not think of. During all these years I have supplied his necessary wants, and have tried every method to recall him. But he scorns every overture I can make. For the last six months I have sent by every packet, sometimes writing and sometimes sending special messengers, urging him to return to me; promising that I will forgive all and make him my heir, if he will return. I have taken the pains to be assured that my messages and letters have been put into his hands—as many as one a week for a long time. In that will, Mr. Douglass, I have directed that if he returns before my death, even if it be but an hour before I die, he shall still be my son and heir. If he does not, the reason is that he is unworthy, and I have cut him off from all part in the inheritance. You understand me, do you not, sir?"

"I do, sir. I shall follow your directions to the letter."

At that moment the sufferer was seized with anguish, and the pain brought large drops of cold sweat upon his forehead. It seemed as if his end must be at hand. I wanted to console him, but he seemed to have a consciousness that dreaming people cannot do good.

* * * * * * *

My dream was changed. I seemed to be ascending the creaking stairs in a miserable old building in one of the narrowest, most filthy streets in New York. All around seemed dirty, decaying, and vile. These stairs led up into a comfortless attic story. It was about noon. The room had an old table, a few broken chairs, a cot-bed, as its furniture, while bottles that were empty, and cards scattered round, showed that it was a miserable haunt of dissipation. A young man sat leaning on the table, who wore a torn coat, dirty shirt, and slovenly garments to correspond. A large letter lay before him. His eyes were red, his countenance haggard and woeful, and everything about him distressing. He was musing over the letter. He would read it, or a part of it, and then get up and hurriedly walk across the room. Again he would sit down and read. After doing so repeatedly, he suddenly stopped, and said aloud: "Yes, it is just so. I have tried this course a great while. My companions are friends just as long as my money lasts, and then they forsake me till I receive more. Once more I am stripped, and they have helped to strip me, and have even proposed to me to commit robbery in order to replenish their wants and mine! When have they ministered to me? I have been in the hospital, and in prison, and not one of them ever came to me. And yet this good man—how differently has he done! It is plain, too, that he is very near his end. The physician says there is no hope of my reaching him alive, unless I do it within thirty days from this very day. If I reach him, I may receive his pardon, his blessing and his property; if I fail, I lose all. And now what shall I do? And the packet—the last packet sails this very day! Here I am a beggar, when I might there be the possessor of all the heart could wish. Nothing but my sins have kept me from all this. Can I give these up? Can I become virtuous and good? I trust I can. I will make the trial. I will make one effort more to recover and save myself. This letter ensures the payment of my passage when I reach home. And at twelve o'clock the packet sails. She must be already down the harbour, and the steamboat must in a few minutes leave the wharf with the passengers and the mails. I have not a moment to lose."

Still with all this he loitered. At last away went the young man down the stairs, and down the alley, with nothing but a small bundle of clothing under his arm. Towards the wharf I saw him rush. Panting and pale he went onward. Some thought him deranged; some thought him a thief; all thought him to be in a hurry. At length he sees the wharf; and there is the boat in the distance fairly off. In agony he saw it all, and cried, "Too late—too late," and sank down in despair. It *was* too late, and he lost the inheritance for ever. What a dream!

If I am without fault myself, I might expect my servants to be.—*Mrs. Savage.*

However great may seem the contradistinction, scepticism has always been more superstitious than faith.—*Dr. Kitto.*

Be at the pains to educate your sons, or be assured that Satan will do it for you.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Some think that a tender conscience is a weak one, but it is a sign of their weakness who think so.— *Rev. B. Beddome.*

It is impossible to be at Rome without being forced to see that popery is not so much a corrupt Christianity as a modified paganism. It is in a horrible state.—*Rev. C. Bradley.*

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

206. What instances can you point out when our Saviour checked the idle curiosity of his disciples?

207. Prove that it is the duty of a church to support its ministers.

208. How was Melchizedek a type of Christ in his three offices?

209. In what poetic language does Job describe the uncertainty and disappointment caused by false friends?

210. What birds are referred to in Scripture as birds of passage?

211. How does the Bible speak of idleness?

212. Show from Scripture the sin and folly of leaning on human help in the time of difficulty.

213. Give examples of the punishment of such a course.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE DYING CHIEF AND THE ROMAN PRISONER.

DAYBREAK IN BRITAIN.

VII.—THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

IMOGEN sat for a few minutes buried in thought, nor would Alpheus break in upon that silence. He was rejoicing with the angels over a soul new-born—over a captive rescued from the bands of Satan. But the tears of Imogen were not those of unmixed joy; a terrible thought like a cloud came over her; laying her cold hand on the Christian's arm, she faintly murmured, "To-morrow night the moon is at her full."

"And ere the next sun hath set I shall be with my Saviour," replied Alpheus; "the thought is not fearful to one whose sins have been forgiven; I know that my Redeemer liveth."

"But thou wilt leave me," exclaimed Imogen, speaking wildly and rapidly, "with my eyes scarcely opened, and my soul in the dark. Who will tell me of the love of the Saviour of men? to whom shall I cling when the blasts of temptation arise? from whom shall I ask counsel, and guidance, and strength?"

"From the Father of Mercies, who never can leave thee; from him whose ear is ever open to prayer."

No. 82.—PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 22, 1856. PRICE ONE PENNY.

"I have never yet prayed to the true God," faltered Imogen; "I am afraid; I know not how to address him. He is in heaven, and I upon earth. Oh, how dare I lift up my heart unto him?"

"When the Lord Jesus dwelt in a human form," replied Alpheus, "poor sinners made supplication unto him, and were heard. Their prayers are recorded in the word of God; these prayers well may come from our lips. A leper knelt at the feet of Jesus, and said, 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.' 'I will; be thou clean,' was the Saviour's reply; and immediately the leprosy departed. 'Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief,' cried one weak, doubting sinner, conscious of his weakness; 'Lord, teach us to pray,' was the request of his disciples; and the publican's prayer is the prayer for us all, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner.'"

A deep sigh burst from Imogen's breast. "The ivy cannot flourish when its stay is torn away; the deserted infant can but lie and perish."

"The rainbow needs not the support of earth," answered Alpheus; "the wild rose which God plants needs no aid from man. Thou needest not fear to pour out thy whole heart to God; the Lord himself hath taught us a prayer."

"Oh, teach that prayer to me," exclaimed Imogen. The Christian, Alpheus, knelt on the sod, took the clasped hands of the young Briton within his own, then slowly uttered the following prayer, which, in low accents, Imogen repeated after him, until it was deeply engraved on her memory.

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever; Amen."

"One source of regret I have," said Alpheus, after they had risen from their knees; "to thee will I give these parchment leaves, which must not perish with me; but alas! from this precious word of truth thou canst draw no knowledge; thou wilt look upon it without understanding its value: it is to thee as a buried treasure: and yet every word in these Scriptures is as life to the soul, every word has been dictated by the Holy Ghost."

Imogen murmured, "Is the Holy Ghost God?"

"Yes, he is God, and One with the Father and the Saviour. When the Lord Jesus Christ knew that his hour was near, that a death of untold anguish would soon separate him from those who had loved and followed him upon earth, he promised to send them another Comforter, the Spirit of truth and of life. His promise was kept; the Comforter was sent forty days after the Saviour ascended on high; the Holy Ghost came down from heaven to abide with the Lord's people for ever."

"Can we see him?" inquired the young Briton.

"We cannot see him with mortal eyes; his dwelling is within the heart. Even as the sun calls forth the fruits of the earth, warms and ripens them, and clothes the world with beauty; so the Holy Spirit in the Christian's heart fills it with the fruits of righteousness: with love towards God and love towards man; joy, such as the world cannot give or take away; peace, even in the midst of trial and sorrow; long-suffering towards sinners, power to pity and pardon; gentleness, winning the hardened to love; goodness, abounding in kind acts to all; faith, the firm trust of the soul in her God; meekness, that bows to his will without murmur; temperance in all things, thoughts weaned from the earth. These are the fruits of the Spirit in the heart. He writes there the name of the Saviour; he imprints there a likeness to the Saviour; from the first penitent tear to the saint's dying prayer, all that is righteous and pure is the work of God's Spirit."

"Oh, that the Lord would give me his Spirit!" cried Imogen.

"He will, he will," replied Alpheus, earnestly, "if thou dost ask for it believingly. For these are the words of the Lord Jesus Christ, 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For if ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit unto them that ask him.' This is the promise of him whose word cannot be broken; trust it, rest on it; ask in faith, nothing wavering; and whatever thou dost, for whatever thou prayest, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, giving thanks to the Father through him."

Thus, through that long autumn night, did the devoted Christian speak God's message to the young girl beside him. They heeded not the hours as they rolled on, nor the cold blast that drove the dark clouds over the sky. Their souls were rapt in thoughts of mysteries the most sublime that can engage the mind of mortal man below. They spoke of the fall of Adam, and the sin tainting all his race. They spake of him who deigned to be born of woman, that he might bear the penalty and destroy the power of sin. They spake of the gift of the Holy Spirit making pure the temple which guilt

had defiled, even the temple of the human heart. They spake of the solemn day of approaching judgment, when the Lord shall return to gather up his jewels, and separate the wicked from the just. What marvel that the hours passed unheeded by, or that daylight found Imogen a listener still?

How beautiful was that soft dawn of morning! The rosy blush that tinged the east, deepening into crimson as the sun drew nigh; while the curtain of clouds grew tipped with gold, where the widening rays streamed upward. All that the darkness of night had concealed, now stood forth distinct in the morning light.

"As the sun scatters the shades before him," cried Alpheus, "so the Holy Spirit enlightens the soul. We behold the dangers once hid from our eyes, the serpent, the pit, or the precipice; no longer we close our eyes in sleep: we awake to knowledge and to action, and glories and beauties lie before us, to which we were strangers before. Fair seems the earth, for we view it as the field in which we may humbly labour for our Lord; but fairer the sky; for beyond it is the home where we hope to rest with him for ever. Go, my child, ere daylight betray thee to danger, go confiding in him who will never forsake thee, and let the constant prayer arise from thy heart, 'Heavenly Father, grant me thy Spirit to strengthen and to teach me, for the sake of Christ Jesus my Saviour.'"

"Oh, may I not pray also for earthly blessings?" said Imogen.

"Thou mayst ask without fear if thou canst add from thy heart, 'Father, not my will, but thine be done.'"

"I will pray the Lord to save thee, then," said Imogen, earnestly; then suddenly and eagerly exclaimed, "And why shouldst thou not fly from so horrible a fate? My hand could cut thy bonds; I could guide thee forth. I could show my love to the Saviour by delivering his servant."

But her brightening countenance lost its expression of hope as the captive stretched forth his right foot, and she observed for the first time that it lay bruised and swollen, as though by some heavy blow.

"The druid trusted not alone to hempen bonds," Alpheus gently said; "I have little power for flight, even were a refuge near. But the ship which bore me to thy coast sailed away when I had landed, and every one whom I might meet would be to me a foe. I should but lead thee into fruitless danger; dost thou not know that it is death to free a victim devoted to the fire?"

"If the Lord Jesus gave his life for us, should we not hazard life for him?" cried Imogen.

"Ay, if duty calls; for those who deny him here, he will deny before his Father in heaven. But flight would not avail to save me here. I must be speedily overtaken by my pursuers, or concealment would but yield me a prey to hunger, and thy young life would have been risked in vain. No, generous Imogen, no, my race is nearly over; one painful but short step, and the goal is won; but thy sun is rising, thy day but commencing; thou mayst glorify God through a long, useful life, then rejoin me in the realms of light."

Imogen pressed his hand to her lips, and it was wet with her tears as with heavy heart and lingering step she turned away. "For her, oh, my God! for her," exclaimed Alpheus, "could I pray for a little longer span of life. How weakly, how unworthily have I proclaimed to her the gospel, that theme for the tongue of angels! I have given her but a glimpse of a glorious edifice. I have not been granted time to show her how deep and broad are its foundations. She has received thy truth as a little child, in meekness, humility, and faith; but the reasons for that faith she cannot yet give; of the proofs of that doctrine she has not yet heard; the thousand witnesses to its truth are to her still unknown; the blessed word of God is a sealed book to her. Speed the time, oh, heavenly Father! when thy Spirit shall shed light even over benighted Britain; when her savage sons shall cast their idols to the moles and to the bats, and worship thee in spirit and in truth. Where we now sow in tears may others reap in joy: may this isle of the heathen, raised among nations, be blessed, exalted by the power of the gospel, and herself, in future ages, send messengers forth, to proclaim through earth the glad tidings of salvation."

VIII.—FORGIVENESS.

The sun was high in the heavens before the weary Imogen awoke from her late sleep. She was aroused by confused sounds, and distant cries and shouting, and sprang from her couch with a vague sense of fear. The first person whom she met as she quitted her hut was Vladamir, the young bard of the Cyri. He came with quick step and hurried air, the moisture starting on his lip and on his brow, and the red stain of blood upon his garment.

"What news?" exclaimed Imogen, reading evil tidings on his look.

"Woe, woe, daughter of Sadoc! The first morning ray shone on a white sail on the ocean; nearer it approached and nearer, till we saw from our cliffs the glimmer of spears, and the wind that waved the standard abroad displayed on it the eagle of Rome."

"Did the stranger land when the Cyri lined

the shore, and had arms to defend it?" said Imogen.

"Arrows flew from the bow, and stones from the hand; the foam of the surf was red with blood; but the foot of the Roman is on our coast; not two miles from hence, beyond Thor's crag, the foe already is forming an encampment."

"And Vortimer—has he had no welcome to give the invader? Where is the chief of the Cyri?"

"Vortimer's spear has broken in his grasp, the foeman's steel is in his breast: the chief is wounded, bleeding, dying; close behind me they bear him from the field of blood."

Imogen wrung her hands, and passing the young bard, hastened onward to meet her defeated countrymen. Not many paces from the spot, beside a grassy knoll, she found a gloomy band assembled round their chief.

Vortimer lay extended on the earth, his head supported by a kneeling follower. There was an expression of fierce anguish on his pallid face, over which hung the dark locks clotted with gore; his teeth were clenched, his brow was knit, his hand still convulsively grasped a dart; in his broad chest the remains of a splintered spear, broken near the head, marked the place where the death-blow had been received.

Cold and rigid, his hard features expressing neither sorrow nor pity, Urien bent over the wounded chief, for his was skill in the healing art. He laid his bony fingers on the broken spear, and attempted to draw it forth; but it was too firmly fixed in the Briton's breast; the attempt but called forth an exclamation of pain. Vortimer opened his eyes and looked fiercely at the druid, like a tiger glaring at the hunter who had wounded him. Urien drew forth a long, sharp knife.

"The wound must be enlarged ere the spear-head can be drawn," said he; but the chief thrust back his hand with a gesture of menace.

"On thy life, thou shalt not touch me!" he exclaimed. "To draw out that steel is to draw out my life. Leave me to die in peace;" and the wounded man groaned in anguish.

"Thy only chance of surviving this day is by submission to what is needful," replied Urien, coldly. "Thou canst dare the swords of the enemy, yet dost shrink from the touch of thy friends. He who would leap the precipice stands back when he treads on the thorn."

"Who led me to the precipice?" cried Vortimer, with passion; "who led me forward by deceiving prophecies? who promised that I should set my heel upon the necks of mine enemies, and trample the Roman eagle in the dust? Thou hast been to me, priest, as the false light which plays over the marsh, and leads on the wanderer to danger and death. False guide in this world, can I trust thee for the next? My body lies withering in torment now; but where shall I be to-morrow?"

"Oh," exclaimed Imogen, her strong feeling bursting through the bonds of fear and reserve, "there is one who can guide thee to safety and life—the captive; he speaks the truth of God." As the words escaped her lips, Urien struck her to the earth.

"Repeat that blow, and thou shalt never raise hand again," cried Vortimer, his fierce nature kindling into fury. "Let the captive be brought before me here; he has looked upon death close as I look upon him now; he stands, as I do, upon the brink of the gulf. The plunge into an unknown depth is before him as before me. I will hear him yet again ere I die."

Moving with evident suffering, yet still calm and serene, as one who knew that he would soon lay down the burden of the flesh, with all its infirmities and pains, Alpheus soon appeared before the chief. The Briton surveyed him with a piercing look, as if to read his very soul in his eyes. The hour had come upon Vortimer in which even the brave often quail; strong agony was quelling his haughty spirit; the terrors of death and the hereafter were before him; his soul was like a vessel tossed in a tempest on an ocean without a shore.

"Stranger!" cried the chief, uttering every word with pain, "I shall never quit, living, the spot whereon I lie. Canst thou tell me whither my spirit is going?"

"To the presence of her God," replied Alpheus.

"To the presence of One whom I have neither known nor served."

"To the presence of One who stands ready to save—who may yet even now be sought and found; whose mercies are even more boundless than our sins, if we turn to him with repentance and faith."

"What is faith?" groaned the wounded chief.

"An unwavering belief in the mercy of God, as offered to us through the merits and for the sake of his blessed Son. It is the prostration of the soul at the feet of her Lord, her trust—as of a child in the love of a father. It is faith that worketh obedience and love. Believe, and thou shalt be saved."

"Thou knowest not," said Vortimer, gloomily, "the secrets of my soul. Thou knowest not how deep I have waded in blood."

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool," cried the Christian; "only repent and believe."

At this moment a shout was heard, and three

of the wild Britons rushed from the woods, dragging with them a Roman prisoner, who had been seized when straggling from his comrades.

"A victim! another victim to vengeance!" cried Urien.

"Ha!" exclaimed Vortimer, struggling to raise himself, "I know him, I know him by the scar on his cheek, and the dent on his helmet, where my own mace fell. It is he whose spear-head now rankles in my flesh; but he shall not live to say that he slew Vortimer. Cleave him to pieces! hew him down!"

"Hold!" exclaimed Alpheus, as weapons glanced around the Roman, who stood with dogged resolution, awaiting his fate. "Oh, madman!" continued the Christian, addressing himself to Vortimer, "thyself at the threshold of judgment, wilt thou condemn another? thou who needest God's mercy, wilt thou deny it to a fellow mortal? There is no true repentance without forsaking of sin; no true faith without obedience to the law of God, and that law forbids us to revenge."

"Revenge is sweet," muttered the wounded chief between his clenched teeth.

"Forgiveness is sweeter; it is noble, it is God-like. Oh, Briton! the sin rooted in thy breast is more fatal than the spear-head, more deadly. Tear it thence—throw it from thee. The power to do one generous deed may be all that is left thee now to prove thy penitence and thy faith; on this moment may hang not only the life of thy foe, but the fate of thine own soul throughout eternity. Oh, canst thou doubt?"

Vortimer raised his hand, his only reply, and collecting all his strength, launched a dart through the air. The Roman heavily fell on the spot where he had stood, and the chief sank back, with a dying groan, avenged, but unforgiven!

CHRISTMAS EVANS AT A WELSH ASSOCIATION.

Most of our readers have heard of Christmas Evans, called by his admirers the great preacher of Wales. Few men of his day possessed greater power over the hearts of an audience, and certainly no one ever exercised it in a holier and more sacred cause. "For him to live was Christ;" and he devoutly used the varied powers of a highly-gifted nature in the service of his Redeemer. After his conversion, his ceaseless desire was to be made useful to others: he believed, indeed, that he had been sent into the world to influence his countrymen, to speak to them the words which God had owned and blessed to the salvation of his own soul. Very varied were the minds to which in the course of his career he addressed himself, but he generally succeeded in making himself intelligible to the dullest capacity, and in awakening thought and reflection in those who were notorious for dissipated and reprobate conduct. His sermons perhaps would not bear the cold criticism of to-day; but there was a depth of heart in them, and they breathed an earnestness and strength of feeling, which we have in vain looked for in the more talented and elegant compositions of the modern pulpit. His words having first glowed within the furnace of his own heart, came forth charged with fire, and caused the hearts of those who listened to him to burn within them.

To describe the effect of his preaching upon a Welsh congregation is almost impossible: it was magical; his fervour literally swayed the vast throng assembled to hear him, as the wind sways the ocean. Always impressive and soul-stirring, his appeals found their way to consciences the most hardened and deadened, and no man departed without hearing for once in his life the exact truth about himself and his condition in the sight of heaven. In this great work of educating souls for eternity, Christmas Evans spent his days here on earth; and many and striking were the proofs that God was with him, blessing his labours and making them extensively useful. No one more deeply realized the important truth that without the effectual influence of the Holy Spirit, in vain might a Paul plant and an Apollos water; but firm was his faith that in answer to believing prayer the promised blessing would be vouchsafed. The anecdote we are about to relate will reveal how little our preacher valued mere human eloquence, and how sincerely he depended upon Divine assistance for true success.

What the Welsh call "associations" were in the time of Christmas Evans very popular, and in some parts of Wales they still maintain a strong hold upon the people. We attended one a few years ago, and we yet retain a very vivid impression of the delight we experienced. In a beautiful dell, surrounded by towering hills, some thousands of persons had assembled to hear addresses upon religious subjects from ministers who had travelled a great distance to attend the gathering. It was on a Wednesday, and in the midst of harvest, when this meeting took place. The Welsh do not at any time begrudge giving an extra day for religious worship and instruction; and on this day, master and man, mistress and maid, had thrown work aside to listen to the worthies of the Welsh pulpit. Oh, what a day it was! Brightly shone the sun in the calm blue sky above, the harvest fields were crowned with plenty, and

gently on the breeze was wafted the tremulous music of the rustling corn. In the distance a little rivulet was softly rippling in its rocky bed, and from the farm lands there came a murmur of lowing cattle and bleating flocks. No place of worship in the neighbourhood would have been large enough to contain the vast multitude, so they chose the great temple of nature to do homage in. It was a sabbath in the week; and the quiet peace of the blessed day seemed to rest upon all things. But hush! what a grand and musical sound now rises upon the air: to the calm heaven above, strengthened by more than four thousand voices, ascends the song—

> "From all that dwell below the skies,
> Let the Creator's praise arise;
> Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
> Through every land, by every tongue."

To the fine Old Hundredth tune this hymn is sung, not perhaps according to the precise rules of taste and modulation, but with all earnestness and devotion. To the holy heaven on high it ascends, and mingles with the song of those who are keeping the everlasting sabbath. And now follows a prayer, earnest and heartfelt, beseeching the Almighty to grant the light and calm within the soul which reigns so benignly in the outward world. The sighs and "Amens" of the moved congregation hold up the hands of him who is wrestling with God; he feels it to be "the hour of prayer," and clings to the throne until the blessing descends. And it does descend, warming and thrilling all hearts. The next hymn is sung by voices tremulous with feeling; deep and tender emotion animates each musical tone, and though not so sonorously sung as the first, you feel that it is the subdued melody of the heart. Thus commenced the day of "association." The meeting lasted several hours, and no less than six sermons were preached; but the great congregation dispersed without weariness, and the prominent topic of conversation seemed to be this—"When and where will the next association be held?"

It was at one of these associations that Christmas Evans, together with other celebrated preachers of the day, had engaged to be present. It was an extra-association, deemed necessary on account of the sad declension in religion which had taken place in a certain locality, and the meeting was for the express purpose of recalling backsliders to a knowledge of their condition and danger. About two thousand persons had congregated from far and near, and the day promised to be a very happy and successful one. But while the first speaker was proceeding in his address, it became evident that he had no hold upon the audience: an air of listlessness and inattention was soon observable, for the sermon created no echo in the hearts of the people. The preacher was a very talented man, but there was an unconvincing manner about him which chilled his warm-hearted hearers. Instead of throwing himself heart and soul into the service of the day, and uttering words suitable to the occasion, he contented himself with expressing a few common-place thoughts, and resumed his seat without creating any sensible impression. The second speaker was more tame, and his address more unsuited to the wants of the people than the first, and the promoters of the meeting began to fear that it would be a lost day. Many persons had already taken their departure, and others were about to follow their example. What was to be done? According to the order of service, Mr. Evans had been put down as almost the last speaker, for no one could sum up the religious proceedings of an association in so forcible and living a way. But when he saw the state of things, he at once consented to ascend the waggon from which the sermons were delivered. He stood forward, yawning and stretching as if he had only that moment awaked from sleep. He gave out no text, but commenced talking somewhat after this fashion:—

"My friends, I have had a vision, and it concerns you: methought I was in a beautiful valley, where there was everything to charm and interest the eye of the beholder (here he gave a vivid description of the lovely vale in which they were then assembled); but in looking down into this valley, what was my horror at perceiving it to be full of dry bones. And while musing upon this spectacle of death, I heard a voice saying (here he imitated the tones of the first speaker), 'Dry bones, live!' But there was no movement on the part of the bones. Presently a second voice cried (here his voice resembled that of the second preacher), 'Dry bones, live!' But all was dead and motionless as before. And then methought that some one said to me, 'O Christmas, Christmas! what do you say to all this?' And I lifted up my hands to heaven, and cried as loud as my voice broken by tears would suffer me, 'O, Spirit of the living God, come and breathe upon these dry bones, and they shall live.' And immediately there was a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone, and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above, and the breath came into them, and they lived and stood up on their feet, an exceeding great army."

The effect of this introduction—uttered as it was with all the dramatic power of which the preacher was capable—upon the assembled congregation was electrical: there was indeed a shaking; the heart of the multitude was moved,

and many were added to the church that day. The people saw that they were the "dry bones" in the valley, and their prayer the whole day was, "Breathe on us, that we may live!" And the Lord answered and heard. We have not in our possession the sermon which Christmas Evans delivered on this occasion, but we have been told that it was a very powerful one upon the necessity of Divine influence.

How important are the thoughts which the words suggest! At once we are led to think of the ruined state of man, and his helplessness as a sinner to recover his original righteousness. We see him dead in trespasses and sins, a willing prey to the evil tendencies of his nature, and without power to set himself right in the sight of God. Dark indeed is the picture that comes before our view when we contemplate the effects of the fall; sin, serpentlike and in a thousand folds, wraps itself around human nature, and crushes its life and hope.

But oh, joyous tidings! we are permitted, through the infinite grace of God, to gaze upon another picture—man renewed and restored through the healing influence of the Being against whom he has sinned! We read that there is a Spirit ever influencing man for his good. God tempteth no man to evil; from him cometh down every good and perfect gift. We know no truth so calculated to encourage and console all hearts as this one: God himself takes an interest in our triumph over evil, and allows us to use his strength in our struggles for the mastery. The influences of the Holy Spirit are vouchsafed to draw our hearts nearer and closer to the Divine Being, to fill the mind and heart with his thoughts and feelings, and so to sanctify man's whole nature that it may be a temple meet for him to dwell in. Can there be a sublimer work in the universe than this? It is the work of the Holy Spirit; of that Spirit which daily strives with men, which bears with numerous provocations and backslidings, but which can at length be so quenched that it will strive no more. Wonderful indeed is the transformation effected by this Divine influence; men though old are born again; though blind, they receive their sight; though dead, are made alive again. Into the weak, ignorant, and sinful heart the Spirit breathes the heavenly life, the life that comes from God and leads to God—a life which is not ours naturally, a life of truth, of humility, of devotion, of obedience, and love. Not alone into the heart of the intelligent and thoughtful does the Spirit infuse this life; but he penetrates into the heart of the low, the depraved, and ignorant; turns back the channel of wickedness, and gives a new bent to the man's soul. Within that man's heart is now planted the germ of eternal life, and it is the blessed work of the Holy Ghost to watch over that germ, to water it with choice and hallowed influences, to cause it to expand and strengthen, and take deep root in God's truth, and to bring it at last to perfection in the pure world above. What a boon we cast aside, then, when we refuse to listen to the pleadings of God's Spirit. We cast aside that Divine energy which is powerful enough to raise us from death unto life, and to give us strength successfully to resist the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. For let a man be a Christian, and he is above the accidents and circumstances which so powerfully affect others. He may go to the uttermost parts of the earth, but though away from the ties of home, and kind and softening influences, his religious faith will be in him as a sacred preservative against temptations and sinful allurements. He will remember whose he is, and whom he is bound to serve; and as the monarch thought of the heart, the conviction that the eye of God is upon him will reign supreme. He may be placed in circumstances of spiritual peril, be surrounded by the gay and dissolute, whose cry may be, "cast in thy lot amongst us, and let us all have one purse;" but there will be a Christian self-possession about him, a holy thoughtfulness, which will utter, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"

Quench not the Spirit then. Surely none of us can with truth and honesty say that we are now pursuing an evil course without ever having been warned by God. Look back upon your road of life: did no sermon preached long, long ago affect your heart and conscience? has no solemn event ever turned your eyes in upon yourself and taught you that you were wrong and not fit to die? Have you never heard the voice of God speaking to you as if in entreaty, and saying: "Receive the Holy Ghost. Trifle no longer with your conscience, your privileges, and opportunities. How can we escape, if we neglect so great salvation? To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT!

THE PLANTS OF SCRIPTURE.

GOPHER-WOOD.

ONE of the most pleasing evidences of the honesty of the translators of our English Bible is to be found in their leaving the names of such plants and animals as they were unable to render in a satisfactory way, untranslated. Of this the present case is a good example. The great variety of opinions as to the tree intended by "gopher-wood" (Gen. vi. 14) might well have bewildered them. According to the

Persian version it was the pine: the Chaldee preferred the cedar: the Arabic was in favour of the teak: while the Chaldæo-Samaritan pronounced the ebony to be synonymous with gopher. There was another division, that did not regard it as any particular tree at all; accordingly the Septuagint renders it "squared timbers," another translation supposed that a kind of wicker work was meant, while the Vulgate gives us "planed wood." It would be an easy matter to dispose of the most of these conjectures, but as they are now almost all abandoned, we need not examine their various merits and demerits. In the present day, preference is usually given to the cypress, for such reasons as these: "gopher" means pitchy or resinous wood, and is the root of the Greek word from which our English "cypress" is derived; the tree is abundant in Assyria; and the timber has been employed in ship-building from the earliest times. On this subject we are unable to arrive at absolute certainty, but it is quite possible to show that there is a high degree of probability in the supposition.

The coniferous or cone-bearing order of trees, to which the cypress belongs, is one of great extent. Botanists have divided it into four sections, which are named the fir, the cypress, the yew, and the joint fir tribes respectively. Cypresses are to be found in all parts of the world. A beautiful species, with spreading branches and the general aspect of a fir, is indigenous to California, and several kinds have been brought from China. Humboldt, in his "Views of Nature," speaks of a very noble tree, which is an inhabitant of the southern states of North America, that attains a height of 128 feet, with an enormous girth. Its roots have very remarkable woody excrescences, which are sometimes conical and rounded, sometimes of a tubular shape, and project three or even five feet above the ground. In spots where they are numerous, travellers have compared these excrescences to the grave-tablets of a Jewish churchyard. The same author includes the cypress among the trees that cover the mountain-plains of southern Mexico, and the chain of the Andes at the equator.

Our tree is usually known as the evergreen cypress. It is of an erect, tapering form, and, as Dr. Royle observes, so resembles the Lombardy poplar, that the one is often mistaken for the other when seen in oriental drawings. The branches grow close to the stem, and the "branchlets are closely covered with very small imbricated leaves, which remain on the tree for five or six years." The cones are roundish, with an uneven surface, dotted irregularly with slight knobs. Its stately appearance suggested to the poet Virgil the comparison of Rome, surpassing in grandeur all other cities to a cypress towering above the surrounding vegetation; and furnished the author of the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus with a simile, when he speaks of the high priest as like "a cypress tree, which groweth up to the clouds." It ordinarily rises to a height of from thirty to fifty feet; but in warmer latitudes greatly exceeds this. It is a native of southern Europe generally, of Asia Minor, Syria, and western Asia. It is particularly abundant in Assyria, where travellers inform us there exist luxuriant forests, composed of cypresses of gigantic size. The Romans planted it in their gardens, as the modern Italians do; the Corinthians are said to have surrounded their temples with cypress groves; while it is to be found in the vicinity of most towns, and around private tombs as well as public burying-grounds throughout the Turkish empire.

The wood is yellowish red, very finely grained, and extremely durable. It retains its fragrance for a long time. The ancient Egyptians usually encased their mummies, and the Athenians the remains of those warriors that had distinguished themselves in battle, in coffins of cypress. Pliny says that the statue of Jupiter in the Capitol, which was of this wood, was as fresh as ever after the lapse of six hundred years, and that the doors of the temple of Diana at Ephesus, which were of the same material and were four hundred years old, had the appearance of being quite new. Historians also relate that when Pope Eugene the fourth took down the cypress-wood doors of St. Peter's at Rome, which had been made during the reign of Constantine, and were consequently about eleven hundred years old, to replace them with gates of brass, they showed no traces of decay. Besides being employed in making coffins, doors, and statues, we find that ships were often built of cypress-wood. Not to multiply examples, the evidence of an old Greek author, Arrian by name, may be referred to, who states that the fleet which was built for Alexander the Great at Babylon, was entirely of cypress-wood, because there were few other trees in the district suitable for the purpose. From all this, we may conclude that this tree, usually growing when in its natural state in extensive forests, and yielding straight and easily worked timber, calculated from its resinous nature effectually to resist moisture, especially if covered with pitch and tar, which might easily have been prepared from the refuse branches and timber, was most probably the one employed by Noah in building the ark.

But of far greater importance than the material of which the ark was made, is the motive, even faith, which led Noah to obey the Divine command.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF GOD.

"In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."—*Proverbs* iii. 6.

IN Scripture, as in ordinary conversation, "the way" is the broad beaten road habitually travelled by the many; "the path" is the narrow unfrequented track occasionally trodden by the few. Thus, in the seventeenth verse of the chapter from which our text is taken, it is said of Wisdom, that her "*ways* are ways of pleasantness, and all her *paths* are peace." Again, in the following chapter, verses 18, 19, we read that while "the *path* of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day"—"the *way* of the wicked is as darkness." The import, therefore, of the promise of our text is this—that if we acknowledge the Lord, in the habitual course of our ordinary every-day duty, we shall experience his guidance where our course is less defined and more intricate, where few, or comparatively few, have passed before us. Surely such a promise, given by one who is "not a man that he should lie," is well worth an earnest endeavour upon our part to fulfil the condition which is annexed to it. We shall therefore consider, in the first place, what that condition is—what are "the ways," the acknowledgment of God in which will secure to us his direction in our "paths."

1. God is to be acknowledged in the way of *doctrine*. To this the inspired apostle refers when he asserts that the object of the "great conflict" which he had for the Christian converts at Colosse and at Laodicea was, that "their hearts might be comforted, being knit together in love, and unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ." All professing Christians have a creed—we do not mean that of the particular church community to which they may each respectively belong, but that of their own hearts; the conception which they entertain within their minds of the nature and character of Him with whom they have to do. And it is a matter of vital importance that this creed, affecting as it does most materially their position before God, and influencing as it must most deeply the entire tenor of their lives, should be in all respects the doctrine which is "according to godliness"—the "truth as it is in Jesus." Reader! is such your heart's doctrine? Is such your life's creed? Are you believing in and drawing nigh to God as *your* Father, everlastingly reconciled to you through Jesus Christ? Are you confiding in and holding communion with Jesus Christ, as "the brightness of the Father's glory, the express image of his person," the revelation to *you* of the heart and the mind, the grace and the love of God? Are you seeking and finding (it is written that "all who seek shall find") the Holy Spirit to sanctify you, to set you apart in all your daily walk for the service and the glory of the God of your salvation? This is that knowledge of God, as "the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent," which our blessed Lord affirms to be "life eternal." This is to acknowledge God in "the way" of our doctrine; and all that differs from or stops short of this, is so far a denial of him—a denial that he is what he is, what in his own word he reveals and declares himself to be.

2. God is to be acknowledged in "the way" of *worship*. All who call themselves Christians profess to worship God; but much, very much, it is to be feared, of professedly Christian worship is rather a denial than an acknowledgment of the Most High. "I am that I am" is his revelation of himself to his people. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth," is the declaration of him who came from the Father's bosom to make him known unto men. Idolatry in religious worship consists, therefore, not only in making and bowing down before visible likenesses or representations of the invisible God, but also in those mental pictures of his character and attributes which men are so prone to form, and in which they frame to themselves notions of the great Jehovah so widely different from what he really is. The corrective for this, as for every description of idolatry, is given by our blessed Lord when he affirms, "He that hath seen *me* hath seen the Father," and "*I* am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by *me*."

The great requisite, then, for true religious worship—for the acknowledgment of God therein, whether it be the worship of the closet, the family, or the sanctuary—is the realizing of Christ, and keeping him steadily in view. He is the "one Mediator"—the sole channel of communication between God and man. God speaks by him, and by him alone, to man; man speaks through him, through him only, to God. Like the magnetic wire, he forms the chain of immediate and unfailing intercourse, reaching our nature in the lowliness of his humanity, and God's nature

in the glory of his divinity. Each touch, each movement towards him of the hand of faith below, creates a corresponding and instantaneous thrill of sympathy above, causing an utterance and an interpretation in heaven of our wants, and fears, and wishes upon earth. It is the realization of this which alone can impart life and reality to worship; which entitles it to the name, by giving it the character of prayer; which hinders it from being a dead unmeaning formality; which makes it a privilege and a delight.

Where this is realized, there will be a real intelligent worship of God on the sabbath in the sanctuary. His peculiar presence there, "where two or three are gathered together in his name," will be felt and acknowledged. The very demeanour there—the bending of the knee—the lifting of the eye—the pleading with the voice—will be an "acknowledgment" of God. When this is realized, moreover, the God who is thus prayerfully acknowledged on the sabbath will not be denied by prayerlessness during the week. Who is the practical atheist—the "fool who says in his heart there is no God?" Is it not the man—no matter what the denomination of professing Christians to which he may outwardly belong—who leaves his chamber in the morning, and goes forth upon the round of daily occupation; who returns to it at night, and betakes himself to the silence and the helplessness of

"Death's twin brother, sleep;"

the blessing, the protection, the pardon of the Mighty One in whom he lives, and moves, and has his being, all unsought-for, his mercies unacknowledged, and his praise unsung? Who is the practical denier that "God is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him?" Is it not the man who permits his children and his household to pass with him, from day to day, through all the "chances and changes of this mortal life" without assembling them to seek his favour, who is the source from whom all blessings flow, or to deprecate his wrath before whom "who shall stand when he is angry?" Reader! do you, in the Sunday congregation, in the closet devotion, in the family worship, acknowledge God? To omit the acknowledgment in any one of these is so far to fall short of the duty of "acknowledging him in *all* your ways"—to forfeit your claim upon the fulfilment of the promise that "he will direct your paths."

3. God is to be acknowledged *in the habitual study of his holy word.* The duty of reading the Bible is admitted by every professing Christian; but there is, alas! a vast difference between the admission and the performance of a duty. And even where there is an ostensible performance in this respect, we fear that in the majority of instances it falls very short of an acknowledgment of him of whom the Bible testifies, whose voice speaks in it to the conscience and the heart of man. There is a formal matter-of-course perusal of a chapter in the morning or in the evening, concerning which the uppermost feeling in the mind too often is, that the sooner it is over the better; whereas, if regarded with veneration as the word of God, received with love and thankfulness as his message, the Bible would be, not read merely, but searched; not formally and hurriedly gotten through, and gladly laid aside, but it would be diligently pored over and fondly dwelt upon; its testimonies would be our rejoicing, its statutes our delight. Is it so with you, reader? Is your love for, your treatment of, the Bible an acknowledgment of God?

4. God is to be acknowledged in *our daily round of occupation.* There is a "seeing," with the eye of faith, "him who is invisible;" there is a consciousness that "thou God seest me!" there is a sense of Jehovah's all-pervading presence, as expressed by the psalmist in Psalm cxxxix. "Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo! oh Lord, thou knowest it altogether." Where this exists, whatever be the nature of the occupation in which we are engaged, there will be a hallowed atmosphere around it; there will be an earnestness and prayerfulness of spirit engaged and exhibited in its performance; it will be done, "not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart." (Eph. vi. 5, 6.) And God is acknowledged, yea, he is glorified in this! Reader, do you know what it is thus to acknowledge God? Have you sought—are you seeking—to fulfil the apostolic precept, "Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." (1 Cor. x. 31.) This is to "acknowledge him in all your ways."

We now pass on to consider the promise of direction in our paths, as connected with the acknowledgment of God in all our ways. The path as distinguished from the way, manifestly denotes the more peculiar circumstances in which at times we find ourselves, and where the course is less defined, the track more narrow, and more difficult to determine; and in which therefore we stand in especial need of counsel and direction from on high. There are many such which all are called upon from time to time to tread.

There is, for instance, *the path of temptation.* God tries us, or permits us to be tried, as was Abraham, to test and to purify our faith; or to be sifted as was Peter, to teach us that our

strength is weakness; or to be buffeted as was Paul, to cause us to experience the perfecting of his strength in our weakness. Temptation, therefore, suddenly and sorely besets us. Some evil habit long subdued, some corrupt affection long crucified, starts up with renovated vigour; or some unlooked-for combination of circumstances shuts us up into a position from which our only outlet seems to be by the door of sin. Our integrity or our veracity is shaken to the very verge of falling. But if under such trial we can betake ourselves to God, as one whom we have well known and long acknowledged, and to go to whom at the approach of danger is with us an instinctive habit, a way of escape, perhaps altogether unimagined, will be opened up to us; God is faithful, and will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able; but will make for us a way to escape, that so we may be able to bear it. (1 Cor. x. 13.) "He will direct our paths."

Again, there is *the path of perplexing uncertainty as to worldly affairs*. Our course, which, perhaps, for a long time seemed plain and prosperous, becomes suddenly intricate and involved. Two or more paths are before us, one or other of which it seems that we must unavoidably pursue. Difficulty or danger appear to beset each of them, and we know not how to choose. But there is One who has pledged himself to bring the blind by a way which they know not, to lead them in paths which they have not known, to make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. (Isaiah xlii. 16.) If he be the God of our perpetual acknowledgment—the one to whom we habitually resort—"he will direct our paths." Some movement of his providence, some intimation of his will, if we be but patient and attentive to watch for and to observe it, will mark our course before us; we shall hear a voice saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it;" and walking therein we shall "find rest unto our souls."

There is, moreover, that path of which a Christian poet has affirmed that—

> "The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
> Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown:"

and who has ever trodden it, and found how earthly comforters and comforts stand aloof from it, how earthly lights burn dimly, or go out amidst its darkness, but would fain secure for it a light and a guidance beyond what the world has to give? Such is assuredly to be found. There is such a thing as God's presence felt within the house of mourning; his love, his consolation, his power to heal and to sustain, realized within the bereaved and stricken heart. There is an experience of his nearness, his tenderness, his sympathy, in the dark season of a sore calamity, such as in prosperous times and pleasant places is seldom, if ever, arrived at. But it is, be it remembered, to those who acknowledge—who draw nigh to him as the giver of all good, in the day-time of the gladness of their hearts, that he thus "giveth songs in the night." To those who heed him not when he stretches out his hand—the hand so filled with gifts—and when his "goodness" would "lead them to repentance," his declaration is, "I will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh." (Proverbs i. 26.) Reader, be careful to acknowledge God in the calm and the sunshine, if you would have him with you in the storm and the cloud.

There is, last of all, *the path of death*. Let us multiply to ourselves companions as we may along the peopled thoroughfares of life, we yet must tread the path of death alone. Like Moses, to the summit of the mountain we must go up into the solitude to die. Weeping friends and watching relatives may be around the death-bed; but between them, with the thoughts of life all busy at their hearts, and the one pilgrim through the darksome valley, there is a gulf of separation too profound for aught like companionship to subsist. He is upon a path which they have never trodden; his feelings in that solemn hour are such as they have never known. Then, if ever—then far more than ever—are guidance and direction needed. On whom to lean—on whom to trust—how to get rid of the sin that we may not carry with us to the judgment—how to possess ourselves of the righteousness without which we may not stand before the Judge—what account to give of talents wasted, opportunities neglected, countless obligations, measureless responsibilities till then unrealized, then and for ever undischarged! Counsel, direction, assurance as to these things, beyond what man can give us, we shall need. And, blessed be the God of all grace for it! to those who "in all their ways acknowledge him," the need is supplied. The psalmist speaks not only in his own person, but in that of every one of whom "the Lord is the shepherd," every one who "hears his voice and follows him." And thus speaking, he affirms, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." And again; "This God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death."

The death-scene, like that of Stephen, may be bitter; there may be concentrated around it much that is most trying, most difficult for flesh and blood to bear. But the eye of faith will, like his, grow clearer as the eye of sense is filming; its glance will penetrate through clouds of mortal anguish, however densely they may gather around the closing scene. It will behold,

even as he did, "Jesus"—the advocate, the intercessor—"standing at the right hand of God." And the path from suffering to glory, through death to life, will shine like Jacob's ladder through the darkness, bright with the descending angels who are sent to bear the ransomed spirit home, that it may for ever dwell with the Redeemer where he is.

MARY LESLIE;

OR, THE STRUGGLE OF LOVE AND DUTY.

PART I.

THERE is a courage much talked of—that of soldiers in the battle-field, who stand with unpaled cheek and steady eye while the thunder of the cannon is echoing round, and the blood of the dead and dying tells, with terrible earnestness, that it is doing its dark and fatal work. They are brave; we have no desire to dispute it: but we must at the same time urge that they are sustained by excitement, the idea of glory, and the hope each entertains that *he* will not be among the dead, and may yet wear the laurel crown of victory. This bears them up midst the groans of agony and the crash of destruction: and without it we fear many a heart would shrink back appalled. Nor is this to be wondered at.

But there is another courage—a moral bravery, which is less spoken about, in which the nervous influence of excitement has no part, and where every thought of *self* is sacrificed at the shrine of duty; and the weary heart quells each rising whisper that would bid it turn from the steep path which it pursues noiselessly, steadily, unmurmuringly, and too often unthanked by those for whom the rugged hill is climbed. This is a courage upheld by no mere worldly aspirations or any hope of escape: it can only be sustained by Divine help. Earth's frail children may try it unaided; but without that assistance, and a faith which looks beyond time to eternity, they will falter and give up the weary task.

We could cite many noble and illustrious instances of this species of heroism—a heroism too little practised in a world where we are ever too ready to make *ourselves* the first objects of consideration; but our present purpose is merely to sketch the heart-struggle of a young girl, when obliged to decide between the gratification of her own ardent wishes and a duty the world would not have called upon her to perform, but which she felt the voice of God did. And though we trust none of our young readers may ever be placed in circumstances where a similar sacrifice is necessary, yet we hope its perusal may perhaps draw the attention of some of them to the contemplation of the true object of life, which is not merely to enjoy ourselves, but to prepare our spirits for a future and purer state of existence, and lead them, when called upon—as we all are in a greater or less degree—to make sacrifices for the benefit of our fellow-beings; to seek for strength to do so by looking unto Him who shrank not from treading life's pilgrimage, amid sorrows, privations, and even the withdrawal of his Father's countenance, to secure for guilty man "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away:" who is ever watching over us with tender and untiring solicitude.

Further, we have only to say that we have been led to regard with an admiration no personal beauty or intellectual superiority could have called forth, the total absence of all selfish feeling in the gentle being who has suggested our remarks; not merely in the one instance we intend noticing, but also in the every-day concerns of life; and have felt in gazing on the meek loveliness of her expressive countenance, that her's was a heart that could truly say, in looking up to her God—

> "I live in pleasure, when I live in thee;"

and that her patience and fortitude, under very trying circumstances, were well worthy of imitation and record.

Mary Leslie was left motherless at that tender and beautiful age when the infant lips are just beginning to lisp the broken syllables which fall so sweetly on a parent's ear, and the little tottering steps have become firm and sure as they walk proudly alone. Poor babe! she was too young to know the great and inestimable value of the blessing of which she was thus early deprived, and a few days sufficed to soothe her childish grief at missing the familiar face that was wont to bend so fondly over her, and the low sweet tones that had so gently calmed her infantine sorrows. But as she grew older she began to feel keenly the loss she had sustained, and to experience that deep sense of loneliness which is generally the portion of a motherless child. There was no gentle arm pressed fondly round her; no kind bosom on which to lay her head when weary and ill; no sympathising ear into which to pour her griefs when she met with disappointments and crosses: and she often wept bitterly over her isolated position and weary yearnings for human love, when she heard her little school companions speak of their happy cheerful homes, and utter a mother's sweet name with a confiding tenderness that showed they felt her bosom was a blessed refuge in every trouble.

Mr. Leslie loved his little daughter tenderly, and eagerly gratified any expressed wish; but naturally stern and unbending in his disposition,

and deeply engrossed in business, he did not understand the warm, affectionate little heart that longed to be pressed to his own; thirsting for a few tender words or a fond caress, which she would have valued more highly than all the gifts he so lavishly bestowed on her. He often felt troubled when he met the wistful glance of her large blue eyes suffused with tears; and thinking she was lonely and required some one to supply the place of her lost mother, he married again. But his choice was an unfortunate one, both for himself and his child; for he was merely guided by personal beauty and grace of manners, and did not consider that there is a beauty which lies deeper than that which the eye beholds.

Mrs. Leslie was young, gay, pretty, and what is generally—but we think erroneously—termed *good*-natured; for though she never spoke harshly, and was too indolent ever to contend or be in a passion, yet she was *quietly* selfish—the most difficult of all dispositions to deal with—and had no idea that any higher duty was required of her than to see the bodily wants of her little charge attended to. She thought of no one but herself; and could spare no time from the gaieties and frivolities on which her every thought was expended, to bestow on the little motherless girl, who gazed at her so pleadingly, longing to love and be loved.

Mary's gentle nature had no room for the dislike which is too commonly, and often unjustly, entertained for such a connection. She had received her new mother with an unprejudiced heart, dreaming she would now have some one to love her, and break the solitude of her home. The revulsion was a sad one when she found she was as lonely as before; and that, though she had neither harshness nor injustice to complain of, the love and sympathy she so eagerly longed for was withheld. On the minds of some children, this throwing back of their feelings on themselves might have had a pernicious influence, but it was not so with Mary; it had only the effect of making her more meek and lowly, and her young heart became early schooled to the task of silent, cheerful endurance. When feeling lonely and depressed, her greatest source of comfort was to steal to her own little room, and, apart from the bustle and gaiety that now often echoed through the house, read again and again the letter her own mother had left for her, and which her father had given to her when she was old enough to understand it; and also to study her Bible—her dear mother's own Bible, which she regarded with mingled reverence and love.

These hours of solitary communings, at a season when most children are buoyant with life and happiness, led her to deep, solemn thought and self-reliance; and bitterly though she felt her loneliness at the time, in after years she looked back upon her childhood's sorrows with a thankful heart, as having been the means of leading her—though living in a home where the world, and not God, was supreme—to seek a happiness which no vicissitudes can deprive us of, or any trials or sorrows impair, but which ever shines brightest in the midst of afflictions. For it is only then, when all else is dark, that we can fully value the immeasurable love which a pitying Saviour has bestowed on us so freely; and the child of affliction who turns to him ever seems his peculiar care.

Slowly and sadly passed the days of her childhood and early youth; but with young womanhood came brighter hopes. Her loving heart had found a resting-place even on earth, and she was dreaming of a happy home with one who dearly loved her—of accompanying Mr. H——, a young missionary, to the distant land of China, sharing his labours, and sweetening his hours of leisure when the toils of the day were over. She already pictured herself in that far country, the soft breeze fanning her brow, and his dear voice falling on her ear as they studied together the native language. With what happiness, so new and strange, did every pulse of her being beat at the thought of treading life's pilgrimage with one who understood, valued, and appreciated her; who would be a guide and support to her in her path heavenward, and with whom were twined thoughts which passed beyond death to life eternal. Her very heart sung with joy as she looked back on the joyless, loveless years of her past life, and thought how different the future was which lay before her.

But, alas! how often is our world of hope like the world of nature, where the glad sunshine is suddenly obscured by lowering clouds. Just at this time, when earth's prospects looked so bright, and a few short months might have seen her bound to another by ties which death alone can sunder, her father was taken ill, and after lingering for some time in great suffering, died, and left his wife and her young family totally unprovided for, as, it appears, he had lived up to the utmost limits of his income.

The weak-minded Mrs. Leslie was incapable of exertion, never having been accustomed to think or act for herself, save in the matters of frivolity and dress; and utterly overwhelmed, could now only wring her hands and weep at her hard lot. Had it not been for her stepdaughter, she might also have starved for anything she seemed inclined to do for herself, as she had no near relatives, and had never made any true friends; but the gentle, unselfish girl laid her own bright garland of love aside, wet

as it was with many bitter tears, and braced herself to tread the stern path of duty.

While her father lay on his bed of suffering, his thoughts had been much troubled about what was to become of his young children, well knowing that his thoughtless and pleasure-loving wife was little fitted to do anything for their support; and keenly did he reproach himself for having made no provision for them by spending all in the amusements of the hour. He made no direct request of Mary, nor did he ask her to promise anything; but during her constant and unwearied watching by his couch, she often caught broken words of appeal to herself on their behalf, breathed during his feverish slumbers. And when the film of death was gathering over his eyes, and the hand that rested on her's was becoming cold and clammy, he murmured in a faint voice—"Oh, my little helpless ones! Mary will surely watch over you; for your own mother is unfit. I leave you to her, and *her* mother's God."

GO DOWN THE ALLEY.

A FEW days ago I left my house, and went in search of a humble individual whom I wished to employ. He resided in one of those courts which abound in most cities and towns. Having arrived in the locality of his residence, but not knowing exactly where it was, I began to make inquiries. For a few minutes I inquired to no purpose; all parties seemed quite ignorant of the man whom I sought. His whereabouts was not known. However, I persevered in my inquiries. Presently a number of children overheard me, and then the whole group, with a heartiness and an energy that did one good to hear, cried out, "Go down the alley, sir." Down the alley I went, and soon found the object of my search. I assigned him his business, and then retreated. During the few moments that I was there, I gave its state and inhabitants a passing scrutiny. As I wended my way home, the children's cry seemed to sound upon my ears, and the sight of the alley was before my mental vision. I moralized, and my thoughts were on this wise.

GO DOWN THE ALLEY, *Sunday-school teacher*. Seek after your absent scholars. Know the cause of their absence. Talk to them and to their parents in their own houses. In the ears of the scholars echo the truths which you teach them in the school. To the fathers and mothers make known the self-same truths. Speak to them of the importance of religious education, and of the spiritual privileges which their children enjoy. Beg them to see that they send them regularly and punctually. Seek to impress upon them the necessity of doing their utmost to second your own efforts, by taking an interest in what the children are taught at school. In this way you are capable of doing much good. But not only seek after absent, endeavour also to get new, scholars. I dare say in every alley there are some children who go to no sabbath-school; yea, in many instances the majority of them never enter any place where their spiritual good is likely to be promoted. If so, what facts are these! How well calculated to arouse your Christian zeal! What fields for usefulness are these out-of-the-way places! Make your appearance amongst them. Act as a friend to the inhabitants. Let them see that you feel interested not only in your own charge, but in the outcasts and wanderers. Let such be invited by you to share in the advantages of your school-room. I know of a lady, the wife of a pastor, who is always abounding in this work. During the week, she visits, talks, urges, and then gets promises. Early on the sabbath morning she goes again, and makes sure that the promises are fulfilled by taking the promised ones to the school with her. Often have I seen her with quite a number of such; and the sight has done me good, and drawn forth my best desires and ardent prayers on her behalf, and on behalf of her lowly companions. Go, teacher, and do likewise, and your industry will have its reward.

GO DOWN THE ALLEY, *tract distributor*. In your usual labours you may have passed it by. Its ingress may have been such that you could not discover it. Perhaps its sad state repelled you. Its filth you did not like, and its smell was repugnant to your nostrils. Its inhabitants you dreaded. Never mind these things, nor any others. Go, for God can and will protect you. Go, because you are Christ's ambassador. Go, because you carry a silent messenger of mercy which may be the means of softening one of the hardest of hearts. Go, because Christ set you an example that you should follow in his steps. He sought out the outcasts of Israel. He dreaded no man. No unpleasantness caused him to swerve from duty's path. Go, because God has promised to bless you, and when he blesses, it is life, light, and joy. Go, because the salvation of some may depend upon your doing so. Already by your neglect, and the neglect of others, too many are on the broad road to destruction. Hence many flock the downward path. Here sin and iniquity abound, and men wax worse and worse. Here is the luxuriant soil which yield the enemy of souls an abundant crop. Here is he ever vigilant. Whether or not you be there, he is sure to be present. Nothing deters him, and nothing should deter you. Nothing deterred a friend of mine, who lately passed from a scene of toil to a

scene of rest. Obscure and repulsive as were many of the localities which he visited, he has frequently made the remark, in my hearing, that some of his happiest moments were spent in going about doing good amongst them. May you and I pray to God to strengthen us more and more by his Spirit in the inner man. No filthy state will then deter us from the path of duty. No unpleasant smells will then prevent us from making a sacrifice which will be as a sweet-smelling savour in the sight of God. No wicked men will then frighten us from the right way; for we shall feel that greater is he that is for us than all those who may be against us.

GO DOWN THE ALLEY, *visitor of the sick.* Those who give special attention to the visiting of the sick are ofttimes such as are experienced Christians. The objects of their solicitude are frequently experienced Christians, too. Though these places are barren wastes, yet there are trees to be found of the Lord's right hand planting. Though all around be degrading, yet here and there we meet with the Lord's jewels. Do not neglect them, for though they may be despised by the worldling, they are precious in the sight of the Lord. Especially are they precious to him when they are in a sick and dying state. Seek them out at all times, but especially in affliction. Talk to them respecting the good things of the kingdom. Pour the balm of consolation into their hearts. Lessen their infirmities, by administering all the temporal and spiritual blessings that you can bestow. Your visit will then be as a stream in the desert. Your intercourse with them will rejoice their hearts. You will help them on their way, and enable them to pursue the remainder of their pilgrimage with great rejoicing. Their neighbours will see you, and thereby will be favourably impressed respecting the nature of that religion which commands us to do good unto all men, especially to those who are of the household of faith. They will take notice of you that you have been with Jesus and learnt of him. The action may tell where the exhortation may be in vain. Thus you will not only console the saint, but you will be pursuing a course which may influence the sinner. Let your light so shine before men that others seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven.

GO DOWN THE ALLEY, *Bible colporteurs.* The Bible is just the book that is needed in the alleys and other similar places of our country. There dwells ignorance, here is light. There is wickedness, here is redemption. There is pollution, here is holiness. There is superstition, here is truth. There is doubt, here is faith, which cannot be confounded. But you say many of the people who live in such places will not buy them even at the reduced prices. Try all the dwellers once, and by combining the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove, I will warrant you that you will not quit them without effecting a sale or two. Try them again, and you will be more successful. Try them again and again, and you will be still more successful. After repeated trials you will find but few comparatively who will altogether refuse. The motives of the preachers may be various, but do not let them influence you. They may be good, or bad, or indifferent, but it is not your work to put them into the balance. Your work is to sell, so that the word of God may have free course. Your work is to labour, so that the Scriptures may run and be glorified. Your work is to pray to God for his blessing to rest upon every copy which you may sell.

GO DOWN THE ALLEY, *all who are accustomed to invite people to the house of God.* In such places a great part of that vast number of our countrymen dwell who seldom enter the sanctuaries of their fatherland. Sabbaths come and go without their going up to keep holy day. The church-going bell invites, but the invitation is disregarded by them. Our Christian temples stand on every hand as spiritual asylums, but they are not used by them. Psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs are sung, but their harmony does not touch their ears. Public prayer is made, but in public prayer they never join. The Scriptures of divine truth are orally read, but these hear not. The glorious gospel of Christ is proclaimed, but its all-important messages sound not in their ears. These are facts, and awful facts too. These facts should lead to enquiry, and enquiry to action. You should go to these dwellers in the heathenish parts of your country, and endeavour to remove their heathenism, by compelling them to come in, that the house of God may be filled, with all the activity of a man of business. Press them to go to the places where they can buy without money and without price. With winning ways, with holy motives, and with heavenly aid, point them to Mount Zion, the residence of the great King. Some years since, two young men of the writer's own congregation decided to visit a certain district of the town for the purpose of inviting its inhabitants to a place of worship. They visited every house, and where they had permission, they read a portion of Scripture and engaged in prayer. For some little time their invitations were apparently unheeded. After a while, however, I noticed several poor persons whose faces were strange to me. Upon inquiry, I found that they resided in the part of the town which was regularly visited every Sunday afternoon by the young men. Many who came at their invitation are now regular attendants,

and a few of them have made a public profession of Christ. Oh, if there were on an average only two such willing young men in every congregation throughout the land, who can tell what would be the result of their labours? Our churches and chapels would be better attended, the Lord's day would be better observed, the gospel would be more extensively heard, and more sinners would be converted from the error of their way.

GO DOWN THE ALLEY, *all who are engaged in conducting cottage services.* Yours is a delightful work. You are following in the footsteps of many who through faith and patience now inherit the promises. Be not dismayed at the difficulties which may attend your efforts. Do not grow weary in well-doing. Instead of diminishing your labours, be in labours more abundant. Find out and go into hitherto neglected places. Carry the gospel to where Satan's den is. Storm the enemy in his strongest holds. By so doing, the nucleus of many a large congregation has been gathered together. In a town which I lately visited, upon inquiring into the history of the congregation to which I ministered, I was informed that it originated in a cottage meeting. A few pious people in the first place met together for prayer, and afterwards one of the number spake in the name of the Lord. One by one their neighbours were induced to join them. Soon the cottage was too strait for the congregation, and a room was sought for the attendants. Step after step was taken, until the mixed multitude now assemble themselves in a large, substantial, and handsome place of worship. This is but one instance among the many which is now present in my mind's eye. Be encouraged, therefore, to go on. With a little civility, in most localities you can get the consent of one of the inhabitants to meet at his house. If you have a choice, select one with the largest room, and whose occupant bears a good character. Well arrange your plans, and then visit the surrounding dwellers, and beg them to attend. Whatever engagements you make, be regular in their fulfilment. Nothing will defeat your object so much as irregularity. Let all parts of the exercise be brief, easy, interesting, and varied. Above all, seek that wisdom which cometh from above, and which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.

GO DOWN THE ALLEY, *circulators of religious books.* Time was when few in such places could read, but now the case is altered. Many agencies have been at work during late years in teaching the people to read. The question is not, "*Shall* they read?" but, "*What* shall they read?" This is an all-important question just now. It is well often to put it, so that the attention of the Christian church may be properly aroused respecting it. There is no time to be lost. Busy as may be the emissaries of Satan in many ways, in none of them are they more active than in providing a polluted literature for the people. Their activity is especially seen in the courts and alleys of our large towns and cities. A slight glance at them will soon convince you that by scores and hundreds the serials of Holywell-street are circulated there. Licentious literature exercises greater influence in these places than in any other; and the fact is alarming, that its greatest influence is exercised on the sabbath. All entrusted in the circulation of a truly moral and religious literature ought therefore to pay special attention to these places. If their inhabitants will not hear the gospel, no means should be left untried, so that they may read those things which relate to the life which now is, as well as the life which is to come. I know that there are peculiar difficulties in such a work; but patience, wisdom, and prayer will enable you to overcome them in a measure, if not completely. Not long ago a lady told me that she purchased a few dozen numbers of the "Leisure Hour" and "Sunday at Home" for gratuitous circulation. With a bundle of them she went down a densely-populated court. To every family she made a present of a copy. In a week's time she went again, in order to ascertain what effects their distribution had produced. Altogether she was pleasingly surprised at the result. With one exception, all expressed their gratitude for the gift. A few, and those were secularists, objected to, and endeavoured to cavil at, some of their contents. Many had read them through more than once. This is the way. These things I write unto you for your example and encouragement. Go, and do likewise. Similar or even greater success will be yours. A taste for the right sort of reading will be created. In some instances you will be able to supplant the vile by the good. The good seed of the kingdom will be sown broadcast, and who knows that thereby many sons may be brought to glory, honour, and immortality.

GO DOWN THE ALLEY, I cry once more. This last cry is to all who are desirous of doing good. There is a large field in a small compass; there is great wickedness in a small space; there are many immortal souls subjected to many surrounding bad influences. Oh, tarry not. Go at once and without delay, for man's sake, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, for the Spirit's sake. Amen.

KEEP the truth, and the truth will keep thee.—*William Allen.*

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE FUGITIVES' PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE FROM THE WOLVES.

DAYBREAK IN BRITAIN.

IX.—FAITH AND WORKS.

"THE great God has heard my prayer," whispered Imogen, as she glided that night to the prisoner's side. "I have prayed, oh! how fervently have I prayed, that he would send deliverance to thee. No voice replied, but I felt sure that he heard me, for I prayed in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. And lo! he hath sent the Romans to our shore; they encamp so near that, even weak and lame as thou art, we may reach their tents long ere the morning."

Alpheus clasped his hands, and raised his eyes in silent but fervent thanksgiving.

The moonbeams gleamed on a knife in the hand of Imogen; with tremulous eagerness she severed the bonds, then uttered the joyful exclamation, "Thou art free!"

"Lean on me," continued the young Briton; "I will guide thee through the forest; thy journey may be painful, but its end is safety. I dread not now to look up to that full round moon; she will but light us on our path with her silvery beams." Then for one moment quitting his side, to embrace the grassy mound beneath which slept the remains of her loved

No. 83.—PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 20, 1865. PRICE ONE PENNY.

mother, and kissing and placing in her bosom some leaves from it, as a memorial of a spot so dear, Imogen quitted the place hallowed by so many recollections, with the Christian pastor who had led her to the Saviour.

"Oh, thus," thought Alpheus, as slowly and silently they threaded the mazes of the forest, "thus it is with the Christian when the truth has made him free. He has burst from the bonds of sin and of death, and though still weak through the infirmities of the flesh, still subject to temptation and pain, steadily he pursues his onward way, with faith to guide him and hope to cheer; and the light of religion which he once viewed with fear, when it showed him his sin and the punishment which it merited, now pours a soft radiance on his upward path, making clear the way to salvation."

Fearfully and cautiously Imogen moved on, starting as the breeze stirred the withered leaves, or a hare, frightened at their approach, darted rapidly through the brushwood.

In one of the darkest parts of the forest the fugitives heard a noise as of some one advancing towards them. Imogen's heart beat loud, till she dreaded lest its sound might betray them. Alpheus drew her behind the shadow of an aged yew, while the form of Urien passed by. So near did he pass, that his wolf-skin mantle touched the garments of his destined victim. When the sound of his slow measured step no longer was heard, the fugitives, with renewed thanksgiving to God, pursued their way in safety.

At length the shades of the forest were passed, and they found themselves upon a wide open heath, bounded towards the east by a ridge of rock, to which the name of Thor's Crag had been given.

"Once past this plain and we are safe," cried Imogen, "and here there are no trees to conceal a foe; all lies open and clear in the moonlight. Courage; our goal will soon be won."

On they proceeded, but slowly, for each step was painful to Alpheus; but he leaned on his gentle guide, and strengthened himself with prayer.

For some time Imogen had remained silent, keeping company with her own thoughts; at length she raised her tearful eyes to Alpheus, and sadly said:

"Alas! for Vortimer, my friend and kinsman, my heart is bleeding for him. They have laid him in the grave, with the steel still in his wound; he has gone to his account with the stain still on his soul. Oh, Christian, is there indeed no pardon for them who pardon not? must revenge draw down vengeance from above?"

"When the Lord was upon earth," replied Alpheus, "he taught the people in parables, wrapping up truth in a covering of allegory, as the shell encloses the fruit. These precious parables are preserved in the Scriptures, to give us knowledge of God's will, and one will I repeat to thee as we wend on our way, that thou mayst learn how our Redeemer bids us pity and forgive.

"'The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants. And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him which owed him ten thousand talents. But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made. The servant, therefore, fell down and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. Then the Lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt.'"

"He was a great and merciful lord," exclaimed Imogen, "so freely to forgive so vast a debt."

"He was the Lord of heaven himself," replied Alpheus, "who, seeing that we were poor, and had nothing to pay, that our heavy debt of guilt we could never discharge, that our sins are more numerous than the hairs of our head, paid that debt with his blood—gave his life for our ransom. Hear further the parable of Jesus.

"'But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow-servants, which owed him an hundred pence, and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest. And his fellow-servant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. And he would not; but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt. So when his fellow-servants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done. Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, Oh, thou wicked servant! I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me: shouldst not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee? And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him. So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses.'"

"That parable fills my heart with fear," said Imogen. "Is it then possible to know the Lord, to have accepted his mercy, to have fallen down and worshipped him, and yet to come to destruction in the end?"

"The Saviour declared, 'Not every one that sayeth unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will

of my Father which is in heaven.' A day may come when millions will bear the *name* of Christians, but 'if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his'—the spirit of holiness, humility, and love."

"But tell me," said Imogen, anxiously, slackening her pace as she spoke, "are we not saved by faith alone?"

"Ay, but it is a *living faith*, whose fruit is obedience and good works. It is not the fruit that gives life to the tree; our good works give no claim to heaven; but as the fruit proves there is life in the tree, so good works are a witness to faith. 'Every tree that beareth not good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire,' said the Saviour, who came upon earth not only to be a sacrifice for our sins, but also an example of a spotless life."

X.—DANGERS.

"Hark!" cried Imogen, suddenly, "what was that sound?" and Alpheus felt the slight form upon which he leaned tremble with terror.

"I hear nothing," he replied, "nor see I a pursuer; no human form moves between us and the forest."

"Hark, again!" cried the frightened girl, shrinking closer to her companion; and Alpheus then plainly distinguished a wild howl, borne on the breeze of night.

"I know it," exclaimed Imogen, speaking thick with terror, and hurrying on Alpheus, as if she would have lent wings to his speed; "the wolves! the wolves! never since last winter have I heard that fearful howl on the wold. They have scented carnage; they are coming down from the north, they are now on our traces; God have mercy upon us!"

"Something moves in the distance," said Alpheus; and again and nearer that wild howl arose.

"Could we but gain the rocks," cried the Briton, "there is shelter there. A cave in the steep high crag which we might gain, and where they could not follow."

"Leave me," said Alpheus; "I delay thy flight; my strength fails me; my utmost speed is slow. Fly! thou mayst be saved. Oh, escape for thy life!"

"No, I will never leave thee," exclaimed Imogen; "I owe thee more than life; if we perish, we perish together."

Onward they pressed, as those who knew that death was behind: once only Imogen glanced round as they pursued their hasty flight, and saw three gaunt wolves crossing the plain to their left. Every moment lessened their distance. "They will soon be close upon us," gasped Imogen; and again Alpheus urged her, but vainly, to leave him.

The noise of rushing water was now before them: a swift rushing stream, swollen by rains, dashed along between banks so steep and high that the moonbeams could not reach its dark waters. Then Imogen uttered a cry of despair, as she beheld the ruins of the rough bridge, which but the morning before the Britons had destroyed, to stop the pursuit of the Romans.

"We are lost!" she cried; "our last hope is gone; flight is useless; we must perish where we stand."

"Let us make our way along the bank of the stream," said Alpheus; "it may be more narrow towards its source."

Imogen obeyed; nature's impulse still urged her to fly, but her feelings were those of despair. With death behind them, and that dark rushing torrent before, a choice of horrors was all that seemed left to the fugitives.

"What is that object stretching like a black line from shore to shore?" cried Alpheus.

Panting and terrified, Imogen could not reply; but a few more hurried steps showed the fugitives a young pine-tree, which, uprooted by the late storm from the bank on which it had grown, lay with its slender stem across the torrent. There was no time for words; Imogen sprang on the tree; it trembled and shook, and hollow sounded the waters as they rushed beneath; but to pause was to perish, though a false step must have been certain death. In a minute the young girl stood panting on the opposite side.

Alpheus followed; but to him, lame and exhausted as he was, the task was more painful, the danger more imminent. In an agony of anxiety, as she watched him on his way, Imogen prayed as she had never prayed before. Oh, how priceless was the blessing of that clear full moon, to guide the wanderer's steps over the slender, trembling bridge. He is over, he is safe, thanks to a merciful God! With their united strength the fugitives push the tree into the stream, and the famished wolves on the opposite bank howl at the prey they cannot reach.

And how felt Alpheus and Imogen thus rescued from the jaws of death? How feels the lost sinner when, across the gulf of ruin, he sees the one path of safety provided by God's love? Does he remain calmly on the dangerous ground, where destruction must reach him if he linger? doth he wait in careless hope that in some unknown way other means of deliverance may be found? No, stedfast faith in a crucified Saviour he knows to be the only bridge to heaven; on that, with trembling hope, he casts himself for safety, trusting in the merits of Jesus alone; but carefully still must he tread the blessed way; narrow is the path that leadeth

unto life, and the corruption of our hearts makes that path more difficult: if he stumble in wilful error, or step aside to sin, neglecting the light of God's holy word, the stream of destruction is flowing on beneath. Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.

MARY LESLIE;

OR, THE STRUGGLE OF LOVE AND DUTY.

PART II.

After the first days of mourning were past, and the stunned feeling that death at first brings to a young heart was beginning to wear off, her father's dying words recurred to Mary, and she sought her own room with a sad and troubled mind. If she had her young sisters to watch over and support, she must give up her own opening prospects of happiness, and the thought of doing so shook her to agony; for it is no light matter to a young and loving heart to give up, uncompelled, a well-beloved object, since there comes with its own sorrow, the additional agony of knowing what the partner of its hopes will feel; and, to generous natures, to be obliged to inflict pain on others is the most trying of all griefs.

Mary knew Mr. H——'s Christian character too well too fear any opposition from him—bitter though the disappointment would be—if she chose what appeared to be the path of duty, by obeying the *implied* dying wish of her father; yet she felt, with a keenness only those can know who have truly and disinterestedly loved, the anguish of causing him the slightest pain.

As usual with her in any trouble, she opened the long-treasured Bible, and taking from between its leaves her mother's letter, read:—

"My own beloved child—when you receive this, the hand that pens it will have been long mouldering in the grave, and you will only know your mother by name. It is not so now, my darling! when she is all in all to you, as you lie with your fair soft cheek pressed close to her bosom, and your bright eyes gazing up into her face. I am dying slowly; day by day I am getting weaker and fainter, and less able to toy even with thee, my own! or meet your little wants. My little beloved one! it is hard, very hard, to think I must leave you—that you will have no mother's eye to watch over your childhood, or guide your young steps to maturity: the thought makes my heart swell big with grief, and the heavy tears are on my cheek.

"But this is only a momentary pang. I know that my Redeemer liveth; he is ever whispering, 'Lay all your cares on me, and I will bear them; leave your child to my charge, and I will guard her.' Yes, I feel assured that I may trust his promise; that he will hear my prayers in your behalf, and that we shall yet meet in a heavenly home. That Saviour has ever been your mother's friend, my Mary, amid many trials; it is to lead you to seek him as your own that I now write; and you will surely listen to a mother's counsel coming unto thee as it were from the grave.

"I leave you my Bible; it is marked in many places which I have loved to meditate upon, and which have often strengthened my weak faith. May it ever be your guide, my child: and if ever you hesitate about any act you are about to perform, seek light from its pages and test it by the question, Will this be pleasing to my heavenly Father?

"I do not know, my child, what trials you may be called upon to endure, or how your inclinations may often be at war with your duty, and can therefore only give you general advice. I would bid you remember, my dear Mary, that our life here is but a journey; and the question is not, what can we do to make that journey the happiest? but, how can we best serve the Master who is preparing a home and a welcome for us when it is over?

"It is very difficult for us to yield up our own earthly hopes and wishes, even when conscience says we should; but when we think on all our Saviour endured on our behalf, how infinitely short our sorrows fall to his, and consider the shortness of time compared with eternity, it has a power in strengthening our resolves that nothing else can have. And as we are his children, it should ever be our most fervent desire to consult his pleasure, and not our own. If we do this, my child, though it may cost us much present suffering, yet on the bed of death we will be able to look up and say, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day.'"

When Mary came to this part of her mother's letter, she laid it down, and paced the room with hurried steps.

"I feel it is my duty," she murmured, "to give up my own hopes, if I test it by my Bible and my dear mother's words. But, oh! it is very hard. I who have so thirsted for human affection; who have dreamt of it with such yearning hope since very childhood; and *now*, when it is mine, and I am truly loved by one worthy of the tenderest affection I can bestow, to put it from me of my own accord, and cause such sorrow to *him*. Oh! *that* is the bitterest thought of all. I could bear it unmurmuringly if it

were only myself who was to suffer, and feel a recompence in watching over those little ones and training them for futurity."

She sank down by the side of the bed, and wept as though her very heart would break. But in the midst of the sobs that rent her breast and shook her frame with agony, a sweet voice seemed to fall on her ear, and whisper in mild and soothing tones, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

Gradually the deep burst of grief subsided, and then came the low and broken prayer.

"O my Father, help thy poor weak child. Forgive the struggles of my heart, and grant me strength and support in this hour of trial; for my burden seemeth too heavy to bear. Pardon the wish that would seek to put from me the discipline thou intendest for my good; for I fear I have longed too ardently for earthly love, and thou willest to teach me that thy love should be sufficient and all-satisfying. Enable me, heavenly Father, when inclined to murmur, ever to keep before me the example of my blessed Saviour, who drank the cup of sorrow to the very dregs; and oh, do thou assist me to lay to heart one of the great lessons of life, that we should live for the good of others, and not merely for ourselves."

More deep and fervent became her prayer when she asked support for him who must share her sorrow, and go to a strange land without the friend he had been accustomed to look forward to as being the partner of all his joys, and the lightener of all his cares. No sleep closed her eyelids during that long dark night, and the dawn still found her kneeling at the throne of grace, imploring her heavenly Father for strength, submission, and faith, under every dispensation of his providence. Nor did she rise till the petition was granted; and her heart, rejoicing in heavenly hope, felt calm, peaceful, and resigned.

When those who loved her attempted to dissuade her, and said the sacrifice was too great, and more than duty required, she replied with one of her own sweet calm smiles: "Do not endeavour to shake my resolution, but rather strengthen me in it; for I feel it is the path of duty. I cannot leave those little fatherless ones to an uncertain and precarious fate, and I could not enjoy peace even with him who is so dear to me, with my poor father's dying words sounding in my ear. I owe all that I am to him; he spared no expense to give me a most accomplished education. *It* is the fortune he has given *me;* and because he has been taken away before he had time to give his other children the same, shall I refuse to share mine with them, and selfishly keep it all to myself?"

Dear girl! she had nothing that was selfish in her disposition; but in her beautiful humility she thought not of that loveliness of character—the meek, quiet, unselfish spirit, which owed nothing to money, and was her greatest ornament.

With the assistance of her father's friends, Mary opened a seminary for young ladies, of which her stepmother was the ostensible head; but all knew who was the working bee. She was deservedly successful, and by her exertions her young sisters were as well educated as herself.

From him who was an almost equal sufferer with herself, Mary received no opposition. Mr. H—— felt that she was right; and though her noble sacrifice only made her doubly dear, and caused him to feel more deeply the loss he was sustaining, he did not add to her trial by any vain repining; but during the brief period he remained in this country, after her decision, sought to strengthen and sustain her for a separation that might be for ever.

From Mrs. Leslie, for whose children's sake she had given up her dream of earthly happiness, Mary received neither sympathy nor gratitude. She was quite unable to appreciate the pure and holy motives which actuated her conduct. Her own selfish heart said: "Had her love for Mr. H—— been strong, she would not have thought of my children." Mary at first felt this keenly, but bore it with unmurmuring patience; and in the minor trials to which she was daily subject, she had a source of consolation ever open and unfailing. Her unsatisfied thirst for earthly affection led her to seek more earnestly to drink from the fountain of her Father's love; and in her frequent lonely communings with her own heart—sad though they sometimes were—they were accompanied by a feeling of peace and contentment, which a satisfied conscience must always give, and which was sweeter far than the feverish enjoyment which the selfish indulgence of our own desires can only yield. As time wore on, she begun to experience another pleasure. The position of protector which she had adopted towards her young sisters aroused a deeper interest in her heart than mere sisterly affection. She felt as if they were her own—a precious trust committed to her charge by her heavenly Father, over whose spiritual as well as temporal welfare she was to watch with jealous care; sowing those seeds of eternal hope which, growing in her own mind amid tears and sorrow, made her feel the more deeply their inestimable value in softening every trial and pain in life. In their docility, innocent affection, and winning ways, she found much happiness, and every day increased the deep interest with which she regarded them.

Mr. H—— pursued his missionary labours in a distant land, and sought by additional devotion to his Master's cause, to forget his own disappointment. One consolation cheered him, that there is a home where Christian friends shall meet to part no more, and where they will look back on life's narrow span as a tiny point in the wide ocean of eternity. Each in their respective spheres of usefulness was enabled to feel, that in the path of duty, however trying, the Christian can in general realize the truth of those beautiful lines of a devout poet:—

"The soul, reposing on assured belief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief;
Forgets her labours as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song!"

THE DEATH-BED OF THE CHRISTIAN AND THE SCEPTIC CONTRASTED.

To contrast the behaviour of the Christian and the infidel in the trying hour of death, is a profitable and an interesting study. At this solemn period, our principles are brought to a searching test, and as the step is slowly taken which lands us on the mysterious shore of eternity, we shall see the serenity with which many a Christian plants his foot upon the rock of ages, and the trembling terror, or cheerless apathy, with which the sceptic, in some instances at least, takes his "leap in the dark"—the dying definition of death made by a celebrated infidel.

James Hope, an eminent metropolitan physician, shall be our first example. After rising rapidly in his profession, whose choicest honours appeared to lie before him, he "retired deliberately to Hampstead—to die." Consumption had set its seal upon him. After his removal, he only went out once in his carriage, and that was to his intended burial-place. He gave directions for his interment as though it were a mere transaction of ordinary life. The last time Dr. Latham saw him, he asked if he "felt quite happy." "Perfectly so," replied Dr. Hope; "I have always been a sober-thinking man, and I could not have imagined the joy I now feel. My only wish is to convey it to the minds of others, but that is impossible. It is such as I could not have conceived possible."

We quote the following extracts from the account of his death. "His departure and all the tokens of its approach were constant subjects of our conversation, and one never feared to depress him by noticing the progress of his disease. The effect was always the contrary; and as I never had been with an invalid, he frequently called my attention to the symptoms of declining strength, and commented on them medically." * * * "I quoted, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' He said, '*They* DO *comfort me. There is no darkness.* I see Jordan and the heavenly Joshua passing over dryshod.' He then begged me not to make him speak, as it would cause him to go sooner. A minute after he said, in a quick, lively tone, and with a smile of joy, 'I am going now; I shall soon sleep.' 'And you will wake again.' 'Yes.' I quoted: 'Those that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.' 'He will.' Thinking he was going immediately, I said, 'Lord Jesus, receive his spirit.' This he repeated after me three or four times, and also some other things, of which I only caught the words, 'God,' 'Christ,' 'triumph.'

"Day beginning to dawn, he looked out of the window, and I remarked; 'What a glorious day is dawning on you, my dearest.' He assented with a look of joy. I said, 'There will be no sun and no moon there, for the Lamb will be the light thereof.' Looking fixedly before him, he murmured, 'Christ, angels, beautiful, magnificent, delightful!' and then turning to me, with a look as if reassuring me, 'Indeed it is.'

"At ten minutes past four, being tired of standing, I removed to the opposite side, and sat down on the bed. He missed me immediately, and following the sound of my voice as I continued repeating texts, turned his head with great effort towards me, and grasping my hand gave me a dying look. His hold relaxed immediately, and he gave no further sign of consciousness, except occasionally turning his eyes to me. He continued to breathe till twenty-three minutes past four, when he slept in Jesus."

Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, a noted statesman and author, died at Battersea, when he had nearly concluded his eightieth year. He was an infidel. "Understand me," he said, about ten days before his death, "my sentiments on all subjects remain unaltered." About forty-eight hours before he expired, an old and valued servant, witnessing his sufferings, begged he would turn his thoughts to Jesus, and let God's book be brought, and read in his sick chamber. He furiously rejected this request. On the morrow this servant "begged his lord to bethink himself, and betake himself to prayer, inasmuch as he was drawing nigh to another world."

"There's no such place—all phantasy and priestcraft," emphatically answered the dying peer.

In this spirit he died. Now it cannot be said

that we have purposely selected an unfavourable example of a dying infidel. The death of Bolingbroke is a dignified scene contrasted with that of some of the most renowned unbelievers; but what is it when placed beside that of Hope—the devoted physician, cut down in the prime of manhood, and in the avenue to fame and fortune? Compare the stolid apathy of the one with the joyous anticipations of the other; the one dying like a dog, the other filled with inspiring thoughts of the glory that was dawning upon him.

Charlotte Elizabeth—for by that name she is best known—shall be our next example. She died of cancer at Ramsgate, to which place she had been removed a very brief period before her death. A medical man was called in, and he expressed some surprise at the wonderfully tranquil and resigned state of mind of his unknown patient. "It is the love of Jesus that sustains me," was her reply, when informed of his surprise. Life gently glided away without a groan. Her eyes remained almost closed, except for an instant, when she opened them with a vivid expression of wonder and ecstasy, as though some glorious scene was before her. And who will assert that this was not the case? She expired so calmly that the exact moment of her death was undiscoverable.

Gabriel Honore de Riquetti, Count of Mirabeau, the celebrated revolutionist, was cut down in the opening scene of the frightful drama which he had had a chief hand in getting up. "My friend," said he, addressing his physician, "I shall die to-day. When one is in that situation, there remains but one thing more to do, and that is to perfume me, to crown me with flowers, to environ me with music, so that I may enter sweetly into that slumber from which there is no awaking." The sun broke forth and shone upon him. "If that is not God, it is at the least his cousin-german," was his observation. "Pledge me your word," he then said to his physician, "that you will not make me suffer useless pain. I wish to be able to enjoy without drawback the presence of all dear to me." Some time after this he lost his power of utterance, and lay for an hour apparently free from pain.

At about eight o'clock his death-struggle began. He was convulsed, he writhed, and he wrote on paper for a narcotic. His speech was restored, and he reproached his physician. He then lay motionless and apparently senseless. An artillery discharge aroused him, and he said: "Already I hear the obsequies of Achilles." At half-past eight he opened his eyes, looked upwards, and died.

John Foster, the essayist, died in 1843. The following account is given of his death. "His family were much struck by the perfect dignity and composure with which, as soon as he relinquished all hope of even a partial recovery, he resigned himself to the Divine appointment. On Saturday, October 14th, the day before his death, he complained of feeling some confusedness in his head, and was much oppressed in his breathing; he was therefore obliged to desist that day from his usual practice of hearing some one read to him; and, finding it very difficult to converse, he requested to be left quite alone during the afternoon and evening. This desire was complied with; some of his family going occasionally into his room, but so as not to disturb him, till the usual hour of retiring to rest: they then particularly requested that some one might be allowed to sit up with him through the night. This, however, he steadily refused, though, in consequence of a long-continued fit of coughing, he was in a state of greater exhaustion than usual. The kind old servant who attended upon him, from an apprehension lest she should disturb him, did not go at all into his room in the course of that night, as she had been in the habit of doing every night for the past fortnight. But towards four o'clock she went to the door of his room to listen, and being satisfied from the sound she heard that he was sleeping, returned without going in. At about six o'clock she went again to the door, and this time hearing no sound, she went in, and found that he had expired. His arms were gently extended, and his countenance was as tranquil as that of a person in a peaceful sleep. Death had taken place but a very short time, for only the forehead was cold."

Arthur Thistlewood, the traitor, was an infidel. During his imprisonment, he repelled the efforts of the ordinary of Newgate to induce him to abandon his sceptical principles. He was brought out to be hanged. The ordinary now resumed his efforts, and frequently asked if he repented of his crimes. He answered more than once, "No, no, not at all." Almost at the last moment the ordinary attempted to engage his attention, but he exclaimed, "No, no." Turning towards a fellow-criminal, he said, "We shall soon know the grand secret." These were his last words. But a remarkable fact is yet untold. On the night before his execution, he repeatedly knelt down, and he was heard again and again to call upon Christ to have mercy upon him, and to pardon his sins. There is good authority for this statement.

Felix Neff, pastor in the high Alps, died at an early age. He appears to have been completely worn out by the toils and privations which he endured in the mountainous and inclement district in which he laboured. His death was glorious, though its agonies were

intense. A short time before he died, he penned the following farewell. Whilst he wrote he was supported by two individuals, and as his eyesight was almost gone, it was only after repeated trials that he could scrawl, in large and irregular letters, this affecting adieu, which filled a side of paper:—

"Adieu, dearest brother, Andreas Blanc, Anton Blanc, the family of Pelissier, whom I so sincerely love. Isaac and his wife, Frank Dumont and his partner, Amy des Lois, Emilie Bonnet, etc., etc. Alexandria and her mother; all, all my brethren and sisters at Mens, adieu! adieu! I ascend in perfect, perfect peace to my heavenly Father. Victory! victory! victory! through Jesus Christ!

"Felix Neff."

Truly this must have been a touching scene. His convulsive struggles, his heaving breast, his stiffened limbs, his coldly perspiring brow, were indeed sufficient to try his faith and patience. What says one of those friends who witnessed his dying agonies? "When death lay upon him in all its terrors, he was more cheerful than ourselves, and appeared animated by incessant supplications. We could not restrain our emotion, and even were inclined to murmur at his long-continued sufferings; but the triumph of faith was visible still in his features, and we were consoled by their expression, fully assured that as his lips moved we could hear his panting soul glorying in approaching bliss."

When infidelity can produce a death-bed such as this, then indeed it will perhaps be time to give more heed to her voice than we have done. But who would risk his all upon the tottering theory and the mournful practice of sceptics? The life of a debauchee, followed by the death of a coward, or a dog, have no such attractions to our eyes as to induce us to abandon the present peace and future happiness of the Christian.

George Steevens, the editor of Shakspeare, was a sceptic. Possessing both talents and wealth, he indulged his taste by collecting valuable rarities of art and literature. But what was his end? "The latter moments of Steevens were moments of mental anguish. He grew not only irritable, but outrageous; and in full possession of his faculties, he raved in a manner which could have been expected only from a creature bred up without notions of morality or religion. Neither complacency nor joyful hope soothed his bed of death. His language was too frequently the language of imprecation, and his wishes and apprehensions such as no rational Christian can think upon without agony of heart. Although I am not disposed to admit the whole of the testimony of the good woman who watched by his bedside, and, when dead, paid him the last melancholy attentions of her office; although my prejudices, as they may be called, will not allow me to believe that the windows shook, and that strange noises and deep groans were heard at midnight in his room, yet no creature of common sense (and the woman possessed the quality in an eminent degree) could mistake oaths for prayers, or boisterous treatment for calm and gentle usage."

Thomas Chalmers, the distinguished moral philosopher and theologian, died suddenly. After spending a happy evening, a very happy one, he retired to rest. On entering his room in the morning, he was found dead. He was sitting half erect, with his head gently reclining on his pillow, and with an expression of fixed and majestic repose on his countenance. His death must have been without a struggle. Not a single trace of suffering was there upon his features, and his very arms, and hands, and fingers were in that position in which it was known that they naturally fell in his sleep.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE GOSPEL NARRATIVE OF THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST CONSIDERED.

EIGHTEEN centuries ago, as we learn from a work whose genuineness has been often proved, no small degree of interest had been excited in the Roman province of Judæa, by the presence of a remarkable personage, commonly known at that time by the appellation of "Jesus of Nazareth." This feeling was produced, in a great measure, by a report that the person just named had the power of working miracles. Public attention, also, had been strongly awakened towards him by the peculiar moral and religious system which he taught, and the no less remarkable manner in which, by his personal example, he enforced the truths which he inculcated. From the accounts which have been handed down to us, indeed, we cannot wonder at a character so noble as his appears to have been, having attracted universal attention. His disposition was mild and gentle. A spirit of love diffused itself throughout all his words and actions. The poor, the afflicted, the unhappy, were the objects of his special regard. To do good seemed to be the grand object for which he lived. A flame of pure and ardent piety continually glowed within his breast. Untinctured with asceticism, no harsh austerity clouded its sweetness; meek and lowly of heart, no spiritual pride tarnished its lustre. Virtues of the firmest kind mingled also with these softer qualities. Gentle even as the dove, he was yet undaunted in opposing vice in every form. Whatever was the rank or station of the offender, against it he raised his reproving voice. Above all, sincerity and truth were virtues strongly recommended by the system which he taught; these, it was declared, were to be maintained under all circumstances, in all places, and at all hazards.

Attention was directed, however, to "Jesus of Nazareth" upon other grounds. Truths of particular solemnity at times dropped from his lips, which astonished all to whom they were addressed. He announced himself as the Son of God, the benefactor of the human race, foretold by prophecy, and shadowed forth by type. He explained the great truths of the moral government of God, the purity of his holy law, the violation of it by mankind, the penalties which had followed its infraction, and the necessity of a substitute being found to avert them. That substitute he proclaimed himself to be. In this capacity, he foretold that he must suffer an ignominious death upon the cross: he announced, at the same time, however, the solemn truths of the immortal existence of the soul, the final judgment of the world, and the resurrection of the body, as an attestation of which he would, after three days being confined to the tomb, rise to life and reappear to his followers. Eleven poor men, remarkable for their inoffensive lives, and the constancy with which they had followed their Master's fortunes, had long accompanied Jesus. They had expected him to have bestowed temporal rewards upon them, and they were proportionably chilled and disappointed by the declaration of such unpalatable truths. They appear, indeed, to have been quite dispirited by their announcement.

It is a fact, perhaps one of the best authenticated in history, that Jesus—having incurred the displeasure of the leading authorities of Jerusalem by his bold denunciation of their vices, and of the populace by his open contradiction of their national prepossessions—was crucified. One of his disciples basely betrayed him to his death, under peculiarly affecting circumstances. His other followers displayed the native timidity of their dispositions, by deserting him in the hour of danger, and fleeing from him in all directions, apprehensive, no doubt, of being involved in his punishment. In his very death, however, the lustre of his character again shone forth. Cruel and painful as it was, no murmur dropped from his lips. With divine meekness he endured the raillery of a brutal and unfeeling multitude. He prayed for his enemies. He cheered a penitent offender by pronouncing his forgiveness; and with his last accents committed his departing spirit into the hands of God.

Is it probable, is it even possible, we may at this stage of the argument inquire, that a character so noble and so unequivocally sincere, could have lent himself to a scheme of imposture?

To adhere to the narrative, however, there occurred at the period of the crucifixion circumstances which, however trifling they might appear at the time, are of considerable importance to us, who view the transaction through the medium of eighteen centuries. In examining, in a strict philosophical manner, the question of the resurrection, the first point, it is

clear, in support of which evidence should be adduced, is the fact of the actual death of the person asserted to have risen to life. The circumstances above alluded to furnish us with the most ample proofs upon this part of the subject. The body of Jesus, we are informed, was nailed to the cross for nearly a whole day. Towards evening it was examined by the officers of justice in attendance upon the execution, to ascertain whether life had fled. So satisfied were they of its having done so, that they did not think it necessary to break the limbs—a practice commonly adopted towards those who suffered the punishment of crucifixion, in order to accelerate the approach of death. One of the soldiers, however, either not contented with this examination, or actuated, more probably, merely by motives of wanton barbarity, thrust his spear into the side of the corpse. From the wound thus inflicted flowed blood and water. The act appeared then trifling, no doubt, and unconnected with important consequences. Anatomical science enables us, however, to draw the conclusion, that that part of the body termed the "pericardium" had been pierced, and that a wound had therefore been inflicted sufficient of itself, without the pains of crucifixion, to have produced death. That Jesus Christ, then, when taken down from the cross, was actually dead; that the existence of life under such circumstances was an impossibility; and, therefore, that if a scheme of imposture was to be carried on by his followers, he at least could now have no share in it, are conclusions which, it must be admitted, we are from the premises fairly entitled to draw.

The death of so remarkable an individual, and under such circumstances, caused, as might have been expected, much sensation in the public mind. The prophecy, in particular, respecting his resurrection, seems to have obtained considerable circulation among the people. At once, therefore, to put an effectual stop to any attempts at delusion, the civic authorities of Jerusalem adopted what must be allowed to have been a very judicious and well-chosen measure for that purpose. They determined to watch the dead body in the strictest manner until the third day, the period assigned by Jesus for his return to life, in order, no doubt, that by then exhibiting the corpse to the populace they might at once prove the falsity of the prediction. The body was deposited in a new tomb, cut out of solid rock, a large stone was rolled against the door of the sepulchre, and a seal officially attached to it, to prevent the possibility of any tampering with it passing undetected. To complete all, a detachment of Roman soldiers, the best disciplined at that time in the world, was posted round the tomb to prevent access to it. The leading authorities of the Jews attended in person to superintend these arrangements; and from the motives with which they were actuated, we may be assured that no precautionary arrangements which keen-witted men of business could suggest would be left on such an occasion unadopted. From the timidity which the disciples had so recently displayed, the candid inquirer must acknowledge that there was little probability of their attacking an armed force. Had the populace been on their side, there might have been some colour for such a conjecture; but, with the passions of the people inflamed against them, a project of that kind must have been no less wild than impracticable.

A question may at this part of the narrative occur to some reader: "Why did not Jesus Christ put the fact of his resurrection beyond all doubt, by rising to life publicly before the whole Jewish people, instead of selecting a few followers as the depositaries of this important miracle?" To this question we might at once reply, that, provided the evidence of the resurrection which we possess be of fair and reasonable strength, and sufficient to satisfy candid inquiry, we have no reason to complain of the absence of a higher species of testimony, God in revelation no less than in nature working by the simplest and least expensive means. We have no occasion to waive the difficulty in this manner, however, for it will not be difficult to show, that had the miracle been performed in the public manner demanded by this question, it must not only have failed in convincing the parties before whom it would have been wrought, but at the same time have probably lost much, if not all, of its efficacy upon the minds of posterity. Living, as we do, at a period when miraculous operations have ceased, we are apt to over-estimate the effects which they must have produced upon the parties before whom they were exhibited. By modernizing the subject, however, we may arrive at more sound conclusions. Were a Protestant missionary, for instance, in the present day, to raise before the cardinals of Rome a dead person to life, and, upon the strength of such an astonishing miracle, to call on them to renounce the Roman Catholic faith, to give up their wealth, to submit to self-denial in the place of self-indulgence, to undergo persecutions, and to continue until death in such an altered course of life, will it be for a moment supposed that the truth of the miracle, and the authority of the mission, would be at once recognised? On the candid and sincere such an effect might be produced; but individuals addicted to the love of pleasure or of vice would, in a superstitious city like Rome, be at no loss to assign a cause for the miracle

sufficient to prevent their being convinced by it. Now it is a fact, familiar to those acquainted with the history of the Jews at the period of which we are writing, that a belief in the power of magic and diabolical agency was as current amongst some classes of the Jewish community as the doctrines of astrology and witchcraft were in our own country a few centuries ago. To these influences, strange as it must to us appear, all the miracles of Christ had been ascribed. There can be little doubt, therefore, that the resurrection, even if publicly performed, would have shared the ill success of the preceding displays of miraculous power, and that the Jewish people would have imputed its origin to the causes we have just mentioned, rather than have made the sacrifices which the new religion demanded. While the force of the miracle upon those who witnessed it would have been thus completely thrown away, the truth of it must, as we have previously stated, have lost much of its influence and efficacy upon the minds of posterity. The narrative of so remarkable an event would probably have been handed down to us, completely distorted by the contradictory evidence of the multitudes before whom it was performed. In addition to this, as there would, amidst such a mass of spectators, have been many unacquainted with the person of Christ, or whose views of him would have been imperfect, the question of his identity might have been altogether perplexed. Superstition and rumour, as is usual in such cases, would have added their extravagant colouring to the whole matter, so that the narrative of the resurrection, instead of having been handed down, as we hope to show, on evidence, fair, clear, and harmonious, would have been transmitted to us on testimony little better than that which supports the portents and legends of the Romish church.

It is time now, however, to return to our narrative. On the arrival of the third day, we might naturally expect to find the civic authorities repairing to the tomb, and, upon discovering the body in the same state in which it had been left by them, publicly announcing a fact so well calculated to give the death-blow to any scheme of imposture. A very different result awaits us. The stone is rolled away, the tomb is empty, the guards are not produced to tell their own story, but a rumour in their absence is put into circulation, that they had slept upon their posts, and that the disciples had stolen the body. Death, it is well known, was the penalty inflicted for so flagrant a violation of the military law as sleeping upon a post. No attempt appears to have been made upon this occasion, however, to bring the offenders to justice, or even to the form of a public examination. Suspicion, inconsistency, and collusion, attach themselves, it is needless to say, to the whole of this part of the transaction. That a body of armed and well-disciplined soldiery should, with the penalty of death before their eyes, have under any circumstances slept upon their posts, and all at the same time, is highly improbable; that they should have done so after the mode in which their vigilance must have been excited by the Jewish authorities, is utterly incredible. Their story bears upon its front, indeed, the mark of inconsistency; for, if they were actually asleep at the time the body was abstracted, how were they enabled to assert so positively that the disciples were the parties by whom the robbery was committed? That a few timid men, however, only eleven in number, should have ventured to attack an armed military post, defended by the best troops known at that time in the world; that they should have succeeded in rolling away the stone, and breaking open the well-secured door, without awakening any of the guards who must have been sleeping around; are suppositions extravagant, and totally untenable by any mind in an unprejudiced condition.

Another and a very different statement of the transaction is submitted to our notice. The disciples whom we lately saw fleeing in all directions, apprehensive, and that not without some reason, of the fury of the mob and the civic authorities being vented upon them, now make their appearance with deeply altered characters. Their timidity is changed to courage, and, unappalled by the fear of consequences, they boldly announce in the most public part of Jerusalem, where the crucifixion had taken place, that their Master had fulfilled his promise of rising from the dead and appearing to them in life. On the strength of such an astonishing miracle, they call on their fellow-countrymen, not (as impostors would have done) to load them with honours and temporal possessions, but to believe in the Divine mission of their Master, to repent of their sins, and to turn to a life of holiness. On being taken before the civic authorities, the guards are not confronted with them to confute their tale; an endeavour, on the contrary, is made to put down by the iron hand of persecution, truths too strong to be opposed by argument. A numerous body of the Jews, including many of the upper classes, at once testified their belief in the miracle, by attaching themselves to the cause, and showed their sincerity by the costly sacrifices which they made. A second class of persons seem to have believed the statement of the disciples, but to have been deterred by fear of consequences from openly avowing their convictions. The majority of the Jews, how-

ever, unwilling to part with their favourite national prepossessions, and offended by the repulsive truths of the new religion, appear to have been hardened in their prejudices, and to have joined their rulers in a persecution of the followers of Christ, whose statements, although thus disliked, could not be overthrown by a fair and public examination.

Were the argument in favour of the resurrection of Christ to be closed at this point, the presumption, it is clear, would be strong in favour of the narrative of the apostles, when placed in contrast with the jarring and inconsistent statements of their opponents. Presumption is changed into certainty, as we proceed further in the examination of the question. Let the disciples tell their story, and in their own manner; it will carry more conviction than the most elaborate analysis of it.

They candidly admit that, when they saw their Master's remains committed to the tomb, their hearts, so far from being cheered by a belief in his prediction of again returning to life, were filled with dejection and completely distrustful of his prophecy. The first persons, they state, to whom their Lord showed himself after rising from the dead, were a few female followers, rendered worthy of that honour by their having remained beside him, during his crucifixion, when all but one of his male adherents had shamefully fled. They ran eagerly to inform the disciples of what they had seen; but their statement, to use the expressive language of the narrative, was treated as an idle tale. On the next occasion, Jesus appeared to two of his male followers, who hastened to acquaint their brethren with the circumstance. Even this announcement was received with incredulity. Shortly after this, ten of the disciples, being their whole number save one, were assembled in a room together, when their doubts were dissipated by evidence too strong to resist. Their Master suddenly appeared in the midst of them. We are particularly called upon to notice this part of their narrative, and to observe how natural it is, how coherent in its various parts, and how totally devoid of all traces of enthusiastic colouring. They were alarmed, we are informed, at first, by his appearance, and were afraid that it was a spirit whom they saw before them. He calmed their apprehensions, and desired them to handle his person, in order to convince themselves that it was a living being with whom they were conversing. To satisfy them still more thoroughly of his identity, he pointed out the wounds which had been inflicted on the cross. He conversed familiarly, and reasoned with them. He explained the Scriptures, particularly the prophetic parts, which foretold his resurrection, and gave directions for the most effectual mode of diffusing his gospel. The whole interview lasted for a considerable period. One of the disciples, we have said, was absent upon this interesting occasion. On his return, the above details were communicated to him by his brethren; but so strong was his incredulity, that he declared, that unless he saw his Master with his own eyes, and thrust his hands into the wounds inflicted on the cross, he would not believe. Even these unreasonable doubts were at last completely satisfied. In the presence of the other disciples, his Master appeared to him, gently upbraided him for his slowness of belief, and desired him to satisfy himself of the fact of his resurrection, by placing his fingers in the prints left upon the hands by the nails of the cross, and in the wound inflicted on the side by the soldier's spear. His follower did so, and with every feeling of incredulity dissipated, exclaimed, in the accents of mingled joy and surprise, "My Lord and my God!"—words unequivocally expressive of sincerity and truth. Upon many other occasions, Jesus appeared to his disciples; but we may content ourselves by noticing, that in another instance he delivered to one of his disciples, who had deserted him in the hour of trial, a charge so full of kindness and love, that whoever peruses it must see upon it the stamp of a real transaction.

Such is the narrative of the apostles of Christ, upon which we would only observe, that whatever opinions we may form of it, it is impossible to explain it away on the supposition of the authors being enthusiasts. The identity of the person whom they saw with their beloved Master is proved by evidence which every court of justice would admit. Their narrative is coherent in all its parts. There is a lucid statement of facts, in calm and sober language, free from the slightest tinge of a heated imagination. As no excited feeling appears in the above details, still less, we may observe, do we perceive any traces of it in the future lives or conduct of these men. The religion which they taught was no enthusiastic reverie, but a system distinguished for its profound wisdom and adaptation to the wants of man. They everywhere exhort their followers to examine carefully the truths which they advance, and impress upon them the necessity of cultivating sobriety of judgment, and "the spirit of a sound mind."

The proofs that the disciples had no motives for attempting an imposture, and that such an attempt, if made by them, must immediately have been put down, have been so frequently detailed in other works upon the evidences of Christianity, that we can on this occasion do little more than allude to them. Their narrative,

instead of gratifying, was opposed to the interests and prepossessions of all whom they addressed. The doctrines which they preached were then, as now, repulsive to the natural mind, from the self-denial and sacrifices which they required. Their tale was not delivered in a corner, and at a distance from the place where the events had occurred, but openly, in Jerusalem, where the facts were familiar to and fresh in the recollection of all, and where the imposture must at once have been detected. They courted not riches. The voice of ancient history confirms their declaration, that in poverty they spent their days, labouring diligently with their own hands; and that their religion, so far from being the means of temporal aggrandizement, was the cause of their being stripped of the little property they once possessed. Neither ease nor enjoyment waited on the doctrines they professed. Each step in their career alarmed new foes, and awoke fresh opposition. No incense of human applause was offered to them. They were loaded with contumely and reproach, and accounted, to use their own language, the "filth of the earth," and "the offscouring of all things." They were scourged—they were imprisoned—they were banished; new forms of death and torture awaited them; but the recollection of the astonishing miracle which they had witnessed supported them under all. One by one their little band was thinned, by the bloody axe or agonizing cross. Their story, however, never varied; their zeal in declaring it never relaxed. During a life extended in several cases to venerable age, they maintained unaltered the narrative recorded above, and in the prospect of death appealed to God, as their "faithful Creator," the witness of their truth and sincerity. Finally, let it be remembered, they thus spoke and thus suffered, not in support of abstract doctrines, which, however sincerely believed by them, might yet have been erroneous, *but in support of a matter of fact on which it was impossible that the senses of eleven men could have been deceived*; *in support, we repeat, of what their own eyes had seen, their own ears heard, their own hands handled.* They suffered that a world's attention might be called to the fact, that their Master, whom they had known for years, with whose person they were familiar, had been crucified, dead and buried, and had afterwards, upon the day foretold, reappeared to them in life. Nor were these sufferings in vain. Unaided by power, opposed by the combined prejudices of a hostile world, their simple and honest statement wrought its way to universal credence. Before it sank the Jewish temple, the heathen fane, the philosophic school, the pagan altar; while on their ruins rose the fair and graceful edifice of Christian truth, the dispenser of light, of joy, and of happiness to a benighted world.

Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, then, lives. His resurrection from the tomb was no idle legend of superstition and imposture, but a fact based on evidence beyond the power of scepticism to overthrow. If there be, therefore, any one who feels his conscience urging upon him the reception of this truth, oh! let him not strive against its dictates; but let him ask, in earnest, childlike, humble prayer, for the gift of the Holy Spirit, to have his prejudices overcome, his ignorance enlightened, and his difficulties removed. Before the tribunal of the Son of God, let him be assured we must all, small and great, stand to receive our final doom. Let him cast himself, then, with deep humiliation on the compassion of his Lord, while he yet remains as an Advocate and High Priest, gentle and easy to be entreated, and before he assumes the character of the Eternal Judge, the Arbiter of everlasting joy or woe.*

THE AMERICAN TELEGRAPH'S FIRST MESSAGE.

At a dinner at St John's, Newfoundland, August 15, 1855, Professor Morris, of America, in reply to some complimentary remarks on his connection with the electric telegraph, made the following remarks:—

"I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, most cordially for the flattering mention you have made to me in connection with the electric telegraph, for it expresses the kindness, the goodwill, the generosity of your own hearts. But, ladies and gentlemen, I place myself as one only amongst the instrumentalities in this great enterprise of binding the nations together in the bands of electric intercourse. It is thus only that I find relief from what I may truly style the oppression of praise. Let me explain. It would be hypocrisy in me to affect callousness or indifference to the good opinion of my fellow-men. No: I confess to a deep feeling of gratification in receiving this evidence that the labours and sacrifices of so many years of my life have not been thrown away upon an impracticable and chimerical dream. I have not, however, so superficial a self-knowledge as not to be aware that there is something within this bosom ever ready to kindle into a selfish pride at the least spark of praise—a pride that would give utterance to the arrogant boast, 'Is not this

* From "The Three Questions—What am I? Whence came I? Whither do I go?" published by the Religious Tract Society—a work specially adapted for perusal by those whose religious opinions have been weakened by sceptical doubts.

great Babylon that I have built by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?' 'Who is it that commands the lightnings to go, and they go?' 'Who gave the telegraphs to the world?'

"Permit me to state an incident in the early history of the telegraph, which is directly pertinent to the answer to these questions. At two sessions of the congress of the United States, my petition for the pecuniary aid of the government to construct the experimental line of telegraph from Washington to Baltimore, to test its practicability and utility, dragged its slow length along, and the close of the session of 1842 and 1843 threatened a result as inauspicious as the previous session of 1837 and 1838. I need not more than allude to the fact that in the previous session of 1837 I had expended all the pecuniary means I possessed to sustain myself at Washington, while urging upon the attention of congress this then untried, this then generally esteemed visionary, enterprise of an electric telegraph.

"Years were required to put myself again in a pecuniary condition to appear before congress with my invention; and now I saw the last day of another entire session just about to close, and with it the prospect of another year's delay. My bill had indeed passed the House. It was on the calendar of the senate; but the evening of the last day had commenced with more than one hundred bills to be considered and passed before mine should be reached.

"Wearied with the anxiety of suspense, I consulted with one of my senatorial friends; he thought the chance of carrying it so small that he advised me to consider it as lost.

"In a state of mind I must leave you to imagine, I returned to my lodgings to make my preparations for returning home the next day. My funds were reduced to the fraction of a dollar. In the morning, as I was about to sit down to breakfast, the servant announced that a young lady desired to see me in the parlour. It was the daughter of my excellent friend and college classmate, the commissioner of patents. She called, she said, by her father's permission, and in the exuberance of her own joy, to announce to me the passage of the Telegraph Bill at midnight, only the moment before the senate's adjournment.

"This was the turning point of the telegraph invention in America. As an appropriate acknowledgment for her sympathy and kindness—a sympathy which only a woman can express—I promised that the first despatch by the first line of telegraph from Washington to Baltimore should be indited by her. To which she replied, 'I will hold you to your word.' In about a year from that time the line was completed, and everything being prepared, I apprized my young friend of the fact. A note from her enclosed this despatch, '*What hath God wrought!*' These were the first words that passed upon electric wires on the first completed line in America. None could have been chosen more in accordance with my own feelings. It baptized the American telegraph with the name of its author. It placed the crown of success and of honour where it belonged."

MARIOLATRY IN FRANCE.

"In the city where I reside," wrote the correspondent of an American religious journal, "and throughout all the southern provinces, you might see on every house on the public road, an image of Mary fastened to the door, and if you should ask the inhabitants wherefore, they would reply (at least the most bigoted and ignorant of them) that these images are the best security against the cholera. They firmly believe it, because the priests have guaranteed to them the efficacy of this means of safety. Alas! these Romanists are no more intelligent, or elevated in their religious ideas, than the savages who invoke their idols, or suspend a talisman around their necks in moments of danger. What indeed are these images fastened upon the houses if not charms, possessing miraculous power? Holy and pure Christian religion! religion of the heart and conscience! what hast thou become in the hands of lying, avaricious priests! The pagan philosophers surely entertained a more spiritual, less degrading belief than these pretended disciples of Jesus Christ.

"The worship of Mary is carried so far in France, and has assumed such a passionate character at the present time, that it is dangerous for Protestants to speak freely concerning the Virgin. A Bible colporteur very recently learned this by experience. He was in Montentre, a district of Lower Charente, on a day of the fair. Many people gathered around him, and the conversation turned upon religious subjects, and especially on the qualities of the Virgin Mary. The colporteur declared that Mary probably had other children beside Jesus Christ. This is an opinion adopted by many Protestant theologians, who regard the brothers of Jesus Christ of whom the New Testament speaks, as his own brothers, in the literal meaning of the word. This allegation in any case is neither offensive or injurious. But the Romanists, swayed by their Mariomania, regarded it in its worst light. "What!" cried they angrily, "the very holy Virgin Mary has had other children! What an insult! It is blasphemy! Down with the heretic!" One person, whom the

worship of Mary had not inspired with much tolerance, seized the colporteur by the beard, insulted and cruelly treated him. The police interfered. The poor agent of the Bible Societies was arrested. Then, upon the complaints of the parish judge, he was summoned before the tribunal of Tonzac, which sentenced him to a fine of three hundred francs and the expenses of trial, as guilty of having insulted a religion recognised by law!

"Thus it is not permitted to say publicly in our country that Mary perhaps had several children. The immaculate holiness of the Virgin is placed under the court's protection; it has judicial sanction; it is surrounded by a legal safeguard, and Protestants must keep silence on so dangerous a question, under penalty of fine and imprisonment! This is a new step in popish intolerance. Soon, a Protestant may be imprisoned as a rebel whenever he mentions aloud a Romish error. The mingling of the two powers will be complete.

"Although the priests do not permit us to dispute the absolute holiness of the Virgin, they commit shameful acts within their own sanctuaries. I have the letter of a Roman Catholic which indignantly relates the sale of the statue of a saint in a church. The following are extracts from this curious letter:—

"'I was called upon by my official position to be present at the Te Deum chanted in the church of ———, on the occasion of a national solemnity, and I was witness of a shameful transaction. After the Te Deum, a young priest ascended the pulpit, and spoke of the sins which had drawn down upon France God's chastisements. All was well so far. But the priest then announced that to secure themselves from all calamity consisted in having in their dwellings the statue of some renowned saint. Then, shameful to see and to relate! he placed one of these statues upon the desk, and offered it for sale during Divine service. All the assistants were invited to purchase; the auction began and advanced rapidly. When the bidders were silent, the so-called priest, or merchant, reanimated them, crying, "Come, you have begun well, why do you not persevere?" He added, "We must die; what signifies it whether we die with or without money? Continue to bid; the Virgin will be glad; say, five francs—two francs—one franc more." Finally, the sum of thirty-two dollars being attained, no higher offer was made, and the marvellous image was assigned to a speculator, a disciple of Voltaire, who will try to sell it with some profit. The parish priest was upon the steps of the altar during this sale, and smiled at all the priest's ingenious invitations. It appears that this traffic is common among them, and is renewed many times a-year.'

"I refrain from any comment upon a fact so disgraceful; it discloses the mercenary designs of popery. If Jesus Christ should return to the world, would he not again expel these venders from the temple, saying, 'My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.'"

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

198. Exodus xix. 4. "Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself." Deut. xxxii. 11, 12. "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange God with him." Matt. xxiii. 37. "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not!"

199. Acts v. 19. "But the angel of the Lord by night opened the prison-doors, and brought them forth." Acts xii. 7—11. "Behold the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison; and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands." . . . "When they were past the first and the second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city; which opened to them of his own accord; and they went out, and passed on through one street; and forthwith the angel departed from him."

200. To the crackling of thorns under a pot. See Eccles. vii. 6.

201. Job xix. 23, 24. "Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book! that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever!"

202. Job xiii. 15. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Psalm xxxviii. 1-15, where after an enumeration of his heavy troubles, David adds: "For in thee, O Lord, do I hope; Thou wilt hear, O Lord, my God." Habakkuk iii. 17, 18. "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

203. Psalm cii. 28. "The children of thy servant shall continue, and their seed shall be established before thee." cxxviii. 3, 4. "Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the side of thine house; thy children like olive-plants round about thy table. Behold that thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord." Deut. xxx. 6. "The Lord thy God will circumcise thine heart, and the heart of thy seed, to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, that thou mayest live." Is. xliv. 3, 5. "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring; and they shall spring up as among the grass; as willows by the watercourses. One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel."

204. See 1 Cor. xii. 12. "As the body is one, and hath many members; and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ." ver. 27. "Now ye are the *body of Christ*, and members in particular."

205. Joshua v. 12. "The manna ceased on the morrow, after they had eaten of the old corn of the land (of Canaan); neither had the children of Israel manna any more."

Religious Intelligence.

October, 1855.

It is evident, from a remarkable document which has just appeared, that the church of Rome is about to apply increased energy to the promotion of its interests in Ireland. This letter, to which much anxious attention has been directed, is the production of a person who is perfectly acquainted with the designs of the pope in reference to Ireland, and perhaps one of those who will assist him to realize them. The aim of Pio Nono, and his legate, Dr. Cullen, is to bring their co-religionists in Ireland into a state of entire conformity to the Italian church, and complete submission to its head. There is a natural independence, and love of doing things in their own way, among the Irish people, which is by no means satisfactory at the papal head-quarters. The holy father, therefore, tells his Hibernian subjects that he is well acquainted with the good qualities of the Irish character, and their fidelity to the holy see; but it must not be supposed that he is ignorant of their many short-comings.

There is one part of the scheme devised for the reformation of Roman Catholics in Ireland, which every friend of tranquillity and individual freedom would be very glad to see realized. The pope is much disconcerted at the interference of the clergy in politics, at their dissensions on merely political or politico-religious questions, and proposes to confine the clergy as much as possible to their proper functions, and impose wholesome restraints on their interference in matters political. It is therefore proposed (says this semi-official document) that the clergy shall confine themselves to the quiet, unobtrusive exercise of their individual rights as citizens, and that their influence shall be felt only in counsel and private persuasion. We most heartily wish the pope good success in his efforts to prevent the priests of Ireland from exercising further interference with the political freedom of the people, and alienating the tenant and the landlord from each other, as has been their custom at every election. We have no faith, however, in the power of the pope so to tame the fierce political spirit of the Irish priest.

The pope has other ends to accomplish by the agency of his legate. He wishes to see his bishops and clergy more active and spiritual, younger and more vigorous in body and mind, more obedient to the designs of the propaganda, having the priest under greater control, and more mindful that "he is ordained to serve at the altar, to administer the sacraments, to expound the law of God to the faithful, and to inculcate its observance by word and example." Then the Irish people are to be favoured with "the ceremonies of the church, and the splendour of public worship," in a manner "at present unknown in Ireland." And, to complete and consolidate the reformation, it is to be extended to the seminaries, which are to be modelled on those of Italy, in which more time is to be devoted to spiritual exercises, and "the young Levites are to see constantly before them the complete subordination which they are to practise when they are promoted to the ministry." It is important that all these movements should be carefully noticed. They have become necessary, in consequence of a great falling off of the pope's subjects in Ireland, by emigration, by conversions to the truth, by the blessing of God on religious education and the faithful preaching of the gospel. Rome will now make reprisals, with her accustomed weapons; but, as the faithful soldiers of the cross will see, it will be with her accustomed defeat.

At the time when these attempts are being made to bring Ireland more completely under papal domination, it is very remarkable that other countries are giving the pope new occasions for uneasy apprehension. In addition to the great losses to the Romish church in Sardinia and in Spain, by the alienation and sale of church lands, and the suppression of convents, a new source of trouble is opened in Switzerland, by an event which has occurred in Aivolo, in Ticino, where the secretary of the municipality died so suddenly that it was impossible to administer to him the Romish rite of extreme unction. The curé refused to bury the deceased, and the bishop, on appeal, approved his resolution. On this, the syndic of the place called out the national guard, and with its aid proceeded to bury his late colleague without the ceremonies of the church.

Another complication has also arisen between the Swiss government and the pope. The bishop at Coire has excommunicated the curate of Stabio, for having allowed himself to be elected a deputy, and the bishop himself has been excommunicated for having transgressed the canon law. The Federal Council refuses to act, unless the pope, as a temporal sovereign, will change his conduct to his subjects in his own states, and thus a struggle continues between the pope and Switzerland, which may produce most important results. We regard these movements with special interest, at a time when, both in Switzerland and Piedmont, Protestantism is receiving very large accessions.

The committee of the Protestant Alliance informs us of the severe persecutions which are being endured by several persons who have ventured to abandon the popish superstitions of which they were formerly the subjects. John Borzinsky, once a member of the order of monks of Mercy, continues still a prisoner at Prague, and the treatment he endures is cruel in the extreme, even to the endangering of his life. This Christian confessor is suffering for conscience sake, but contrary to the law of Austria, by which he ought to have been protected; for he had united himself to the Protestant confession, and thus become entitled to protection. His brother Ubaldus, a member of the same order, who had ventured to write to the reforming pope, exposing its gross immoralities and crimes, has, for this act of Christian fidelity, been imprisoned at Gortz, in Illyria, where he is treated with the greatest severity. Another victim, Joachim Zezule, a priest of the order of Augustines, has been confined for twenty years in prison at Prague, as a madman, although he might say with the apostle Paul, "I am not mad, but speak the words of truth and soberness."

It is deeply to be regretted that the Scripture readers sent to the East by the excellent society to which that work is assigned are not encouraged in their most important duties. Very painful evidence is given of the necessity of their labours, as our soldiers in Sebastopol, in the enjoyment of repose from their hard and perilous conflicts, in too many instances indulge in intemperance and forgetfulness of eternal realities.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

SEIZURE OF CHRISTIANS BY THEIR ROMAN PERSECUTORS.

DAYBREAK IN BRITAIN.

XI.—THE WORD OF GOD.

"HERE let us rest, my daughter," said Alpheus to his companion, as they reached the small cave of which Imogen had spoken. "Pain and exhaustion forbid my farther travel this night, and it were safer for us both to enter the Roman camp by daylight, lest in the darkness we be received as enemies."

"Dost thou then feel assured that they will prove unto thee friends? Do the Romans bow down to the true God?"

"Alas! most of them are still in their blindness, and adore idols of wood and of stone. But the light of the gospel is spreading amongst them, and many servants of the Lord follow the standards of Rome. I know well their language, their manners, their laws, and I fear not but that God will give us favour in their sight; the hearts of all men are in his hands."

"Was thy heart always devoted to the Lord?" asked Imogen, as she chafed the swollen foot of her companion with a daughter's tender care.

"Alas! no," said Alpheus, with a heavy sigh; "I was once an enemy to the gospel. I have stood amongst the foes of my Redeemer,

No. 84—PUBLISHED DECEMBER 6, 1855. PRICE ONE PENNY.

have slighted his mercy, and persecuted his followers; I deserved only punishment and destruction at his hands, and, lo! of the rebel he hath made a son."

"Oh, tell me how thine eyes were opened," said Imogen.

"I was one of the nation of the Israelites or Jews—that nation chosen to watch over the light of truth in an idolatrous world. To them was given the law of God from Mount Sinai; they were led through a wilderness to a promised land, amidst miracles of mercy and love. When the sea lay before them, and their enemies pursued, their leader, Moses, had only stretched forth his rod in God's name, and the waves rolled back to the right and the left, and stood upright like a wall of crystal, while the Israelites passed dryshod through the deep. Did they hunger? the Lord sent them bread from heaven; were they athirst? Moses struck the dry rock with his rod, and waters gushed forth in abundance. The Lord himself was their guide through the desert, in a pillar of cloud through the heat of the day, in a pillar of fire through the darkness of night, till the Israelites came to the promised land, and drove out the heathen before them."

"Oh, happy nation, for whom the Lord did so much!" cried Imogen.

"He did more, my child; he promised them a Saviour, who should lead them through the wilderness of this world to a promised heaven above; who would guide them by his Spirit, and then receive them into glory."

"Was that the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"It was he, the eternal Son of God, who, when he deigned to become man for our sakes, was born of this nation of the Jews. For ages and ages, from generation to generation, the faithful of the land awaited the coming of him who was to take away the sins of the world; and at length he appeared, but in great humility, born in a stable, cradled in a manger, without a home where to lay his sacred head."

"How should they know that the Saviour was him for whom they had waited, if he came in such lowly estate?"

"I have seen, Imogen, a picture drawn of a face, so true to the life, that it looked like the reflection of the countenance in a mirror. Hadst thou such a picture of an expected stranger, when he came thou wouldst know him from the likeness."

"Had the Jews such a picture of the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"The Holy Spirit, from time to time, had rested upon prophets, and spoken through them of the coming, the actions, and the death of the Saviour. In their writings was given a picture of his life, that when he came all might know that he was the promised Messiah. The prophets who died ages before the Lord was born, foretold the family from which the Redeemer should spring,[1] the time of his coming,[2] the place of his birth,[3] the miracles by which he should show forth his power,[4] his rejection by man,[5] the mockery of his foes,[6] the piercing of his sacred hands and his feet,[7] the stripes which he endured that we might be healed,[8] his death,[9] his glorious rising,[10] and his ascension to his Father in heaven.[11] All that was written of him in the books of the prophets, was fulfilled in the sight of the world."

"These were indeed proofs that Jesus was the Son of God," said Imogen, thoughtfully.

"The Lord deigned to give proofs still greater than these. The Saviour worked miracles in the presence of the people. The eyes of the blind were opened and they beheld him; the lame leaped like a hart, and the deaf heard his voice. The roaring waves and winds obeyed him and were still, and he walked on the face of the waters; nay, the very dead obeyed the Saviour's call, arose from the bier, and came forth from the tomb, to bear witness that Jesus was indeed the Son of God."

"Is it possible," cried Imogen, with earnestness, "is it possible that the Jews could see all this, and yet not believe?"

"They hardened their hearts and turned from the light. The lowliness of the Saviour offended their pride; they hated the purity of his doctrine. They would not come to him that they might have life, and all, save a few humble followers of the Lord, rejected the Redeemer of the world."

"And thou—didst thou also turn away?" said Imogen.

"I was born of the nation of the Jews," replied Alpheus; "my father was of the tribe of the priests. He was strict in obeying every precept of the law; he fasted twice a week, gave freely to the poor, and was reverenced for his piety and wisdom. The love of a mother I never knew, for she died soon after the birth of my only sister, and her loss threw a gloom over my father's spirit which made him yet more rigid and strict in his life. Our dwelling was in the town of Smyrna, a place where the gospel had early been preached, and, amid opposition and persecution, had secretly spread. My father never spoke to me of the doctrines of Jesus; but, if ever Christianity were mentioned beneath his roof, it was with hatred, abhorrence,

[1] Isaiah xi. 1.
[2] Daniel ix. 25.
[3] Micah v. 2.
[4] Isaiah xxxv. 5, 6.
[5] Isaiah liii. 3.
[6] Psalm xxii. 7, 8.
[7] Psalm xxii. 16, 17, 18.
[8] Isaiah liii. 5.
[9] Zachariah xiii. 7.
[10] Psalm xvi. 10.
[11] Psalm xlvii. 5; and many other portions of Scripture.

and contempt. No marvel that I searched not into the truth, that I read our own Scriptures with darkened mind; I rested my hopes on the works of the law, and I felt no need of a Saviour.

"While I was yet a boy, my father died, and I should have stood lonely in this wide world, but for that gentle, only sister, Anna, who was like the sunlight to my soul—the one bright flower in the pathway of life. Imogen, no words can tell what that sister was to me."

Imogen looked into the countenance of the aged man, and saw how, even after the lapse of many years, there are tender memories over which time seems to have no power, indelible as the vein in the marble.

"We grew up together," continued Alpheus, "the world wondering at and praising my early devotion, which was rooted in spiritual pride. The piety of my sister was more humble as it was more true, as the weight of its own rich fruit bends the branch down towards earth. At length I marked that Anna's brow became more thoughtful, and there was unwonted pensiveness in her mien. In vain I sought a cause for her sadness; in vain I sought to divert her thoughts; for the first time, my sister seemed to have sorrows which I could neither relieve nor share. Often, when we were alone together, and I tried to win confidence from her love, Anna appeared on the point to speak openly; then, as if bound by some secret chain, again her lips were closed in silence, and she drew back with almost a look of fear from the brother who would have given his life for her.

"Once, in her presence, I happened to speak of the despised followers of Jesus. There was bitterness in my words and contempt in my tone, for I had learned to despise that which I had never sought to know, and the name of a Christian was hateful to me. Anna turned suddenly pale; an expression of pain passed across her face, words seemed trembling on her lips, but she uttered them not. Alas! how mournfully since have I recalled that look. I understood it not then, for though well aware that Anna daily searched our Scriptures, I deemed not, in the blindness of my pride and unbelief, that those Scriptures bore witness to the Lord Jesus."

"Alas!" cried Imogen, "that she should have thus kept silent; that, if she knew the path to eternal life, she should not have sought to draw her brother to tread it."

"Blame her not," replied Alpheus, earnestly; "thou knowest not the trials of that fearful time. The murderer might find mercy, but the Christian found none: the brother delivered up the brother to death, the parent the child, and the child the parent; to pray to the Saviour was punished as a crime most worthy of tortures and of the stake; the cross of the Christian was a cross indeed; he was called on to follow the footsteps of his Lord to suffering, to shame, and to death."

"Strong must have been the faith which could endure to the end," cried Imogen.

"The Holy Ghost alone could have given it such strength, or amid the blasts of persecution have still guarded the flame, and made it rise triumphant above all the guilty efforts of man to destroy it. The spread of Christianity is in itself a miracle; for the almighty power of God could alone touch hearts hardened and cold as my own. Did I not hope that, through the merits of my Saviour, even my transgression has been pardoned, how could I endure, Imogen, that thou shouldst know how deeply I have sinned against my God."

A heavy sigh followed these words; it was some time ere Alpheus could resume his narrative.

"I loved to pursue the various sciences, and more especially that of astronomy. It was my greatest delight to look out on the stars that brighten the gloom of night: to me they have been as companions, and often, when others were asleep, I have wandered forth to gaze on those gems of the sky.

"One night, absorbed in my favourite study, I stood alone by an ancient tower—an ivy-grown ruin, worn by time, and much shunned by the superstitious; for it was said that abodes of the dead were near, tombs of men buried in ages long past, and rustics feared to approach after dark, for forms, it was rumoured, were sometimes seen there, and voices heard, but not of the living.

"As I silently stood near a ruined arch, I was startled by the sound of approaching steps. I had little fear of beings from another world; but the lateness of the hour, and the loneliness of the spot, aroused me to a sense of danger.

"Motionless I stood in the deep shadow; I saw a tall and powerful-looking form; it approached me, but I stirred not; it passed—and the moment after the figure stooped, and cautiously removed, one by one, some loose stones from a portion of the ruin near which I stood. Then another form appeared, another, and yet others; each moved silently, as if afraid to awake the slumbering echoes, and disappeared at the place whence the stones had been removed.

"A few minutes passed; then, as if beneath my feet, arose a strange sound like a voice from a tomb. After a while there was music heard, faint, as if ascending from the depths of the earth; wild and solemn it rose and fell, and my ear could distinguish the name of *Jesus*. 'It is an assembly of the hated Christians,' thought I; 'chance has discovered to me their place of meet-

ing. In vain seek they shelter in caves or in tombs, or follow their worship through the still hours of darkness; the prefect shall know of their secret haunt, and crush them with the weight of his power. I waited till the hour for prayer was ended, watched one by one the Christians depart, and, exulting with fierce and unholy zeal, even without waiting for the dawn of morn, I betrayed their place of refuge to the prefect. He was a man of blood, but deliberate in his resolves and calm in the execution of his designs.

"'Breathe to no human ear what thou hast told to mine,' said he; 'the Christians will not meet again till the first day of the week, the sabbath, which they devote to prayer. Thou shalt then guide a band of soldiers to the appointed spot, who shall there lie concealed till all the Christians have assembled, and then seize at once every worshipper of Jesus. Be silent, young man, till the fated hour arrives, that our victims escape not the net.'"

"Alas!" cried Imogen, "had he no compassion for them whose only crime was loving their Saviour."

"Daughter, it is a fearful tale that I tell; it is written on my own heart in characters of fire; the blood of Jesus Christ alone can wash out my sin; I shall mourn over its effects to my grave.

"I obeyed the prefect, and observed strict silence, but impatiently awaited the appointed night. Not even to Anna did I utter a word on the subject that filled all my thoughts. On the morning of that fatal sabbath, it seemed to me as if all her former sadness had passed away. A placid calmness was upon her brow. How oft I recall the soft angel smile with which she greeted me when first we met upon that day. Her hand was resting upon the volume of the law, which lay open on a table before her; she was a thirsty pilgrim by a fountain in the desert, drinking deep of the pure stream of life.

"'Oh, my brother!' said Anna, raising her gentle eyes towards me, those eyes which seemed bright with a radiance from heaven, 'search the Scriptures—search with prayer for the teaching of God's Spirit, for they testify,'—she paused; the blood rose to her cheek. Alas! that even then she dared not breathe the name of Jesus.

"The night came; often have I in my anguish desired that I had never lived to see that fearful night. But now I can humbly return thanks to my God that he did not cut me off in my sins. With a band of soldiers I returned to the ruin, displaced the stones with an eager hand, and saw a low door in the wall before me, which opened on a dark winding stair. We descended in silence to the vault below. Gloomy alcoves indented the dark, damp walls, receptacles once of the dead.

"'Extinguish your lights,' said the captain of our party, 'the Christians will soon assemble. The sound of my trumpet shall be your signal to rush upon the unsuspecting band.' As he spoke, the lights which we bore were put out, and concealing ourselves in the gloomy recesses, we awaited in darkness the approach of our victims. Imogen! a feeling of fear and awe stole over my soul at that hour; it might be a warning voice from heaven; but I steeled my heart, and stifled my conscience, and reproached my spirit for its weakness.

"Soon a single form, bearing a torch, appeared. The light burned dim in the damp heavy air, and threw but faint lustre on the objects near it. As the Christians assembled in that strange place of worship, scarcely seen as they glided in, shrouded and noiselessly, the heat of that confined vault became oppressive; stern must that persecution have been which could lead them to seek refuge there.

"I see the whole scene as in a picture before me, undarkened by the lapse of forty years. The old minister raising his hand towards heaven, the torch-light on the yellow parchment before him, a few thoughtful countenances faintly seen through the dimness, the rest lost in the obscurity beyond.

"They prayed; every knee was bent to the earth, every voice was blended in supplication. They confessed their sins, they asked for pardon, and the Spirit of God to strengthen their faith, that they might do and suffer the will of the Lord. They prayed for the growth of the Christian church, they prayed for mercy on its persecutors. Imogen, these words thrilled to my soul! Were these prayers offered for me? But when I heard, at the close of their petitions, that all was asked in the name of the Saviour, again I hardened my rebel heart; the followers of the crucifix should find no pity in me. Then the old man stretched forth his hand, when the Christians had risen from their knees. 'We meet to-day, beloved brethren,' said he, 'not only to join in prayer and in praise, but to admit by baptism into our church some new converts to the faith of the gospel.'

"As he spoke, a young man advanced from the rest, and with folded hands and downcast eyes stood before the minister of the Christians. The old man looked at him with tenderness and love. 'Art thou willing,' said he, 'freely to renounce sin, and all that is hateful to a holy God? Dost thou come to the Saviour in humble faith, not trusting in thine own merits, but in his great mercy, and ready for his sake to leave all that thou hast, to give up even life in his cause?'

"I heard the answer, but the convert's look spoke more than his words. 'Let me hear from

thy lips the confession of thy faith,' said the minister. The young man raised his head, and in a firm, clear voice, repeated the Christian's belief.

"Then the minister took water, and baptized the convert, 'in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,' and raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, 'Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, give him grace, if needful, to seal this profession with his blood.'

"Another now advanced to receive the holy rite, and this time the convert was a woman. My heart throbbed fast with an undefined fear, as she advanced from the darkness into the yellow torch-light; timidly she laid aside the veil that she wore, and I saw—oh, anguish! I saw my sister.

"At that moment all were startled by a loud, shrill blast, the knell of death, the sound of the trumpet! From their places of concealment the soldiers sprang forth; there were flashing of weapons and cries of fear—confusion, horror, death. I have a vague recollection of the aged minister stretched on the ground, with blood on his silvery hair, and the dying glance of the convert directed upwards, as he sank beneath the murderer's steel. But all the scene was wildly swimming before my eyes; I thought but of Anna; I rushed to her side; I felt her arms clinging around me, then rudely torn away. I felt——." Alpheus could not continue the recital; remembrance was too agonizing for his fortitude to sustain; he buried his face in his trembling hands, and gave way to a burst of grief.

"THE SPARROW ON THE HOUSE-TOP."

In Waterton's "Essays on Natural History" there occurs the following passage, which seems worthy of a place in our pages. "This brings me to another bird not now seen in this country, but interesting to us on account of the place which it occupies in holy writ. Its history is but little known to the world at large, and its identity is exposed to be called in question on account of the name which it erroneously bears. The bird to which I allude is the Passer Solitarius; in English, the solitary sparrow. The royal psalmist, whilst bending down in penitential prayer before his offended Maker, exclaims, 'I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the house-top.' I have often wondered what bird this could be, knowing, by daily experience, that it could not actually be the house-sparrow, for the house-sparrow is not solitary in its habits. I despaired of being able to trace its character satisfactorily, and I should probably have long remained in ignorance of it, had I not visited the southern parts of Europe. My arrival at Rome led me at once into the secret. The bird to which the repentant king of Israel compared himself is a real thrush in size, in shape, in habits, and in song; with this difference from the rest of the tribe, that it is remarkable throughout all the East for sitting solitary on the habitations of man. It is indeed a solitary bird, for it never associates with any other, and only with its own mate in breeding time; and even then it is often seen quite alone upon the house-top, where it warbles in sweet and plaintive strains, and continues its song as it moves in easy flight from roof to roof. The solitary thrush is seen in all the countries of the East, up to Syria and Egypt, and probably much farther on."

NOTES BY A FORMER RESIDENT IN INDIA.

On reading the Old Testament, Christians often feel surprised that the Jews, well instructed as they were in the true religion, should have joined in the gross idolatry of the surrounding nations. By those, however, who have resided in civilized heathen countries, less wonder is felt; they see the almost imperceptible influence gradually gained by example over weak minds. I found an instance of this in my own family, which ever after made me feel doubly compassionate towards the heathen. My own children had been brought up most carefully; yet one evening, returning home from my usual drive, I saw my eldest child, then between five and six years old, standing before a heathen shrine, with some of the servants, offering up flowers, incense, and sweetmeats. On reproving the child, and asking how she, a Christian, could join in such worship, she said: "I could not help thinking, dear mamma, there must be *something in it*, or all these people would not do so." Yet surely if *example* has this practical result for evil, may we not hope it will also influence for good?

The idolatry which prevails under British rule in India is very grievous to witness; it has none of the elegance of form, poetical feeling, or philosophical refinement of the Greek and Roman mythology. The Hindoo gods are loathsome if of human form, or ludicrous if animals, and their worship is debasing and senseless. Cruelty, licentiousness, and falsehood are not considered sinful; while such things as are deemed crimes among them, may be expiated by sacrifices, penances, offerings, and washings in sacred streams. To their religion, in itself, burdensome as it is, I do not believe they have any attachment; but, by forsaking it for Christianity, they forfeit every

earthly tie, and in the opinion of their native countrymen, become utterly degraded. This is, perhaps, owing to the comparatively small number of Hindoo converts, which is not large enough to form a community to support and strengthen each other. On the other hand, Hindoos who have embraced Mohammedanism do not become so completely lost. They are received among Mussulmans, and appear to maintain their position in the world. I have seen this among my own servants, who had gone over to that creed; and under the rule of the Mohammedan princes, immense multitudes have at times become followers of the false prophet. That we have made comparatively so little progress, must be regarded as our own fault in some degree at least, although the obstacles in the way of the reception of spiritual truth by the natural heart must not be overlooked. Missionary efforts, however, must be continued even were the results less cheering than they are; for how can the heathen believe unless they hear, and how can they hear without a preacher?

All this time of, in some respects, unproductive labour, has not been lost. A feeling is gaining ground among the natives that we are wiser and better than themselves. This was shown very remarkably in April this year, 1855, at the great festival which took place at Hurdwar, where upwards of two millions of Hindoos assembled to wash away their sins in the sacred Ganges. Our government used every effort to prevent the crowds rushing in so hastily as to destroy each other, for it is not uncommon for hundreds to be trampled to death or drowned; and many even on this occasion would have perished but for the courage of the British officers on duty there, who plunged into the water and saved the drowning creatures. These poor creatures showed their gratitude by *worshipping* these officers wherever they met them. Many missionaries were present, and were treated with respect, being listened to, instead of being as usual pelted with mud and hooted. The enormous rabble dispersed, headed by one hundred thousand registered priests of different sects and tribes, walking in procession. What a spectacle for a Christian to contemplate! A mere handful, we may observe, of British officers, with their native soldiers, kept order amongst these vast multitudes.

Our native troops have (in the writer's opinion at least) great discouragement rather than encouragement to conversion; yet even their minds are becoming prepared for the reception of Christianity. Although they are so superstitious that they will "present arms" to a sacred stream, yet they will not hesitate to offend their Hindoo brethren on behalf of English soldiers, as I know from the fact of two of our men having been rescued from a crowd of villagers, who were about to murder them, because they had shot a wild peacock, not knowing it was a sacred bird. The two lads were saved by some native soldiers who were in the village on leave; and they incurred no small risk for the sake of their brethren in arms.

We all know what a vast improvement has taken place in the character of the British soldiery within the last few years, from the blessings of religion and education being more diffused among them; and our native troops are as open to improvement. By nature they are not worse than ourselves. They do not fail in performing their duty to us, but we do not, I repeat, as Christians, fulfil our duty to them, by showing them a good example. Would there were more among them like Cornelius, the devout centurion, though at the same time it is a matter of gratitude, that our army numbers so many pious officers. Generally speaking, the natives consider us to be indifferent to our religion, from our neglecting attendance on Divine service. Officers belonging to European corps, and the artillery, must, it is true, go to church with their men; and almost all married officers, with their families, are regular attendants; but most young men who are not obliged to do so, neglect this duty, to the surprise of the heathen, who say that our worship is easy, while theirs is burdensome: yet they perform theirs, while we neglect ours.

Permission is still given by government for idolatrous processions and ceremonies within the limits of our cantonments. I have been in church when the service was drowned by the heathen uproar. Some officers went out, and desired the performers to be silent, till they had passed the church; and the people obeyed without a murmur. As none of the sacred animals or birds are allowed to be killed within cities, the natives accordingly do not object to our enforcing respect to our religion within the limits of our own camps. Indeed every measure taken in a right direction has proved successful; for instance, the abolition of suttee, (or burning alive of widows with their husbands' corpses,) female infanticide, and human sacrifices. A zealous magistrate, and a man who thoroughly understood human nature, on his own responsibility, some years ago, completely put a stop to the suicides which were committed at the junction of two sacred rivers. He strictly prohibited all religious processions, music, or crowds to attend the self-immolation; but any one who wished to destroy himself on religious principles might do so quietly, and drown in the presence merely of his priest. This checked the vainglory of the devotees, and saved their lives. The conclusion

is, that our efforts to Christianize have not been in vain. Nothing in the universe remains at a stand-still; we have not retrograded, therefore we must have progressed. We have overcome prejudices, we have introduced order, we have abolished infamous customs, we have gained the respect, and sometimes even the love, of the heathen. All these are great victories; and shall we not persevere, when the struggle is not for earthly possessions, but for the welfare of millions of immortal souls? Every Christian who goes to India, whether officer or soldier, man or woman, should go amongst the heathen in a missionary spirit, endeavouring at least to convert them by the example of a holy life.

CHINESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

THE LOOM.

"She perceiveth that her merchandize is good: her candle goeth not out by night."—*Prov.* xxxi. 18.

THE latter half of the work from which some of our agricultural illustrations are taken, is occupied with a pictorial account of the different processes to which the Chinese have recourse in the manufacture of silk. The various periods in the history of the silk-worm are severally marked out by an appropriate illustration; and so minute and faithful is the author, that the business of gathering the mulberry leaves for its maintenance has not been omitted. After these several departments of labour have been touched upon, the operations of spinning the silk and preparing it for the loom then succeed. These operations have reached an important point when the silk is in readiness for that machine.

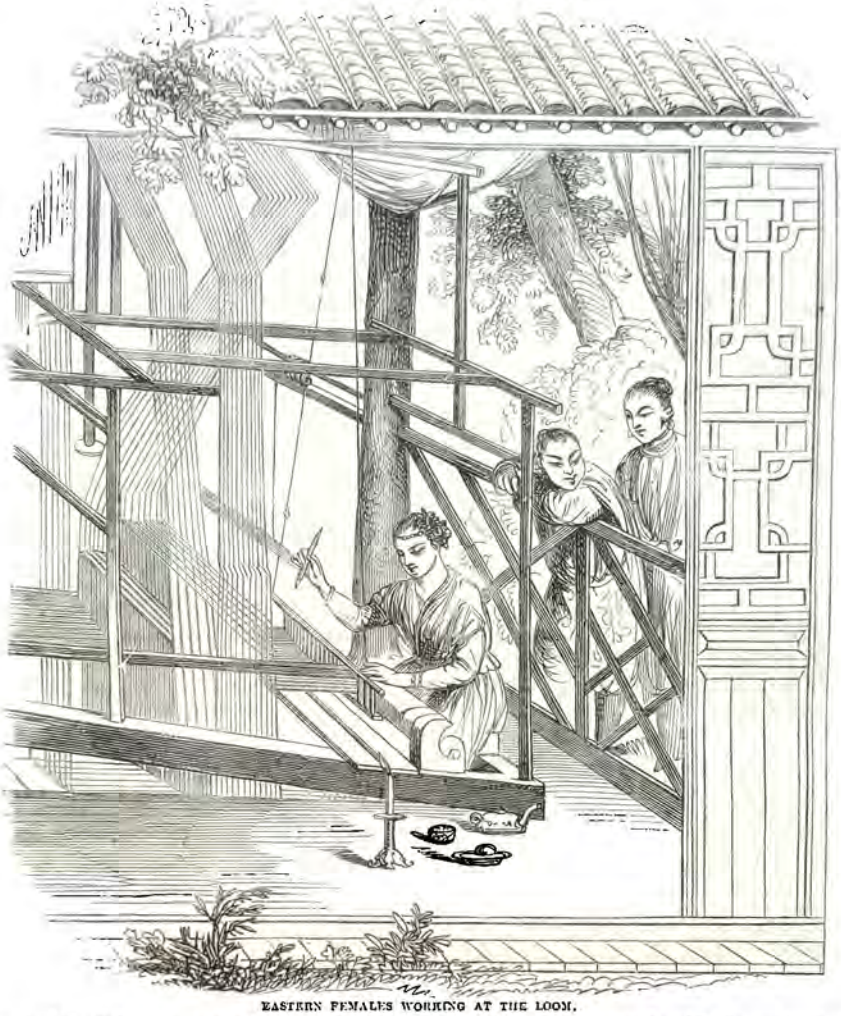
The industrious person seated at the loom in our illustration, answers, in a few outlines at least, the description given of the virtuous woman who girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms; and perceiving that her merchandize is good, she will not suffer her candle to go out by night. Two of her neighbours, we see, are come to bear their testimony to her unwearied assiduity, into whose mouth we might put the eulogy pronounced by king Solomon, as we find it written in the last chapter of Proverbs, from the tenth verse to the close—an eulogy that ought to be engraven upon the heart of every young female.

The taper burning by the side of the woman in our illustration, indicates that it is night. This candle, be it remembered, has not been lighted by the English artist to suit the passage we have selected for our motto, but was faithfully copied from the Chinese original. Not far from the candle to which we have just adverted, a small plate is seen, replenished with about half-a-dozen cakes, to be used occasionally as an antidote against hunger and weariness. The Chinese take two principal meals during the day; one about ten in the morning, and the other about an hour before sunset. Between these meals, they sometimes eat a variety of cakes and pastry filled with minced meat, a basin of pea-soup, or a little gruel made of rice. But as they generally conclude their day's work before they take the second repast, or dinner, they need no refreshment between that time and the hour of going to bed. The woman, here, however, appears to be fully bent upon extending her labours to a late hour, and has therefore placed beside her a small charger garnished with sweet cakes to refresh herself at intervals. The virtuous person described by the king of Israel is said to rise while it is yet night, and to give meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. Hence, she not only prolonged her labours till late at night, but again, before morning dawn had shed its first rays upon the earth, she rose from her bed, and prepared herself with her household for the duties of the day.

In China, the number of hours which labourers ply at their toil, without ceasing, has often been a matter of surprise to the writer of these remarks. He is aware that the weavers in this country were often compelled to work sixteen or even eighteen hours out of the twenty-four; and he is also equally aware that by such close application they endanger their health, if they do not ruin their constitution. But in China an ease and cheerfulness attend these lengthened exertions, which seem to prove that toil and pastime, in the habits of that people, are convertible terms.

Close beside the platter of eatables, in our illustration, stand the teapot and the cup, which supply the workwomen with a draught of pure vegetable drink, from time to time. The apparatus for making tea is seldom absent from the spot where any work or enterprise is carried on. It is as constant in its companionship as the beer-bottle was a few years ago among our peasantry, while engaged in the labours of the harvest. A cup of cold tea in China allays the thirst, delights the taste, soothes the excitement produced by labour, and affords a grateful break in the continuity of exertion. Habit has rendered it enough for the purposes just specified, without the aid of vinous or fermented liquors.

The loom depicted in our illustration is identical in principle with the looms in this country; and therefore, further details in explanation may be dispensed with. A few texts illustrated by the picture before us may, however, be briefly touched on.



EASTERN FEMALES WORKING AT THE LOOM.

Is. xxxviii. 12: "I have cut off like a weaver my life; he will cut me off with pining sickness;" or, rather, he will cut me off just as a weaver cuts the ends of his warp from the thrums or ties, when the web is finished. The length of the warp, to which life is here compared, has been fixed by God, but the office of putting in the woof he has assigned to man. Whether it shall be left unfinished, or be full of gaps and unsightly breaks, or present a beautiful surface with the texture of solid workmanship, remains (humanly speaking) with us.

"My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope." (Job vii. 6.) The shuttle used by the Chinese is by its shape well calculated for making a speedy transit from one side of the web to the other. Its length, the sharpness of its ends, and the polished nature of its surface, all combine to fit it for an easy passage. When thrown by a Chinese weaver, it reaches the opposite side in an instant, and is for that reason the best model of celerity within the range of common observation. In China, the comparison would appear singularly appropriate, especially in large cities, where the weavers are numerous, and sit near the doors and windows of their houses, so that every passenger may see and gain instruction.

But we ought not to conclude this chapter without recollecting the "virtuous woman," whose example is held up for imitation, and her price said to be above rubies. This designation may not be applied to individuals in China, because with us true piety is a necessary ingredient in virtue; but of the females in that country, we know enough to feel authorized in saying, that their conduct as helpmates and companions is highly meritorious. How much more, then, may we hope they will become so, when brought under the benign influence of Christianity.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF A CHRISTIAN.

BY DR. TYNG.

In considering this responsibility I would remark first, upon *the things for which he is responsible*. These may be profitably divided into the two points, of personal example and active efforts to do good to others.

The man in Christ is responsible for his *personal example*. After all the privileges in his possession, the mercies, and the means of influence which have been bestowed upon him, it is hardly possible unduly to magnify the demands which may be justly made upon him, for a personally holy example. The Saviour connects the exhibition of these great privileges with the influence which ought naturally and properly to result from them. He teaches us, in many different forms, the relative position which his followers were designed by him to occupy in reference to the world around them. He calls them, "the light of the world," "the salt of the earth," "the leaven" which is to leaven the whole lump. These and similar expressions point to the fact of a necessary operation of their character and conduct upon other persons. A light cannot be hidden, and is not brought to be put under a bushel. Salt that has lost its savour is good for nothing. Such expressions display this purpose of relative influence as the chief design of their peculiar condition among men. For the exercise of this influence they are endowed with many instruments and gifts, which under the blessing of God may be made thus effective. But among them all, probably none is more likely to be powerful than a holy example. The word of God has established a standard, and revealed a pattern, for the character of every Christian, in the perfect excellence of the Lord Jesus Christ. To this every disciple of Christ is to be conformed, by the renewing power of the Holy Ghost. And according to its principles and demands will he be judged and approved at last before God. His personal conformity to Christ is the example which he must exhibit before men. The life of the Lord Jesus must be manifested in his life. The facts which make up this example will be found to extend into the most secret and constant cultivation of the mind of Christ within. Even there, as the only source of holy influence upon others, is he to acquire and maintain that holy and spiritual mind which is life and peace. His external, open conduct also comes under this requisition for personal example. What the man in Christ really is, he is abroad in his whole intercourse with the world in which he dwells. The transactions of his daily business will be sanctified by the uniform and evident influence of a religious and holy temper. There can be no stain of insincerity, or unfaithfulness, or unreasonable anger, or inconsistent levity, or sensual impurity allowed or excused in him. He is a living epistle, to be known and read of all men every day. And if he does not bear with him the marks of the Lord Jesus in his free and unpremeditated walk and character among men, it cannot be but they will disbelieve the profession which he makes, and blaspheme the holy name whereby he is called.

His domestic habits must also be included within the range of his personal example. Here also is he examined with an habitual and very searching eye. And he cannot lay aside the watchfulness of his walk with God, because he has returned to the retirement of his own house. As a general rule, the standard of his manifest conduct will be the standard of family judgment in regard to the whole claims of personal religion, and for the formation of religious character in all who come after him in lower stations of the household. In this aspect of his character, he will see himself reflected in multiplying mirrors around him; and he cannot be too scrutinizing or guarded in the control of himself at home. His own private and personal actions, even to the secret engagements of his closet, will be a part of his example. The character of a Christian is an unbroken unit. To be effective, it must be always thus. If he relax his line of duty in any point, he has broken the principle which professedly controls him. He has a right to uniform independence of the false and harsh judgments of the world. But he can have no dispensing power or privilege in reference to the claims of the divine character and truth. By the demands of these he must be seen to be habitually governed. And as secretly as the eye of any human being can follow him, is he to consider the claims and the responsibility of his personal example to extend. Even the temper and habit of his mind, the manifest state and current of his thoughts and feelings, will come also under this head of personal example.

Indeed, it may be justly said, that this is the main fact of example. He will be daily and habitually judged by the sincerity with which he manifestly acts, and the evident freedom and unconstrained exhibition of his religious character. The Saviour was obliged to say, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of," to some who had forsaken all to follow him. Alas! how often do we feel such a rebuke to be justly applicable to ourselves! What strange fire do we often bring to the Lord's altar! What selfish and careless hands do we often lay upon the ark of God! And though God may mercifully pardon our infirmities, and heal our backslidings, and hide his face from our transgressions, we may not reasonably expect anything of men, but that our failures will be remembered far more accurately and permanently than any efforts subsequently to amend them. All these points are necessarily included in the responsibility for personal example. Whether the man in Christ be a man of prayer, of meekness, of tenderness, of love, is a subject for the judgment of others around him; one upon which their unceasing scrutiny will be fixed, and in reference to which their opinions will very generally be according to truth.

This personal example must be one of positive agency for good, and not merely negatively harmless. It is not enough to ask of the man in Christ that he do no harm to others, either in his conversation or his conduct. He is to be actually useful to all with whom he is connected in life, to the utmost extent of his means and power. The life and spirit of true religion are habitually active in their influence. The gospel is in the world as a conquering dispensation. It is to gain over to obedience and subjection to the Son of God many whose hearts are naturally alienated from him. And the influence of its real subjects and professors is the great instrument in the power of the Holy Spirit in carrying out these victories of the truth of God. Each single Christian becomes therefore personally responsible for all the influence which his own example can be made to produce in the attainment of this all-important end. Thus God designs to bless and save the world. If but a single Christian be resident in a household, he is there by God's appointment as an instrument and messenger of the Lord of Hosts; and he must be about his Master's business, and make it his meat and drink to do his will. His personal example is one of the most important facts in the daily history of that family, and will constitute one of the most serious items in the account which shall be required both of him and them. Sad will it be for him if those who are most intimate with him have never known by the actual manifest character of his life that he was standing truly on the Lord's side, and gathering daily with Christ. What he might have been the instrument of accomplishing, had his light been shining steadily and clearly before men, he has not only lost, but it is vain for him to calculate. The hour of mourning over privileges and means so unreasonably neglected and unimproved will come. And the measure of his privileges and his possible attainments will be made the measure of responsibility for him. This responsibility for personal example can never be laid aside. Wherever the man in Christ may be, though but a wayfaring man tarrying for the night, this burden is laid upon him, and his example must and will operate, either for good or for evil, to an extent which will only be revealed to him at the judgment-seat of Christ. O that all who belong to Jesus might be led to reflect habitually and seriously upon this undoubted fact; and feel the weight of that inevitable influence which they must exercise upon others, and the responsibility which they must consequently bear. Let your light so shine before men that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father who is in heaven.

The man in Christ is responsible *for personal efforts to do good to others* with whom the providence of God has been pleased to connect him. He has a divine and precious treasure committed to his charge. And however earthen and worthless may be the vessel which contains it, the excellency of the power is of God. He can do much for the divine glory and the happiness of man; and he is answerable for all that he can do. His efforts for the welfare of others will require a real and deep interest in their condition. As he thinketh in his heart, so is he. He must feel for their necessities and dangers. He must have a clear perception of the need and the nature of their salvation. God must be able to witness how ardently he longs for them all in the love of the Lord Jesus. In this deep concern for their spiritual benefit, as well as for their present happiness, he must feel himself and show himself to be perfectly sincere. Such an interest will speak in habitual prayer. He knows God to be one that heareth prayer. He has been accustomed to receive and to understand manifest answers from God to prayer. He will therefore abide in his calling upon God with watchfulness, earnestness, and perseverance. He will be much engaged in intercessory prayer; pleading for all saints; for the whole household of God; for all earthly friends; for those who have declared themselves enemies to him; for the world which lieth in sin. Daily will his supplications rise up to God in affectionate intercessions for those whom he is bid thus to remember before God, in the

assurance that praying breath can never be spent in vain. But this active spirit of prayer will lead to a habit of effort just as active. The man in Christ will learn to be ingenious in devising methods of spiritual benefit to others. Affectionate religious conversation, directing to and suggesting a profitable course of reading, leading to the faithful preaching of the gospel, as Andrew found his own brother Simon, and brought him to hear the Saviour whom he had previously seen—all these are very familiar and very effective instruments of religious benefit. How much a feeble Christian may in this way, by the Divine blessing, accomplish for the benefit of his fellow-men and the glory of his Redeemer, none can adequately describe. A sincere and believing heart, in faithful prayer and earnest Christian effort, is attended with an omnipotent divine power. And by the most feeble of such instruments God habitually accomplishes very great results.

But the man in Christ will go farther than the mere employment of these instruments of benefit to man. He will rejoice to dedicate his money, and to devote his time, to the great purpose of saving the souls of men. All that he possesses he realizes to be God's gracious gift, or rather God's confiding loan to him; and he acknowledges the obligation to dispense it, according to the rules which God has himself prescribed. He sees how much the cause of true benevolence languishes among men from want of the efforts which those whom God hath redeemed and prospered should put forth for him. He feels, therefore, the more bound to do all that he can to promote and encourage every good work.

But *to whom* is the man in Christ responsible? How shall he except any? His character and influence are the property and the right of others; and they may justly claim all that he is bound by the divine commands to impart. He is responsible to the family with whom he dwells, and whatever may be his station in the household, every member of it has a just claim to a Divine blessing through him, and will meet him in the presence of the heart-searching God at last to settle the record of the mercies which they have received or lost in their connection with him. He is responsible to the church in which he has been planted by the providence and grace of God. His character and exertions and influence are a portion of the property of this spiritual body in which God has ingrafted him. If he sins in an inconsistent walk, the church is dishonoured. If he shines in manifest holiness, the church is advanced. It is his duty and privilege to edify the body of Christ, and to fulfil his portion of the great work which God has assigned to his church upon the earth. What other Christians think of him and say of him—if the estimate which they form of his character, and the record which they give of his life, be just—is a fact of vast consequence to him. He is also responsible to the world around him. God has placed him there as a light shining in a dark place. All that he can do for the happiness and salvation of mankind they have a right to expect from him. He must by all means save some. With them also he must stand in judgment. For them he must answer before God. The perishing souls of sinful men have a right to his care, and time, and thoughts. Their desolate and ruined condition claims his pity and his help. And though it is a small thing for him to be judged of man's judgment, it is not a small thing to be judged before God for the neglect of that which he was bound to do for the salvation of men by the divine appointment.

But amidst all this intermediate responsibility, he is finally accountable to God. All previous facts are but a gathering of the materials for this last account. There, before the tribunal of the living God, he will be seen, and known, and thoroughly understood. All that he has done, and all that he has left undone, will come out in equal clearness before him. And according as he has sown upon the earth, must he reap an harvest for eternity. His life has been the evidence of his character, and will be the standard of his account. He has been enriched with amazing privileges, and God must require of him, according to that which he hath received. And though his glorious recompence is wholly the reward of a Saviour's perfect work of obedience for him; though his crown is merited by that everlasting righteousness which is imputed to him without his works; his own conduct and character are the proofs that he is really a partaker of that work of merit and a possessor of that righteousness which has purchased for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

This is the responsibility of the man who is in Christ. Let all those who believe this to be their condition realize the importance of the view which we have now taken of it. As you have considered the various pleasing attitudes of a state of grace, so now make it your solemn purpose to realize and appropriate the serious and impressive responsibility which belongs to it. Let it be the labour of your life to fill up the measure of this responsibility, remembering how short your time is. You cannot be too active in effort, or too devoted in spirit, or too zealous in affection and plan, to comport with the high vocation wherewith you are called. You have professed to give up all for Christ, and to make him your treasure and your portion. O hold not back anything which belongs to him!

So serve him, and so follow him, in newness of mind, and holiness of life, that you may honour him in your daily walk on earth, and rejoice before him at his glorious coming with the multitude of his redeemed.

THE REV. J. J. WEITBRECHT.

A VALUABLE addition has been made within the last year to our missionary literature, by the publication of a memoir of John James Weitbrecht, one of the Church Missionary Society's most devoted agents. His labours, we know, are had in everlasting remembrance by Him who graciously accepts the cup of cold water only when offered from love to his name; but it is meet also that his praise should be in all the churches; for a man of such large sympathies belonged to the whole church of Christ, and owned the tie of brotherhood with all who loved his Lord. It is refreshing in days of party strife and religious differences, to commune for a season with one who never provoked but to love and good works, and who partook in an unusual degree of the spirit of that Master, whose reproof to the angry remonstrance of his disciples to one who followed not with them was this: "Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is for us." We propose to give some leading features of the life thus set before us, feeling in a slight degree what must have weighed heavily upon the compiler of the memoir, that the abundance of material makes selection a difficulty.

Mr. Weitbrecht was a native of Schorndorf, a few miles distant from Stuttgart in Wurtemberg, and his chief birthright was that of a pious ancestry, one which we are disposed to rate very highly. He always considered that much was owing to his elder relatives, especially his maternal grand-parents; and a delightful tone of family love pervades the whole book, breathed forth in many a valuable letter to those who were so justly dear to him in the flesh and in the spirit. They were in a comfortable position as to outward circumstances, many members of the family having been burgomasters; but the primitive simplicity prevailing in his native place gave more opportunity for acquaintance with farming and other useful occupations than our English habits admit of, and most valuable this proved to be in his future course. Many qualifications are needed to make a useful, and especially a happy, missionary. The merely intellectual man is often-times weighed down with a burden of care and anxiety, which may find most wholesome relief in a little secular employment. Time may seem to be wasted which is given to the farm and the garden, or the practical details of building, while souls are felt to be "perishing for the lack of knowledge;" but it is not really so: the tone of spirit is often restored thereby, and assuredly a much more extensive influence is gained. We need only refer to the admirable John Williams, whose "South Sea Enterprises" have delighted so many readers, as a proof how perfectly compatible manual dexterity may be with the deepest spirituality in "doing the work of an evangelist."

Weitbrecht's education was thoroughly good and classical, as well as eminently Christian. It was his father's custom to converse with his sons in Latin, and the facility thus given for the acquirement of other languages was an advantage felt through life. We are not told what was the trade which, in compliance with his father's wishes, he followed for a time; but after his father's death, when himself about seventeen years of age, the serious impressions he had long felt were deepened under the powerful preaching of Holfacher; and we will describe in his own words the mighty change which took place in his heart.

"After many an internal struggle, and much earnest prayer, the blessed hour arrived when I was to find Christ, and to be united to him, to be separated no more. Never shall I forget that Good Friday, when, on kneeling at his table, he truly manifested himself unto me in the breaking of bread, imparting to me the happy assurance that all my sins were annihilated, that I had a new heart given me, a new spirit put within me, a lively faith, and full and complete pardon. Then followed that precious peace which passeth all understanding, and that joy which no man taketh from us."

From this simplicity of "the truth as it is in Jesus," he never afterwards swerved. He resolved thenceforth to devote himself to missionary work, and began a course of study in the missionary college at Basle, which is closely connected with the English Church Missionary Society. When Weitbrecht joined it in 1825, the seminary was presided over by the late Rev. Mr. Blumhardt, a man of great learning, amazing industry, profound wisdom, and apostolic piety. Between him and the young student a warm friendship was formed, which knew no interruption. Very thorough was the course of education adopted there, comprising a knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English, theological learning, and the principles of scientific knowledge. But better far was that spirit of brotherly love pervading all, so that the various members of it (about sixty in number) lived as one happy family. Pre-eminent among the rest for diligence and usefulness was Weitbrecht. In the dark dreary winter he would rise early to study

the Greek Testament with a fellow-student, and see that all the rooms were properly heated before the rest of the inmates rose. "In Basle the hour of recreation was employed in the workshop, in the wood-yard, and in the garden, which the students assist in cultivating; indeed, they are obliged in many respects to be their own servants." Is not this partly such a "keeping under the body and bringing it into subjection," as would have entered into St. Paul's views of preparation for the work of the ministry? It was the custom among the students after receiving a licence to itinerate occasionally in the canton of Basle, preaching in various country churches, and we are told that "he once accompanied a fellow-student on a little tour for the purpose at Christmas; and on coming to a lonely village, quite secluded in the mountains, they found the pastor's family busily occupied in preparing bread for the new year. He at once offered his ready help; and when their bread was baked he assisted the good family in mending and arranging their vessels in the kitchen. Thus he employed his morning; and then, after partaking of their simple dinner, he set forth to preach in another village belonging to this parish the gospel of the grace of God; which he did with such unction and blessing as warmed the hearts of his hearers."

In 1828 the committee determined to send him, with two other students, to England, to complete his preparation for missionary work; and here was indeed a change awaiting him. To an affectionate spirit like his, it must, under the most favourable circumstances, have been a sore trial to leave that little band of brethren at Basle, and come among foreigners; but we cannot think the authorities in this country were quite considerate in placing him as they did. Did they "know the heart of a stranger" when, having received his acquiescence in their proposal to devote himself to Abyssinia, they gave into his charge a youth born in that country named John Coffin, and sent him into Devonshire to learn the language as best he might? Thus he describes his plan of learning Tigree: "I try to gain words from John and write them in a book; I then try to form conjugations and declensions. Mr. Bickersteth said to me the other day that 'John must be my grammar, lexicon, and reading book.' In this new difficulty I need help and strength from above, to enable me to pursue this work with faith and joy. My principal employment hitherto has been perfecting myself in English, in which I am by no means a hero."

One kind Christian friend he found in Mr. Lyte, the clergyman of Brixham, whose beautiful hymns have so much enriched our stores of sacred poetry; and in his ready sympathy and sabbath ministrations he found much comfort. In the words of that sweet singer of Israel he could say—

"Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.

Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee."

Seven months thus passed away with little profit, save that "patience had her perfect work." He began to translate the gospels into Ethiopic. In Tigree he could do but little. Ere long he hoped his wilful pupil, who had never learned to read or write his own language, would be able to do something in Amharic. But the time of deliverance drew on. His good German brother Fjellstadt begged permission to go and see how matters really stood, and on his urgent representation to the principal, Weitbrecht's term of banishment was ended, and he returned to Islington full of joyful expectation of hearing Professor Lee's Arabic lectures, and studying medicine and surgery in the London hospitals, preparatory to his ordination. In this latter branch of study he appears to have taken particular delight. He passed his examination very honourably, and was admitted to deacon's orders by the bishop of London. For some months he regularly assisted Mr. Bickersteth in the services of Wheler Chapel. His destination was more than once altered. Abyssinia was given up, then the Mediterranean was proposed, and finally Calcutta was decided on.

He embarked for India in the autumn; and early in the year 1830 he set foot on Indian ground. The time of the voyage had been occupied in the study of Bengali, and in unwearied efforts for the good of his fellow-passengers. His was the blessing of "those who sow beside all waters." At Calcutta a warm welcome awaited him, from many whose names are affectionately associated with the work of evangelization—Corrie, Dealtry, Lacroix, and others; and by brotherly communion with these he was strengthened and refreshed for the work which he had in hand. He describes very pleasantly his first journey in company with clerical friends to Burdwan, a favourite spot with Archdeacon Corrie, and one which he rightly judged to be capable of becoming an important centre for missionary operations. He was not aware at that time how closely connected that place would hereafter become with all his dearest domestic affections and ministerial work. Those of our readers who have seen the admirably painted moving panorama of Hindos

tan will be able without any difficulty to follow the description here given. "The scenery on the banks of the river is very pretty, and many things strike those who observe them for the first time. Every mile or two, pagodas appear near the river, with handsome flights of steps before them, which lead down into the water. These are called ghauts, and it is considered a very meritorious act in a rich man to build one. Crowds of Hindoos, both men and women, were bathing at all these places, partly to purify their persons; but they have another object in view, that is, to wash away their sins by the virtue of the water of this holy river. Women are seen with little bunches of flowers, which they purchase from the priest in the temple, before they descend the ghaut. These they offer to the goddess Gunga (the river), making at the same time their poojah or prayers to her. These little nosegays are seen floating about in all directions. Alas! how true it is that a deceived heart hath turned them aside.

An early experiment in oriental travel was on an elephant's back, the peculiar motion of which after a day or two he quite enjoyed. The first night spent in a tent, too, he thought delightful, as the "mild rays of the moon cast their pleasing light between the palm-trees upon the tent, and the air was perfumed with the odour of the mango blossom." His ardent love of natural beauty, in its ever-varying aspects, formed a constant source of refreshment to his mind, and there is a clearness and vigour about all his descriptions of scenery which enable the reader to follow him without effort. The ingenuity of the natives, too, struck him much. He writes: "If a European cook were called on to prepare a dinner with no kitchen but the wet ground, no fuel but green wood, and no utensils except a few rude earthen vessels, he would feel almost at a loss how to manage the business; but a Hindoo is able to make the best of his scanty resources; and I have been both surprised and amused at the skill shown by our cook, who dug three holes in the wet ground, and surrounded each by a little bank of earth; he then placed a few sticks in the holes, got them to ignite, fixed the primitive earthen pots on the fire, and savoury meats were soon steaming, and at the end of an hour ready for our repast."

In the month of May it was determined that Burdwan should be his permanent destination, and before establishing himself there he makes the following entry in his journal. "As I shall have my own house at Burdwan, the thought continually presents itself to me, whether the time has not arrived for me to seek a helpmeet. Imagination will be busy, and I often find myself forming images of the future which may perhaps never be realized. But it is my earnest desire to let the Lord guide and direct everything concerning me without my own interference. How needful it is to watch and pray, to exercise faith and patience, lest we fall into temptation! May the Lord, in his own good time, show me the heart which he has chosen to be united with mine, and the companion he intends for me on my pilgrimage to Zion, to aid me in his work! With respect to whom, and when, and how, I will with Abraham learn to believe and wait for the promise."

And for three years he did wait, patiently and prayerfully, at the end of which time his heavenly Father saw fit to grant him the desire of his heart, and to send him such a wife as few missionaries have been blessed with, one as able as she was willing to be in every sense of the word a fellow-labourer. But we must not anticipate. The vast importance of the subject and a solemn and growing conviction that there are few steps in life in which Christian men and women so greatly err, endangering often their own souls' health and grievously curtailing their usefulness to others, would not suffer us to omit such a passage. Reader! pause and enquire as in the sight of God, whether it has a message for thee.

CARE-WORN.

LIFE is not a holiday, and the light-heartedness which characterizes the young deserts the middle-aged. How soon does the fair and open brow of the young man become furrowed through care! How often is it said of one, "He looks care-worn!"

No one can avoid meeting with the burden of earth's cares, but it need not be borne long. Christ tells his people to cast it on him. If a man refuses to obey him, and obstinately staggers on under his burden, he is not a proper object of sympathy.

Suppose a child crying because of the load that rests upon his shoulders. The father puts forth his hand, and says, "Let me relieve you, my child;" but the child clings to it. He is certainly not an object of compassion. He deserves punishment rather than sympathy.

Many professing Christians pursue a course similar to that of the supposed child. They complain of their burden, but refuse to cast it on the Lord. So long as they refuse to obey God in this matter, they have no right to complain, they are entitled to no sympathy.

A Christian was once rebuked for being careful and anxious. "I am not anxious," said she, "respecting temporal things: it is not the troubles of life that cause my anxieties, but guilt is the cause of all my anxieties."

"You have no right to be thus anxious," said the pastor.

"Ought I not to be anxious about my sins?"

"Not after the manner in which you are anxious."

"Why not?"

"Because the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. To live on under a burden of guilt is to distrust God's promise—is a lack of faith. The burden of our guilt is to be cast on the Lord."

A large portion of our anxieties are the result of sin. So long as we cling to our sins, we have no right to cast the cares resulting from them upon God. We must examine our cares and anxieties, and see if they are not connected with some cherished sin. If so, we may not cast them upon him. We must put away the cause.

With the exception above stated, all our cares may be cast upon him—must be cast on him, if we would not dishonour him. His service is not that of the bond-slave. His yoke is easy. We must not make the impression that it is heavy. Religion is a source of joy; we must not make the impression that it is a source of heaviness.

Some are anxious lest their bread should fail. They forget the extent of the divine storehouse. They forget the promise that bread shall be given them, and water shall be sure. They forget that Christ cares for them, and has commanded them to cast their cares upon him.

Many are anxious respecting the hour of death. In some this anxiety is so great that it amounts to bondage. No Christian has any more right to be subject to this bondage than he has to be subject to the bondage of intemperance. Be careful for nothing. Do present duty, trusting in God that as thy day is, so shall thy strength be. According to the need, He giveth more grace.

THE SCALA SANTA AT ROME.*

THESE "holy stairs," twenty-eight in number, are believed to have belonged to the palace of Pilate, and to have been trodden by our Saviour on his way to be crucified. It is further believed that they were miraculously transported to Rome. They are cased in wood, to preserve them from being worn away by the constant friction of the knees of the faithful, and are sheltered by a handsome portico, erected over them near the basilica of St. John Lateran. At the top is a small chapel, over the altar of which is inscribed in Latin—"There is not a holier place in all the world." At the bottom is a warning that "no one may ascend on foot the holy stairs." There is also a notification which I copied, to the following effect: "Herewith plenary indulgence is granted, at the point of death, to whosoever shall have practised during life the recital, in any language, of the anthem, 'Angel of God, who art my guardian, this day enlighten, defend, rule, govern me, entrusted to thy care. Amen.' Also one hundred days of indulgence, applicable to the relief of holy souls in purgatory, are granted to any one each time he shall recite the said anthem, in whatever language." To obtain the extraordinary indulgence granted to all who climb these stairs, repeating a prayer on each, persons from all countries and of all conditions may be seen shuffling up on their knees. We saw, on one occasion, two friars performing this extraordinary act of worship, kissing each step most devoutly as they ascended. Two women in advance stood a great chance of being overtaken, if not by the monks, at least by a young man, who, disregarding the law, after kneeling and repeating some prayers on one step, skipped up two or three on his feet, and then knelt again. Sometimes as many as fifty are there clambering up together, and often presenting a ludicrous scene. For as the feet are not allowed to be used, even for a moment's assistance in gaining a higher step, the performance is not very easy for the aged and the corpulent.

Here princes and beggars, delicate ladies, and Campagna peasants, mingle together. Sir G. Head says: "It is by no means an extraordinary occurrence to see a young nobleman, fashionably dressed, leave his horse in charge of the groom outside, and entering the portico with golden knobbed riding-whip in hand, and eye-glass on his eye, kneel down and kiss the first rota, pass the vestibule on his knees, kiss the second rota, and perform the ascent as rapidly as an ungainly person would do on his feet. Again, there may be seen a Roman lady of rank, and her two daughters, descend from their carriage, cross the portico, daintily lift up their silk dresses in front in such a manner that as they scuffle on their knees across the vestibule, making the same prostrations, and kissing both rotas, the petticoat of snowy dimity comes in contact with the pavement; all which part of the ceremony is performed with tolerable facility, though all three persons are destined to meet with difficulties in the ascent, unencountered by their lithe predecessor. For deeply impressed with a sense of the religious pilgrimage they are undertaking, and at the same time earnestly desirous to keep as close as possible together, they are

* From the Rev. Newman Hall's "Forum and the Vatican."

liable to numerous disasters in the performance of the unusual exercise; and unable to regulate their strength as need be, sometimes in consequence of an over effort, and sometimes owing to the effort being made in a wrong direction, come into violent contact and nearly overset one another; to say nothing of the overreaches caused by persons on the step above stopping suddenly and unexpectedly, whether for the purpose of uttering a prayer or resting from sheer fatigue."

It was up these stairs that Martin Luther began to climb, during his visit to Rome, which did so much to open his eyes in reference to the true character of the system. But in the midst of this task, by which he thought he could merit forgiveness, he seemed to hear in tones of thunder, as the voice of God, the words which twice before had arrested him—"*The just shall live by faith.*" Convinced how contrary to the Scripture method of salvation was the act he was then performing, he started to his feet, rushed down the steps, and fled from the scene of his folly; the words still ringing in his ears—"The just shall live by FAITH."

As I watched the devotees doing this penance, many of them with evident seriousness and earnestness, I longed to make known to them the "new and living way" to the holiest of all, and to point them to that Saviour who, having already atoned for all our sins, waits to bestow plenary absolution on all who will accept it, without money and without price. Yet I thought some professed Protestants might learn a useful lesson; for does not the earnestness of some of these victims of superstition shame many who, with clearer light, live in habitual indifference to religion? If they are foolish who seek pardon by this act of penance, are not they much more foolish who take no pains at all to secure it? And will not these devotees rise up in the judgment to condemn many who, in the pride of superior knowledge, ridiculed their superstition, without sharing in their earnestness?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

206. Luke xiii. 23. "Then said one unto him, Lord, are there few that be saved? And he said unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait gate." . . John xxi. 21. "Peter seeing him saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me." Acts i. 6. "They asked of him, saying, Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel? And he said unto them, It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power."

207. 1 Cor. ix. 11, 13, 14. "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things? Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things, live of the things of the temple? and they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar? Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel." Gal. vi. 6. "Let him that is taught in the word, communicate unto him that teacheth, in all good things."

208. See Gen. xiv. 18-20, where we find him coming out to meet Abram, as *king* of Salem, and bringing forth bread and wine for his refreshment. He was also the *priest* of the most high God. And before he left, he blessed Abram, acting thus in the character of a *prophet*. See also Heb. vii. 1-6.

209. See Job vi. 15-20. "My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as a stream of brooks they pass away; which are blackish by reason of the ice, and wherein the snow is hid: what time they wax warm, they vanish; when it is hot, they are consumed out of their place. The paths of their way are turned aside: they go to nothing, and perish. The troops of Tema looked, the companies of Sheba waited for them. They were confounded because they had hoped; they came thither and were ashamed."

210. Jer. viii. 7. The stork, the turtle, the crane, and the swallow.

211. Prov. xii. 24. "The slothful shall be under tribute." xiii. 4. "The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing." xviii. 9. "He also that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster." xix. 15. "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger." xxiii. 21. "Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."

212. Ps. cxlvi. 3, 4. "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth: in that very day his thoughts perish." Is. xxx. 1-7. "Woe to the rebellious children, saith the Lord, that take counsel, but not of me; and that cover with a covering, but not of my Spirit, that they may add sin to sin. . . . Therefore shall the strength of Pharaoh be your shame, and the trust in the shadow of Egypt your confusion. . . . . For the Egyptians shall help in vain, and to no purpose." See also Is. xxxi. 1-3. Jer. xvii. 5, 6. "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. For he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh."

213. 2 Chron. xvi. 1-5; 7-9. When Baasha, king of Israel, came up against Asa, king of Judah, he sent for help to Benhadad, king of Syria. "And at that time Hanani, the seer, came to Asa, king of Judah, and said unto him, Because thou hast relied on the king of Syria, and not relied on the Lord thy God, therefore is the host of the king of Syria escaped out of thine hand. . . . . Herein thou hast done foolishly; therefore from henceforth thou shalt have wars." 2 Chron. xxviii. 16-21. "At that time did king Ahaz send unto the kings of Assyria to help him. . . . . And Tiglath-Pileser, king of Assyria, came unto him, and distressed him, but strengthened him not. For Ahaz took away a portion out of the house of the Lord, and out of the house of the king, and of the princes, and gave it unto the king of Assyria; but he helped him not."

THE strait gate of religion is wide enough to admit any sinner, but too narrow for the admission of any sins.—*Rev. W. Howell.*

THE reproof of a good man resembles fullers' earth, it not only removes the spots on our character, but it rubs off when it is dry.

THERE is many a wounded heart without a contrite spirit. The ice may be broken into a thousand pieces, it is still ice; but expose it to the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and then it will melt.—*Middleton.*

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

IMOGEN FALLING BENEATH THE POISONED ARROW OF URIEN, THE DRUID PRIEST.

DAYBREAK IN BRITAIN.

XII.—REPENTANCE.

"SPEAK no more on a subject that gives thee so much pain," said the young Briton, after some minutes' silence.

"It is over," said Alpheus, raising his head; "she is now with the saints in the kingdom of her Saviour; God grant that we may there meet again."

"Then you saw her no more?" enquired Imogen—but immediately wished the question unspoken.

"I saw her but once," replied Alpheus, passing his hand over his eyes. "I had strained every nerve to save her; for she had been spared from the slaughter of that awful night, reserved for more deliberate cruelty. I had knelt at the feet of the prefect, offered all that I possessed for her ransom, hurried from place to place to seek those who might have power to protect my sister. I clung to the desperate hope that she, the most timid and gentle of her sex, might yet save her life by renouncing her faith. I wronged her, thank heaven! I wronged her. She was weak, but the Lord was her strength; and she was fearful, till her love cast out fear. Exhausted and worn out—for during three days and nights

No. 85.—PUBLISHED DECEMBER 13, 1855. PRICE ONE PENNY.

neither food had passed my lips, nor sleep closed my eyes—I was returning from an unsuccessful expedition to the house of a powerful friend, who dwelt some distance from Smyrna, when I saw a vast crowd near the gate of our city, moving on like the waves of the sea. A terrible suspicion seized my mind; weariness was forgotten, fear lent me strength—I rushed towards the approaching mass. There the words that I heard, mingled with savage shouts, gave a terrible seal to my suspicion: yes, she was in the midst of that merciless crowd—my tender, my affectionate Anna. I struggled on as a madman struggles for life, or a drowning wretch battling with the waves. I saw her; and though it was only a glimpse, a moment's glance, her image shall remain impressed on my soul till all other things earthly are forgotten. Her eye, her calm, forgiving eye, met mine; then the mass of human beings shut her out from my gaze; but her voice rose high; yes, above those savage yells, I caught her last words, which were branded on my heart, 'Search the Scriptures, for they testify of Jesus.'

"I have lost all recollection of what followed. For weeks I lay delirious upon my couch, and then awoke but to mourn that life was left me. I was haunted by my sister's look, and by her dying words, and availed myself of the first return of my strength to crawl to the room which had been hers. I found there the Scriptures which she had so oft perused, and beside them a precious copy, traced by her own hand, of the Gospels of the Lord, and the Epistles of his saints. I had thus almost the complete word of God. I read, and I re-read; it had become my only solace; I compared the ancient prophecies with their exact fulfilment, and I found that the New Testament accorded with the Old, even as the impression answers to the seal. I contemplated with wonder the character of our Lord, as revealed in the Holy Scriptures; the impress of divinity which it bears was in itself sufficient to prove the Saviour to be more than man. Imogen, I could no longer doubt, but I despaired. I felt that my sins were too great to be forgiven, that the gates of heaven must be closed against my lost soul for ever. For months I dragged on a cheerless existence, praying, but as one who scarcely hopes to be heard, lying a wretched supplicant at the door of mercy, feeling unworthy so much as to lift up my eyes.

"I tried to engage myself in acts of kindness to the poor and needy around: not with hopes to win favour in the sight of heaven, but because sorrow and repentance had softened my heart, and from suffering I had learned to pity.

"It happened one day—surely the event was ordained by an over-ruling Providence—that a stranger was thrown from his horse, and lay bleeding at my door, and I took him into my home to afford him needful succour. Imogen, I had received an angel unawares! His injuries were mortal; for some days he lingered, his frame racked by suffering, his soul rising above it. I watched him as I might have watched an only brother, nor feared he to confess to me that he bore the name of Christian. I opened my whole heart to him in the still watches of the night, when I bent over the death-bed of my heaven-sent friend. He heard of my guilt, and yet he shrank not from me; he spoke of hope to the despairing sinner at his side. He told me of one, a persecutor, a stern proud Jew, who had endeavoured to crush the religion of Jesus, who had dragged his lowly followers from their homes to a dungeon, who had looked on while a martyr was murdered before him. Yet the Lord had had mercy even upon that man. A light from heaven shone upon him, and a voice from heaven spoke unto him, saying, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' Imogen, that man lived an apostle, and died a martyr: he who had been honoured for his human learning, determined to know nothing but Christ and him crucified; yea, all things he counted loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, who had pardoned even the chief of sinners.

"With such blessed words the Christian lighted the spark of hope again within my breast, and taught me that God's grace is even more infinite than our undeservings. The last sentence that he uttered ere he sank to his rest fell like balm on my bleeding soul; often and often had I perused them before, but I never felt their power till then. 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;' from *all sin*; then mine, even *mine* might be forgiven, and mercy be extended to my penitent soul by the hand that was pierced upon the cross."

"Didst thou then go and be baptized?" said Imogen.

"I sought out eagerly members of the church of Christ; suspicion and fear kept them at first aloof, for the martyrdom of their companions could not be forgotten. I need not now dwell upon what I dared or suffered then, suffice it that my sincerity was tested and was proved; ere the year closed I was baptized into the faith of my Lord, and when a few more years of probation had past, I became, unworthy as I am, a preacher of the gospel."

XIII.—THE CLOSE.

"Lo! the first blush of morn is in the sky," said Imogen; "the dark shades of night are rolling away. A veil is taken from God's beautiful world; every moment the scene grows brighter."

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day," said Alpheus, as he gazed on the scene before him.

"And as the rising sun will drink up the dew that so heavily fell through the dark, cold night; so, in that 'perfect day,' there will be no more tears, for we shall look upon the Lord in his glory."

"Hath she so soon learned the lesson," thought Alpheus, "which years of reflection and trial often hardly impress on the human heart? This is the teaching of God, and not mine. The seed, sown but as yesterday, blossoms to-day, for it was received in a meek, lowly heart."

"Oh, Christian," said Imogen, and the blood rose to her cheek as she spoke, "we are now about to seek the Roman camp, not knowing whether we shall there find friends or foes. Who can tell what a day may bring forth, or how soon I may be parted from my Christian guide. Were I less unworthy, oh, is it presumption to desire at once to be baptized? It would arm me against the dangers which may lie before me, strengthen my courage, and increase my faith, make me feel that I am indeed a servant of my Lord, and a member of his holy church. I have seen," added Imogen, with increasing earnestness, "servants with their lord's mark so deeply stained upon their breasts, that neither water nor time could efface it. Is not baptism like the Saviour's mark upon his own? No water of affliction can wash it away; where it is received by a loving, faithful heart, may not that heart bear its impress for ever?"

It was not the child that spoke in Imogen; the events of the few last anxious nights had matured her mind more than years might have done.

"Dost thou know what thou desirest?" said Alpheus. "If thou dost take the vow of allegiance to the Lord, art thou ready, like my Anna, renouncing every sin, to prepare for a struggle against the world and thine own erring heart, and to devote thy life to the Saviour?"

"All that I have, I have received from him; all that I love, I for him would resign; all that I am, I to him would devote," said the Briton, looking upwards to heaven.

Not far from the cave where the fugitives had rested, a little stream gushed from a chasm in the rock, and flowed on till it emptied its waters in that river over which the young pine-tree had been thrown. Thither they bent their steps, the old man and the girl, one feeble and suffering, as one standing close to the brink of the grave, his head white with the snow of life's winter; the other like a young flower, just opening to the sun, in the freshness and sweetness of spring.

They descended from their cave, but not unperceived; eyes watched them as they knelt by the lonely brook, and followed each movement like a shadow. Did the wolves still hunger for their prey? did their eyes glare from the opposite side of the chasm, through which the swollen torrent rushed on? No, the wild beasts had shrunk from the beams of day, and were lurking afar in their dens; but the same light of morning which made them retire had roused one, like the wolf, athirst for blood.

Urien had tracked the fugitives to the river's shore, and seen the print of their feet on the opposite side; it was not his harp that he grasped in his hand; the cord that he drew gave no answer in music, as he fitted the arrow to the string. He looked not at the sun, now rising in glory; his soul was as the dark waters hurrying on beneath, shut out by pride and hatred from the gladsome rays that brightened all beside.

Just as the solemn rite was ended, and Alpheus had blessed his Christian sister, Imogen raised her eyes and saw that there was no time for pause, no time for warning; with the impulse of generous devotion she threw herself forward, and received in her own bosom the fatal arrow destined for the heart of her benefactor.

The horror of that moment did not deprive the Christian of his presence of mind. He caught up the wounded girl in his arms, and bore her in a few moments beyond reach of further harm, to the shelter of the cave in the rock. But oh! with what anguish he then knelt down beside her, and read death in that calm pallid face. He grasped her cold hand; Imogen opened her eyes, and a faint smile was upon the lips of the dying girl.

"It was a message from my Father—a message of love. My home is prepared, and he would call me to himself."

Grasping at the last hope, Alpheus would have withdrawn the fatal arrow. "It is useless," murmured Imogen; "no earthly power can save me; the arrow was sent by the druid Urien; every dart in his quiver is poisoned."

Then, without regarding the look of horror with which her last words were received, she remarked: "Let us pray for him, Alpheus; let us pray for him," she added; "he sins in the blindness and darkness of his heart: the Almighty may yet grant him light from above, and forgive him this deed—as I do."

Alpheus wrung his hands as he bent over the now inanimate form of the young martyr. "Oh, Imogen, daughter of my heart! I never thought that an earthly loss could again crush my spirit, as thine does. Oh, why was thy young life given for mine? Why is the old man left to mourn over the sweet flower blasted in springing? No, not blasted, transplanted to the garden of

heaven. Soon may I follow thee, Imogen, child of the Lord."

As he spoke, and wept, the lips of the dying girl moved uneasily; her brow was knit with an expression of pain; her fingers grasped the long grass on which she lay; her eyes suddenly unclosed, but seemed to rest upon nothing in their strained and painful gaze.

"It is strange," she murmured; "so dark! so dark! where is he? where is the light that I followed? Oh, this is the valley of the shadow of death; Jesus, my Saviour, forsake me not."

Commanding his choking voice, Alpheus repeated words of Scripture in her dying ear. "I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, in his word do I hope; my soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning; I say, more than they that watch for the morning."

"The morning," murmured Imogen; "yes, it is breaking; I see dawn beyond the mountains; the beams light the dark valley. I am going where there is no more night. Lord Jesus! receive my soul."

Every trace of pain had faded from her features; peaceful, serene as the sky without a cloud, the form lay calm and beautiful in death, and the spirit was rejoicing in life everlasting. "Oh, death! where is thy sting? oh, grave! where is thy victory?"

The autumn leaves fell fast over the grave of Imogen—tokens of mortality and decay. But when spring returned with her bright sun and balmy breath, many a wild-flower shed perfume round that knoll, lowly and sweet like her whose dust lay beneath! And when seven summers had run their course, close to the spot where the martyr slept stood a little Christian church, one of the first raised in Britain, where the voice of prayer and praise was heard on the holy sabbath day.

Thither, one bright summer's day, the Cyri, mourning as for a father, brought the lifeless form of their aged pastor. He had laboured among them, and his labours had been blessed; the rude savage had leaned on his spear to listen, and the huge idol in the forest had been laid level with the earth; in the stream by which Imogen's life-blood had flowed, hundreds of her countrymen had been baptized. And now the aged Alpheus laid life's burden down; he exchanged the cross for the crown of glory, and they made him a grave in the spot which he had chosen, by the side of the martyred Imogen.

ONE reason why the world is not reformed, is because every man would have others make a beginning, and never thinks of himself.—*Adam's Private Thoughts.*

TAKE heed of accounting any sin small, lest at last you account not any sin great.—*Cripplegate Lectures.*

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

THE question often occurs to those interested in the religious education of children, "What is the point of view from which we should first present the most high God to a little child?" In answer to this, we would reply, that we may pursue the same method which God himself has employed to manifest himself to the human race namely, by a narrative of certain events which have accompanied successive revelations.

In relating to the young learner the history of the creation, for example, or of the early life of our first parents in Eden, we should pause at the name of God, and, without startling him by direct questions, should endeavour to ascertain what he understands by that one word. The interrogatory system, skilfully employed, is of great service in early education, as it develops the faculties of the learner, and discovers hidden truths; but as it is not every one who can use this method well, and as some timid or backward child may be very slow in its replies, we must not confine ourselves to the mere questioning plan.

The simple exposition of a truth is often sufficient to awaken curiosity and excite interest in the young hearer, but beware of *reasons* or *proofs* in your teaching. They are injurious to any sentiment of religion already existing in the child, and may be fatal to its formation in those minds where it does not exist. Proofs presuppose *doubts*. Never awaken one, if you can possibly avoid it, in the young heart. For example, when you are giving a lesson on the existence of God, you may be disposed to use the argument that the beautiful order and arrangement of all created things cannot be attributed to chance—that there must be an originating power, a directing hand. But why suggest chance to the simple-hearted? Why give a reality and consistency to that chimera? Must you make it out to be something in order to declare it is nothing? Not so; it is easier, believe me, to call up a phantom to a child's imagination than to conjure it away. Lead your child continually to look at the effects of God's power, and he will need no argument of yours to convince him that there is a God. He may ask you who the agent is; but what child, thus simply taught, will ever ask if such an agent exists.

The question, then, of the existence of a God has no need to be brought prominently forward; in these first steps it is sufficient to speak of his glorious attributes, as they are manifested in creation, in the heart and history of men. These

should be the constant theme of education; and from the child of three years old, who in a garden sees a witness of God's love in the blushing rose and in the delicious strawberry, to the immortal Newton, who recognised in the laws of nature the effects of sovereign wisdom, every mind may find aliment proportioned to its strength in the attributes of Jehovah.

A very young child will soon discover that that which feels, loves, and thinks, which joys and grieves, is not his body, nor any part of his body; and the consequence of this idea will be the reception of the truth of immortality. But ever remember the wise saying, "Line upon line, precept upon precept." Do not attempt too much at a time; let your early lessons in religion be short, simple, and loving. Be patient; do not be discouraged if, after all, the child should appear to have taken but little heed of your instruction, and should startle you at times by some irrelevant question, or some lively sally, at the very moment that you think an impression is made. Remember it is a child's mind with which you are dealing, and you have to work through all the discouragements and inequalities of infantine attention. The water by degrees wears away the rock; but how much falls to the ground ere the impress is made! Beware of fatiguing your pupils with long discourses, or of exciting their emotions with too much violence. Choose your time well, and always change the subject when it is apparent that it is becoming insipid; for the Bible abounds in subjects of interest to little ones—Christ blessing the children—the widow's son restored to his weeping mother—the storm on the lake, and many more equally interesting. Bear in mind, also, that in childhood it is always better to appeal to the sympathies than to the reason. This is perfectly compatible with rational and intelligent instruction, for if the sentiments of the child do not go along with his conviction, he may be entirely persuaded of truths which will be without any practical influence on his character.

The parables of the Bible are admirably adapted to simple minds, and the lessons they convey may, on many occasions in young life, be useful and applicable; but we should be careful not to present the preceptive parts of Scripture too frequently or too prominently. When a passage from the sacred writings is advanced on every occasion, whether to support a prohibition, or to justify an act of severity, the child is very apt to infer that we make use of God's will as a pretext for our own, and coldness and defiance are the result. Cultivate a spirit of love rather than of fear—that most hurtful of all impressions in childhood. It is truly barbarous to disturb the confidence of a little child in the love of Omnipotence. The child is weak, mentally and bodily weak, and to compensate him for this state of dependence, God has given him the spirit of reliance and trust. Show him not any other God than a good and wise Father. To do this, it is not needful to separate God's love from his holiness. We must sometimes present him to children under a severe aspect, for his aversion to evil and his anger when his justice is outraged are the necessary consequences of his most tender and compassionate attributes. Dwell much on his love to his creatures; his hatred only extends to the sin, while he grieves over the sinner. He cherishes and guards little children; and when they pray, he listens to and helps them to do his will. When they do wrong and are sorry, he pardons them. Jesus Christ has interceded; he was the sacrifice for his people's sins; and the youngest child may mention that holy name when he draws near to God. Such is the gospel doctrine which even a very young child may understand. It is also very desirable that he should be early taught to lisp his supplications to the blessed Spirit to cleanse and make new his heart, and be taught to look to Him for strength to help him in all his ways.

The very essence, however, be it remembered, of evangelical religion is LOVE; the eternal interests are interests of love. Show your children, then, the great Creator as the dispenser of all their joys and blessings, ere you describe him as the judge and censor. Why do you use unnatural means in breaking up the soil of the human heart preparatory to sowing the seeds of religious truth? The mother caresses the new-born child long before she corrects it. She manifests herself to the babe on her bosom as tender, loving, all love indeed, in order that the recollection of her tenderness may one day be associated with the firmness of her discipline. Thus would God act to the little ones. He would speak through and by his gifts ere he addresses himself to the soul in the severe voice of conscience.

Nothing, however, that has been stated is intended to recommend the withholding of any portion of divine truth in the instruction of a child. At proper times and seasons, that fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom may advantageously be inculcated, and his displeasure at sin explained in connexion with the surpassing love of the Saviour in making an atonement for it. Great wisdom and gentleness are needed, however, in handling these solemn truths. The excessive eagerness which is often felt to gather the fruits of piety, sometimes causes parents to neglect the patient cultivation of the root of all piety—the love of God in Christ Jesus.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

THE EAGLE AND ITS YOUNG.

THE book of holy writ presents to us numerous passages which bear immediately upon the qualities, habits, and instincts of various animals—passages introduced by way of simile, allegory, or example, and with many of which our readers are familiar. Thus are pointed out, as *qualities*, the strength and majesty of the lion, the gentleness of the lamb, the fleetness of the antelope, the fire and courage of the horse, the stubbornness of the ass, the savage fury of the wild bull, and the industry of the ant. As instinctive *habits*, we find noticed the gathering of birds of prey around the carcass, the migration of the turtle-dove, the crane, and the swallow, with the nest-building of the stork. Always are these allusions graphic and happy, but sometimes they are more than passing allusions, and expressly enter into detail. Thus, for instance, in the book of Job, we are presented with elaborate, brilliant, and truthful *descriptions* of various animals with which, as is very evident, the writer must have been personally acquainted.

Without farther preface, we would call our reader's attention to the following passage from Deuteronomy, on which we propose to offer a few comments. "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so did the Lord lead him, and there was no strange God with him." (xxxii. 11, 12.)

It has been asserted, but we know not on what express authority, that as soon as the eagle perceives that its young ones are so fully fledged as to be capable of exercising their wings, it flutters about the nest, hovers over it, and thus excites and encourages them to try their pinions; and if on their attempt they become weary or alarmed, it supports them between its own outstretched and powerful wings, and so carries them to a safe resting-place.

The affection of the eagle for her young ones, the unwearied diligence of both parents in providing for their sustenance, and the indomitable courage exerted in their defence, are facts which are known to all naturalists; and, indeed, many accounts, the truth of which there is no reason to doubt, have appeared in different publications as illustrative of this strong parental solicitude. Wilson thus writes respecting the bald or white-headed eagle of America, by way of illustrating this attachment. "A gentleman near Norfolk, United States, informed me that in clearing a piece of wood on his property, they (the workmen) met with a large dead pine-tree, on which was a bald eagle's nest and young. The tree being on fire more than half way up, and the flames rapidly ascending, the parent eagle darted around and among the flames, until her plumage was so much injured that it was with difficulty she could make her escape, and even then she several times attempted to return to relieve her offspring." Would she not, provided

THE WHITE-HEADED EAGLE.

she could have reached them, and supposing that they were sufficiently fledged, have "stirred them up" in her nest, and assisted them in their first imperfect efforts at flight?

This stirring up of the nest, this discipline which the eagle exercises towards her young, when sufficiently grown, has been observed and recorded by some of the most eminent naturalists, and especially by Audubon; it would, in fact, appear that the indulgence of the parents, and the abundant supplies brought by them to the young, without any trouble on the part of the latter, induce an unwillingness in them to leave comfortable quarters, and trust to their own exertions; and it would appear as if the parents, with better sense and discretion than we sometimes find among parents in another order of being, see that this inactivity must be broken up for the future welfare of their offspring, though they mingle kindness with the performance of their duty.

This attachment of the parents on the one hand, and reluctance of the young on the other hand to leave the nest, are strikingly pointed out by Audubon, in his admirable history of the fish-hawk, or osprey. After commenting on the courage with which the old birds defend their brood, and the danger to the assailant from their beak and talons, he says: "The young are fed

until fully fledged, and often after they have left the nest, which they apparently do with great reluctance."

Still more to the point is the following passage by the same accomplished naturalist, which occurs in his account of the bald or white-headed eagle. "The attachment of the parents to the young is very great, when the latter are yet of small size; and to ascend to the nest at this time would be dangerous. But as the young advance, and, *after being able to take wing and provide for themselves*, are *not disposed* to fly off, (having been nursed in the lap of luxury,) the old birds *turn them out*, and beat them away. They (the young) return to the nest, however, to roost, or to sleep on the branches near it for several weeks after."

Have we not here a proof of the "stirring up of the nest," and the "fluttering over the young;" of the reluctance of the nestlings when grown to quit their nest; of their being stirred up and roused to exertion by the parents; and, notwithstanding this discipline, of the attachment of the latter? So far have we proceeded in our illustrative comments; but the assistance given to the young birds, on their first attempt or attempts, by spreading their wings as a support while in the air, yet remains to be dealt with.

In a very interesting and acceptable history of the birds of Jamaica, by Mr. Gosse, we find an admirable description of a large eagle-hawk, or buzzard, (the red-tailed buzzard,) enriched by a communication from a well-known naturalist, (Mr. Hill of Spanish Town,) in which occurs the following passage: "I have never met with the nest of this hawk, nor has Wilson given us any information concerning it; but a young friend, very conversant with out-door natural history, informs me that he lately knew of one, a large mass near the top of an immense cotton-tree, into which he observed the old birds frequently go. It was at Content, in the parish of St. Elizabeth. The gigantic dimensions assumed by this tree, which strike a stranger with astonishment, combined with the smoothness of the trunk, rendered its summit perfectly inaccessible, and prevented particular examination. At length he witnessed the emergence of two young ones, and their first essay at flight. He assures me that he distinctly saw the parent bird, after the first young one had flown a little way, and was beginning to flutter downward, he saw the mother—for mother it assuredly was—*fly beneath it, and present its back and wings for its support;* but he cannot say (being far below, and not nearly level with the bird) that the young actually rested on or even touched the parent. Perhaps its confidence returned on seeing support so near, so that it managed to reach a dry tree. After this the other little one, invited by the parent, tried its infant wings in like manner."

Here, then, we may safely say that the instance of an eagle assisting its young in their first essay at flight, by means of its outspread wings, has been witnessed by an observer "conversant with out-door natural history." His relative position, as he looked up from the ground into the sky above him, would of necessity enable him to see only the under surface of the body and of the outspread wings of the bird, and would therefore prevent him from observing the actual contact of the two, the young one being closely uppermost. At the same time what he did see—that is the hastening movement of the parent to place herself beneath her young one, and present her wings and back for its support—is sufficient to prove that the eagle "spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings."

Animals which produce but few young, nurture and tend them longer than those which produce many at a time, and in quick succession, and such young moreover are longer in attaining to maturity. This fact is particularly exemplified, among birds, in the instance of the condor of the Andes. It would appear from the observations made by Mr. Darwin, (Researches in Geological and Natural History) that the condor breeds only once in two years, and that it long continues to afford protection to its young, which, one would think, on their first attempts at flight, must need assistance, the more especially as they tenant the ledges of stupendous overhanging precipices and the pinnacles of towering crags through that mighty mountain chain. "I was told," says Mr. Darwin, "that the condor makes no sort of nest, but in the months of November and December lays two large white eggs on a bare shelf of rock. On the Patagonian coast I could not see any sort of nest among the cliffs where the young ones were standing. It is said that the young condors cannot fly for an entire year. At Concepcion, on the 5th of March, (corresponding to our September), I saw a young bird, which, though in size little inferior to an old one, was completely covered by down, like a gosling, but of a blackish colour. I feel sure this bird could not have used its wings for flight for many months. After the period when the young condors can fly, and apparently as well as the old birds, they yet remain roosting at night on the same ledge, and hunting by day with their parents." Perched, as we may picture the young condor to be, on the ledge of a precipice, with a fall of a thousand feet below, and a wall of several hundred feet rising above, how can the first sweep downwards be made, or how attempted the upward flight by the hesitating novice, unless it be efficiently aided, as well as

THE CONDOR.

encouraged, by its parental teachers? After the first essay, confidence and ease will be soon acquired, and the bird will rejoice in its powers.

Here we conclude our comments, which, to some of our readers, will not be without interest, and to others, and particularly to such as may have entertained doubts as to the zoological correctness of the passage in question, (for such there are, as we can testify,) not altogether unsatisfactory. To all our readers the passage of Scripture which we have illustrated has a special interest, as showing the wisdom, affectionateness, and gentleness with which God dealt with his people of old, and ever will deal with those who seek his counsel and aid, and yield themselves to his loving guidance. Oft-times the Christian is reposing, as it were, in his nest. External things go on smoothly and prosperously; his zeal insensibly relaxes, and the things of the eternal world are in danger of losing their force and reality. But then God in mercy stirs up the nest. Some sharp affliction comes, and although bitter for the moment, yet it does its salutary work. The soul is healed by the process, and roused from its sluggishness to renewed efforts in the cause of the Saviour.

At other times, difficulties lie in the Christian's path. In the contemplation of them his spirit faints, and the obstacles to progress seem insuperable. At the critical moment, however, the gracious assistance of God is vouchsafed. In answer to fervent prayer, a strength above nature is vouchsafed to him. The everlasting arms are placed beneath him. He mounts on eagle's wings, and is borne triumphant over the dangers and difficulties that beset his path.

OUR REST.

"The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

My feet are worn and weary with the march
Over the rough road and up the steep hill-side;
Oh! city of our God, I fain would see
Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

My hands are weary toiling on,
Day after day, for perishable meat;
Oh! city of our God, I fain would rest;
I sigh to gain thy glorious mercy-seat.

My garments, travel-worn and stained with dust,
Oft rent by briars and thorns that crowd my way,
Would fain be made, O Lord, my righteousness,
Spotless and white in heaven's unclouded ray.

My eyes are weary looking at the sin,
Impiety, and scorn upon the earth;
Oh! city of our God, within thy walls
All, all are clothed again with thy new birth.

My heart is weary of its own deep sin—
Sinning, repenting, sinning still again;
When shall my soul thy glorious presence feel,
And find, dear Saviour, it is free from stain?

Patience, poor soul; the Saviour's feet were worn;
The Saviour's heart and hands were weary, too;
His garments stained, and travel-worn, and old;
His vision blinded with a pitying dew.

Love thou the path of sorrow that he trod;
Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest;
Oh! city of our God, we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls—home of the loved and blest.

SIMON MAGUS made a splendid profession, though in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity.—*Rev. B. Beddome.*

THAT which is revealed of the angels, is that they serve on earth and sing in heaven.—*Luther.*

EXPERIENCE is the best of schoolmasters, only the school fees are heavy.

THE Arabians impose patience by the following proverb: "Be patient, and the mulberry leaf," which naturally is very rough, "will become satin."

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE TERRORS OF THE LORD.*

"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?" *Matt.* xvi. 26.

THESE words ask a question, the most home to every man's concern of any that can possibly enter into his thoughts. What our Saviour meant to assert, though proposed to his hearers in the form of a question (which, indeed, was only a stronger and more affecting way of asserting it) is, that a man's soul, by which term is here meant his state after death, is so infinitely more important to him, so beyond and above anything he can get, or anything he can lose, anything he can enjoy, or anything he can suffer, on this side the grave, that nothing which the world offers can make up for the loss of it, or be a compensation when that is at stake. You say that this is very evident: I reply that, evident as it is, it is not thought of, it is not considered, it is not believed. The subject, therefore, is very proper to be set forth in these strong and plain terms which such a subject requires, for the purpose of obtaining for it some degree of that attention which each man's own deep interest in the event demands of him to give it.

There are two momentous ideas which are included in the expression—the loss of a man's soul; and these are, the positive pain and sufferings which he will incur after his death, and the happiness and reward which he will forfeit. Upon both of these points we must go for information to the Scriptures. Nowhere else can we receive any. Now as to the first point, which is, in other words, the punishment of hell, I do admit that it is very difficult to handle this dreadful subject properly; and one cause, amongst others, of the difficulty is, that it is not for one poor sinner to denounce such appalling terrors, such tremendous consequences, against another. Damnation is a word which lies not in the mouth of man, who is a worm, towards any of his fellow-creatures whatsoever; yet it is absolutely necessary that the threatenings of Almighty God be known and published. Therefore, we begin by observing that the accounts which the Scriptures contain of the punishment of hell, are for the most part delivered in figurative or metaphorical terms; that is to say, in terms which represent things of which we have no notion, by a comparison with things of which we have a notion. Therefore, take notice what those figures and metaphors are. They are of the most dreadful kind which words can express: and be they understood how they may, ever so figuratively, it is plain that they convey, and were intended to convey, ideas of horrible torment. They are such as these: being "cast into hell, where the worm dieth not, and where the fire is not quenched." It is "burning the chaff with unquenchable fire." It is "going into fire everlasting, which is prepared for the devil and his angels." It is being cast with all his members into hell, "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." These are heart-appalling expressions; and were undoubtedly intended by the person who used them (who was no other than our Lord Jesus Christ himself) to describe terrible endurings; positive actual pains, of the most horrible kinds.

I have said that the punishment of hell is thus represented to us in figurative speech. I now say that from the nature of things, it could hardly have been represented to us in any other. It is of the very nature of pain that it cannot be known without being felt. It is impossible to give to any one an exact conception of it, without his actually tasting it. Experience alone teaches its acuteness and intensity. For which reason, when it was necessary that the punishment of hell should be set forth in Scripture for our warning, and set forth to terrify us from our sins, it could only be done as it has been done, by comparing it with sufferings of which we can form a conception, and making use of terms drawn from these sufferings. When words less figurative, and more direct, but at the same time more general, are adopted, they are not less strong otherwise than as they are more general. "Indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil." These are St. Paul's words. It is a short sentence, but enough to make the stoutest heart tremble; for, though it unfolds no particulars, it clearly designates positive torment. The day of judgment itself, so far as it respects the wicked, is expressly called "a day of wrath." The Lord Jesus, as to them, shall be revealed in flaming fire. How terrible a fate it must be to find ourselves at that day the objects of God's wrath—the objects upon whom his threats and judgments against sin are now to be executed, the revelation of his righteous

* Abridged from Paley's thrilling discourse on this affecting subject.

judgment and of his unerring truth to be displayed—may be conceived, in some sort, by considering what stores of inexhaustible misery are always in his power. With our present constitutions, if we do but touch the smallest part of our bodies, if a nerve in many places goes wrong, what torture do we endure! Let any man who has felt, or rather, whilst he is feeling, the agony of some bodily torment, only reflect what a condition that must be which had to suffer this continually, which night and day was to undergo the same, without prospect of cessation or relief, and thus to go on; and then ask, for what he would knowingly bring himself into this situation; what pleasure, what gain, would be an inducement? Let him reflect also how bitter, how grinding an aggravation of his sufferings, as well as of his guilt, it must be, that he has wilfully and forewarned brought all this upon himself.

Now if any one feel his heart struck with the terrors of the Lord, with the consideration of this dreadful subject, and with the declarations of Scripture relating thereto, which will all have their accomplishment; let him be entreated, let him be admonished to hold the idea, tremendous as it is, fully in his view, till it has wrought its effect, that is, till it has prevailed with him to part with his sins, to repent, and to flee to the Saviour; and then we assure him, that to alarm, fright, and horror, will succeed peace, and hope, and comfort, and joy in the Holy Ghost. There is another way of treating the matter, and that is, to shake off the idea if we can; to drown it in intemperance; to overpower it with worldly business; to fly from it in all directions, but mostly in that which carries us to hurrying tumultuous diversions, to criminal indulgences, or into gross sensuality. Now, of this course of proceeding it is certain, that if it lay the mind in any degree at ease in this life, it is at the expense of the inevitable destruction of our souls in the next, which is enough to say against it; but, in truth, it answers even its present purpose very imperfectly. It is a way of getting rid of the matter with which even we ourselves are not satisfied. We are sensible that it is a false, treacherous, hollow way of acting towards our own souls. We have no trust in what we are doing; it leaves no peace, no hope, no comfort, no joy.

But to return to the direct subject of our discourse. The Scriptures uniformly represent the wicked as not only suffering positive misery, but also as having lost, by their wickedness, the happiness of heaven, and as being sensible of their loss. They are repeatedly described as cast out, or as shut out, into outer darkness; whilst the good are entering into the joy of their Lord. This imports a knowledge of their own exclusion. In the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, the rich man, being in torments, is made to see Lazarus at rest. This teaches us that the wicked will be so far informed of the state of the good as to perceive and bewail, with unutterable anguish and regret, their own sad fate in being refused and rejected, when, had they acted differently, they would have been admitted to it. This is, strictly speaking, losing a man's soul; it is losing that happiness which his soul might have attained, and for which it was made. And here comes the bitter addition of their calamity, that, being lost, it cannot be recovered. The heaven we hear of in Scripture, and the hell we hear of in Scripture, are a heaven and hell depending upon our behaviour in this life. So they are all along spoken of.

Now, by the side of this immense consequence of saving or of losing our immortal souls, place any difference that the things of this life can make to us; place riches and poverty, grandeur and humility, success or misfortune; place more especially, the difference between possessing and sacrificing an unlawful gratification, between compassing and renouncing an unjust purpose, making or giving up an unfair gain, in a word, between the pleasures and temptations of vice, and the self-denials of virtue; and what do they amount to? The objects themselves are nothing when put in competition with heaven or hell. Were it true, which it is not, that real, solid, inward happiness was proportioned either to outward circumstances, or the indulgence of our appetites and passions; that the good things, as they are called, and pleasures of life, were as satisfactory to the possessor as they are for the most part deceitful and disappointing, still their duration is nothing. The oldest men, when they cast back their eyes on their past life, see it in a very narrow compass. It appears no more than a small interval cut out of eternal duration, both before and after it, when compared with that duration as nothing. But we must add to this two other questions. Can life be counted upon to last to what is called old age? No man, who observes the deaths that take place in his neighbourhood, or amongst his acquaintance, will so compute. Or, secondly, do the pleasures of sin last as long as our lives? We may answer, never; with the single dreadful exception of the sinner being cut off in his prime. Whoever looks for permanent happiness from the pleasures of sin will find himself miserably mistaken. They are short, even compared with our short lives; subject to casualties and disasters without number; transitory, not only as the things of this world are transitory, but in a much greater degree. It will be said, however, that though this observation may be true of the pleasures of sin, yet an

advantage gained by sin, that is, by unrighteous means, may, nevertheless, remain an advantage as long as we live. This may sometimes be the case, and such advantage may be so long enjoyed, if that can be enjoyed which has a fearful expectation and looking for of judgment annexed to it. But what is the term of that enjoyment compared with the sequel? It is a moment, the twinkling of an eye, compared with a day; an hour compared with a year; a single day with a long life. It is less than these; for all these comparisons are short of the truth. Well, therefore, doth our Saviour ask, "What doth a man profit if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" That world, when gained, he could not keep; nor, if he could, would it make him happy.

But our Saviour delivered his powerful admonition, not so much for mankind to reason upon, as to carry into practice; that is, that his words might strike into their souls upon those occasions (which are but too many), when the business, the bustle, or the allurements of the world are in danger of shutting out futurity from their thoughts. These are the times for calling to mind our Saviour's question. Whenever, therefore, we are driving on in the career of worldly prosperity, meeting with success after success; fortunate, rich, and flourishing; when everything appears to thrive and smile around us; but conscience, in the meantime, little heeded and attended to; the justice, the integrity, and the uprightness of our ways, and of our dealings, seldom weighed and scrutinized by us; religion very much, or entirely, perhaps, out of the question with us; soothed and buoyed up with that self-applause which success naturally begets; in this no very uncommon state of soul, it will be well if we hear our Saviour's voice asking us, what does all this prosperity signify? if it does not lead to heaven, what is it worth? When the scene is shifted, if nothing but death and darkness remain behind; much more, if God Almighty be all this while offended by our forgetfulness both of his mercies and his laws, our neglect of his service, our indevotion, our thoughtlessness, our disobedience, our love of the world to the exclusion of all consideration of him; if we be assured, and if in reality it be the case, that his displeasure shall infallibly overtake us at our death; what, in truth, under all this appearance of advantage, are we getting or gaining? The world may amuse us with names and terms of felicitation, with their praises or their envy, but wherein are we better in the amount and result of substantial happiness? We have got our aim, and what is the end of it? Death is preparing to level us with the poorest of mankind; and after that, a fearful looking for and expectation of judgment; no well-founded hopes of happiness beyond the grave; and we drawing sensibly nearer to that grave every year. This is the sum of the account. Or, which is another case, no less apposite to our present argument, is it some sensual pleasure that tempts us, some wicked enjoyment that has taken such hold of our passions, that we are ready to rush upon it whatever be the consequence? If we gain our object, if we possess our wishes, we are happy; but what if we lose our own souls? what if we find ourselves condemned men for hardily venturing upon sins which will, and which we were forewarned that they would, render us the objects of God's final indignation and displeasure. Will any gratifications which sin affords be a recompence or a consolation? Are they so even for the diseases, shame, and ruin which they often bring upon men in this world? Ask those who are so ruined or so diseased. How much less, then, for the gnawings of that worm which dieth not, the burnings of that fire which will not be quenched? In hopeless torment, will it assuage our sufferings, or mitigate the bitterness of our self-accusation, to know that we have brought ourselves into this state for some transient pleasure which is gone, lost and perished for ever? Oh that we had thought of these things before as we think of them now! that we had not been infidels as touching our Lord's declaration! that we had believed in him; and that, believing that he had a perfect knowledge of the future fate of mankind, and of the truth of what he taught, we had listened in time to his admonition!

THE REV. J. J. WEITBRECHT.

PART II.

BURDWAN, a name already familiar to many in connection with Warren Hastings, is about seventy-two miles N.W. of Calcutta, and is a capital of much importance. A mission was began there in 1816, by Capt. Stewart, who pursued his useful work amidst much difficulty and persecution. The first introduction of printed books was warmly opposed, under the impression that it was a plan for depriving the scholars of caste. The schools, however, in time became so famous, that they were adopted as models, from which those in Calcutta were formed. Thus it was in some measure to a prepared people that Weitbrecht was now sent. The comforts of his dwelling were scanty indeed; for the only abode which could be found for him was one corner of the low, damp building which was used for the boys' school on week-days, and for public worship on Sundays. While about a

hundred Bengali boys were making their accustomed uproar, he was studying behind a screen with his pundit; but even this annoyance, which many would have complained of as a heavy trial, he rather viewed as a good training for future preaching in the bazaars. So truly had he learnt in whatsoever state he was, therewith to be content. The world has no *couleur de rose* like this wherewith to invest our every day life.

Many a time, we can well believe, he would take hope and comfort from dwelling on the change which had already been wrought in his immediate vicinity. Where some years before 120,000 Mahrattas had been encamped, in all their wild and destructive fury; where the abominable system of Thuggism had desolated the land, as was attested by multitudes of human skulls; schools were now growing and prospering, and a little English congregation gathered together, who received his ministrations with much affection; while, for the first few months of his residence, he was cheered by the companionship of a brother missionary.

After Mr. Deer's departure, the superintendance of the vernacular schools devolved wholly on Weitbrecht; and considering that by this time they embraced nearly a thousand scholars, this could have been no slight portion of his labours. Mrs. Wilson, who visited the female schools in 1832, expressed much satisfaction in them, and by her energy and warm-heartedness much refreshed the spirit of her German brother. He delighted especially in Christian sympathy, and was mainly instrumental in bringing about, somewhat later, a plan by which all the missionaries within reach should meet three times a year for mutual encouragement, consultation, and prayer, at each other's stations. To his affectionate heart these were peculiarly "times of refreshing," and he made great efforts to be present at them.

In the palace of the young rajah, too, he found acceptance; and eventually added to his other labours the office of English tutor to this young nobleman. The salary received for devoting one hour daily to his instruction, was faithfully disbursed by him for missionary purposes, and the rajah and his family assisted materially in supporting the native schools.

After his marriage, in 1834, the female schools received the particular attention of Mrs. Weitbrecht; and finding that the peculiarities of Hindu society greatly interfered with any designs for their permanent benefit, a plan was formed for establishing an orphan and boarding-school, where the children would be more entirely under control. It was a work of faith, and as such God owned and blessed it; but we are not to imagine that these extensive plans of usefulness were formed or carried on under favourable circumstances. In a country like India, the physical difficulties to be overcome are of no ordinary kind, and it is not a lukewarm Christianity that will triumph over them. An extract from one of Mr. Weitbrecht's letters will best explain their nature; and we will only premise that Mrs. Weitbrecht, having left home for a short time in search of health, was followed by the affecting news that Burdwan had been destroyed by a flood. Her husband thus wrote to her:—

"The embankment of the Damudah broke in three places on Sunday, and the whole country has been deluged. On Sunday afternoon we were just sitting at dinner, when I heard people outside giving an alarm. I went into the southern verandah, and the sad report I received was confirmed by the distant roar of the water. About nine o'clock I made preparations for securing the most necessary articles and provisions in the house. The kitchen was cleared, the doors of the new school barricaded with earth, the stable doors likewise; poultry, horses, etc., were put in the verandah. After that I despatched the children in the palanquin-carriage, sending four men and lanterns with them; but, alas! the water was already several feet deep in the road, and they were obliged to return. * * * In a few minutes our tank was filled, and the report of it put me in very lively remembrance of the Rhine-fall at Schaffhausen. And now the water came rolling through the garden towards the house, and in one instant we were surrounded by the furious element. Our native Christians fled to the top of Mr. Lincke's house, and I hastily made a ladder ready to ascend on the top, if the water should reach the floor. The people in the villages around, with their cattle, placed themselves upon the eminences round tanks, spending two miserable nights in this distressing situation. Their lamentations, mingled with the roaring of the waves, the bleating of their cattle, and the falling of the cottages, which produced a sound similar to distant thunder, were really heart-rending."

We are obliged, most unwillingly, to abridge this graphic description. The judge of the station, Mr. Millett, made his way through the raging waters, at the risk of his own life, mounted on an elephant, to give assistance or carry the mission family away; but, says the faithful pastor, "I could not leave my native flock." Scarcely had he recrossed the bridge in safety, when two of its arches gave way, and the bridge blew up with a tremendous crash. We venture to add only one more extract, descriptive of the desolation which succeeded when the waters had abated. "The town of Burdwan is swept off, as far as it consisted of mud huts. The misery is indescribable. Yesterday morning

our house was a receptacle of every kind of reptile. In my bathing-room, I shot a jackall. I never saw such a collection of centipedes assembled. On opening the door in my dressing-room, and looking after the water, I heard the hissing of a snake. I looked about me on the ground, and, to my utmost horror, discovered it in the venetians—a cobra capella—erecting its head, and hissing at me in a frightful manner, a few inches from the spot where I had been standing for some minutes. How providentially was I preserved from danger! I immediately loaded my gun, and with the first shot knocked off its head."

Yet from this seeming evil, He who "maketh all things to work together for the good of them that love him," caused all to turn out rather for the furtherance of the gospel, so that the compound was re-arranged on a more healthful plan, and the orphan-school received about forty suffering children. Reduced almost to living skeletons at the time of their admission, they soon recovered under the tender care bestowed, sufficiently to receive the rudiments of education in reading, writing, and useful work. As their intellectual powers developed, grammar, geography, history, ciphering, and other studies were introduced; some girls were trained as teachers, who received instruction in English, and gradually an infant-school was added. We have been thus minute in description, because female education forms so important a part of all plans for India's improvement, and took so prominent a place in the efforts of Mr. Weitbrecht.

Besides this home work, Weitbrecht was frequently engaged in making preaching-tours with some of his brethren, to which he attached the greatest importance. Their plan was to accommodate themselves as much as possible to the habits of the Hindus; to carry a tent with them for shelter during the night, when a cottage was not to be had; to live chiefly on rice and curry; in short, "to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." They distributed in this way many thousand tracts, and preached Christ in every town and village through which they passed. "Preaching," he considered, was now, as in earlier ages, "the chief instrument for effecting the conversion of the heathen."

Meanwhile, trials of another sort were not wanting. Domestic sorrow visited these devoted servants of God, yet not without the abundant consolations usually vouchsafed at such seasons. A tenderly-beloved little daughter was removed from them by fever, and the very next day a son was given to cheer their drooping hearts. The father's reflection upon both events is this: "The Lord has in great mercy sustained us in a heavy trial, and crowned the end of the affliction with a new blessing. Oh! we would love this Friend of our souls more dearly than we have done before. We will become more devoted, more zealous, and more useful in our work." But this lovely flower, too, was ere long transplanted to the garden of the Lord. That "reaper whose name is Death, bound them in his sheaves."

> "And the mother gave in tears and pain,
> The flowers she most did love;
> She knew she should find them all again,
> In the fields of light above."

In after years, the "desolate nursery," of which the fond father speaks so touchingly, once more resounded with happy voices; and never did parents more earnestly desire to train up their little ones for God's service. But the health and strength of both were giving way under such incessant demands; and with a view of recruiting their energies, they resolved to pay a visit to their native land.

Very warm were the welcomes bestowed on Mr. and Mrs. Weitbrecht by their English friends, but dearer still were the greetings reserved for the missionary on his return to his beloved fatherland. "Oh, the delight," he says, when describing his meeting with a younger brother, "of that moment of reunion with one's own brother. I could not sleep that night for joy, and the Sunday was a day of indescribable happiness. We looked at each other, we talked to each other, and we both felt that we could realize better than before that higher joy which we shall taste when the victory has been won and we meet in glory."

He arrived at his old home at a solemn moment, just when all the family were assembled to see his venerable grandmother depart in peace. She had often cheered him on his way with her words of heavenly counsel, and now he was near to commend her spirit to the Lord in whom she believed.

Wherever he went, a blessing seemed to attend his steps. Whether in search of health at a bathing-place among the Swiss mountains, or travelling with a knapsack on his back in the Grinsel, he was a missionary still. One Sunday in the hospice he expounded part of the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, applying his subject by allusion to the beautiful fountains, valleys, and hills in which that romantic country abounds. This power of illustration was one of the most remarkable features of his cultivated mind, and one which doubtless peculiarly helped him to be a teacher of the ignorant. For the Hindoo he would in like manner draw many a profitable lesson from his own beautiful Ganges, thus following his Divine Master in preaching the word to all "as they were able to bear it."

Having had a most gratifying interview with

the king at Stuttgart, and been warmly received there by all classes, he returned for a time to England, revisiting Basle in the autumn, to deliver a course of lectures on Indian missions. They were attended by crowds; indeed, wherever he went, thousands of listeners were readily collected; and as in the days of the early church, there were "honourable women" who received him into their houses, and "bid him God speed." Some of the children of Prince Hohenloe Lunenberg (closely related to our own royal family) were among those whom he delighted with his anecdotes, while Jews, Roman Catholics, and Protestants, united their free-will offerings to the cause for which he pleaded. Still, amidst all the adulation he received, humility seemed only to root itself more deeply in his heart. "My labours," he writes, "among so many good people have been blessed to my own soul; and I feel more and more of that happy state when we can do everything with the Lord in childlike reliance on him and his blessing." The same series of lectures was afterwards repeated in London to an English audience, and to some of our readers they may be already familiar in their published form. They are marked by strong good sense, clearness of description, and a more thorough investigation of the various creeds of India than can elsewhere be met with in so popular a form. A strong German accent was easily detected in Mr. Weitbrecht, but the turn of his sentences, and indeed his whole mode of thought, was purely English. He says he shrunk from standing up before large audiences in England, but was comforted by this text, "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." He fo the promise literally fulfilled.

But the time drew on for him and his wife to return to India. We cannot do full justice to the tenderness of his spirit without quoting his own words. "The lovely days of our sojourn in our native land have passed away like a dream. Our leave is spent, and we return to fight for our Lord, and to suffer as faithful soldiers of Jesus Christ. . . . . Leave-taking is no easy matter, and we felt it especially painful in reference to our dear children. What a mother's and a father's heart feel at such a time is indescribable. I looked up to heaven and said, 'O Lord, do thou help and bless them, do thou provide.' We sat silently side by side in the carriage, which in three hours brought us to Southampton, from whence we passed over to the Isle of Wight, and spent three days in quietness and retirement, to recover and refresh our spirits, after the deeply affecting partings."

The overland journey being new to him, was full of stirring interest, and he was well able to appreciate all the wonders of nature and art successively brought before him. The position of young men leaving their homes for India, of whom about thirty were his fellow-travellers, affected him deeply. "Those must have well-formed principles indeed," he writes, "who can successfully resist sin in a country like India, where most of them will be placed in a station destitute of all means of grace. Oh that I could whisper a word in the ears of parents, advising them to put the Bible in their sons' hands when they leave their homes, and get them to promise to read it daily, and then follow them with their prayers on their dangerous path."

Returned once more in safety to their beloved Burdwan, where they received a truly Oriental welcome, a day being set apart to do them special honour, and presents arriving till every table in the house was covered with offerings of fish, flowers, vegetables, sweetmeats, etc., they soon resumed their busy round of duty. To his ever active spirit new sources of interest were also continually opening, and by this time the coal mines in the neighbourhood of Burdwan were beginning to assume considerable importance. These he visited, and held conversations with the leading men of the place with some grounds for encouragement.

It is worth while to mention the following anecdote, as illustrative of the Hindoo mind: an intelligent Hindoo inquired of Mr. W. if he could account for the origin of coal. He told him that the commonly received opinion was, that the strata of coal had been originally large forests which some great convulsion of nature had buried in the earth. "Our people," he replied, "ascribe it to quite another cause. They say these coals are the remains of horses, as many as five hundred thousand of which were frequently sacrificed to the gods by the kings of ancient times. The tar in the coal arises from the clarified butter (ghee) which was poured upon the sacrificial fire. Such is the philosophy of the Hindoo Shasters!"

The soldiers, too, who were encamped at Burdwan from time to time for a day or two, had a share in the large sympathies of Mr. W. He distributed many Testaments and tracts among them, and met with several cases which much encouraged him. He was not a man to wait till opportunities presented themselves; he rather sought them out, "*forestalling* opportunity," which is the correct rendering of the apostolic injunction, "redeeming the time." His preaching tours were resumed, and during one of them he records an attack of cholera from which he was mercifully restored, "though," he adds, "death on the battle-field would not be an undesirable event." One very pleasing instance of the blessing often attending these distant preachings is given in a letter from a

native hearer, signed Lal Behari Dey, which is as follows: "My dear sir, I am not sure whether you remember me. In my boyhood I had the pleasure of hearing you preach the glad tidings of salvation in my native village, Palasi, about seven miles north-east of Burdwan. Since my conversion I have seen you here, and accompanied you to the bazaar, where, after you had preached on that beautiful text, 'For God so loved the world,' I said a few words to the assembled multitude in my own unworthy manner. I am now here in charge of this mission (Culna), and have a valuable co-labourer in the person of a brother convert. Our English and other schools are getting on pretty well. Allow me to say, dear sir, that in addition to the reverence I feel towards every devoted missionary in this my unhappy fatherland, I look upon you with feelings of peculiar esteem and gratitude. *You* preach the gospel in the place of my nativity—the residence of all that are near and dear to me, according to the flesh, and the scene of my earliest recollections. The Lord crown your noble exertions with complete success!"

A MISSIONARY EPISODE.

Some sixty years ago, a chosen band of men sailed from the river Thames in the ship Duff, to attempt the establishment of missionary settlements in the islands of the South Sea. Among them was one who proved unfaithful to his high vocation, and began to doubt the truth of Christianity at the very time when the success of his associates gave promise of some of those triumphs which in modern days have so signally demonstrated its divine power. Sad as the story of such a life must be, it is too full of instruction and warning, and in this case happily of encouragement also, to be consigned entirely to oblivion.

Mr. Broomhall was one of the first Protestant missionaries who set foot on Tahiti. As an active intelligent young man, he rendered essential service to the cause he had espoused, and won the respect of the natives, labouring for four years with praiseworthy zeal. He had already acquired a tolerable knowledge of the language in which he was to preach to the heathen, when, yielding to temptation, he began to entertain doubts as to the reality of the Holy Spirit's influence and the immortality of the soul. His companions endeavoured to remove his scepticism; but, failing in their efforts, he was separated from their communion. Gradually his unbelief acquired such a sway over him, that he publicly declared his sentiments to be deistical. Sins of grosser character followed in their train, as if to rebuke his pride and presumption. He fell into open iniquity, and lived with a native female as his wife, till she at last forsook him. An opportunity then offering for him to leave the island, he availed himself of it, and directed his course towards India. His departure under such circumstances, although desirable on account of the influence of his example on the natives, deeply affected the brethren whom he left behind. They followed him with their compassionate regard, and continued earnestly to pray that, like the prodigal son, he might yet return to his Father against whom he had sinned, and be restored to the joy of his salvation.

More than nine years passed away before they again heard of him. Meanwhile he had devoted himself to a seafaring life, and was engaged in a vessel trading in the Indian seas. Were there all this time no mournful recollections of the past intruding ever and anon upon the stoical indifference of the moment? Were there no forebodings of the future? To be dragged step by step down the horrid declivity, up which the soul had been battling through long years with a hatred of its foul depths, and an eye glancing hopefully upward to catch some gleam of heavenly light—could all this be, and not one sorrowful pang break in upon the heart? Mr. Broomhall could not completely shake off the remembrance of happier days; and God in mercy sent a succession of alarming incidents that brought them more vividly to his mind, and made him conscious of his imminent danger. The breaking of a limb at Madras, and a severe illness at Calcutta, were rendered instrumental in awakening him to a sense of his sin. His anguish became extreme; no bodily suffering could equal it. In the hope of obtaining relief, he commenced a correspondence with several serious persons, but studiously concealed his name and previous character.

At length, after writing a long letter, in which he described his mental character with dreadful minuteness, he secured a private interview with the well-known missionaries, Dr. Marshman and Mr. Ward. After some conversation with them on the state of his soul, he broke out, "You now behold an apostate missionary. I am ———, who left his brethren nine years ago. Is it possible you can behold me without despising me?" The effect produced upon his hearers was overwhelming; their discovery of another instance of Divine forbearance, and their joy over the repentant sinner, filled them with gratitude. They assured him of their love, encouraged him in his determination to return to his brethren, and promised to intercede with them on his behalf, as well as with those who sent him out.

Mr. Broomhall, soon after this interview,

embarked on another voyage, purposing on his return to dispose of his vessel, and devote the remainder of his days to the advancement of the cause he had abandoned. From that voyage, however, he never returned; neither Mr. Broomhall nor his vessel was ever heard of again, and it is supposed that the ship foundered, and all on board perished.

With facts like these before us, it indeed becomes us to do with our might whatsoever our hand findeth to do. No resolves, no efforts can redeem neglected opportunities, and our usefulness once impaired may be lost for ever.

Poetry.

THE CHILD'S FRIEND.

See, here my pretty robin comes!
I'll feed him with my plate of crumbs,
Then whistle to him for a song;
He will not keep me for it long—
For perching on the leafless bough,
He tunes his throat to sing it now:
O, pleasant is the tuneful lay,
This dark and dull December day!
My faithful robin, well I know
The debt of thanks to thee we owe,
For being once so kind and good
To the lost children in the wood:
How often have I heard my nurse
Thy charitable deeds rehearse—
Telling how on a summer day
These orphan babes were stol'n away;
And left within a darksome wood,
Without a friend to bring them food;
And then, that famished and forlorn,
With berries smeared and brambles torn,
They, lifeless, fell upon the ground,
And, stiff and cold in death, were found
Their arms around each other twined,
Which death itself could not unbind:
Dried leaves their only winding sheet—
Their tolling bell, thy warbling sweet.
I recollect, she told us then,
That you and little jenny wren,
A leafy cover o'er them spread,
And lined with mosses soft their bed.
But oh how dreadful to relate
Their cruel uncle's hapless fate!
His house, soon after set on fire,
And he left in it, to expire!
Thank God *we* have no uncle fierce,
With breast which pity cannot pierce;
But yet we have, full well I know,
A still more unrelenting foe,
Who, if he could, the Scriptures tell,
Would drag us with him into hell.
But then we have a friend above
To guard us with his shield of love,
And follow us in all our ways
With pitiful and watchful gaze.
Yes, were we of all friends bereft,
And, like these helpless orphans, left
To wander in a forest wide,
Without a guardian or a guide,
Not e'en the little robin red
To make for us a leafy bed,
Or sing its song, so soft and clear,
To tell us that a friend was near;
Yet Jesus soon would find us out,
For he is all our paths about:
If starved to death, he would be nigh,
And listen to our dying cry,
And gentle angels, too, would come
And spread their wings to make our tomb.
Ah, little would it matter then,
Though mute the robin and the wren!
For heavenly songs would then be near,
The music of a higher sphere.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

SUFFERING SOOTHED BY SYMPATHY.

A blind man, all forlorn and poor,
His stick his only guide,
Once strayed upon a lonely moor,
Both perilous and wide.

Aware of unseen danger near,
He made a sudden pause;
Then groped about with nervous fear,
To ascertain the cause.

By chance an old and crippled man,
His limbs dragged slowly by;
The blind man, hearing him, began
With sad and doleful cry.

"Kind friend, compassionate my need,
For I have lost my way;
Give me your guiding hand to lead,
Lest I should farther stray."

"Alas!" he cries, "what shall I do
With such a crippled frame?
You would not ask me if you knew
That both my feet are lame.

But, if you'll take me on your back,
So firmly built and strong,
Together we may keep the track,
And safely go along.

Then you shall be to me as feet,
And I will be your eyes;
Each to the other a helpmeet,
Two faithful true allies."

"With all my heart," the blind man cries,
"Our fortunes let us blend,
'Twill be both politic and wise
Each other to befriend.

When dangers threaten, you shall warn,
And guide my feet aright,
While I will help you in return
With my superior might.

By means of this, though I am blind,
I need not fear to stray,
And safe and pleasant both will find
The dark and toilsome way."

My reader, round another's grief
Thy sympathies entwine;
To those who suffer, give relief,
And make *their* sorrows *thine*.

The kind compassion you bestow,
Its own reward will bring;
For while you soothe another's woe,
Your own will lose its sting.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE BURNED VOLUME.

HERRMAN SMITH had returned from his work, had eaten his solitary supper, and lighted his pipe, and was basking in the light and warmth of his fire, when a slight tap at his door roused him from a reverie; and he bade the visitor enter.

Herrman Smith was a man of profligate habits, and an unbeliever. He hated the Bible; and all who lived according to its rules, and had faith in its promises, he called hypocrites. His brow therefore clouded over when, in the unexpected visitor, he saw a man who had formerly been his companion in sin and infidelity, but who had recently made a profession of Christianity.

The visitor advanced with a friendly "good evening," and seated himself unbidden at the table.

"I am not disturbing you, Hermann?" he said, in reply to the other's inquisitive glances: "I thought you might be alone."

"What do you want with me?" responded Herrman; "I thought we had done with each other before now."

"I want you to read *this*," said the visitor, mildly; and he pulled from his pocket a book,

No. 86.—PUBLISHED DECEMBER 20, 1855. PRICE ONE PENNY.

which he laid on the table. It was a treatise on the worth of the soul, by a pious writer.

"What book is that?" demanded Herrman Smith.

His visitor read the title; but he had no sooner done so than Herrman broke out into loud and fierce denunciations, and gave his former friend many ignominious names, which he bore unmoved.

"I did not expect that you would listen to me patiently at first," said the visitor; "for I know what I should once have thought and said if such a request had been made to me. But still I hope you will not refuse to do what I ask."

"I shall refuse," replied Herrman angrily; "and if this is all you want of me, the sooner you take yourself and your trumpery away, the better."

"We used to be good friends, Herrman," rejoined the visitor, sorrowfully: "why should we not be so now?"

"We were good friends before you turned sneak," said Herrman; "but now I don't want and I don't mean to have anything to do with you."

"But at least you will hear what I have to say, Smith. I know you have spoken very hardly of me; and I wish to justify myself in your thoughts. You will not refuse me this?"

"You can say what you like," retorted Smith; "but you need not expect to change my opinion of you;" and he settled himself firmly in his chair, and recommenced puffing away with great vigour.

"You and I have known each other a good many years, Herrman," continued the visitor; "and we have always, until within these few months, been on good terms; will you tell me what there has been in anything I have said or done to make such an alteration in your feelings towards me?"

"I think," said Smith, "that when a man casts off his old friends, as you have done, and turns traitor to good fellowship, it is for them to ask such a question, and not for him. But I don't want to know anything about it: we can do uncommonly well without you; and I have no wish to hear your justification, as you call it. That book explains all; you need not say any more."

"It does indeed explain all," said the visitor; "for it was this book which opened my eyes to see my wretched condition, and showed me the way out of it. And as we were once companions in sin, I cannot help trying to get you along with me on to the other road, Herrman."

Herrman Smith uttered an expression of strong contempt. "The common cant!" he said.

"You shall call it cant, if you like, Herrman," the visitor rejoined, "only hear me." And, with strong emotions, he told how he had been, by the work in question, first of all convinced of the truth of the Bible, as a Divine revelation, and had been induced to study it, first philosophically and inquiringly, and then prayerfully, until it had been to him "the power of God unto salvation" from the dominion of sin and its bitter fruits.

Herrman Smith listened in silence as his former friend went on; and when he ceased, Herrman asked angrily what all this was to him; and why the visitor had given himself the trouble of these confessions, where they were not wanted. "I am sorry for you, with all my heart," he said; "for you used to be a good fellow enough; and I did not think you would have been such a fool; but you need not expect to convert me," he added, with a sneer.

"I do not expect it," said the visitor: "God only can change the heart; but I do want you to read this book, and your Bible. I know that I used to speak against religion, when, to my shame I must say, I knew nothing, or next to nothing, of its nature; and I cannot help thinking it may be so with you. I have brought the book that was so useful to me; will you now promise me to read it?"

"No," replied Smith, sternly; "I will not read it. I shall have nothing to do with it."

"You will let me leave it with you, at any rate. Perhaps you may change your mind. Ah, Herrman, there are times, if you would but think so, when religion can give comfort and peace, when nothing else can. You will accept the book as my gift?"

"Do you see that fire?" demanded Herrman, still more sternly, pointing with the end of his pipe to that which was burning brightly on his hearth.

"Yes, I see it."

"Then be sure of this," said the stubborn infidel; "if you leave that book, as soon as you are gone, I will throw it on to the fire; and it shall burn—BURN. I hate your cant," he added, his pent-up rage bursting forth; "and it shall not be an hour longer under my roof. Now you understand me, and you may leave the book or take it away, as you please."

The visitor hesitated for a moment, and then rose to depart. Lifting his heart to God in a fervent aspiration that he would have compassion on the bigotted enemy of his truth, and would make the wrath of man to praise him, he silently withdrew, and left the book still lying on the table.

"I have said I will burn it, and I will," muttered Herrman Smith to himself; and, without hesitation, he laid hands on the volume,

and the next moment it was resting on the burning embers.

Herrman Smith sat quietly before the fire, still smoking his pipe, and watching for the conflagration with a heart full of malice and deep-rooted hatred.

There was no miracle wrought to arrest the flames, or to render them harmless as they gathered round, and rose and kindled upon the book; and not a spark of remorse or fear was roused in the bosom of the hardened man. He had no superstitious forebodings—not he. He would have burned all the religious books in the world if it had been in his power; and he would have exulted in the deed too. His was the carnal mind, which, being enmity against God, would have banished the very belief of God's existence from the universe, and rejoiced in it.

The book burned slowly, and Herrman Smith impatiently stirred the fire into a fiercer flame. The effort was successful; in a few minutes the cover shrunk and twisted, and writhed in the blaze like a thing of life; the threads which held the sheets burst asunder; the leaves fell apart; it was soon all over, and nothing of the volume remained on the fire, but a mass of blackened, shrivelled ashes, deadening instead of quickening the flame beneath.

Herrman Smith moved the smouldering heap, and as it separated, some fragments of the burned leaves, now light as air, ascended the chimney, others feebly caught the flame again; some fell on to the hearth-stone below. Among these fragments was one small scrap which had escaped the flame. It was scorched and curled together with the fierce heat; but the flame had spared it.

There were words on it, too, not wholly illegible. With a smile of victory, Herrman Smith took the fragment into his hand to complete the immolation; not a vestige should remain: he had threatened to burn the hated book; and he would perform it to its last word and letter.

Nevertheless, as Herrman Smith held the scorched scrap in his hand, he cast his eye upon it: it was involuntary; he did not mean to read a word of it: it was momentary, for his hand did not cease moving; and before the words could have been uttered, the fragment had caught the blaze, and was utterly consumed. But in that involuntary, momentary glance, a single sentence was *burnt* in upon the soul of Herrman Smith, which eternity will never efface. It was a quotation from the words of the Saviour: "HEAVEN AND EARTH SHALL PASS AWAY; BUT MY WORDS SHALL NOT PASS AWAY."

* * * * *

Herrman Smith had little sleep that night; and, sleeping or waking, the vision of the burning volume was impressed on his imagination, while the words seemed to be sounding in his ears: "Heaven and earth shall pass away; but MY WORDS shall not pass away." He rose in the morning unrefreshed.

He went to his daily occupation, and met with his fellow-workmen; he busied himself at his bench or his loom, whichever it might be; but amidst the noise and confusion of the workshop or the factory, these words—in vivid characters—were perpetually before him: "Heaven and earth shall pass away; but MY WORDS shall not pass away."

He went to his club; his ungodly companions were there. They rallied him on his thoughtful look, and laughed, and jested, and drank; but Herrman Smith was still thoughtful; and he quickly withdrew from the scene. "Heaven and earth shall pass away; but MY WORDS shall not pass away." The same words, still the same; he could not get rid of them.

Strange power in a few simple words! Again and again Herrman Smith strove to banish them from his memory; inwardly called himself a fool for suffering himself to be so moved by a curious coincidence; tried to smile at his foolish emotions. But do what he might, that single sentence obtruded itself before his mind; go where he would, it followed him; think of what he might, *that* was never long absent from his thoughts: "Heaven and earth shall pass away; but MY WORDS shall not pass away."

"Heaven and earth shall pass away!" Herrman Smith did not believe this; or, at any rate, he had not believed it. It might be, or it might not: it mattered nothing to him. He saw no signs of decay; the world would last his time; and this was all he cared for. This was his creed. But the words which now so harassed him seemed clothed with some mysterious and awful significance. What did they mean?

He attempted to reason himself out of the uncomfortable state of mind this sentence had produced. What signified to *him* what those words meant, by whom they were written or spoken, or to what they referred? If they had reference, as he supposed likely, to the written words attributed to him whom Christians professed to worship as their Saviour, had not the words already passed away? Had he not burned the book, the whole of it? Ah, but the words had not passed away. Their spirit and their life remained.

"MY WORDS shall not pass away!" Herrman Smith knew that there are truths which may well be deemed imperishable; that these truths, though they depend on written or spoken words for promulgation, yet, apart from this, lie hidden in man's heart, ever ready to germinate. What

if that sentence referred to these imperishable truths!

"Heaven and earth shall pass away; but MY WORDS shall not pass away."

A few days later, and Herrman Smith was in the apartment of his former companion and late visitor.

"You came to see me; I am now come to see you. You remember what passed when we last met?"

"I do."

"You left a book with me," continued Herrman.

"Yes; may I not hope——"

"No: I threatened to burn it, and I kept my word."

"Alas! my friend. I hoped you would repent that resolution, and give it a patient perusal," said the other.

"You were mistaken. I burned it that same night; within the hour," rejoined Herrman.

"I deeply regret it. You know not what you did. I pray God that he lay not that sin to your charge," replied the believer.

"I don't know anything about that. I fairly forewarned you what I would do; and I did it. And now, I want a copy of the Bible."

"What! to burn that also?"

"No," said Herrman Smith; "not to burn, but to read: if you will get me one I will pay you for it. I do not choose to be seen buying one at a shop. Will you get one for me?"

"Joyfully," exclaimed his friend, "joyfully; if, indeed, you *will* read it."

"I have said that I will," said Herrman.

"You regret, then, that you burned the book?"

"Perhaps I do; perhaps I do not. This is not the question."

"May I ask," interposed the friend, "what has induced you to alter your determination?"

"You may ask: but that is nothing to the purpose," said Herrman Smith. "Some day I may tell you, but not now."

In his solitary chamber, Herrman Smith turned over the pages of his recently-acquired purchase. He had no clue as to where the sentence was to be found which had arrested his attention; and he did not, after long searching, meet with it.

But, as he read, darkness and prejudice rolled away from his mind. He found, what multitudes besides have found, that "the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

As he read on, conviction forced itself on his soul. His sins rose up in judgment against him and condemned him. And what, after all, if the Bible should be true?

He read on. He had commenced the perusal of the sacred volume, a sceptic; he continued its perusal, a believer in its Divine origin and paramount authority. Night after night he returned to the Bible; and the entrance of the word gave light.

But what light? fierce, lurid, and terrific; the lightning flashes of Sinai, accompanying the voice of Divine judgment—"Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them," and telling of the wrath to come.

In deep distress of mind Herrman Smith still read on; and the entrance of the word gave more light—light from the Sun of righteousness which arose on his awe-stricken soul, "with healing in his wings." He found him of whom Moses and the prophets spake—Jesus, the prince and the Saviour—able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him. Melted in heart, his stubborn will subdued, his enmity turned to admiration, his blasphemies to prayer, Herrman Smith laid hold, with trembling earnestness, on the hope set before him in the gospel; and in the happy hope of pardoned guilt, in the renewal of his heart by Divine grace, in the manifestation of a Saviour's love and mercy to his soul, he was at length enabled to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, saying, "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy?" And in the experience of a new life in his soul, he understood what those words meant, "Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my words shall not pass away."

And he who was at enmity with God by wicked words, and who, in the bitter malice of an unrenewed heart, consigned that book which was the faithful messenger of truth to the flames, became a humble disciple of the loving Saviour, and a champion of the faith which he had once laboured to destroy.

THE PEN.

A DIALOGUE.

Grandfather. In speaking of the power of the pen just now, Charles, you did not mention the importance of its use in the Christian's private life. Many eminent Christians have found the advantage of keeping a written record of their religious experience.

Charles. And the knowledge of writing is so universal now that it behoves us to consider whether we have used this as well as that of

each of our other talents to its noblest purpose—the progress of our own hearts in the things of God, and helping forward our neighbours.

Jane. Do you know that my favourite, the late Charlotte Elizabeth, was of opinion that no such journal could be kept with that perfect honesty without which it is worse than useless?

Grandfather. Yet such writing is an important aid to reflection; it keeps the mind from wandering, and the danger of its being debased by spiritual pride may be avoided by regularly and resolutely destroying the papers at intervals. What is written is for your own benefit, not that of others, and should be seen by no eye but yours and your God's. Dr. Chalmers' plan was a good one, of writing down his meditations on a chapter of the Bible every day. I should be glad, dear Charles, if you would try it. I have heard you complain that the engrossing nature of your business made it sometimes difficult for you to fix your mind.

Charles. I have no doubt it would be a help. In the life of Bickersteth there are examples of rules which he wrote for his own guidance. I think such written self-imposed rules, which a man feels are exactly fitted to his own wants and circumstances, must considerably strengthen good resolutions.

Jane. But we must bear in mind the spirit of Herbert's lines:—

> When thou dost purpose aught within thy power,
> Be sure to do it, though it be but small:
> Constancy bruits the loves, and makes us stower,
> When wanton pleasure beckons us to thrall:
> Who breaks his own bond forfeiteth himself:
> What nature makes a ship, he makes a shelf.

Grandfather. "Lord, who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not." Better that thou shouldst not vow, than that thou shouldst vow and not pay. But I think with you, it is good to *write down* holy resolves; it both assists and implies recollectedness and careful walking. But remember, in the use of this and every means, they are dead till the Spirit of God breathes on them.

Charles. Mr. Bickersteth was also in the habit, when he deliberated on any important movement, of writing down the reasons for or against it in opposite columns.

Grandfather. It suited the practical and business-like turn of mind of that eminent servant of God.

Jane. I have lately been reading the life of his sister, Mrs. Cooper. She was in the habit of writing prayers for her own private use.

Grandfather. Many have found the advantage of doing so. If those who complain so much of their wandering thoughts in prayer were to adopt this plan, or perhaps even better, to write for themselves lists of topics for prayer, I think they would find it benefit them.

Charles. I have another example for you. Mr. Wilberforce used to keep a little bit of paper in his waistcoat pocket, on which he wrote the sins he particularly wished to guard against, or a text which he wished often to be reminded of.

Jane. You remember, too, the Rev. Legh Richmond's letters to his children while still under his own roof, and the rules for their conduct on various occasions.

Grandfather. A good example for parents. There will be a life and a force in such writings, in a parent's own hands and warm with a parent's love, which would make them for the person intended more valuable than the best printed instructions.

Charles. I am sure in our Sunday classes we should find the value of such writings.

Jane. I think so. I remember that one of the boys who left the prison at Yarmouth, where Sarah Martin laboured, was afterwards led to repentance by means of a prayer she had written for him.

Grandfather. May we each be ourselves epistles in which the name of Jesus shines, written not with ink, but by the Spirit of the living God.

THE JUDGMENT HALL OF OSIRIS.

Among a certain class of divines it was once a matter of considerable doubt whether the doctrine of the immortality of the soul was known to the patriarchs; or even whether it was at all revealed under the Old Testament dispensation. As for the strong arguments in favour of this truth to be found in the Greek authors, they were inclined to regard them as surmises, not as deductions from any traditive knowledge which might have reached them. The only effective disclosure to man on this momentous point was, according to their doctrine, to be ascribed to the more perfect revelation of Christianity. Such, however, was not the fact. The more accurate knowledge which the researches of the last fifty years in the antiquities of early nations have elicited, corroborates the strong evidence that already existed on this subject. The inhabitants of Egypt were familiar with the doctrine that the soul of man was immortal; and that endless misery awaited the wicked, and eternal rewards the righteous, in a future state.

In an ancient ritual which has been deciphered, some very curious particulars have been recorded of the mode in which the soul, after death, was made to pass through the judgment hall of Osiris. The narrative will be found

deeply profitable, if the reader connects with it his own appearance before the judgment-seat of Christ.

The ritual consists of eleven liturgical prayers to Thoth, the guide of souls, and the impersonation of the Divine wisdom. The soul implores this divinity to undertake for him to cast down his enemies, to plead his cause with the gods of the various regions through which he has to travel, and finally to open for him the gates of the great hall of judgment, that he may pass through them in safety.

This formidable array of gods and monsters, however, was but introductory to the still more fearful ordeal that awaited the soul on its arrival at the terrible portal of the judgment hall, where all the actions of its life while in the body were examined. This scene is by no means confined to the ritual we have alluded to. Its frequent occurrence on mummy-cases, votive tablets, boxes, and funeral remains of every description, sufficiently attest the very high importance that was attached to it by the Egyptians, and the conspicuous place that it occupied in their creed. Many of these pictures are much curtailed and abbreviated, according to the custom of the scribes on all occasions. In the most perfect of them the deceased is represented standing immediately before the entrance of a vast hall in the attitude of supplication, and addressing a long prayer to the divinity who presides in it, Osiris, the supreme judge. He has for his assessors the two goddesses who are both named Thmei (the Themis of the Greeks). They probably were impersonations of justice and truth. The first of them, who was called the Themis of the left, because she occupied the left side of the hall, was the president over the first twenty-one avengers, the lower row of figures in the accompanying engraving: the other, the Themis of the right, had the charge of the remainder of the forty-two demons by whom the wicked were hereafter to be tormented. The prayer to Osiris at the entrance to the hall reads thus:—"O thou avenger, lord of justice, great god, lord of the two Themeis (justice and truth), I worship thee, O my lord. Bring forward my righteousness, search out my sins." The deceased then proceeds to enumerate the moral offences of which he has not been guilty:—"I have defrauded no man: I have not slaughtered the cattle of the gods, I have not prevaricated at the seat of judgment, I have not made slaves of the Egyptians, I have not defiled my conscience for the sake of my superior, I have not used violence, I have not famished my household, I have not made to weep, I have not smitten privily, I have not changed the measures of Egypt, I have not grieved the spirits of the gods, I have not committed adultery, I have not forged signet rings, I have not falsified the weights of the balance, I have not withheld milk from the mouths of my children." The offences that follow are peculiar to the climate and to the idolatry of Egypt. "I have not pierced the banks of the Nile in its annual increase, I have not separated to myself an arm of the Nile in its advance." These passages render it probable that in ancient as in modern times, an important part of the revenue of Egypt was raised by imposing a tribute upon the lands overflowed by the annual inundation; so that to obtain any portion of these fertilizing waters secretly was to defraud the state. This singular disavowal concludes thus: "I have not disturbed the gazelles of the gods in their pasturage, I have not netted the waterfowl of the gods, I have not caught the sacred fishes." It may be inferred from this and other passages, that there were parks or preserves around the Egyptian temples, where the sacred animals were kept; and that it was sacrilege to take them. "I have not despised the gods in their offerings;" in other words, "I have not offered to the gods that which is imperfect, I have not bound the cattle of the gods, I have not pierced the god in his manifestation," as a sacred animal. The prayer concludes with petitions for purification and illumination.

The deceased then entered the great hall of judgment, and, kneeling before the forty-two avengers, protested to each his innocence of the sin of which he was the minister of vengeance. The names of these terrible beings are descriptive of their appearance or qualities. The soul says to the first of them, "O thou that art swift to pursue, I have not sinned." To the second, "O thou that dost try with fire, I have not been gluttonous." To the fourth, "O thou that devourest tranquillity (that is, with whom there is no peace), I have not stolen." To the fifth, "O thou that smitest the heart, I have done no murder." To the sixth, "O thou with the two lions, I have not falsified measures." To the seventh, "O thou that hast piercing eyes, I have not acted the hypocrite." To the ninth, "O thou that dost make limbs to tremble, I have not lied." To the sixteenth, "O thou that dost delight in blood, I have not slain the cattle of the gods." To the twenty-second, "O thou that dost consume creation, I have not been drunken." The foregoing may suffice as specimens of what has generally been termed the negative confession.

The perusal of this most ancient code of morals accords with the inspired declaration, that the heathen of old were a law unto themselves. The moral law of God, which was written on their hearts, evidently embraced

the entire compass of the duties of social relation.

The judgment hall in which this great scene occurs, which terminates the third section of the ritual, is the palace of Osiris, the supreme judge of souls. It is situated in Amenti, the west. The god himself appears to the left of the picture. He is enthroned on a magnificent shrine, and wears a head-dress composed of the upper part of the diadem called Sent, which denotes dominion in the upper region, that is, in heaven; it is adorned with two ostrich feathers (the symbols of justice), and with the disc of the sun, and the horns of a goat, signifying light and fertility. He has in his hands a scourge, and a sceptre bent at one end in the form of a crook, the symbol of dominion. Immediately before the throne, and within the shrine, is a kind of stand, upon which is hung the skin of a panther: the meaning of this is unknown. An altar stands in front of the shrine laden with offerings, consisting of flowers, fruit, bread, and fish, with wine and milk in vases; probably representing the acts of piety performed on behalf of the deceased by his surviving relatives. On a pedestal in the immediate vicinity of the throne a monster reposes, having the paws of a lion, the body of a female hippopotamus, and the head of a crocodile. Her name, "the devourer of Amenti," as well as her appearance, at once point her out as another of the ministers of vengeance executing the judgments of the divinity before whom she crouches.

At the opposite extremity of the picture, to the right, is a group of three persons. That in the centre is clothed in the ordinary manner of the Egyptians, and presented by one of his companions, a female, wearing an ostrich feather in her hair, to the other, also a female, similarly ornamented, and having the sceptre of tranquillity and the symbol of life in her hands. This group represents the soul of the deceased introduced by the two Themeis (representing the two attributes they impersonate, truth and justice) to the bar of the judge of all things. It was their office to receive the souls of the deceased on their appearance before his tribunal. They were also the presidents of the forty-two avengers, who are represented on the upper part of the picture, seated in two rows, to both of which the deceased offers supplications. The heads of these judges vary considerably; some have the human form, others the heads of living creatures, such as the crocodile, snake, ram, hawk, ibis, jackal, hippopotamus, lion, and ape. We have seen that they are the ministers of vengeance, whose wrath is to be deprecated by the deceased. The names of all the forty-two, and the particular regions over which they preside, occur in the entire copies of this scene. In other copies, they are represented sitting before their presidents.

In the presence of the judge Osiris, these and other divinities, or genii, rigorously examined the conduct of the soul while incarnate upon earth. The motives thereof, most significantly symbolized by his heart, are placed in the huge balance of Amenti, which occupies the centre of the picture; and in the opposite scale appears the image of Thmei, or the ostrich feather that adorns her head-dress (the symbol of justice or truth), indicative of the inexorable nature of the scrutiny which is taking place. One of the ministers of Thoth, in the form of a baboon, whose name is Hap (sentence, judgment), sits on the stand that supports the balance, and the instrument is attended by Horus the hawk-headed, the beloved son of Osiris and Isis, who steadies the scale in which the heart is placed, and at the same time closely observes the index of the balance. The opposite scale is trimmed by Anubis with the dog's head, the son of Osiris and Nephthys, who declares the result of the scrutiny to the ibis-headed Thoth, the divine wisdom. He stands with his writing tablet and pen immediately in front of Osiris, the supreme judge of this fearful assize; and, as clerk of the court, writes down the sentence in his presence. This sentence was full of joy to the good, and of woe to the wicked. They who by the faithful discharge of all their moral obligations as children, as parents, as masters or servants, as kings or subjects, and by the conscientious avoidance of vice under all its grosser forms, had been enabled to pass the ordeal, were permitted to pass through the hall of the Themeis, and were landed in the habitations of blessedness, where they rested from their labours. Here they reap the corn, and gather the fruits of paradise, under the eye and smile of the lord of joy.

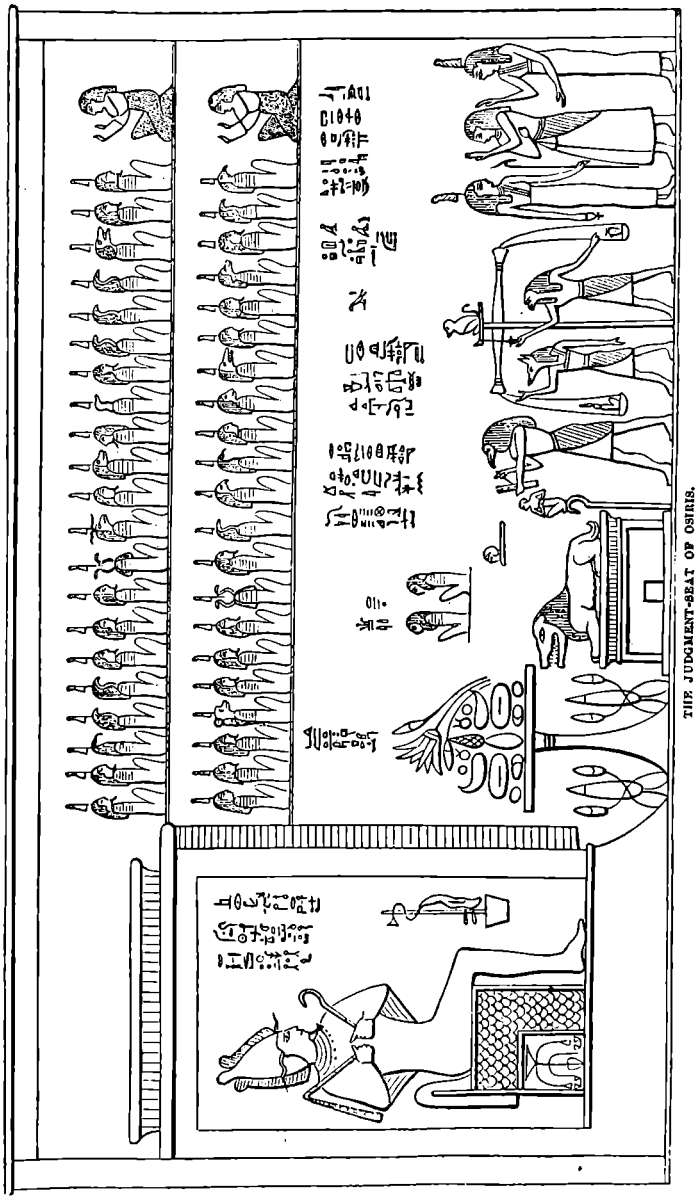
But a terrible fate impended over those who, being weighed in the balance of Amenti, were found wanting. Their souls were transported to the regions of darkness and eternal death, symbolized by the twelve hours of the night, and the lower hemisphere. God, under the symbol of the sun, is present here also; but as the avenger and tormentor he makes the darkness his pavilion; his disc is black; no ray of light issues from him to illumine their cheerless abodes.

While giving this description of the mythology of the Egyptians, which is mixed up with the grossest follies, we yet notice truths that are the groundwork of these inventions, which are far too precious to be destroyed even by the coarse and tasteless fictions with which they are combined. The religion, then, of the Egyptians, the most ancient nation in the world, has been

investigated on the very walls of the temples and monuments that were erected for the celebration of its worship. Its divinity recognises the doctrine of a Trinity, and the hope of a future incarnation of God. Its ethics rest upon the tenet of the immortality of the soul of man; upon his responsibility to his Maker for his deeds on earth; and upon his appearance after death at his judgment-seat; and also upon the infinitely important truth, that God himself is the exceeding great reward of the righteous, and will surely punish the wicked; that his favour is everlasting life, that his wrath is death eternal.

These results throw light upon an obscure and remote portion of the history of the ways of God to man, which may sometimes minister consolation to the weak and feeble believer in the hour of darkness and perplexity, and wherein the confirmed faith of the more advanced Christian need not disdain to rejoice. To be able to show to the gainsayer that the truth was partly holden in the fables of ancient heathenism, as well as revealed to the saints of old, is surely well calculated to dissipate the doubts that are sometimes suggested respecting the periods at which God was pleased to impart the revelation of his will to mankind, and his mode of dealing with those who lived before his written word was inspired. We know, upon the most unquestionable of all possible evidence—contemporary inscriptions — that long before a written revelation was possessed, man was conscious that he had within him a soul that cannot die; that after the death of the body that soul must appear before the bar of God, and be judged concerning the deeds of this life; and that infinite rewards and infinite punishments depended upon the issue of that trial. These, we conceive, are facts of importance, whether we be contending with unbelief in others or in ourselves.

Surely this remarkable subject brings home with thrilling effect to our own souls the statement of Scripture, that we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ. Oh! reader, now, while it is the accepted hour, flee to the Saviour as a penitent sinner, and take shelter from the wrath to come, under the wings of his tender love.*



THE JUDGMENT-SEAT OF OSIRIS.

THE best shield against slanders, is to live so that none may believe them.—*Countess of Warwick.*

* The preceding explanation of the accompanying engraving has been chiefly drawn from Osburn's "Antiquities of Egypt," published by the Religious Tract Society.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

PRINCIPLE AND PEACE.

"Have salt in yourselves, and have peace one with another."—*Mark* ix. 50.

It is upon a well-known and easily-understood fact in natural history that this statement of our Lord is based. Salt was procured of old, just as it is now, from the recesses of the earth in which the waters of the ocean have in some bygone age been enclosed, and in which they have in process of time grown into a kind of crystallized rock, or from the evaporation on the sea-coast of water from the ocean, which leaves a saline deposit behind it. The uses to which salt was anciently applied were not dissimilar to those for which it serves at present. It is now a generally acknowledged physiological fact that salt is indispensable to the health and the vigour of the human frame; and every one knows how essential it is to the preservation of animal bodies from that putridity which begins whenever death occurs.

It is with reference to these two properties of salt—its use as an ingredient in human food, and its power as an antiseptic—that Christians are described as "the salt of the earth." The principle that is within them—the heaven-sent and heaven-tending principle by which they are distinguished as Christians—is the salt in them which makes them "the salt of the earth." It is religion in its reality and in its power—the religion of the heart and of the life—that is the salt which we must have in us.

The injunction, then, before us is an injunction to be Christians, not in name merely, not in profession only, but in the inner man, no less than in the outer man; to live up to our Christian principles—to act up to our Christian profession. It is not a small thing to do so. In order to do it there must be grace in the heart, knowledge in the understanding, love in the soul. What faith and holiness must ever characterize us! How we must abound in prayer! It is in the knowledge of Christ as our Saviour, attained and confirmed by the teachings of the Holy Spirit, that we rise to the possession of these fruits of righteousness—that we learn to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord. Have it in yourselves. Examine yourselves whether you now possess it. Seek it from God in his own way. Lay hold of it with a determination to hold it fast. Ever remember that all religion without it is hollow, empty, unreal. Ever remember that the attainment of it renders life happy and hopeful, and secures the unfading and glorious crown which God has promised when the life that now is shall be exchanged for the life that is to come.

"Peace with one another" is enjoined as a fitting accompaniment of "salt in ourselves." Our world as it came from the hands of its great Creator was a world of peace. The God of peace reigned in it. The spirit of peace dwelt in it. No discord, no strife, no warfare, no alienation, no jarring, no quarrelling, then existed in it. Never till sin entered it did these sad attendants of sin find a place in it. What "wars and fightings," the offspring of the "lusts that are in our members," now prevail in our world! What misery to individuals as well as to communities do they occasion! How they separate man from man, and nation from nation! How they lead to evils of every form and name! But while such alienation exists, man's heart is not satisfied. We all know how deep and strong are the longings of our spirits for peace—how they sigh continually for rest—how, weary and jaded, they seek after a repose which, alas! they but seldom obtain. Peace within, the peace of God in the heart and mind, that peace which indeed "passeth all understanding," is the grand preparative to "peace with one another." Possessing that peace as Christ in his infinite love bestows it, we learn to love one another; to put on, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any, even as Christ forgave us.

"Have peace one with another." Cultivate in all the intercourse of life, a generous, kind, loving spirit. Put down and put away the first risings of alienated feeling in your hearts. Construe everything likely to lead to misunderstanding with those around you on the principles of that charity which is not easily provoked and which thinketh no evil. Do not allow feelings of animosity to continue rankling in your bosom. Try to obtain for yourselves "the peacemaker's" character and reward. Seek even in this world of strife to become daily more meet for that world of peace that is above.

It is necessary carefully to notice the beautiful union between the spirit of charity, and high-toned conscientiously formed principle, which the Saviour's words enjoin. We must endeavour to guard against surrendering principle at the bidding of a spurious charity. We must

endeavour no less to avoid every thing uncharitable in spirit, in word, and in action, in the maintenance of principle. Every consideration is calculated to urge this upon us. It is thus that we shall attain the possession of real and right religion in our own souls. It is thus that we shall be most effectually preserved from the many wrong and evil influences to which we are exposed in the world. It is thus that we shall be enabled most closely to walk in the footsteps of our divine Lord. It is thus that we shall be best fitted for doing good to all who are around us. It is thus that we shall give the fairest and most faithful exhibition of true religion to the world at large. It is thus that we shall best be matured for the blessed employments and enjoyments of heaven.

A state of existence in which either principle or peace is wanting, must be a state having nothing in it to attract the well-biased mind. The very idea of entering into such a state, and of dwelling in it, may well fill the heart with alarm. Who does not shrink from companionship with the unholy and the unrighteous, the men who are strangers to honour, and truth, and integrity? Who does not shudder at the thought of fellowship with the men to whom the way of peace is unknown—whose bosoms are full of jealousy, and hatred, and strife? Only in the gospel of Christ are we taught effectually the lesson of real principle and true peace. Let us learn those lessons with all becoming diligence and docility. Only in the church of God do we enjoy union and communion with those who really and consistently love the truth and peace. Let us maintain that union and communion uniformly and unreservedly. A world is before us in which there shall never be any infringement of principle, or any interruption of peace.

LIFE OF REV J. J. WEITBRECHT.

PART III.

In the month of March, 1847, the foundation-stone of a Gothic church was laid in Burdwan, to the great joy of its pastor. An ugly thatched bungalow had been hitherto the only building for the native worship, and a small chapel far from the mission premises, much out of repair, had served for the European congregation. None will suspect this devoted man of attaching undue importance to the mere outward structure in which Divine worship is conducted; yet we cannot but think he showed his accustomed judgment in determining upon a building which should prove more durable than its predecessors, and which should give no occasion to beholders to say, that while rich Hindoos thought nothing too good to bestow on their idol-temples, Christians would spare none of their substance to secure decency of worship. It seemed a great work to undertake, but his was not a spirit easily daunted, and he persevered in faithful effort till 1000*l.* were collected, and the whole was in due time fully completed. There it stands by the road-side, an appropriate monument to his memory.

In May, 1848, he received an unexpected request to visit Bhagulpore, 200 miles distant from his home, for the purpose of organizing a mission there. Such a journey amongst us, with all our railway accommodations, would be no great effort; but there, in the very height of the hot season, it was not accomplished without much suffering. So heated was his palanquin, that it was impossible to touch it, and he was obliged to wrap his head in the thick folds of his dressing-gown to preserve it from danger. He succeeded beyond his hopes in the object he had in view. Such efforts, however, could not be made without an enormous demand upon his frame, which had never fully recovered from the attacks of cholera already recorded. His throat and chest became so severely affected after the setting in of the rains, that he was obliged to try the effect of change, and proceeded to the house of his friend Dr. Webb in Calcutta, so prostrated in strength, that on arriving he had not power to walk up-stairs. Yet in a short time, he was able to undertake a little sea voyage; and in the pilot vessel which conveyed him, he was still occupied about his Father's business, speaking to the sick and dying, and occasionally preaching a little to the pilots on Sundays.

On returning to Burdwan, to make preparations for a lengthened absence, he was in time to witness another of those terrible inundations which so often exercised the faith and patience of the mission family. By the middle of October, they were ready to enter the budgerow, lent by a kind friend, to enable them to enjoy together the air of the Ganges, and to visit the chief objects of interest on its banks. The ruins of Goar, the once famous capital of this part of India, particularly pleased them, and we extract the following description from his journal:—

"After breakfast we halted to make an excursion through the ruins. A young Byragi showed us the way, and conducted us first to a splendid ruin, a long edifice of Mohammedan construction. The front of it consisted of twelve arches with pedestals of fine ironstone resembling black marble. The Byragi, desiring to impress our minds with the venerable character of the place, told us that in ancient times, when Hindoo kings reigned in the capital, the whole territory was covered with gold,

which extended a foot and a half in depth below the surface. . . . . We afterwards visited a high tower and several fine mosques. The ornamental work, in some of them, though much dilapidated, is exquisite. In one place we observed the solid walls of massive ironstone driven asunder by a tree, which had sprung up from a seed that had been deposited, probably by some bird, between the crevices. It seems astonishing that the slender fibres of a root should exercise such an expansive force; but such is the vigour of nature in this climate, that a tiny seed, blown it may be by the wind, between the seams of solid masonry, will seal the doom of an immense edifice in the course of years. How evident is it, even in nature, that great consequences arise from apparently insignificant beginnings. Such is our work; a stone is cut out without hands; water issues from under the threshold. Afterwards, we see a wondrous building; we behold a river so mighty that it cannot be passed over. Precious comfort this to the worn-out missionary! The scenery amidst the ruins is eminently beautiful. We now and then mounted a hillock, and stood admiring the rich growth of tamarind and other trees; the creepers descending between the fragments of walls, and forming the most graceful garlands of sweet flowers intermixed with foliage. Two species of monkeys were gambolling among the trees, and showing their teeth against us in defiance. The jungle was filled with doves and pigeons; their soft cooing formed a pleasing contrast to the screeching notes of the peacock, who made us aware of his presence in the thicket beyond. The place abounds with wild hogs, and the swamps with alligators."

By the time they reached Bhagulpore he was sufficiently recovered to allow of Mrs. Weitbrecht's leaving him. She accordingly returned to her useful labours at Burdwan, while he remained in the care of kind friends who never seem to have been wanting to this warm-hearted Christian. With them he made a delightful excursion into the district, travelling with tents, in which they always rested during the heat of the day, proceeding only a few miles in the early morning by palanquin. One little anecdote is related of him by his fellow-traveller, so characteristic that it must not be omitted. On one occasion, a thief entered his tent, and stole a tin box containing all his valuables and many bank notes entrusted to him for missionary purposes. He confesses that he was much distressed, and took his departure with a heavy heart; but not one word of impatience or anger passed his lips. "His usual smile of cheerfulness was on his face," said Mrs. A., "as he gave me his arm; and though I could see he felt it deeply, I could not perceive from his conversation that he had one thought of discontent in his heart. It was evident that he regarded it as a discipline permitted by God."

While his spirit was thus refreshed by intercourse with Christian friends, he drank in with full enjoyment the rich feast of outward beauty presented to his eyes. "I never had expected," writes he, "to find such lovely scenery and such noble rivers in the far-famed wilds of the Sunderbund. The banks of the streams are studded with trees and variegated foliage of every hue. The scene changes every few minutes, and some new creek or river comes in sight; the birds are singing, the wood-cutter is busy felling timber, with which natives are loading their boats for the Calcutta market. The land is very low, and the water appears higher than the banks; this has a peculiar effect to the eye of a stranger."

After seven months' absence, he returned to his work, much recruited in strength; but the conviction seemed gradually to grow upon him that his term of active service was drawing to a close; and so remarkable and evident was his growing ripeness for heaven, that all who enjoyed intercourse with him felt that it could not be long ere he heard the joyful message, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." The work of translation still occupied much of his time. The prayer-book, many favourite German hymns, and Legh Richmond's beautiful little tract, "The Young Cottager," were all recast in a Bengali mould. Indeed, it is enough to put to shame some of the busiest among us, to find what an amount of labour he accomplished with enfeebled health and in an enervating climate. Recreation he found chiefly in the change from one useful employment to another. His was a truly elastic spirit, and the spring of all his joy and all his usefulness was love. In preaching to his native congregations, he very seldom entered on topics of controversy, but delighted rather to set before them the gospel in all its fulness; and though not permitted to see the great ingathering of souls for which his heart panted, yet not a few even of those apparently sunk in all the degrading superstition of heathenism, were brought in as first-fruits of the Lord of the harvest, whilst by all the Europeans who came within his reach, his influence was acknowledged as a most powerful check to all the demoralising and irreligious tendencies around. During the last entire year he passed on earth, his wife was obliged to leave him to convey her children to England; and many touching records appear in his journals and letters of all he felt in parting from those beloved ones; yet at the same time expressing his entire devotedness to the work whereunto

he had been called. He was even then revolving plans for itinerant preaching, which would necessitate still longer absences from home, assured of the concurrence of her who was so truly his fellow-labourer. He also took much pains in endeavouring to recommend to his brethren in Calcutta the adoption of a regular system of *colportage*, which in other countries has been found so useful in disseminating the truth. One serious attack of illness, brought on by incessant preaching, caused him to remark in his journal:—"I felt as if I had cholera, and sent for the native doctor. I then made all my accounts and papers ready, as well as I could, and wrote memoranda for guidance, and a letter to Lacroix: prayed very much that the Lord would spare my life this year, if it pleased Him, till my dear wife and child returned. At first the thought of being about to be called away during her absence distressed me exceedingly, especially when thinking of my children; but I could at last cast myself, with all my distress and sinfulness, upon Jesus, and found peace in the assurance—'I am with thee, and thou art mine.'"

The lengthened life, "for this year also," was granted, and at the close of 1851 he went to Calcutta to welcome his wife and child. "O, how happy I am!" he would exclaim in the fulness of his heart; "I hope all my friends are as happy as myself in the enjoyment of their treasures." This joy was not confined to his own heart. The Christian people and school children were overjoyed to see Mrs. Weitbrecht once more among them, and the glad news spread from one to another. "Our lady is come again," was the universal remark. Such moments of happy reunion must amply have repaid many a night of weeping. Several cheering symptoms, too, about this time, manifested themselves in his more public work, and the native agency especially increased in numbers and in usefulness.

The time approached for his last journey to Calcutta, to join the missionary conference he had been chiefly instrumental in establishing. The subject which he chose for his own address seemed almost prophetic of what was indeed to prove his farewell discourse. His text was, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." He preached this sermon to his own beloved flock at Burdwan, telling them he meant to address it also to his brethren at Calcutta; and so holy and heavenly was its tone, so wrapt did his own spirit seem in the glorious theme on which he was dwelling, that not a few were impressed with his ripeness for heaven, and almost felt that his days on earth were numbered. "'Twas e'en as if an angel shook his wings." A few of the native Christians had a presentiment that he would soon be taken from them; "for he had," they said, "become quite perfect." Thanks be to God that he does occasionally allow his grace largely to triumph over all the infirmities of the flesh. But why is this development of Christian character so rare? Why, for the most part, are professing Christians content to give so dwarfed and miserable an image to the world? Growth, development, increasing strength and beauty, are no less the law of the spiritual than of the natural world; and well may we question whether the root of the matter be in us, if we are not bringing forth in its season every lovely and pleasant fruit. Reader, as your eye rests on these lines, pause, and honestly put this question to yourself: "Why am I not following this child of God even as he followed Christ?" But be not deceived; let none think to follow him in his life of outward usefulness, without partaking first of his life of inward holiness. Truly "he walked with God." Hear his own advice, given to a younger brother in the ministry. "May the Lord give you grace to live near him, *much in a spirit of prayer*. Let me affectionately advise you as an elder brother to adopt a resolution, with a view to advance your growth in grace, and spirituality, and scriptural knowledge, which I have found most useful. I spend at least half-an-hour, and if possible one hour, *very* early, and again before bed-time, in reading, meditation, and prayer. This has a remarkable effect in keeping one in that calm, proper, peaceful, cheerful frame of mind (and this precious jewel one is always in danger of losing, especially in India) we so much require, to fit us for the great work we have to do, and it imparts tact and feeling, helping us to act and speak as we should do at all hours."

But we must hasten on with the narrative. Contrary to their original intention, it was arranged that his wife should accompany him to the conference. He arrived in Calcutta, and, regardless of fatigue, at once addressed the brethren, from the text already named. As he concluded, his soul seemed as it were panting for heaven, and he broke out in the following rapturous sentiments, partly extemporaneously:—"Be thou faithful unto death! Soon we, too, shall have done with our labours and trials. Yes, dear brethren, I sometimes feel as if I should very soon have done with mine. I feel as on the very borders of the heavenly Canaan. The great thing is to end well. A faithful servant need not fear when his Lord calleth him.

"Go, labour on, thy hands are weak,
Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down,
Yet falter not—the prize is near;
The throne, the kingdom, and the crown.

Toil on, toil on, thou soon shalt find
For labour rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry, Behold, I come!"

Yet once again his voice was heard amongst them, and this time the words chosen were, "Surely I come quickly." Most heartily could he reply from the depths of his loving spirit, "Even so; come, Lord Jesus." The chariots of fire and horses of fire were even then in readiness to carry him home. That very evening he was seized with cholera. Rapid indeed was its progress; and still unclouded were his faith and love. To his tender wife's oft-repeated enquiry whether "Jesus was near?" the answer always was, "Very near; very precious!" Through the long watches of that sorrowful night, the faithful sharer of so many joys and griefs was comforted by the abundant sympathy and kindly offices of the missionary brethren. So graciously did a covenant-keeping God support her as well as him through that trying season. "Many were gathered together praying;" the little company of believers pleaded earnestly that the life so precious, and apparently so necessary to many, might be lengthened out; but God in wisdom decreed otherwise, and "he was not, for God took him." More than once he exclaimed, "Oh, if this be dying of cholera, I would say, 'Come then, blessed messenger, and take me to heaven." One more look of love to his wife, and all was over. As his beloved friend, Mr. Boswell, pronounced the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," he ceased to breathe.

Thus lived and thus died John James Weitbrecht. Most appropriate, indeed, it was that such a grave as his should gather round it Christians of all denominations to mingle their tears and their praises together; and we are not surprised to find that his body was borne to its last resting-place, not by the missionaries of his own church alone, but by ministers of the Kirk of Scotland, the Free Church, Baptists, and Moravians, who spontaneously came forward to take a part in that service.

THE VAUDOIS LITURGY.

PART III.

THE Vaudois liturgy comprises prayers for the great festivals of the church, formularies for the celebration of marriage, for the burial of the dead, and for the administration of the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper. It also contains a number of prayers for family worship, all of which breathe the same evangelical spirit with those which have already appeared. As our design is simply to furnish sufficient to enable Christians in this country to judge of the religious unity existing between them and their brethren in the valleys, we shall content ourselves with the addition of the form used at the Lord's supper.

THE LITANY OF THE HOLY SUPPER.

After the prayer following the sermon, the minister says:—"Christians! who are here with the intention of commemorating the death of our Saviour, by participating in the sacrament of the holy supper, bring to this sacred engagement profound reverence and devout attention. Carefully consider the nature and the end of this sacred rite, the obligations which it imposes upon us, and the dispositions which we ought to bring to it.

"For our instruction in all these things, let us recur to the origin of this sacred feast, and see its institution as St. Paul has reported it in the eleventh chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians."

The passage is then read, and the minister proceeds:—

"You have just heard, my brethren, how our Lord Jesus Christ has instituted the holy supper, and, at the same time, with what reverence it ought to be celebrated in his church to the end of time. It appears from thence that those who are not members of the church, or who dishonour it by their conduct, ought not to be admitted thereunto. Therefore, in the name of Jesus Christ, and by his authority, and in accordance with the rule which he has left us in his word, I pronounce as unworthy to share in this holy sacrament all who are ungodly, unbelieving, profane, idolatrous; those who form sects to break the union of the church; perjurers, blasphemers, swearers, those who are disobedient to their fathers or their mothers, or to their other superiors; the seditious, violent, and headstrong; adulterers, and all other unchaste persons, drunkards, revellers, thieves; the covetous, the unjust, deceivers, slanderers, liars, and, in fine, all those who lead an irregular life. To all such I declare that, unless they repent and amend their conduct, they cannot have fellowship with Jesus Christ, and that they ought, therefore, to keep aloof from this holy table, lest they profane it.

"Let each one then retire within himself, to examine whether he is guilty of any of the sins we have named, and to see if he loves God sincerely, if he ardently desires to please him, if he has truly repented of his sins, and if, trusting to the mercy of God and seeking his salvation by Jesus Christ, he is at the same time resolved to live conformably with the law of God; and,

particularly if, renouncing all unrighteousness and malice, he is disposed to repair any injury he may have done to his neighbour, and to live in peace and brotherly love with all men.

"True it is that whilst we are upon the earth, our faith and holiness are not what they ought to be, and that we have to fight every day against our evil inclinations. But, if we acknowledge our infirmities, if we mourn because of them before God, if we strive to overcome them, be assured that they will not prevent us from sharing in the grace of God, who is present with us at the holy table. For we come thither as sinners who feel their misery, and who seek in the communion of the Saviour, and in meditation upon his death, the most effectual help to overcome sin and the world, and to advance in the path of holiness and salvation.

"Let us not regard then the holy supper as a vain and useless ceremony, but let us remember that it includes all which is most sacred and consoling in religion. Jesus Christ is represented therein as the true paschal lamb who has been slain for us. The bread is the communion of his body which has been broken for us. The cup is the communion of his blood—the blood of the new covenant which has been shed for the remission of our sins. So that if we participate in this august sacrament with suitable dispositions, we receive in it the assurances of the love of God, the seals of his covenant, and the pledges of his promises. Sensible as we ought to be of privileges so precious, let us offer to God our thanksgivings and our prayers upon this subject."

PRAYER.

"Lord God! who art the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who art goodness and love itself, we present to thee the sacrifice of our praises and our thanksgivings, for the inestimable favour which thou hast done us in sending thy Son into the world, in giving him up to death for us, and in again inviting us to participate in the fruits of his death, in the sacrament of the holy supper. O God! who are we that we should receive such great blessings, and how can we testify to thee our rightful gratitude? The heavens and the earth, O our God, are full of the tokens of thy goodness; but thou hast manifested it in an especial manner in that whilst we were as yet sinners, Christ died for us. Receive our homage, Lord our God, and grant that participating in the holy sacrament to which we are invited by thy grace, we may be united at the same time to our Saviour by the bonds of living faith and true holiness; so that we may live no longer to ourselves, nor according to the desires of our flesh, but that he may live in us and lead us to a blessed life which shall have no end; that thus we may have a veritable portion in the blessings of the covenant of grace which thou hast established with us by Jesus Christ; assured that since thou condescendest to receive us to thy table and thy family, thou wilt always prove a good Father to us, thou wilt pardon our sins, and furnish us as thy dear children with all that can be necessary for us, whether for the body or the soul, and thou wilt introduce us one day into thy heavenly heritage. Father of grace, who hast not spared thine own Son, but given him up to death for us, and who invitest us to his fellowship, to grant us eternal life, deeply moved by this precious gift, we consecrate ourselves wholly to thee. We present to thee our bodies and our souls, a living and a holy sacrifice. Since thou hast loved us so much, we acknowledge that this should engage us to love one another. Impress, O God, these holy dispositions on our souls, that thus celebrating the memory of thy dear Son, our faith may become stronger and stronger, our love may abound, and our holiness advance to perfection. This will give us every day more and more reason to regard thee as our Father, and to glorify thy holy name by our works and by our words. Hear us, Father of mercy; we call upon thee in the name of thy well-beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom, with thyself, heavenly Father, and the Holy Spirit, be the honour, praise, and glory, both now and ever. Amen."

The congregation then stand and sing a hymn, after which the minister addresses the people, and says:—

"Draw near now, my brethren, to the table of the Lord; but come with every sentiment of humility, penitence, faith, and love, which this holy action requires of you. Come also with solemnity and propriety, remembering that you present yourselves before God to discharge one of the most sacred duties of religion. And without pausing at these external symbols, which we see and touch, as if Jesus Christ were enclosed therein, in a gross and carnal manner, let us lift our hearts on high, where Jesus Christ is at present, in the glory of God his Father, and from whence we look for him at the last day to come to judge the world, to put us in possession of that great salvation which he has purchased for us.

"Let us profit, my brethren, by these exhortations; and if there be any one in this congregation to whom the holy supper has been forbidden either here or elsewhere, let him not presume to approach lest he receive therein his own condemnation."

Then the minister announces the singing of some versicles of another hymn, and the reading of the word of God, after which he descends

from the pulpit, and having arrived at the table, he breaks the bread, and says :—

"The bread which we break and which we bless is the communion in the body of Jesus Christ, which has been broken for us."

He then takes the cup, and says: "The cup of blessing which we bless is the communion in his blood, the blood of the new covenant which has been shed for the remission of our sins."

The ceremony being ended, the minister reascends the pulpit, and says: "My brethren, you have been celebrating the memory of the death of Jesus Christ; we entreat you in his name so to act as not to have received his grace in vain. Let not sin reign in your mortal body, that you should obey and follow its irregular desires, but give yourselves wholly to God. Put on as holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, goodness, humility, gentleness and patience. Help one another; and if any one have cause of complaint against another, mutually forgive as Christ has forgiven you. Let the peace of God to which you are called, that you may be but one body, reign in your hearts. Let us together render unto him our humble thanksgivings.

"Heavenly Father! who in the sacrament of the holy supper hast given unto us pledges of our reconciliation with thee by Jesus Christ, what shall we render unto thee for so great a blessing? We will while life endures proclaim the greatness of thy grace by which we have been accepted in thy well-beloved Son. O God! thy love overwhelms and fills us. Thou hast bought us with a great price. We would glorify thee from henceforth with our bodies and our spirits, which are thine. Accept, Lord, these expressions of our gratitude, and let it please thee to help us by thy grace to fulfil the promises which we have made to thee to-day, and to be faithful unto death. Teach us to do thy will. Let thy Spirit transform us into new creatures, so that while we live in the body we may live in the faith of thy dear Son, who has loved us and given himself for us. O God of peace! sanctify us wholly, and let all that is in us, our mind, our souls, our body, be preserved without blame unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, who lives and reigns with thee in the unity of the Holy Spirit, God blessed for evermore. Amen."

The whole assembly then sing the song of Simeon, and the service closes with the benediction. This beautiful service we commend to our readers without useless comment, leaving it to each one to draw the lessons it is so well fitted to teach.

NATURE is content with little, grace with less, sin with nothing.

HELL is truth seen too late.—*Cecil.*

FAITH IN THE PROMISES.

WHILE residing in America, I became acquainted with an old lady, a mother in Israel, whose countenance wore that smile of heavenly joy which peace with God alone can give. Her active life had been spent in the service of Christ, and she was "now ready to be offered." Her children were all members of the church of Christ, and two of her sons, converted at the early age of fourteen, were, as the old lady said, "just where they then thought they should be," labouring in the gospel ministry. When speaking of the conversion of all her chlldren, she said, "Oh, I always had faith in the promises." Christian parent! have you given your children in persevering prayer and faith to God?

THE BLESSED RAIN.

"Thou sentest a gracious rain upon thine inheritance, and refreshedst it when it was weary."

I MARKED at morn the thirsty earth
By lingering drought oppressed,
Like sick man in his fever heat,
With parching brow and breast.
But evening brought a cheering sound
Of music o'er the frame,
The tuneful voice of the heavenly shower—
Oh, blessed, blessed rain!

The pale and suffocating plants,
That had bowed themselves to die,
Imbibed the pure, reprieving drops,
Sweet gift of a pitying sky.
The fern and heath upon the rock,
And the daisy on the plain,
Were whispering to their new-born buds,
Oh, blessed, blessed rain!

The herds, that o'er the wasted fields
Roamed with dejected eye,
To find their verdant pasture brown,
Their crystal brooklet dry,
Rejoice within the mantling pool
To stand refreshed again,
Each infant ripple leaping high
To meet the blessed rain.

The farmer sees his crisping corn
Whose tassels swept the ground,
Uplift once more a stately head,
With hopeful beauty crowned.
While the idly lingering water-wheel,
Where the miller ground his grain,
Turns gladly round with a dashing sound,
At the touch of the blessed rain.

Lord, if our drooping souls too long
Should close their radiant wing,
And the adhesive dust of earth
All darkly round them cling,
Send thou such showers of quickening grace,
That the angelic train
Shall to our grateful shout respond,
Oh, blessed, blessed rain!

AMERICAN MESSENGER.

HE that revenges an injury, acts the part of an executioner; he that pardons it, acts the part of a prince.—*Countess of Warwick.*

Page for the Young.

MARY'S TEXTS.

LITTLE Mary was seven years old. She had a very kind and pious mother, and had been taught to fear and love God from her cradle. When she was only five years old she could read a chapter in the Bible very nicely, and could repeat a great many little hymns. And she repeated them slowly and steadily, as if she understood and thought about the meaning of what she was saying. I have heard some little children hurry over their pretty hymns in a very careless manner; this ought not to be. Mary used to say a text from the Bible to her mamma the first thing every morning, and then, when breakfast was over, mamma would take her little girl on her lap, and talk to her about the text she had learned, explaining to her anything in it that she did not understand. If every little boy and girl were to learn a verse from the Bible every morning as Mary did, what a great many chapters they would have learned by the time they were fifteen years old. Supposing they began at five years of age, they would have learned three thousand six hundred and fifty verses by the time they were fifteen.

But I must not forget little Mary and *her* texts.

"Good morning, dear mamma," cried Mary, one fine day in spring, as she entered the breakfast-room, where her mamma was making tea. Mamma bent down to kiss her little daughter, who repeated to her the following text: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

"Is it not a beautiful text, dear mamma? and all about my favourite lilies."

When breakfast was over, Mary took her accustomed seat on her mother's lap to talk about her text.

"You know who Solomon was, Mary?"

"Oh, yes, mamma; he was king of Israel, and the son of king David, and he wrote the proverbs, did he not?"

"Yes, Mary; and when he first became king, God appeared to him, and told him to ask for anything he wished; and Solomon, instead of asking for riches, or power, or grandeur, asked God to give him wisdom and grace to govern his kingdom properly. God was pleased with Solomon's request, and not only gave him the wisdom he asked for, but also riches, and honour, and power, so that there was no king before or after so wise and great and powerful as Solomon. But what is the lesson my little girl should learn from her text?"

"That we should not be proud, mamma."

"Yes, dear, it teaches us, that even as the lily is one of the simplest and least gaudy of all the flowers, so God prizes a meek and lowly heart more than all the grandeur and pomp of the world. Some people pride themselves on their fine houses, and others on their gay clothes."

Mary's eyes filled with tears. "Oh, mamma, I know I am often proud when I have a new frock, or when nurse tells me that my hair curls nicely."

"Pray to God, then, my darling child, to take that wicked pride out of your heart. *He* alone *can* do it, and he will do it for Jesus Christ's sake, if you ask him. Can my Mary think of any text in which God promises to do what you ask him through Christ?"

"Oh, yes, dear mamma," said Mary, smiling through her tears: "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you."

"Pray to him, then, Mary, with all your heart. My daily prayer for my little daughter is, not that she may be rich, or great, or grand in a worldly point of view, but that she may, through her Saviour's blood, be made pure and spotless, even as the lily of the field. Remember that pretty hymn, Mary:—

> "'Tis not beauty that we prize,
> Like a summer flower it dies;
> But humility will last,
> Fair and sweet when beauty's past:
> And the Saviour from above,
> Views a humble child with love."

"I WILL ARISE AND GO UNTO MY FATHER."

My Father! once I loved thee not,
And in my folly chose a lot
Far from the tents of holiness,
And far from happiness and peace,
And thee, my Father!

And though thou spakest lovingly,
"Turn thee to me; why wilt thou die?"
So hard my heart, so deaf my ear,
I would not, oh, I would not hear
Thy voice, my Father!

"Thou sentest darkness, and 'twas dark,"
Heaven loured and tempests roared; and hark!
After the storm "a still small voice,"
That spake of safety and of joys,
And thee, my Father!

It fell upon an opened ear;
Thy rod had brought thy mercy near;
And as the tears repentant flow,
I cried, "I will arise and go
Unto my Father!"

With trembling step I rose to go;
Thou saw'st me from afar, and lo!
Ere toward my home I scarce could move,
Around me were thine arms of love,
My injured Father!

What peace is mine, my God, in thee!
The light of life at length I see,
And own that chastening to be sweet,
That drove me to thy mercy-seat,
My God, my Father!

Thou art my rock and my defence,
My sun and shield; with confidence
In every time of fear or woe,
By prayer I do "arise and go
Unto my Father."

And when death knocketh at the door,
I will not fear; thy word is sure;
Death hath no hold on me, I know
I shall indeed "*arise* and go
Unto my Father!"

W. H. D.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE DRUNKEN FATHER WON BACK BY HIS CHILDREN TO HIS NEGLECTED HOME.

THE SUNDAY FAGGOT.

On the southern coast, standing out as it were in the sea, is a sober little town, where every thing looks neat and every one well to do, and scarcely any poverty or wretchedness openly appear. Sober respectability is the characteristic of the place, and a certain decent dulness seems to be its leading feature.

It was in this town that John Proctor lived; and a happy man he was, when first he commenced housekeeping with his young wife, in a little street which lay at the extreme west of the town, and had gardens in front of it, yielding almost a sufficient supply of vegetables, for any who chose to cultivate their ground aright.

Proctor was a shoemaker by trade, and could earn enough, with the help of his garden, to provide decently for his family: he might have been a happy man but for two things—one was his wife's love of liquor, the other was his own hasty temper; these made his home miserable; and had it not been for the Sunday faggot, of which I am about to tell, no one can tell where these would have had their end.

For the first few years of their marriage, Proctor and his wife lived happily together; he worked hard, both in his garden and at his shoes,

No. 87.—Published December 27, 1855. Price One Penny.

and his two little children had bread enough and to spare; none were more neatly dressed, none looked fatter and in better health, and the shoemaker's home was held up as a model one, in all the neighbourhood around.

Thus brightly passed John Proctor's life for about seven years, but at the end of that time things began to change. His wife became a drunkard; she commenced by taking a little brandy in her tea in the mornings, which she had been told by a neighbour was good for the rheumatism, with which she was certainly somewhat troubled; then she proceeded to take a little at night, which she thought was doubly sure to keep it away; and thus, by degrees, the habit grew, until at length it became known all over the neighbourhood that Proctor's wife was a drunkard, and that theirs was no longer a model home.

As soon as the poor shoemaker found that every one knew of his trouble, he became gloomy, and by degrees morose, until at length his customers dropped off, and food became scarce where once there had been enough; the garden also was neglected, and became an outward picture of the inward disorder of his house. Another evil also combined to make every thing as wretched as it could be—that was John Proctor's temper; he had hitherto been hasty at times, but had never proceeded to any acts of violence; now, however, he was ready, even with a blow, to resent the smallest word, or the least obstacle to his will. But one thing seemed wanting to complete the ruin which had fallen on the once happy home, and that was, that the shoemaker should become a drunkard himself; to this miserable end he was drifting fast, and had it not been for the Sunday Faggot he would in all probability have been lost.

As might be well imagined, the shoemaker's two little children came in for their share of suffering during this sad time; Mary, who was seven, had often received a blow from her mother, and had shrunk into a corner at the harsh voice of her father; and little Tommy, who was but six, had many a morning known what it was to go without a breakfast, before he started off for the neighbouring infant school. In the midst of all these troubles, there was one bright spot in Proctor's home; this was the good conduct of these little ones, and their devotion to each other. They huddled together in a corner of the room at night, for their bed had been seized for the rent; they shared every morsel which the charity of the neighbours bestowed upon them, clung to each other in every trial, and never lost an opportunity of doing for their wretched parents what they could. Poor children! they often knew what it was to shiver with cold, and to go without a meal, but never did they forget to say their simple prayer, and to ask God to give them his Holy Spirit.

In the course of a short time Mrs. Proctor died; she met her end in an awful way, having fallen into some new drains which were being made, and broken her neck; the tempter had lured her to ruin both in body and in soul. The parish had to provide Mrs. Proctor's funeral, and many a one looked from his window, and stopped in the street, as the melancholy procession passed by; none followed but the wretched looking husband and the two half starved children, who had been provided for the day with comparatively decent black. It was an awful moment for John Proctor when he looked down upon the coffin, before he turned from the grave, and the remembrance of his former happiness, and its miserable end, rushed in together on his mind. He returned to his house a wretched, despairing man.

None came near the widower to comfort and to cheer him, for his conduct lately had been such as to alienate all former friends: and in the extremity of his wretchedness, he slipped out as soon as it was dark, and gathering his few tools together, he pledged them at a pawn-office, at the other end of the town, and spent the money in drink. To drown care was all the unhappy man desired, and this he succeeded in doing for a while; but when sober moments came again, he found himself more wretched than before. All this was dreadful for the poor children; they were, to all intents and purposes, fatherless as well as motherless, and with great horror they saw their surviving parent, now so low that he threatened to make away with himself, and now so excited, that they were obliged for very safety's sake to keep beyond his reach.

But weak as they were, the children were destined to be the means of saving their father from the ruin to which he was hastening so fast. There had been no fire in the cottage for several days, and they had remarked that whenever their father complained of the cold and shivered with it, he very soon after went out, and was drunk when he came home. They prayed that they might be able to do something for their father, and the thought entered their mind—could they in any way get up a fire? that would be a great comfort. The children had never begged; and though several had now and then given them a bit to eat, no one had thought of asking them whether they had any fire; but they determined to do what they could.

"Suppose we try and make a fire on Sunday," said little Mary Proctor to her brother.

"Oh, Mary!" said Tommy, lifting up both his hands, "that will be nice."

"Perhaps father will stay at home, if we have a fire," said Mary.

"But maybe he'll beat us, if he's at home all day," said the half-frightened little boy.

"It is better for us to be beaten," said Mary Proctor, "if he will but stay at home all day. I don't mind; do you?"

Little Tommy took a short time to agree to this sentiment, but he eventually came into it, and his sister and he determined to do everything they could to have a fire next Sunday. And hard they worked all the week; on Wednesday and Saturday there were half-holidays, and they went along the roads gathering up every morsel of stick they could find in the hedgerows; they got some furze also, and by a fortunate discovery, no less than a quarter of a hundredweight of coal. As they went to and from school, the children passed a coal-shed, in the street, outside which they picked up a number of little pieces of small coals, which had dropped from the sacks, and were not considered worth being swept up. Their diligence in gathering these attracted the attention of the man who sold them, and on Saturday evening, as he was closing up his shed, he gave each of them a large lump which they almost staggered under, to the great amusement of the coalman. This coal was very precious, but the children's glory was what they called the Sunday faggot, a large bundle of sticks, which they expected to make a tremendous blaze.

Everything seemed to favour the children, for that same evening Tommy held a horse at the door of the only gentleman's house that lay between their home and the coal-shed; and touched by the sight of the lumps of coal, and the distress which it bespoke, he gave the child a shilling. That shilling Mary Proctor laid out, and that evening there was tea, sugar, milk, bread, and butter in the shoemaker's house. This was much to get for a shilling, but poverty will make a little money go very far.

"Well," said little Tommy Proctor, as Mary emerged from the general dealer's, with all these things, except the milk, for which she had reserved a penny, "we'll have a grand tea to-night."

"Yes, you shall have a bit of bread," said Mary.

"But I'll have tea too," said the little fellow.

"If you do, there will be none for father to-morrow; and yet perhaps if we give him tea as well as fire, he'll stay at home. Tommy, if you'll go without any to-night, you shall have my share to-morrow."

The child's opinion evidently was, that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, but he was accustomed to be talked over by his sister; so, on condition that he was to be the one to light the Sunday faggot, he agreed. That night he ate his dry bread, but Mary had none. Her far-seeing little mind was meditating her father's wants on the morrow, and she knew there was not enough for all.

The Sunday morning came: it was a dull, cold day, such as might have been expected at the season of the year, and the wind moaned in the chimney of the room in which, on some straw and a few rags, the once happy John Proctor lay. The sabbath-bell rang out from the flint-covered church-tower, but he shrank from its sound, and tried to sleep again; he would have risen and sought the public-house, where he was given credit, to have driven off his care, but he knew that during the hours of Divine worship he could get no drink. Perhaps he might have risen if he knew what was in store for him. Mary's only apron had been washed and was spread for a tablecloth; the bread and butter was laid, the Sunday faggot was in its place, and sitting by it was Tommy, with a match, ready for a blaze. There he sat until half-past twelve o'clock, Mary and he shivering with the cold, and the latter also pinched with hunger, their only change being silent excursions to their father's key-hole, and a peep to see if he were stirring.

At last he got up, and at a given signal from Mary, the match was drawn, the furze was fired, and the Sunday faggot was kindled into a blaze.

A great triumph was won by the two little children that day. Alarmed at the now unusual sound of the crackling of fire, the shoemaker rushed into the outer room, and there to his amazement saw a fire, and a white covered table, and food again. Tommy took courage, and clung to his knees, and kissed him; Mary held him by one hand, and covered it with her kisses and tears, and they both called him dear father; the Sunday faggot blazed higher and higher, as though it approved of all, and crackled as though it longed to have a tongue to speak. That was a blessed day! John Proctor sat by the fire, moodily at times, but the good lumps of coal backed it up, and he thought as he gazed into it, that he could see visions of a brighter future. The old Bible, which he had never dared to pawn, was brought down, and Mary read a chapter aloud at her father's request.

A blessing rested on the children's exertions. John Proctor that evening found his way to a place of worship, and wept bitterly there, as some words of the preacher brought back the past to memory. But that day was his turning point. His evil habits were by the grace of God broken through; and now as you see him with his children respectably drest, and he himself restored to his right mind, you will not wonder that he often tells with gratitude the story of "The Sunday Faggot."

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DRS. MILNE AND MORRISON.

In former numbers of this periodical, short biographical sketches have appeared of Milne and Morrison, the noble pioneers of the missionary host who, since their day, have gone forth to labour for the evangelization of China. We have been favoured by a gentleman who had the privilege of knowing these devoted men, and of making their acquaintance in China, with extracts from their private letters, dated from the scene of their labours, at a time when the prospect of a spiritual harvest seemed dim and remote. It will interest many of our readers to peruse these documents, and connect with them the extraordinary shaking of the Chinese empire which has of late begun to take place.

The first extract which we shall give, under date of September, 1817, shows the difficulties attending the introduction of any species of religious publication, in these days of fierce intolerance and persecution, into the "flowery kingdom." The writer is Mr. Milne.

"There is," he says, "on board the vessel, a box of Chinese New Testaments for me, and in that box are twenty copies of the 'Gleaner' (a religious magazine). Now the 'Gleaner' I want as soon as possible. The Testaments I do not just now want. As you are the only man in China acquainted with the peculiarly delicate and difficult circumstances in which we are placed, I would make bold to ask the favour of your going on board, opening the box, taking out the 'Gleaners,' and sending them to me by post, neatly fastened up in a parcel, as soon as you possibly can. If you think the box can be safely taken on board the other vessel, that will be still better. I feel peculiarly happy in having such a friend as yourself under such trying circumstances; indeed I may say becoming every day *more* peculiar and delicate. But we trust in God.

"Mr. Morrison and I have been thinking of exerting a mighty effort to complete the translation of the whole Old Testament in course of this season. It will require a mighty effort, but if health be afforded, we will try."

Another letter, dated Canton, October, 1817, shows still more clearly how much European residents in China stood aloof from rendering him any assistance, and how cautiously the missionary was obliged to proceed.

"I think if —— will undertake to bring up the books to Canton, the best way will be for him to make the boat come up towards night. When it has come to the most convenient place near Canton, let him send one of the boat-people to the house in which I live, and call for my servant, whose common name is A-hon. I have instructed him how to manage. He will have a small boat in readiness to take them out of the boat to that China house which I formerly mentioned. Is it not strange now, that, Mr. Morrison excepted, there is not a single Christian in this place who would venture anything in such a cause? They smuggle opium, coffee, tin, silver, etc. to an immense amount; but if I were to ask any of them to allow these few books house-room, I really think they would all be frightened, and stand at a distance. Do the best you can, my dear friend; I feel myself far less able to act than I have been, or would not have put you to so much trouble."

Some difficulty appears to have been experienced from the Chinese authorities, for Mr. Milne, in November, writes as follows:—

"I am sorry to hear of ——'s trouble with the mandarins about the books. His conduct is remarkably praiseworthy. If that firmness had always been displayed, we should have had fewer trials with the Chinese. Please offer him my best regards, and congratulate him on his victory.

"I doubt not, my dear friends, that the books we (I include you) have this year *thrown*, I may say, into China, will in due time contribute their quota to the conversion of China; but we may not see or hear of their effects while in this world.

"I am now engaged in secretly circulating some tracts which I have here. I go out in the mornings and evenings, carrying in the inside pocket of my great coat generally two very small parcels of tracts, each containing three or four. In a convenient place, when I see a Chinese coming at a little distance, behind or before, with my hand I slip one of these parcels down by my side and let it drop on the ground; then I walk on. On turning round, I generally see some wandering traveller walking along with the parcel in his hand, perhaps looking at the contents as he goes. Thus I hope they will get quietly into the country without it being known whether they fell from the clouds; at least that there will be so many of them circulated before the blast of persecution arise, that it will be impossible for any of its efforts to exterminate them. The Lord hasten his kingdom in China!

"Tell our dear friends of the Bible, Missionary, and Tract Societies, that we do not despond. We cheerfully labour, not doubting but at some time the fruits of their benevolence will appear, to the glory of God and the salvation of many souls.

"Health, peace, and the blessing of God,

"W. Milne."

On the 25th November, 1819, the translation

of the Holy Scriptures into the Chinese language was completed by Drs. Morrison and Milne, and in the announcement of this happy event to the societies which enjoyed the honourable distinction of being associated with this great work, the former gentleman writes:—

"I remember Britain — what she was, and what she is; I remember Britain; and cherish hope for China."

Although in this version all attainable perfection was desired by the translators, Dr. Morrison ever considered it only the basis of a better; viewing it relatively in the position of Wycliffe's Bible, to be improved by others, and ultimately, with the divine blessing, to attain its highest literary excellence at the hands of Chinese divines and scholars.

Within a week or two of the termination of this stupendous undertaking, Dr. Morrison appears to have given way to a passing feeling of depression; but the source from which he drew his strength is clearly indicated in a private communication to the gentleman who has furnished us with these extracts.

"My natural spirits," he writes, "fail me. But I know this world is not a sinless state, and therefore not a place of rest and enjoyment. I might preach to you a long time on this subject, but I could add nothing new. I have therefore only one thing to say: Prepare for disappointment, and for death; keep near the foot of the cross, on which the Saviour died."

In 1824, Milne departed to his rest, and the gallant-hearted Morrison was thus left well nigh single-handed to fight the forces of Chinese heathenism. The following passage in one of his private communications shows what his feelings were.

"In consequence of Milne's death, I am going to Malacca in the spring of 1823. We have no opening yet (October, 1822) for the blessed gospel. Our Tartar nobles still trample literally on the cross. Better days will, I hope, soon come. The sudden removal of God's servants may make those who remain more zealous, faithful, and vigilant; and if it be not the 'blood of martyrs,' the quiet death of confessors may be in these lands the 'seed of the church.' Oh, may you and yours be prepared for heaven. Farewell."

Writing from Canton in November, 1823, he says:—"Leang-a-fa, whom Milne baptized, has persuaded his wife to receive the truth, and has had his son baptized, thus forming a little Christian family in this pagan land. I am sorry that he has not better means of attaining more knowledge. Oh, that the Holy Spirit of God may be in an extraordinary degree his instructor and comforter."

In a letter from Macao, 1827, he states:—"In the celestial empire of China, there have occurred many changes. We have a *new* English chief; we have a *new* governor, both at Canton and Macao. A *new* head merchant, a *new* emperor, and a *new* war in Tartary; but still the *old* system of idolatry. Alas! for those who trust in princes, or in the sons of men! May our trust be elsewhere. The missionaries are vilified by Europeans in the Sandwich Islands, but not forsaken. God is with them."

The last communication, dated May, 1832, alludes to a rebellion which was then breaking out in China, the forerunner of that which we have seen in our own times: "The Chinese have a foe near at hand. About eight days' journey from this place, a rather formidable rebellion has broken out, and the imperial troops have been worsted in several attacks upon the rebels. It is not impossible that a political change is at hand in China. Oh, that it may lead to the free introduction of the gospel! May He come whose right it is to reign!

"I am now fifty years of age, and not so strong to labour as I have been. I conduct English worship twice on the Sabbath day, but to a small congregation. Two or three, with my family, meet together, and look up for a blessing.

"You would be pleased to see two Chinese follow with us, by means of the Chinese Prayer-book, Psalter, and Bible. We have also services for the Chinese on the Lord's day. My week-days are employed in my official duties, various sorts of writing, and in superintending just now our sheet tract lithographic press. Oh Lord, bless thou the work of our hands!

"Farewell, my friend and brother. Grace and peace be your present portion, and glory and bliss your everlasting inheritance. Amen, and Amen.

"ROBERT MORRISON.

"Leang-a-fa, the native evangelist, is in Canton, printing tracts of his own composition for the Tract Society. Agang, his colleague, is working my lithographic press."

This venerable man, the first-fruit of the Protestant China mission, soon afterwards departed to his rest; but the dawn of a bright day has opened upon the vast empire in which he laboured. After a seed-time of nearly half a century, the prospect of an abundant harvest is beginning to appear. Dr. Medhurst, the coadjutor of Dr. Milne at Malacca in 1817, is spared, in the providence of God, to carry forward the great work of evangelization in China, in concert with a bishop of the churches of England and America, and a goodly band of faithful ministers attached to various branches

DR. MORRISON AND HIS PUNDITS ENGAGED IN THE TRANSLATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

of the church of Christ—some of whom are allied to the founders of the mission. From them the word of the Lord has been "sounded out" to the interesting inhabitants of this land, many of whom "have turned from idols, to serve the living and true God."

"Arise, in all thy splendour, Lord,
Let power attend thy gracious word;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
And show the glories of thy grace.
Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,
And be thou known th' Almighty God;
Make bare thine arm, thy power display,
While truth and grace thy sceptre sway."

A CONVERT OF HENRY MARTYN.

In one of his ministerial visits in King-street, Professor Scholefield met with a poor widow, who related an interesting history of her son, who, at the time Mr. Henry Martyn was curate of Trinity church, was a very hopeless character. The circumstances of the case were probably never made known to him; but, as showing the wonder-working power of God, they are worth recording. Mr. Martyn had frequent conversations with this young man, and endeavoured in every possible way to convince him of his awful state as a sinner, urged him to forsake his evil habits, and become a comfort to his mother; but to no effect. He could never be persuaded to attend church. In this state of mind he remained, and Mr. Martyn was called to India, leaving the poor lad in this hardened condition. Soon after, the youth, regardless of his mother's entreaties, enlisted as a common soldier, and was, with his regiment, sent to India. In the providence of God, he was again brought under Mr. Martyn's ministry; for he was there obliged to attend church with his company. It pleased God to "open his heart to attend to the things which were spoken," and "the bread which had been cast upon the waters," in a far distant country, was now found, and made the bread of life to his soul. He wrote a full account of the happy change to his poor mother, who was rejoicing in the hope of again meeting her prodigal son, if not in her humble cottage in King-street, yet certainly in their Father's house above.—*Life of Professor Scholefield.*

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

DEATH AS CONTEMPLATED BY A CHRISTIAN.

THE believer in Christ should banish all solicitude about the event of death to himself or to others who depart in the faith. Christ assumed our nature, took part of our flesh and blood, "that through death" —first endured in his own person and then vanquished by his resurrection—"he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage." The Christian has no occasion to be in bondage to the fear of death; indeed by such a bondage he disbonours the power and the grace of Christ, and puts discredit upon his finished work.

It is sometimes the case that even where the intellect, the heart, and the will are all properly disciplined for the advent of death, there is a nervous apprehension of the mere physical process that renders the thought of death unwelcome. And indeed there must be something repugnant to the sensibilities of our nature in the thought of dissolution, whenever the mind dwells upon this apart from its relations to a higher existence. The demolition of a house in which we have lived from infancy, and every stone and beam, and arch and angle of which has some association of childhood and of home, awakens feelings of sadness, though the building is old and crazy, and no longer fit to be occupied. But the mind should not live thus in the past, and hug the old stones, and timbers, and nails, as if these were home or had in themselves any life and virtue; it should look forward to the house that is to succeed the time-worn tenement, should study its plan, arrangement, and effect, and transmute the memories of the old into the hopes of the new. It is thus by a beautiful analogy that Chrysostom discourses of the believer's change at death. When a man is about to rebuild an old and tottering house, he first sends out its occupants, then tears it down, and builds a new and more splendid one. This occasions no grief to the occupants, but rather joy. For they do not think of the demolition which they see, but of the house which is to come, though not yet seen. When God is about to do a similar work, he destroys our body, and removes the soul that was dwelling in it, as from some house, that he may build it anew and more splendidly, and again bring the soul with greater glory into it. Let us not, therefore, regard the tearing down, but the splendour which is to succeed. Thus, in a higher strain, does the apostle speak of this blessed exchange: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The Christian should familiarize his mind with the thought of dying, as one familiarizes himself with the thought of exchanging an old and decaying, though still serviceable, house or garment, for one new, bright, glorious—of better material, yea, of an imperishable fabric. It is idle to attempt to conceal from oneself the fact of his own mortality and of his exceeding frailty. And it is unwise and unnecessary to allow in the mind a secret dread of death. That event should be familiar to the Christian, not as a process of physical decay, but as a process of mysterious and sudden, but of certain and glorious transition from the seen to the unseen, and from the mortal to the immortal.

"The Christian, when he leaves the body, is at once with the Lord Jesus. He rushes, as it were, instinctively to his presence, and casts himself at his feet. He has no other home than where the Saviour is; he thinks of no future joy or glory but that which is to be enjoyed with him. Why then should we fear death? Put out of view, as we may, the momentary pang, the chilliness, and the darkness of the grave, and think of that which will be the moment *after* death—the view of the Redeemer, the sight of the splendours of the heavenly world, the angels, the spirits of the just made perfect, the river of the paradise of God, and the harps of praise, and what has the Christian to fear in the prospect of dying?"

The Christian should have a present assurance of his own future blessedness. Many Christians accustom themselves to speak doubtfully of their own good estate, and even seem to regard this as the part of true Christian humility. But so far from exhibiting humility, this may only exhibit unbelief and an unworthy distrust of Christ. There is no lack of humility in having a Scriptural confidence of one's personal interest in Christ, and therefore a confidence of personal salvation. True humility is shown tracing this glorious hope to Christ alone. Paul was not wanting in humility; and yet Paul said, We know that when this body dies, there is prepared for us another abode, heavenly, divine,

eternal. This he said not in the way of a general proposition of such as were true Christians, but as a fact immediately personal to himself. We who are hunted to death for Christ's sake—I, Paul, and my fellow-servants—know that we have a house eternal in the heavens. Therefore, he says, we are always confident—of good cheer—knowing that whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord: while we live in the flesh, we have not the visible presence of Christ; but we are confident that as soon as we drop this fleshly tabernacle we shall see Christ; and therefore are willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.

John was not lacking in the modesty of the true Christian; and yet his first epistle is a continuous series of asseverations of his personal interest in Christ and in the heavenly inheritance. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him. We know that we have passed from death to life because we love the brethren: hereby know we that we dwell in him and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit." Now every Christian may have the same assurance with Paul and John, if he has the same evidences; and he may have the same evidences, if he is a true Christian—if he really loves God. The great thing for me to know is that I am indeed a Christian; then I know that I have a house in heaven. And may I not know whether I am a Christian—whether I hate sin, whether I love God, whether I am supremely devoted to Christ, whether I am striving to be pure and holy? And have I been these many years a professed follower of Christ, and do I not yet know whether I really love him? But if I love him and his cause, if I forsake sin and serve God with all my heart, then surely I am a Christian; and if I am a Christian, why may I not be just as confident of my future good estate as was Paul or John? Ought I not to be thus confident, not for my own comfort merely, but for the honour of my Lord, and as a testimony to the power of his gospel? Come then, my soul, grasp with a firmer hold on Christ; assure thyself that thou art in his love; then mayest thou overleap the gloomy vale, scarce feeling its damps and its shadows, and alight with ethereal freedom upon the banks of the river of life.

THE FRUITS OF SOCINIANISM.

In the memoirs of the Rev. Charles Jerram,* recently published, an interesting passage occurs, descriptive of the results of Socinian error. A perusal of this may not be unprofitable to our readers, confirming as it does what all experience has shown to be the case, that this cold and deadly system is little more than a metaphysical speculation, barren of all the fruits of evangelical holiness.

"While my thoughts," he observes, "were directed towards the ministry, circumstances brought me acquainted with a dissenting minister of the Independent denomination, and this became a very critical period of my life. He was a reading and intelligent man, and not unwilling to admit me into his companionship and confidence. Finding that my inclination led me to the ministry, and that no prospect of an early admission to that of the established church presented itself, he made overtures to me to turn my thoughts towards a dissenting academy. To this, however, I could by no means consent, and the proposal was never afterwards repeated. Our acquaintance still continued, and being, as I have intimated, a reading and studious man, we often conferred on the subjects which came under his notice.

"He had formed an intimacy with a singularly able and much respected Arian minister at Nottingham. This led to discussions on the matters in controversy, and to the reading of books which systematically treated upon the points at issue. Some of these publications were put into my hands, and I read them with attenion. For a time my faith was shaken; and I well recollect that the appeal they made to the common sense of their readers, and the assumptions upon which much of their reasoning was grounded, together with the assurance that their readers were fully competent to decide upon the questions in dispute, and that it would reflect equally upon their understanding and their religion to permit great names to preponderate over their rational convictions, had very great weight with me. My youthful vanity was flattered, and I thought it discreditable to 'pin my faith on the sleeve of any man,' however highly esteemed for his wisdom, high attainments in literature, or powers of reasoning. Still, I was rather staggered than convinced, and thought that where so much was at stake, and on which very wise and great men had written volumes, it would be rash for one so inexperienced as myself to form a hasty conclusion. I therefore suspended my judgment on the matters in controversy till I had better means of forming a correct opinion. My mind, however, was much shaken, and 'my feet had well-nigh slipped' into what I now consider a pit, which would have destroyed my hopes and usefulness in this world and my everlasting well-being in that which is to come. My friend, however, was carried away with the error, was

* London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

discarded by his congregation, attempted to obtain another of similar views with his own, but with little success; and I have reason to fear his future life was greatly embittered by disappointment and the loss of his former friends, and that his 'last end' was by no means such as he could have desired.

"At this period I unhappily lost much of my former zeal and tenderness of conscience. I formed an acquaintance with several respectable young men of about my own age—being drawn together chiefly by our musical propensities. Having myself a good voice, and having acquired some proficiency on the flute, I was glad to associate with others who had a similar taste, and we met together at stated times to improve ourselves and enjoy the pleasure of vocal and instrumental music. This, however, I soon found to be a dangerous amusement, as it greatly interfered with the prosecution of my studies. I found a much stronger inclination to amuse myself with my flute than to bend my mind to books which required thought and reflection. I perceived also a growing inclination, from the society with which I now mixed, to light and foolish talking and jesting, which was rapidly degenerating into a spirit of trifling and frivolity; and this producing a corresponding dislike to everything that was grave and serious, I began to feel the very injurious consequences of this line of conduct, and earnestly desired to get out of it, but could not tell how to effect this. When once we become entangled with associates whose tastes and pursuits are either vicious or frivolous, the difficulty is almost inconceivable to break the bonds by which we are held, and to assert our liberty and independence. To do so requires a moral courage and decision of character of which very few are possessed; and in spite of all their resolution, persons so circumstanced go with their eyes open to mischief, and sometimes to their utter ruin.

"In addition to these perplexing circumstances, I got into other entanglements, which were likely to blight all the fair prospects which my fancy had pictured of the future; and not feeling quite satisfied with the position which I occupied at Sutton, and especially as it held out to me no hope of realizing the object which I never lost sight of—that of ultimately gaining admission as an ordained minister into the church, I determined at the earliest opportunity of quitting my post in Mr. Cursham's seminary, and of obtaining, if possible, some scholastic employment in London, from which I might reasonably hope to derive greater pecuniary advantages than I could expect at Sutton, and more favourable facilities for prosecuting my studies; and thus qualifying myself for going to the university. I therefore wrote to a friend in London to look out for such a situation as I felt qualified to fill, and in a very short time he procured for me an eligible place, both as regards salary and the means of literary improvement; and in a few weeks I took my station in a large and reputable school in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and there commenced a course which eventually led to the most important events in my future life.

"The first discovery made in my new situation was, that I had fallen into a family of professed Socinians, and that the school was conducted by two ministers of considerable repute among that sect. I found also that I should be expected, in my turn, among the assistants, of whom there were four, to attend a Socinian chapel. These facts rather surprised than disconcerted me, for I am sorry to say that the circumstances which I have stated, towards the termination of my engagement with Mr. C., had operated most prejudicially on my views and religious feelings. I had not indeed embraced heterodox doctrines, but might be said rather to have been in doubt and suspense respecting them than to have decidedly rejected them; and, therefore, when my lot was cast among the advocates of these fatal errors, I did not feel any alarm nor manifest any repugnance to comply with the regulations of the school. On one Sunday, therefore, in the month, I attended with a few of the boys the Socinian chapel; on another, I accompanied the larger portion of them to a church in the neighbourhood, and the remaining two were at my own disposal to attend where I pleased.

"And here I cannot but record the singular wisdom and goodness of God in overruling what would seem the most likely way to confirm me in those destructive opinions which I was just before in danger of embracing, to the establishing of my faith in those doctrines which I now believe to be essential to salvation, and in the belief of which I trust to continue till faith is lost in sight, and hope in fruition. I have before remarked that my religious views and principles had been in some degree undermined by my familiar intercourse with an Independent minister who had imbibed Socinian opinions. My faith was shaken, but not subverted; and what chiefly induced me to give a favourable attention to these errors, was the notion I entertained that they did not affect practice nor weaken devotional feelings.

"I thought the fruits of righteousness and zeal for religion might grow out of these doctrines, as well as from those which were opposed to them; and that the points in controversy were more connected with the head than with the heart, and were rather matters of speculation than of practice, and of discussion than of

piety. And I was the more confirmed in this opinion from having hitherto observed no great difference between the character and conduct of the one and the other; and from having heard the fact so often asserted and insisted upon.

"And I may here remark that, when a change takes place in the religious sentiments of one who had previously held those which are considered evangelical and orthodox, to a cursory observer no material alteration in conduct will be apparent. Habits of piety and devotion which had been acquired under more influential principles, will often still continue, and false doctrines thus obtain the credit which is due only to the belief of the truth. This was my own case, and I had yet to learn the obvious fact, that 'men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles;' that genuine piety can grow only out of Christian principles; that fundamental errors separate from Christ; and that no one can bear such fruit as God will approve who does not abide in Christ, any more than a branch can bear fruit which does not abide in the vine. It was this salutary lesson which I had to learn from the new circumstances in which I was now placed; and I had every advantage which could be desired for forming a correct conclusion. I had frequent opportunities of mixing with the leading men of this class, who visited the family where I resided. I saw them in their familiar intercourse with their fellow-ministers, and heard their free conversation with each other. I noticed the topics on which they chiefly dwelt; the opinions they had formed of different classes of Christians; the views they entertained of what was transacted around them—of the pleasures and pursuits of the world; and what, in their view, constituted the great business of life; and I was instructed. The mask was withdrawn, and I now clearly saw that grapes may be hung upon thorns, and figs upon thistles; they did not grow there, nor had any natural connexion with them.

"I will mention a few of the particulars which most struck me in this new situation. I observed that the ministers themselves were altogether men of the world. They entered freely into the usual routine of worldly amusements. They frequented theatres, balls, and assemblies. They spent most of their evenings in cards. They seldom conversed on religious topics; and when they did, it was generally to treat with ridicule and contempt those doctrines which I had been accustomed to view as most sacred and important; and as for religious characters, all whom I had thought the most excellent of the earth, and who most closely copied the example of Jesus Christ, and had imbibed the most of his spirit and temper, they uniformly spoke of as weak men and enthusiasts. In attending their place of worship, I was surprised to find the thinness of their congregations; and amongst that few, none of the poor. This surprise, however, subsided, when I observed the manner in which they performed their devotions, and the matter and style of their discourses. Their prayers appeared to me to be dry and formal, to have in them little of humiliation and self-abasement on account of sin, and a corresponding want of earnestness in asking for forgiveness. Their thanksgivings related chiefly to the nature and attributes of God, to his goodness in constituting them capable of knowing so much of him, and in commissioning Jesus Christ to make known so much of his will, and setting us so excellent an example of moral duties and amiable conduct. In their prayers there was, of course, no recognition of the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ, as the foundation of hope that our sins would be forgiven; though they were not wanting in expressions of admiration of his goodness and fortitude in sealing with his blood the truths he had taught to mankind, and thanksgiving for temporal mercies, and hopes of a future blessed immortality. As for their discourses, they were mere moral essays, philosophical in disquisition, and refined in style. There was no unction in them; no appeal to the conscience; no instruction for the poor, if such had constituted a part of their assembly; no consolation for the afflicted; no exhibition of the Saviour, as the friend of sinners, as the atoning sacrifice, as the great High Priest of our profession, as our advocate with the Father, as the foundation of our hope, as the 'All in all' of the Christian.

"During my residence of nearly two years in this family, I became more and more convinced that the whole of their system of religion was founded in error; and was necessarily connected with a low standard of conduct. I had frequent opportunities of discussing, especially with one of the principals in the school, the points in controversy between them and orthodox Christians; and these were always followed by a confirmed conviction that Socinianism had no solid foundation in Scripture, and that it was as dangerous in its results as it was erroneous in its principles.

"Thus did it please God to set my feet on firm ground, when they had well nigh slipped. Since that time, my faith in the fundamental doctrines of the gospel has never been materially shaken; and at the time that I am now recording the goodness of God in overruling the circumstances which seemed most likely to subvert my belief of 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' and to render them the effectual means of establishing me in the faith of the gospel, I would gratefully acknowledge that they are the source of all my comfort, and the foundation on which I place all my hope of a blessed immortality; and now that

Religious Intelligence.

November, 1855.

THE Tercentenary of the martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer was recently celebrated in Oxford, on which occasion a very faithful discourse was delivered in St. Mary Magdalen church by the Rev. J. C. Miller, to a crowded congregation, among which were many of the most distinguished members of the University, a large number of the under-graduates, and the mayor of the city. The preacher, whose appropriate text was, "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death," reminded his audience that the sacramental controversy, to which the attention of the church is now called, was that for which Ridley, Latimer, and Bradford had died, and he exhorted his hearers to be faithful to the truth for which these martyrs witnessed. The great event was also the subject of special reference in several places in London, among others in St. Paul's cathedral, and in various Protestant denominations. There was likewise a very interesting commemorative gathering at Thurcaston, the birth-place of Hugh Latimer.

It is a remarkable fact connected with the present campaign, that it has been the occasion of a very extensive circulation of the Scriptures among our allies and the people in whose neighbourhood the war is raging. The bread of life is now being sent out in large quantities into Bulgaria—to the great fair of Usingiova in that province, where a vast concourse of persons is gathered from all the surrounding countries. A general at the head of five thousand French troops quartered near Constantinople, on being applied to for permission to convey to these men of war some messengers of peace, readily gave his consent, and the various colonels readily signed the requisite permits. The eagerness of the men to receive the word of life will be seen by the following incident. The agents engaged in the work of distribution state that, on their visit to the French encampment, having many New Testaments left, they opened their bags and began to distribute them, when they soon found themselves surrounded by a crowd of French and German soldiers, one man calling out "I am a Frenchman, give me a French New Testament;" another asking for a German Testament, until the remainder of the stock was dispersed. The Germans manifested the greatest joy at their success, calling out, "This is the book! this is the book!"

The Reverend Dr. Medhurst gives a most cheering report of a tour which he has just taken among the people of "The Flowery Land," embracing places to which we "outside barbarians" had never before penetrated, but in all of which he was well received. He says: "We passed through Tsing-poo and Ting-wan, with other large towns, on our way to Hoo-chow, which lies about one hundred miles to the westward of Shanghae. In all these places we went freely through the crowded streets, and distributed our books to eager applicants, while we explained their contents to the crowds of listeners. We then went to the city of Chang-hing which had never before been visited by Europeans, yet we found the people quiet and civil, receiving our books with thankfulness." Several other interesting places were visited in this tour, during which 600 New Testaments and 100 Old Testaments were circulated among the most respectable classes of the inhabitants.

We have this month very encouraging accounts from China, from the missionaries in Amoy, at which important station the work of the Lord is making very gratifying progress. There are now in Amoy the primitive number of one hundred and twenty disciples, of whom eighty were baptized during the space of about sixteen months ending last Midsummer, one-third of the converts being females. The missionaries, the Rev. Alexander and John Stronach, have just opened a larger chapel in an important thoroughfare, where they hold two services every Lord's day, and one or more every day in the week. They have about seventy Chinese women, and about two hundred men present at their religious services in this place, and opportunities are afforded to them daily in the hospital and other parts of proclaiming in the ears of the people the words of eternal life.

The islands of the Pacific which were the scene of Mr. Williams' labours and of the martyrdom of that heroic man, continue to furnish most encouraging proofs of the power of the Gospel. The London Missionary Society states that in the island of Rarotonga, sixteen hundred and sixty-six members have been admitted to the native churches during the last twenty years, nearly eight hundred of whom have died in the faith. The churches in the island have sent out upwards of seventy native evangelists, some of whom are now resting from their labours, while others are pursuing their toils with great faithfulness and zeal.

Among the remarkable witnesses to the power of the gospel in these islands, was that of an aged chief of Rarotonga, Tinomana, who has just departed to his everlasting rest. He was the first chief who destroyed his idols in opposition to his own family and people, and the first to abandon polygamy. On his professing the religion of Jesus Christ he was persecuted, and had to flee to the mountains for shelter, where he and his followers remained for years. He used to attribute the temporal as well as the spiritual salvation of himself and people to the introduction of the gospel to their island. The missionary says that, finding the old man absent from the morning service and the Lord's supper, he went to see him, and found him reclining on his couch in the verandah of his house, leaning on his elbow, and looking intently at his Bible. On expressing some surprise at finding him alone, the missionary heard him say, "No, I am not alone—for God is here with me." "What (asked the missionary) have you been reading?" He took up his Bible and read, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a house not made with hands," etc. "That is what I am expecting. It will not be long ere this earthly house will tumble down, and then I shall have that not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.