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WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

BY

THE REV. GEORGE CHEEVER, D.D.

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PREFACE.

THIS collection of anecdotes has been carefully gathered out of a larger publication.* The omitted stories were, in general, either grotesque, or they had no marks of authenticity about them—such as dates, places, and names. It would be, perhaps, too much to say, that we vouch for the genuineness of all the anecdotes contained in this little volume; yet as many of them have long been current, and may be found in various volumes of ancient and modern biography—as others present no improbability of circumstance—and as so few of them are anonymous, it may be presumed that they are not fictions created by inventive preachers, or clumsy fabrications, such as are found in magazines and religious romances.

An anecdote is but the record of a striking event, a remarkable saying, or a brilliant action, and it may therefore be quoted with advantage, either to illustrate a principle or strengthen an argument. Its pungency relieves monotony, gives excitement to an appeal, and awakens or revives attention in the midst of a lesson or an address. Its happy introduction often realizes the sentiment of the preacher, when he says, "The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies." Especially in instructing the

* Cyclopædia of Moral and Religious Anecdotes, &c., by Rev. A. K. Arvine A.M., New York, 1849.

young, it is of importance to hold up a picture of truth to their warm imagination, such a picture as is found in an appropriate and impressive anecdote. They will recollect the pointed story when the vaguer counsels tendered to them have faded from their memory, while the very recalling of the anecdote will insensibly gather around it, in freshening form, portions of the truth which it was intended to embody and inculcate. Instances beyond number, in proof of our assertion, might be adduced; and there are very few who have not either witnessed or heard of them.

The anecdotes which fill the succeeding pages, relate to no trifling subjects; and they have been selected not for amusement, but for instruction. They are designed and fitted to facilitate the acquirement of that "wisdom" which is the "principal thing." They are all connected with our highest interest, and have reference either to the effects and operation of divine grace on the heart and character, or to the dispensations of Providence in their sovereign and mysterious occurrence, or to the practice and exhibition of those virtues which adorn the character and benefit society. Those who are engaged in the tuition of the rising generation will find the volume a useful armoury, and will be thankful for the guidance afforded by the subjoined Index.

INTRODUCTION.

THE importance of illustration for the purpose of enforcing truth is so obvious, that it seems a work of supererogation to say one word concerning it. Much has been said in books of rhetoric in regard to the use of figures, tropes, metaphors, and so forth, to add animation to style, and vigour and beauty to eloquence. But the best rhetorical rules will be insensibly discovered and adopted by the mind itself, in familiarity with the most thoughtful, suggestive, and illustrative writers.

Principal Campbell, in his Philosophy of Rhetoric, observes, that the senator and the lawyer, in the matter of eloquence, have the advantage of the preacher, because *their* subject is generally *persons*, while *his* is mainly *things*. A preacher ought, therefore, to endeavour to *personify*, as far as possible, the *things* of his argument, the truths he is called to announce; putting them in the shape of persons, and showing them in action. Interesting relations of fact will sometimes accomplish this object with great power and success.

In the selection and use of such facts, there is need of judgment. A greater benefit can hardly be bestowed upon the cause of truth, than a good collection of authentic and interesting points in the current of man's life and God's providence. Such an encyclopædia may be a book of reference, in which a man may often find materials to enliven and render attractive a discourse which might otherwise have proved very dull, or to fasten on the conscience a truth or a warning, which otherwise would have fallen on the ear unnoticed, and glided past the mind unfelt. It is not enough that truth be pointed, like a straight, smooth piece of steel; it needs side points, as a dart, that it may not draw out, when it effects an entrance. Sometimes a discourse may be so smooth, so polished, and pointed so *finely*, that it may go quite through the understanding and the heart, *without stopping in it*, or leaving any trace of its passage. It is a great mistake to have truth go *through* its mark, and fall out and be lost on the other side.

Barbed arrows are good, not for the purpose of inflicting unnecessary pain, but of compelling notice; they may be barbed with anecdote and illustration, in

such a way that it shall be hardly possible for them to fail. But barbs *alone* are useless. An archer would be poorly off, if he had nothing in his quiver but arrow-heads or feathers. For an illustration to be useful or successful, there must be something to be illustrated. A sermon made up of anecdotes and flowers, is quite as deficient as a sermon of the driest abstractions.

Anecdotes and illustrations may not only illustrate a point, and make an audience see and feel the argument, but they may themselves add to the argument; they may be at once a part of the reasoning, and an elucidation of it. Indeed, a just figure always adds power to a chain of logic, and increases the amount of truth conveyed. It is also of great use in relieving the attention; as a stopping place where the mind is rested, and prepared to resume the reasoning without fatigue, without loss. Almost any expedient, which decorum permits, may be justified in order to prevent drowsiness, keep the mind awake, and fix the attention of an audience. Nevertheless, such attention, however it may be gained by extraordinary expedients, cannot be *kept* but by truth worth illustrating.

We have heard of an eccentric preacher, who had a church member named Mark, in the habit of sleeping under the discourses of his pastor. One day, in the midst of his sermon, the preacher, being about to enunciate an important text, raised his voice, exclaiming, "Mark! Mark! Mark!" The unfortunate church dreamer, taken suddenly in the depths of a profound nap, started bolt upright, in the midst of the congregation, at the call, when the preacher continued, "*Mark* the perfect man, and behold the *upright*, for the end of that man is peace!"

Now a forcible illustration, a vivid, or pathetic, or exciting apologue, or incident, or fact, answers all the purpose of such eccentricities, in waking the mind from its slumbers. The hearer feels as if he were addressed by name, when the preacher sends the truth, thus clothed, thus armed, home upon him. Dr. Abercrombie speaks of the importance of illustrations and analogies, for assisting and training the memory of children. The same discipline is equally necessary for the hearers of sermons. Although they may have forgotten the text, the subject, and almost the whole design of the preacher; they will not unfrequently carry away the illustrations, and every thing in the train of thought lying immediately in their neighbourhood. And, indeed, a single illustration will sometimes flash the meaning of a whole sermon upon minds that otherwise would have departed scarcely knowing the application of a sentence.

Unfortunately, some men are so habitually destitute of any thing approximating to the nature of illustration, so neglectful of it, so monotonous in the abstract mould of their discourses, that the unexpected introduction of a story, or even a pointed comparison or incident, would rouse the congregation, almost as thoroughly, as if the preacher were to carry a loaded pistol into the pulpit, and fire it off at the third head of his discourse. How is it possible for an audience

to be interested or stirred, even by the most important truth, if presented so monotonously, and in mere generalities?

The hearers of the gospel, are like poor men coming to be clothed from a public charity. If you give them cloth in the piece, they will dispose of it as they can, and keep their own rags. But if you have it made up, and give them plain, well-fitting garments, they will be likely to put them on, and wear them. The truths of the gospel should as much as possible, come saying, *thou art the man*. It is not necessary for this purpose to add, thou David, or thou Mark, unless it be by private expostulation, where this is needed. An authentic incident, a forcible illustration, a striking analogy, a recorded case, will often so point the moral, that the consciences of all may apply to it, without being afraid lest others should see them putting on the coat.

Illustrations from Divine Providence, especially in Christian biography, but also in history, in particular interpositions, and in marked steps in all men's lives, are a great help in fastening Divine truth. If a preacher merely say, I will tell you what such or such a person said to me, even *that* may fasten a sermon. It is like driving a nail into the mind, and hanging up the lesson upon it. "The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies." Cecil records the effect of a few such words driven unexpectedly into his own mind, by a plain man from the country, who said to him one day, as he was coming out of the church, that men might cheer themselves in the morning, and they might pass on tolerably well, perhaps, without God at noon; *but the cool of the day was coming, when God would come down to talk with them*. Cecil says that he had himself been some time in a dry, fruitless frame, but persuading himself that all was going on well, when it pleased God to shoot an arrow, by the hand of this simple but weak minister, into his heart. It was a message from God; he felt as though God had descended into the church, and was about to call him to his account.

Now this was a goad, a nail, unconsciously driven by one of his hearers, into the conscience of the master of the assembly himself. The hearer gave the preacher an illustration that fastened his own sermon. And how much good Cecil himself may have afterwards accomplished, simply by repeating that same message, none can tell. Sometimes, when we come upon such landing-places in the midst of a sermon, it is like anchoring at a verdant island, after a somewhat tiresome sail. You remember the lake itself more by the island in the midst of it, and by what happened there, than by the smooth expanse of water. We once heard the preaching of Rev. Christopher Anderson of Edinburgh, author of the *Annals of the English Bible*, and other works. Although the whole sermon was deeply interesting, we cannot now recall but one thing in it, and that was a striking saying of the eminent and excellent Andrew Fuller, which Mr. Anderson gave, as spoken by Mr. Fuller to himself. Ah, dear brother, said that man of God, there was never but one being in this world, who could say, when he died, *It is finished!* We have to leave all our works

unfinished. But we must work on, and do what we can, while the day lasts, and then we shall know all.

Every one must have observed the effect of the introduction of such lights and illustrations, upon an audience. The whole assembly may have appeared up to that point uninterested, listless, even oppressed with stupor. But the moment the preacher says, I will illustrate this point, by a relation of what took place in the life of such or such a person, an entire change comes on the whole congregation. Every countenance is lighted up with expectation, every mind is on the alert, every ear is open and attentive. Even if the preacher simply says—We will suppose a case, for the purpose of illustration; we will suppose a man placed in such or such a position, involved in such or such an emergency, or having committed such or such a crime. Even then, the attention of the hearers is at once aroused. The presentation of actual facts, or cases of interest in point, is so attractive, that if real incidents are not at hand, it were better to suppose them, than leave the subject without such illustration, in instances where it admits of it. Accordingly, in the Scriptures, and in the discourses of our blessed Lord, it is evident that suppositions are made, and fables are related to illustrate and enforce truth, to give it life and action.

This constituted a powerful charm in our Saviour's preaching, even for those who cared nothing for the spiritual lessons he was enforcing. The beauty and exceeding aptness of his cases and illustrations, may have caught many a careless soul, when the bare, dry truth, would have failed to touch the heart. The truth that a man is miserable, who layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich towards God, might have been stated in ever so forcible language, without reaching the conscience of the hearers. But when our Lord proceeded to say, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully; with the solemn close of the apologue, Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee! what conscience could remain unmoved? It may have been under some such application, that Joseph of Arimathea himself was arrested and brought to repentance.

The hearers of our blessed Lord were so deeply interested and absorbed in such narratives, that sometimes they seem to have forgotten that they were merely illustrative relations; and interrupted him, carried away by their feelings, or desiring the thread of the narrative to unwind differently; as in the case when they broke in upon one of his parables with the declaration, Lord, he hath ten pounds already! One can see the company, their interest, their eagerness, the truth taking hold upon them; we can hear their exclamations, as if a drama of real life were enacting before them. And it *was* life, taken out of the form of abstract truth, and dramatized for *their* life, their instruction.

Much depends, we might almost say *every thing* depends, upon the manner, the feeling, the purpose, with which the parable, or illustration, or incident, is introduced and told. If it grows out of the subject and heart together, it makes a powerful impression. To use a familiar phrase; *it tells*. If well told it tells,

and it is well told when it comes warm from the heart; and in that way, although gained from abroad, becomes like the mind's own creation, like an original part of the argument or persuasion of a mind glowing under the excitement of truth, and intent on fastening it upon others. Illustrations, incidents, experiences, which have deeply impressed ourselves, will make a deep impression upon others, if related in the simplicity and solemnity of the same feeling with which the Spirit and the providence of God invested them in our own consciousness. Old things become new; tame and common things become inexplicably and unexpectedly charged with life and interest; truisms become mighty discoveries, issuing from the mint of personal and deep feeling. And the feeling in such a case, is the best guide of the manner and the judgment.

One of the most remarkable preachers ever heard in England, was old Hugh Latimer, the venerable martyr of the early Reformation. No man, with such a fund of native humour and satire, ever went so deep and so familiarly into men's consciences. He owed not a little of his power to the use he made of anecdote and incident. He was like a master, converting the Scriptures themselves into a pictorial story-book for his children, and studying it with them. Sometimes his preaching consisted very much in personal recollections and experiences, with accounts of the dealings of God with individual consciences; so that some of the most interesting notices of the English Reformation, are now to be derived from his sermons. He knew how to seize hold of occurrences that were exciting interest among the people, and to turn them to their profit in the gospel.

John Bradford, Latimer's interesting convert, a child of God by some years after him, but a martyr by some months before him, was another remarkable preacher, of great power in dealing with the conscience and the heart. He was full of penitence and prayer; and as it was Latimer's searching and personal appeals to the conscience, that were blest of God for his conversion, the mantle of his spiritual father seemed to have descended on the son; and in a still loftier style, but with much of Latimer's power of illustration, especially from the Scriptures, he poured the truth burning upon men's minds. One of his contemporaries tells us, that "he used to make unto himself a journal, in which he used to write all such notable things as either he did see or hear each day that passed; but whatever he did hear or see, he did so pen it, that a man might see in that book the signs of his smitten heart; for if he did see or hear any good in any man, by that sight he found and noted the want thereof in himself, and added a short prayer, craving mercy and grace to amend. If he did hear or see any plague or misery, he noted it as a thing procured by his own sins, and still added, Lord have mercy upon me." Now, in this habit of close dealing with himself, and noting and applying the ways of God's providence and man's guilt, we see the secret of his power over others, and of his happy faculty in apt and quick Christian reproof, which, says one who knew him, he used with such Divine grace and Christian majesty, that ever he stopped the mouths of

gainsayers; speaking with such power, and yet so sweetly, that they might see their evil to be evil, and his good to be good.

In modern times, one of the most eminent examples of power in the use of incident, in illustrating and enforcing Divine truth, is that of Whitfield. He drew thousands upon thousands to hear him, who probably never would have come to listen, or never stayed a sermon through, but for his wonderful fertility and quickness in the dramatic applications of his subject. He was master of such pathos and naturalness, in describing events illustrative of the grace of God, the solemnity of Divine Providence, the power of conscience, and the nearness of eternal realities, that his facts seemed to come flaming from the fire of his feelings, by which he burnt them in upon the soul, and the truths of his subject along with them. An old fact put on a startling aspect in his hands; he *galvanized* every incident, and then threw it, in an electric stream, upon the conscience.

He had a most inimitable ease and happiness in the introduction of occurrences into his sermon, that had fallen under his own observation, or had been related to him by others. He brought out the meaning of them, and traced their application with such natural art, and spontaneous deep feeling, that they seemed a new revelation of truth, even to the original narrator of them. A clergyman of this country states, that he once told an affecting occurrence to Mr. Whitfield, relating it, however, with but the ordinary feeling and brevity of a passing conversation; when afterwards, on hearing Mr. Whitfield preach, up came his own story, narrated by the preacher in the pulpit, with such nature, pathos, and power, that the clergyman himself, who had furnished Whitfield with the dry bones of the illustration, found himself weeping like a child. The tones of the soul possesses an intensity and penetrating depth of feeling to subdue the soul; and Whitfield, amidst all the thunder of a voice that could be heard to an incredible distance, spake with the *tones of the soul*; and his gestures were impelled by the same spontaneous, magic influence, that made *them*, as well as his words, seem *part* of the soul. According to the common saying, so common that we forget the depth of meaning it covers up, he *threw his soul into them*.

And yet it is said that Whitfield, when a boy, had been taught to ridicule this way of preaching in others. There was an excellent, familiar, plain minister named Cole, whose manner would seem to have been in some way so original as to excite notice, but whose method of story-telling drew young Whitfield's contempt. One of the congregation asked the lad one day, what business he intended to pursue? He said he meant to be a minister; but he would take care never to tell stories in the pulpit, like old Cole. About twelve years afterwards, when Whitfield had begun his career of flame, this old gentleman heard him preach, illustrating in his own powerful way, the application of his subject by some interesting narrative. "I find," said he, "that young Whitfield can now tell stories as well as old Cole." Some of young Whitfield's stories may have been, indeed, the very same as old Cole's; but they

had a new power, because they came from the young man's soul, and not from the mere lumber-room of the memory.

This alchemy of fervent love to Christ and to souls, this power of intense religious feeling, turns all things into gold, creates out of all knowledges, arts, stories in the memory, all scenes of observation, all experiences, inward and external, the means and materials of a vivid eloquence. But there must be discipline of mind, to save even religious feeling from being wasted, and the stores of the memory wantoned away. There may be an idle habit of profuse story-telling, that, as we have hinted, is almost worse than no illustration at all. It is a poor resort to drag in stories merely to help out a sermon, or to conceal the want of thought. It is like our city milkmen stopping at the last pump, and filling their cans with water, when the milk threatens to give out. There must be *thought*; and true religious feeling, in a well disciplined mind, *produces* thought, more than all things else together; and then illustrations will be used, not for mere amusement, but to convey thought, and make it suggestive and productive. Habits of close attention, Cowper says:

Habits of close attention, thinking heads,
Become more rare, as dissipation spreads,
Till authors hear at length one general cry—
Tickle and entertain us, or we die.

The desire to be *tickled* is not confined to the dissipated readers of a trifling literature. Sometimes, the preacher becomes to the congregation "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well upon an instrument;" and they go to church mainly to hear the music, and be amused. Instead of going to *muse* upon the things of God, they go to be *a-mused*, and drawn away from them. In this case, if the fault be in the preacher, there is, as John Randolph once said, both a *lyre* and a *liar* in the pulpit; and the preacher is a *liar*, because he is *merely* a *lyre*, to play them a pleasant tune.

A man must have the magnificent anatomy of the doctrines of the gospel, to be clothed upon with his illustrations and feelings, or else he might as well be constructing a balloon. When those great doctrines occupy and absorb the soul, being doctrines of life, and not speculation merely, illustration and intense feeling will grow out of them, and grow upon them, and that is the perfection of eloquence. The trite old rhetorical maxim, *Ars est celare artem*, is only a piece of rhetorical foolery or hypocrisy, having no place, where there is real, deep, heavenly interest in the subject, where the mind is kindled upon it. And illustration, to quote again a few lines from our sweet English Christian Poet, with the change of a word:

For illustration, choose what theme we may,
And chiefly when religion leads the way,
Should flow like waters after summer snows,
Not as if raised by mere mechanic powers.

This is the secret of familiar, life-giving instruction with children. To attract them, we must, in a measure, be their playmates, and draw them on, and draw out their minds in companionship with our own, in illustrations that shall seem to delight us as much as them.

And here we come upon another great use of the excellent and important volume, to which these thoughts are introductory, that of interest and instruction in Sabbath-schools. A fund of authentic stories and anecdotes, moral, providential, religious, is to Sabbath-school teachers invaluable. And such should know how to apply to them. They should be at pains to gather and select them for their purpose. One or two little stories happily told, or the simplest anecdotes or incidents dwelt upon with interest, and bringing the lesson home to the heart, may make each exercise an enjoyment instead of a task, a delight instead of a mere duty. The teacher may present apples of gold in baskets of silver, and every youthful mind will take home a part of the fruit, and keep it. The truth so presented, the lesson so inculcated, will stay in the memory, will circulate in the understanding, as the air does in a room, instead of knocking at the door in vain for admittance. A child receives truth into the mind, presented in lively and interesting incident, as a quiet unruffled lake receives into its bosom the reflection of the sky and the clouds above it, or the trees and flowers upon its margin. There is nothing so susceptible of impression as a child's mind to Divine truth, when it comes in the shape of a story or life, told in a winning, familiar, affectionate manner.

Here it is that teachers are often extremely deficient; and here is the reason why the pupils of one class will sometimes be charmed with their Sabbath exercises, so that the Sabbath shall be the day to which, perhaps, they look forward with more pleasure than to any other in the week; while those of another find the same lessons tiresome, and the Sabbath without delight. One teacher enlivens the exercise with anecdote, drawing from the Scriptures and from real life, a variety of beautiful proof and illustration; the other merely presents the truth in the abstract, dry form of question and answer, without life, without incident. A teacher had better, every Sabbath, tell *something* to awaken an interest, even if disconnected from the lesson, than leave his little class without such attraction. A volume which provides the materials of such interest, is a great and important gift, to the Sabbath-school, the social circle, and the family fireside.

The use of *the pictorial*, whether in words or engravings, is an element of indispensable importance, and incalculable power. The enemies of God, of the truth, and of the soul, employ it with dreadful art and energy for the destruction of men in sin, for awakening and depraving the passions, and then supplying them with pernicious gratifications and fiery stimulants. Let good men take the art of illustration, and use it for God, for heaven, for the salvation of the soul.

GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

New York, January 25, 1848.

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 1 Thessalonians v. 13.
 Acts xv. 39.
 Genesis xlii. 8.

Courage (Moral.)

Joshua i. 9.
 1 Samuel xiv. 6.
 Hebrews xiii. 6.
 Mark xv. 43.
 John xix. 39.
 Acts xxi. 13.
 Acts xx. 22, 23, 24.
 Acts iv. 19.
 Acts v. 29.
 Acts xxvi. 24, 25.
 Daniel vi. 10.
 ——— iii. 18.

Courtesy.

Acts xxvii. 3.
 1 Peter iii. 8.
 Genesis xxiii. 3, 7, 12.
 Romans xii. 10.

Cruelty.

Genesis xlix. 5.
 Acts xii. 1, 2.
 Judges ix. 24.
 Ezekiel xxxiv. 4.
 Psalm xxvii. 12.
 Matthew ii. 16.

Death.

Isaiah xxxviii. 10, 11, 12.
 Psalm cxvi. 15.
 Isaiah xliii. 2.
 Jeremiah xii. 5.
 Job iii. 17.
 Job xiv. 1, 2.
 Genesis xxi. 16.
 Numbers xxiii. 10.
 Revelation xiv. 13.
 2 Timothy iv. 6, 7, 8.
 Philippians i. 23.
 Joshua xxiii. 14.
 1 Corinthians xv. 55.
 Acts vii. 59.
 Revelation xxi. 4.

Divine Decrees.

Psalm cxxxi. 1.

Delay of Repentance.

Psalm lxi. 5, 6.
 Psalm xxv. 7.
 Isaiah lv. 6.
 2 Chronicles xxxiv. 3.
 Lamentations iii. 27.
 James iv. 13, 14.
 Proverbs xxvii. 1.
 Luke xvi. 23-31.
 Proverbs i. 24-28.
 Psalm xxii. 25.
 Ecclesiastes v. 4.
 Matthew xxii. 1-14.
 Acts xxiv. 25.
 Matthew vi. 33.
 Hebrews iii. 13-15.
 John ix. 4.
 Ecclesiastes ix. 10

Denial of Christ.

Matthew x. 33.
 Mark viii. 38.
 Matthew xxvi. 74, 75.
 Mark xiv. 68.
 Luke xxii. 60, 61.
 John xviii. 26, 27.

Dependence on God.

Psalm xvii. 8.
 Job xxxviii. 41.
 Psalm xxii. 4.
 2 Kings xviii. 5.
 Psalm xci. 10, 11.
 2 Timothy i. 12.
 Psalm iii. 5, 6.
 Psalm xxxvii. 3.
 Hebrews i. 14.
 2 Chronicles xiv. 11.
 Matthew x. 30.

Depravity.

Psalm cxxxix. 7, 8, 9, 23, 24.
 Jeremiah xxiii. 24.
 Romans i. 21-32.
 Jeremiah xvii. 9.
 2 Chronicles xxxiii. 12, 13.
 Romans vii. 24.
 1 Peter iv. 3, 4.
 John i. 10, 11.
 Isaiah liii. 1, 2, 3.

Despair (Unfounded.)

Acts xvi. 29-31.
 1 John i. 7.
 Psalm xxxiv. 19, 22.
 Proverbs xxiv. 14.
 Luke xviii. 1.
 Hebrews xii. 3.

Difficulties in Churches.

Colossians iii. 13.
 1 Corinthians xii. 25.

- Discipline (Family.)**
 Ephesians vi. 6.
 Proverbs xiii. 24.
 Genesis xviii. 19.
 Joshua xxiv. 15.
 Proverbs xxii. 6.
- Disinterestedness.**
 2 Corinthians xi. 9.
 2 Corinthians xii. 13, 14.
 1 Thessalonians ii. 6.
 Philippians iv. 17.
 Hebrews xi. 24, 25, 26.
- Disobedience to Parents.**
 Luke xv. 11-19.
 Luke ii. 51.
 Ephesians vi. 1.
 Proverbs xxx. 17.
- Doubts and Fears of Christians.**
 Psalm lxi. 1-3.
 Psalm xlii. 3-8, 11.
 Psalm xlvi. 1-7.
 Psalm lxxvii. 7-11.
- Dress.**
 1 Peter iii. 3-5.
 1 Timothy ii. 9.
 James ii. 2-4.
 Isaiah iii. 16-24.
- Duelling.**
 James iv. 1, 2.
 Romans xii. 19-21.
 Leviticus xix. 18.
 Exodus xx. 13.
 Proverbs xx. 22.
 Matthew v. 39.
 Proverbs xxiv. 29.
- Education of Ministers.**
 2 Kings ii. 9.
 1 Samuel i. 28; iii. 1, &c.
 2 Tim. ii. 1-3, 15-18, 23-25.
 Acts xxvi. 16.
 1 Timothy iv. 13-16.
 John x. 1.
- Education (Religious.)**
 Proverbs i. 7.
 2 Timothy iii. 15-17.
- Eloquence (Sacred.)**
 Acts xxvi. 24, 25.
 Acts xxiv. 25.
 Acts ii. 1-13.
 Galatians iv. 18.
 1 Corinthians ii. 1-4.
 Acts xviii. 24-28.
 Acts xx. 7-35.
- Enemies (Love to.)**
 Job xxxi. 29, 30.
 Proverbs xxv. 21, 22.
 Proverbs xxiv. 17, 18.
 Matthew v. 44.
 Exodus xxiii. 4, 5.
 Luke vi. 27, 28, 29, 35.
 Luke xxiii. 34; Acts vii. 60.
- Envy.**
 Job v. 2.
 Psalm xxxvii. 1.
 Proverbs iii. 31.
 Proverbs xiv. 30.
 Romans xiii. 13.
 1 Peter ii. 1.
 Genesis iv. 5.
 Gen. xxx. 1; xxxvii. 4, 11.
 Esther v. 9, 13.
- Eternity.**
 Psalm xc. 2.
 Hebrews iv. 12.
 Psalm xvi. 11.
 Isaiah lvii. 15.
 Daniel xii. 2, 3.
 Jude 6.
 2 Thessalonians i. 7-9.
 Mark ix. 44, 48.
 Isaiah lxvi. 24.
- Example (Christian.)**
 Philippians iii. 17.
 Matthew xi. 29.
 2 Thessalonians iii. 9.
 John xiii. 15, 34.
 1 Corinthians x. 11.
 Philippians ii. 6, 7.
 ——— iii. 17-20.
 Romans xv. 5.
 1 Timothy iv. 12.
 1 Timothy iii. 7, 8, 9.
 1 Peter ii. 21, 22.
 James v. 10.
 1 Peter iii. 2.
 Luke x. 30-37.
- Forbearance and Forgiveness.**
 Matthew xviii. 26, 27.
 1 Corinthians iv. 7.
 Ephesians iv. 2, 32.
 Colossians iii. 12, 13.
 Matt. vi. 12, 15; v. 38, 39.
 1 Samuel xxvi. 7-10.
 2 Samuel xix. 16-23.
 Genesis xlv. 1-5.
 Proverbs xix. 11.
 Matthew xviii. 21, 22.
 Mark xi. 25.
 Luke vi. 36; xvii. 4.
 James ii. 13.
- Experience (Christian.)**
 Proverbs xxvii. 19.
 Romans vii. 12-25.
- Faith and Firmness.**
 Ephesians ii. 9.
 Mark x. 15.
 Hebrews x. 38.
 Hebrews xii. 2.
 Hebrews vi. 19.
 Hebrews xi. 6.
 Jch xiii. 5.
 1 Corinthians iii. 22, 23.
 John vi. 37.
 1 Corinthians i. 30.
 1 Timothy i. 15.
 Psalm xviii. 2.
 Psalm lxi. 2.
 1 Corinthians xv. 55-57.
 2 Corinthians xii. 7-10.
 Ephesians iv. 20, 21.
 2 Corinthians i. 20.
 Acts vii. 54-60.
 Acts ix. 4.
 Acts xxi. 13.
 Genesis xxii. 1-19.
 Daniel iii. 13-25.
 ——— vi. 10-23.
 1 Kings xviii. 7-40.
 Judges vii. 9-23.
 John xix. 25.
 Hebrews xi. 32-40.
- Fretfulness.**
 1 Samuel i. 5-18.
 Proverbs xxiv. 19.
 Psalm xxxvii. 1, 7, 8.
 Isaiah viii. 21.
 Exodus xvii. 1-7.
 Exodus xvi. 2-10.
- Friendship.**
 Proverbs xvii. 17; xviii. 24;
 xxii. 24; xxvii. 9, 10, 17.
 Ruth i. 16.
 1 Samuel xviii. 1.
 2 Samuel i. 11, 12, 17-27.
 James iv. 4.
 John xxi. 20.
- God (His Existence.)**
 Revelation xv. 3.
 John iv. 24.
 Job ix. 11.
 Job xi. 7.
 Psalm xc. 2.
 ——— cxlvii. 4, 5.
 Exodus xxxiv. 6, 7.
 Psalm cxxxix. 14.

Generosity.

Matthew xxi. 37.
Romans v. 7, 8.
Deuteronomy xv. 7-11.
Luke xix. 8.

Grace and Mercy of God.

John iii. 16, 17.
1 John iii. 1.
2 Corinthians xii. 9.
Ephesians ii. 4, 5; vi. 17.
Jonah iii. 9.

Gratitude.

Psalms xxiii. 6.
2 Kings iv. 13.
2 Samuel ix. 1.
Luke xvii. 15.

Happiness (Religious.)

Psalms xlvi.
Psalms xci.
Psalms cxxiv.
Romans viii. 35, 37-39.
Revelation iv. 1, 2, 10, 11.
Luke xxi. 34.
Philippians iv. 10-12.
1 Thessalonians v. 18.
1 Peter iv. 12-16.
2 Thessalonians i. 4.
Habakkuk iii. 17-19.
2 Samuel xii. 20-23.
Isaiah xxxiii. 15, 16.
Philippians iii. 7, 8.
Revelation i. 9-11.

Heaven (Views and Foretastes of.)

Hebrews iv. 9; vi. 5.
Revelation xiv. 13.
Matthew xx. 16.
Luke xiii. 30.
2 Timothy iv. 8.
John xvii. 24.
Revelation xxi. and xxii.
2 Corinthians iv. 17; v. 1.
1 Corinthians ii. 9.
Philippians i. 23.

Holy Spirit (Agency of.)

1 Thessalonians i. 6.
John vi. 63.
Romans i. 16.
Psalms cxix. 18.
1 Corinthians iii. 7.
Acts ii. 37.
Ezekiel xxxvi. 26.
John vi. 44.
2 Thessalonians ii. 13.
Genesis v. 27.

Hearers of the Gospel.

Luke viii. 18.
1 Peter ii. 1.
Hebrews iv. 2.
James i. 22-25.
Ecclesiastes v. 1.

Honesty.

Deuteronomy xix. 13.
Luke xix. 8.
1 Samuel xii. 3.
Proverbs xxvii. 23.
1 Timothy v. 8.
Job. xx. 19.
Proverbs xxi. 6.
2 Kings v. 20-27.
Joshua vii. 20, 21.

Honours (Vanity of Worldly.)

Ecclesiastes vi. 1, 2.
— ii. 8, 9.

Hope (Power of.)

Hebrews vi. 19.
Romans v. 5.
Romans viii. 24.

Hospitality.

Genesis xviii. 2-5.
1 Peter iv. 9.
Hebrews xiii. 2.
3 John 5, 6.
Job xxxi. 32.
Acts xvi. 15.
Acts xxviii. 2.

Humanity.

Luke x. 33-37.
Deuteronomy xxii. 1.
Proverbs iii. 3.
Zechariah vii. 9.
Luke vi. 36.
James ii. 13.
Psalms xxxvii. 26.

Humility.

1 Corinthians xv. 9, 10.
2 Corinthians xi. 30.
Ephesians iii. 8.
Daniel ii. 30.
1 Timothy i. 15.
Psalms lxxxiv. 10.
Luke iii. 16.
Psalms cxxxi. 1.
Psalms xxii. 6.

Idleness.

Proverbs vi. 6-8.
1 Timothy v. 8.
Ecclesiastes x. 18.
Romans xii. 11.

Idolatry (Folly of.)

1 Kings xviii. 27.
Jeremiah ii. 27.
Isaiah xliv. 9-20.
Psalms cxv. 4-7.

Imprecations Answered.

Acts v. 1-11.

Inconsistency of Professed Christians.

Matthew xxiii. 13-15.
Romans xii. 2.
Philippians iii. 18, 19.
1 Corinthians v. 8.
Ephesians iv. 1.
Philippians ii. 12.

Industry.

Acts xviii. 3.
1 Corinthians iv. 12.
2 Thessalonians iii. 8.
2 Corinthians xii. 14.
1 Thessalonians iv. 11.
Proverbs xxvii. 23.
Proverbs xxxi. 10-31.

Infidelity.

1 Timothy i. 6, 7.
Psalms xiv. 1.
Romans i. 19-25.
Mark xvi. 16.
Luke xii. 46.
Hebrews iii. 19; iv. 1.
Romans x. 9.
Deuteronomy i. 32, 33.
Psalms x. 4.
1 Timothy i. 13, 19, 20.
John vi. 66.
2 Peter ii. 20.

Influence after Death.

2 Peter i. 13-15.
John viii. 39.
Hebrews vi. 12.
Hebrews xiii. 7, 8.
Revelation xiv. 13.
James v. 10.
Hebrews xi. 4.
2 Timothy i. 5.
Genesis xviii. 17-19.
Genesis xlix. 33.

Integrity.

Leviticus xix. 13, 35.
Proverbs xi. 1.
Psalms xxiv. 4.
Job xxxi. 38-40.
Psalms xv. 4.
1 Samuel viii. 3.
Psalms xxvi. 9-11.

Integrity.

Job xv. 34.
Job ii. 9, 10.

Intemperance.

Genesis ix. 21; xix. 33, 35.
1 Samuel xxv. 36.
1 Kings xvi. 9; xx. 16.
Prov. xx. 1; xxxiii. 21, 29-31.
Isaiah v. 11, 12, 22.
Isaiah xxviii. 7.
Hosea iv. 11.
Habakkuk ii. 5.
Luke xxi. 34; xii. 45.
Matthew xxiv. 49.
Romans xiii. 13.
1 Corinthians v. 11; vi. 10.
Ephesians v. 18.
1 Thessalonians v. 7.
1 Peter iv. 3.
Galatians v. 21.

Jews.

Rom. ix. 1-5; xi. 15-21, 26.
Matthew xxiii. 37-39.

Judgment Day.

Matt. xxiv. 31; xxv. 1-13, 31.
1 Corinthians xv. 52.
Daniel vii. 9, 10.
2 Peter iii. 7.
Jude 14, 15.
Revelation xx. 12; xxii. 12.

Justice and Equity.

Proverbs xvii. 23; xviii. 16.
1 Kings iii. 16-28.
Deuteronomy xvi. 20.
Psalm xxvi. 1, 5, 9, 10, 11.
Luke vi. 31.
Matthew vii. 12.
Romans xiii. 7.
Philippians iv. 8.
Ezekiel xlv. 9, 10.
Micah vi. 8, 10, 11.
James v. 4.
Revelation xxii. 11.
Exodus xxiii. 2, 3, 6.
Luke xviii. 2-8.

Justification by Faith.

Rom. iii. 20-24, 27, 28; viii. 1-3.
Ephesians ii. 8, 9.
Galatians iii. 10-13.

Kindness (Power of.)

Genesis xxi. 22-31; xxxiii. 1-15; xlv. 1-15.
2 Samuel ii. 5-7; ix. 7, 8.
Acts xvi. 27-34.
1 Peter iii. 8, 9.
2 Timothy ii. 24.

Labour (Dignity of.)

Genesis iii. 19.
Matthew xiii. 55.
Mark vi. 3.
Proverbs xiii. 11.
Ecclesiastes v. 12.
Acts xx. 34, 35; xviii. 9.

Lawsuits and Lawyers.

1 Corinthians vi. 1, 6.
Matthew v. 40.
Luke xviii. 2-8; xi. 46.
1 Samuel viii. 1-3.
Isaiah i. 23.
Hosea iv. 18.
Zephaniah iii. 3.
Mark xv. 9, 10, 15.
Proverbs xvii. 15; xxiv. 24.

Legacies.

Psalms xlix. 10, 11; xxxix. 6.
Ecclesiastes vi. 1, 2.
2 Kings ii. 9, 10.
John xiv. 27.
Proverbs xiii. 22.

Licentiousness.

Romans xiii. 13.
James v. 5.
2 Peter ii. 18.
Proverbs ii. 16; v. 3-12; vi. 24-26; vii. 6-23; xxii. 14; xxiii. 27; xxix. 3; xxxi. 3.
Ecclesiastes vii. 26.
Hosea iv. 11.
Matthew xv. 19.
Mark vii. 21, 22.
Acts xv. 20.
Romans i. 29.
1 Corinthians v. 9-11; vi. 9, 13, 15-18.
2 Corinthians xii. 21.
Galatians v. 19.
Ephesians v. 3.
1 Thessalonians iv. 3.
1 Timothy i. 10.
Revelation xxi. 8; xxii. 15.

Love (Brotherly.)

Leviticus xix. 18.
Matthew xxii. 39.
John xiii. 34; xv. 12, 17.
Galatians v. 6, 13.
Philippians ii. 1.
1 Timothy i. 5.
1 Corinthians xiii. 1-13.
Hebrews xiii. 1.
1 John ii. 9, 10, 11; iii. 10, 23; iv. 7, 11, 20.
2 John 5.

Love to Christ.

Matthew x. 37.
John xv. 9; xxi. 15, 17.
1 Corinthians xvi. 22.
1 Peter i. 8.
1 John iv. 19.
John vi. 68.

Love to Souls.

1 Corinthians ix. 22.
Romans ix. 1-3; x. 1.
2 Corinthians vi. 1-12; xi. 2, 11, 23-30.
Philippians i. 21-24; ii. 19-30; iii. 17-19.
1 Thess. i. 2-4; ii. 7-9.
2 Timothy ii. 10.
Titus i. 8.
Philemon 9, 10.

Luxury.

1 Peter iv. 2-4.
Romans xiii. 13.

Lying.

Leviticus xix. 11.
Proverbs xxiv. 28; vi. 16-19; xii. 22; xix. 5, 9.
Ephesians iv. 25.
Colossians iii. 9.
Psalm v. 6; ci. 7; cxix. 163; cxx. 2.
Revelation xxi. 8, 27.
Isaiah xxx. 9.
John viii. 44.
Acts v. 1-10.
Genesis iv. 9; xviii. 15; xxvii. 18-29.
1 Kings xiii. 18.
2 Kings v. 25-27.

Marriage.

Genesis ii. 20, 21; xxxiv. 14.
Leviticus xviii. 1.
Matthew xix. 5.
1 Corinthians vi. 16; vii. 1, 2, 9, 38.
Ephesians v. 31.
1 Timothy v. 14.
John ii. 1.
Proverbs v. 18; xix. 14.
Psalm cxxviii. 3.
Ecclesiastes ix. 9.
Mark x. 7, 8.
Ephesians v. 28, 31, 33.

Memory and Piety.

John xiv. 26.
1 Tim. iv. 6; 2 Tim. i. 6.
Jude 5.
2 Peter i. 12, 13, 15.
Hebrews x. 32, 33.

Meekness.

Psalm xxv. 9; xxxvii. 11;
 cxlvii. 6; cxlix. 4.
 Proverbs iii. 34.
 Isaiah lvii. 15; lxvi. 1.
 Matthew v. 5; xi. 29.
 Galatians v. 23.
 Ephesians iv. 2.
 Colossians iii. 12.
 James iii. 13.
 Genesis xiii. 8.
 Numbers xii. 3.
 1 Kings xxii. 24, 25.
 Jeremiah xxxvi. 14.
 Isaiah liii. 7.
 John xviii. 11, 23, 36.
 Acts vii. 60.
 Romans xii. 16.
 2 Timothy ii. 25.

Merit of Good Works.

Deuteronomy ix. 4.
 Job xxxv. 7; iv. 17; ix. 2, 3.
 Proverbs xvi. 2.
 Luke xvii. 10.
 Psalm xlix. 7; cxliii. 2.
 Isaiah i. 11; 1. 11; lxiv. 6.
 Jeremiah x. 23; xiii. 23.
 Micah vi. 6, 7.
 Acts xiii. 33.
 Romans iii. 19, 20; v. 6;
 viii. 3; ix. 31, 32.
 Galatians ii. 16, 21; iii. 21.
 Ephesians ii. 8, 9.
 Titus iii. 5.

Ministers (Christian.)

1 Corinthians iv. 1, 2; ix. 7,
 16, 19; x. 33; xvi. 10, 16.
 2 Corinthians v. 20; vi. 1,
 3, 4; xi. 23-33; xii. 7-10.
 John x. 1, 2; xiii. 20.
 Acts xxvi. 16; xviii. 6; iv.
 18, 19; v. 41, 42.
 1 Timothy iv. 6-16; v. 17,
 20; vi. 11, 12.
 Romans xii. 7.
 Philippians i. 20; ii. 29, 30.
 Colossians iv. 3, 4.
 2 Peter i. 12.
 Hebrews xiii. 7, 17.
 Matthew x. 7-28, 40.
 Romans ii. 21.
 2 Thessalonians iii. 7-9.
 1 Peter v. 2, 3.
 1 Timothy iii. 2, 3.
 Luke x. 7, 11, 16; ix. 5.
 Galatians vi. 1, 6.
 Titus i. 5-9, 13; ii. 1-10.
 1 Thess. ii. 1-12; v. 12, 18.
 2 Timothy ii. 1-10, 14-16,
 22-26; iv. 5-8.

Misers.

Ecclesiastes vi. 1, 2; v. 10,
 13, 18, 19; iv. 8.
 Proverbs xxx. 8.
 1 Timothy vi. 10, 17.
 Job xx. 15.
 Jeremiah xvii. 11.
 Psalm lxii. 10.
 James v. 1-3.

Missions.

Matthew xxviii. 19, 20.
 Mark xvi. 19, 20.
 Luke x. 1-11, 17-22.
 John xxi. 15-17.
 Acts i. 8; ii. 8-11, 16-18;
 ix. 15; x. 9-16, 25-35;
 xi. 1; xiii. 1-5, 46-51;
 xvi. 1-6, &c.
 Romans i. 20-32; xi. 11-15,
 26, 27; xv. 24.
 Colossians i. 13.
 Ephesians ii. 1-7.
 Isaiah lxii. 1, 2, 11, 12; xlv.
 9-20.
 2 Kings xxiii. 10.
 Micah vi. 7; iv. 3.
 Psalm lxxiv. 20.
 Isaiah ii. 20.

Mothers (Influence of Pious.)

Exodus ii. 2, 3, 9, 10.
 1 Samuel i. 20, 22, 24-28;
 ii. 1-11.
 2 Kings iv. 20, 32-37.
 Proverbs xxxi. 1; xxix.
 15, 17.
 2 Timothy i. 5; iii. 15.

Murderers.

Genesis iv. 8-13.
 Judges ix. 5, 24.
 2 Samuel iii. 27; xx. 8-10.
 1 Kings xvi. 9, 10; xxi. 8-14.
 2 Chronicles xxiv. 20-26.
 2 Kings xv. 8-10; xxi. 23, 24.
 Genesis ix. 6.
 Proverbs xxviii. 1.
 Matthew xxvii. 3.

Music.

Genesis iv. 21.
 Exodus xv. 1, 20.
 Judges v. 1.
 1 Chron. xv. 28; xvi. 42; xxv. 1.
 2 Chronicles xxix. 25.
 1 Samuel xvi. 14-23.
 Psalm xxxiii. 2.
 Matthew xxvi. 30.
 Acts xvi. 25.
 1 Corinthians xiv. 15.
 Ephesians v. 19.

Nobility.

2 Kings x. 6, 7, 11.
 2 Samuel xxiii. 8, 13-17.

Non-Resistance.

Matthew v. 38-42.
 Proverbs xx. 22.
 Romans xii. 17, 19, 20, 21.
 1 Peter ii. 21-23.

Novels.

1 Timothy vi. 20, 21.
 Ephesians iv. 29; v. 15, 16, 19.
 1 Corinthians xv. 33.
 Matthew xii. 36.

Parents (Obedience to.)

Ephesians vi. 1, 2.
 Proverbs xxiii. 22.
 Colossians iii. 20.

Omnipotence and Omnisience of God.

Psalm cxxxix. 1-12.
 Jeremiah xxiii. 24.
 2 Chronicles vi. 18.
 Psalm xlv. 21.
 Acts xv. 18.
 Hebrews iv. 13.

Papacy.

2 Thessalonians ii. 3-10.
 Rev. xiii. 1-7; xvii. 1-18.

Patience.

Romans v. 3.
 Job ii. 10.
 Psalm xl. 1-3.
 Proverbs iii. 11.
 Hebrews xii. 3-7.
 1 Peter ii. 19, 20.
 James i. 4.

Patriotism.

2 Kings v. 12.
 Psalm cxxxvii. 1-6.
 Luke xiii. 34.
 Romans ix. 1-5

Peace-Makers.

Matthew v. 9.
 James iii. 18.
 Romans xii. 18.
 1 Corinthians i. 10.
 2 Corinthians xiii. 11.
 Ephesians iv. 3.
 Philippians iv. 2.
 Philemon 10-19.

Persecution & Persecutors.

Matt. v. 10-12, 44; x. 22.
 Romans xii. 14.
 1 Corinthians iv. 12.
 2 Corinthians xii. 10.
 1 Peter iv. 14, 19.
 Rev. vi. 9-11; vii. 13-17.
 2 Thessalonians i. 4-9.

Physicians.

Luke x. 33-35.
 Jeremiah viii. 22.
 Colossians iv. 14.
 Matthew ix. 12.

Power (its Abuse.)

Psalms xii. 5.
 Proverbs xxii. 22.
 Jeremiah xxii. 17.
 Ezekiel xxii. 29.
 Micah ii. 2.
 Zechariah vii. 10.
 Malachi iii. 5.
 Ecclesiastes iii. 16; iv. 1;
 v. 8; vii. 7.

Prayer.

2 Chronicles vii. 14.
 Psalm lv. 17; cv. 4.
 Ezekiel xxxvi. 37.
 Matthew vii. 7; xxvi. 41.
 Luke xviii. 1; xi. 9-13.
 Ephesians vi. 18.
 Colossians iv. 3.
 1 Thessalonians v. 25.
 Prov. xv. 8, 29; xxviii. 9.
 Isa. i. 15; xxix. 13; lvi. 6, 7.
 Matthew v. 24; vi. 12.
 James i. 6; iv. 3; v. 16.
 Daniel vi. 10.
 Song iii. 4.
 Acts vi. 4.
 Ecclesiastes v. 2.
 John xiv. 13, 14; xv. 7, 16;
 xvi. 23, 24.
 Hebrews xiii. 10, 15.
 1 Peter iii. 12.
 1 John iii. 22; v. 14, 15.
 John xvii.

Profanity.

Exodus xx. 7.
 Joshua xxiii. 7.
 Isaiah xlvi. 1.
 Jeremiah v. 2, 7, 9.
 Hosea, iv. 2, 3, 15.
 Matt. v. 33-37; xxiii. 16-22.
 1 Timothy i. 10.
 James v. 12.
 Matthew xii. 31.

Power (its Vanity.)

Job xii. 17; xxxiv. 24.
 Psalm xxxiii. 16; xlv. 6.
 Luke i. 51.

Pride.

Psalms ci. 5; cxxxi. 1;
 cxxxviii. 6.
 Proverbs iii. 7; vi. 17; viii.
 13; xvi. 18; xvii. 19;
 xxi. 4; xxvi. 12; xxix. 23.
 Isaiah v. 21.
 Jeremiah ix. 23.
 Luke xviii. 9-14.
 Romans xii. 16.
 1 Corinthians iv. 7; viii. 2.
 2 Corinthians x. 18.
 Galatians vi. 3.
 Philippians ii. 3.
 James iv. 6.
 Numbers xvi. 1-35.
 Esther iii. 1-5.
 Daniel iv. 30.
 Acts xii. 22, 23.

Providence.

Job. i. 12; ii. 6; v. 6; xxiii.
 14.
 Psalm xxiii. 1; xv. 9-13;
 lxxv. 6; cv. 14; cxlii. 7;
 cxxvii. 1; cxlvii. 6; civ.
 14, 15, 19-30.
 Proverbs xvi. 9, 23; xix.
 21; xx. 24; xxi. 30.
 Ecclesiastes ix. 1, 11.
 Jeremiah x. 23.
 Matthew vi. 26; x. 29-31.
 John iii. 27.
 Genesis xlv. 5-9; l. 19, 20.
 Exodus xxi. 13.
 1 Kings xxii. 21-23, 28, 34.
 Acts xiv. 17; xvii. 25, 28;
 xviii. 21; xxvii. 18, 22,
 23, 25, 31, 42-44.
 James iv. 13-15.

Punctuality.

Ephesians v. 16.
 Colossians iv. 5.
 John ix. 4.

Quarrels.

Proverbs iii. 30; xvii. 14;
 xx. 3; xxv. 8.
 Colossians iii. 13.
 James iv. 1.
 Matthew v. 22-24.
 Ephesians iv. 26.

Punishment of the Wicked.

Job xxi. 30.
 Psalm ix. 5, 17; xi. 5, 6;
 xxxvii. 20, 38; lxxv. 8;
 cxix. 119; cxlv. 26.
 Prov. xi. 7, 21; xvi. 4, 5;
 xix. 9.
 Isaiah iii. 11; xxx. 33.
 Daniel xii. 2.
 Matthew iii. 12; viii. 11,
 12; xi. 21-24; xiii. 40-42;
 47-50; xxv. 41, 45, 46.
 Mark ix. 42-48.
 Luke iii. 17.
 Acts xiii. 41.
 Romans vi. 23; ix. 22.
 Philippians iii. 18, 19.
 2 Thessalonians i. 7-9.
 1 Timothy vi. 9.
 Hebrews ii. 3; x. 26-31.
 2 Peter ii. 1-4, 12, 13, 17.
 Jude 6-8, 13-15.
 Revelation xiv. 9-11; xxi.
 8; xxii. 11, 15.

Reason (Insufficiency of.)

1 Cor. i. 20-29; ii. 14.
 2 Peter i. 19.
 Job. xxviii. 12-28.
 Deuteronomy xii. 8.
 Proverbs iii. 5; xiv. 12.
 Romans i. 22-23.

Reforming Power of Religion.

Romans xii. 1, 2.
 1 Timothy i. 13-15.
 Acts ix. 1, 11.
 Isaiah xi. 6-9.
 1 Corinthians vi. 11.

Repentance.

1 Kings viii. 47-50.
 Psalm li. 17.
 Ezekiel xviii. 21, 22; xxxvi.
 31.
 Revelation ii. 5.
 Acts iii. 19; xi. 38.

Reproof of Sin.

Leviticus xix. 17.
 Prov. ix. 8; xxiv. 25; xxvii.
 5, 6.
 Luke xxii. 48, 61.
 1 Thessalonians v. 14.
 2 Thessalonians iii. 15.
 1 Timothy v. 1, 20.
 1 Peter ii. 15.

Remorse. Matthew xxvii. 3-5. Acts i. 18.	Satan (Agency of) 1 Chronicles xxi. 1. Job i. 6; ii. 1. Zechariah iii. 1. Matthew iv. 1. Mark i. 13. Luke iv. 2; x. 18. Revelation ii. 9; xx. 2. 1 Peter v. 8.	Theatres. 1 Thessalonians v. 22. 1 Corinthians xv. 33. Romans xii. 2. Psalm i. 1. 2 Timothy ii. 22.
Restitution. Ezekiel xxxiii. 15. Luke xix. 8.	Self-Control and Self-Denial. Matthew xvi. 24; v. 29, 30. Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23. Galatians vi. 14. 1 Corinthians ix. 24-27. James iii. 2-10. 1 Peter iii. 3, 4, 10. Titus ii. 12.	Toleration. Luke ix. 54, 55. Philippians i. 15-18.
Riches. Job. xxxvi. 19. Proverbs xi. 4, 28; xv. 16; xxiii. 5. Ecclesiastes v. 12; vi. 1, 2. Jeremiah ix. 23. Psalm iv. 6-8. Ezekiel vii. 19. Zephaniah i. 18. Matthew vi. 19; xiii. 22. Luke xii. 16-21. James v. 1, 2, 3. Revelation xviii. 16. Mark x. 26, 25. 1 Timothy vi. 6-10.	Servants. Genesis xxxi. 6. Psalm cxxiii. 2. Proverbs xiv. 35. Luke xvii. 7-9. Ephesians vi. 5-8. Colossians iii. 22-25. 1 Timothy vi. 1, 2. Titus ii. 9, 10. 1 Peter ii. 18.	Religious Tracts. 2 Timothy iii. 16. Habakkuk ii. 14. Revelation xiv. 6.
Sabbath (the Christian.) Genesis ii. 2, 3. Exodus xvi. 22-30, &c. Numbers xv. 32-36. Isaiah lvi. 2-6; lviii. 13, 14. Jeremiah xvii. 19-29. Ezekiel xx. 12, 13. Matthew xii. 7, 12. Mark ii. 27, 28. Luke iv. 16, 31; xxiii. 55, 56. John vii. 23; xx. 19, 26. Acts xx. 7. 1 Corinthians xvi. 1, 2. Revelation i. 10.	Slander. Exodus xxiii. 1. Deuteronomy xxii. 13. Psalm xv. 3; l. 19, 20; lxiv. 3; ci. 5. Proverbs x. 18. Romans i. 30. 2 Corinthians xii. 20. Titus iii. 2. James iv. 11.	Unitarianism. 2 Peter ii. 1.
Sabbath Schools. Proverbs xxii. 6. Ecclesiastes xii. 1. Exodus xii. 26. Lamentations iii. 27. 2 Timothy iii. 15.	Submission to God's Will. 1 Samuel iii. 18. Job i. 21; ii. 10. Psalm xxxix. 9. Matthew xxvi. 42. Mark xiv. 36. Luke xxii. 42. Acts xxi. 14.	Usefulness (Christian.) John ix. 4. Matthew xxv. 5-29. Acts x. 38. Romans xiii. 10-13. Ecclesiastes ix. 10.
Sin. John xv. 22. Romans iii. 20; iv. 15. 1 Corinthians xv. 56. James i. 15. 1 John iii. 4; v. 17. Psalm xxxii. 5. Proverbs xiv. 34.	Vanity of the World. Ecclesiastes i. 2, 3; ii. 22, 23. 1 Peter i. 24. Psalm ciii. 15. Job vii. 1, 6, 7; xiv. 1, 2, 7-10. 1 Chronicles xxix. 15. Psalm xxxix. 6. Job iii. 13-19.	Vanitarianism. 2 Peter ii. 1.
		Veracity. Psalm xv. 2, 4. 1 Corinthians v. 8. Ephesians iv. 25.
		War. James iv. 1. Leviticus xxvi. 25. 1 Chronicles xxi. 11-13. Psalm cxx. 7. Isaiah ix. 5. Matthew xxiv. 7, 8.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ANECDOTES.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM INTOXICATING DRINKS.

"THERE GOES A TEETOTALER!"

A Drunkard assailed a Washingtonian, but could only say, "There goes a teetotaler!" The gentleman waited until the crowd had collected, and then turning upon the drunkard said, "There stands a drunkard!—Three years ago he had a sum of 800 dollars, now he cannot produce a penny. I know he cannot. I challenge him to do it, for if he had a penny he would be at a public house. There stands a drunkard, and here stands a teetotaler, with a purse full of money, honestly earned and carefully kept. There stands a drunkard!—Three years ago he had a watch, a coat, shoes, and decent clothes; now he has nothing but rags upon him, his watch is gone, and his shoes afford free passage to the water. There stands a drunkard, and here stands a teetotaler, with a good hat, good shoes, good clothes, and a good watch, all paid for. Yes, here stands a teetotaler! And now, my friends, which has the best of it?" The bystanders testified their approval of the teetotaler by loud shouts, while the crest-fallen drunkard slunk away, happy to escape further castigation.

THE LAST OF THE MOHEGANS.

The Mohegans were an excellent tribe of Indians, who lived about Norwich.

They had a long line of kings in the family of Uncas. One of the last was Zachary; but he was a great drunkard. But a sense of the dignity of his office came over him, and he resolved he would drink no more. Just before the annual election, he was accustomed to go every year to Lebanon, and dine with his brother Governor, the first Governor Trumbull. One of the Governor's boys had heard old Zachary's story, and thought he would try him, and see if he would stick to his cold water. So at table he said to the old chief, "Zachary, this beer is excellent; will you taste it?"

The old man dropped his knife, leaned forward with stern intensity of expression, his black eye, sparkling with indignation, was fixed on him, "John," said he, "you do not know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! I tell you that I am an Indian! I tell you that I am; and that if I should but taste your beer, I could not stop until I got to ruin, and become again the drunken contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been John, while you live, never tempt a man to break a good resolution."

This story the venerable Col. Trumbull tells of himself. Let all our readers remember it, and never tempt a man to break a good resolution.

ORIGIN OF MAHOMET'S PROHIBITION
OF WINE.

“Mahomet is said to have been led to put the prohibition against the use of wine, in the Koran, by an incident which occurred to himself. Passing through a village one day, he was delighted at the merriment of a crowd of persons, enjoying themselves with drinking, at a wedding party; but being obliged to return by the same way next morning, he was shocked to see the ground, where they had been, drenched with blood, and, asking the cause, he was told that the company had drunk to excess, and, getting into a brawl, fell to slaughtering each other. From that day his mind was made up,—the mandate went forth from Allah, that no child of the faithful should touch wine, on pain of being shut out from the joys of paradise. The simple truth we suppose to be, that Mahomet foresaw there would be no stability to the religion and empire he was building up, if the use of ardent spirits was permitted to his followers.”

WESLEY AND THE DYSPEPTIC
CLERGYMAN.

When stationed in the city of Bath, says Rev. Mr. Towle, I was introduced into the company of an aged man, whom I understood to have been intimate with Mr. Wesley, and once a useful local preacher. We entered into conversation about Mr. Wesley's times, when, among other things, he observed, “On one occasion when Mr. Wesley dined with me, after dinner, as usual, I prepared a *little* brandy and water. On perceiving this, with an air of surprise he cried, ‘What! my brother, what's that?’ ‘It's brandy,’ said I; ‘my digestion is so bad, I am obliged to take a little after dinner.’ ‘How much do you take?’ said he, ‘let me see.’ ‘Only about a table-spoonful.’ ‘Truly,’ said he, ‘that is not much; but one table-spoonful will soon lose its effect, then you will take two; from two you will get to a full glass; and that, in like manner, by habituating

yourself to it, will lose its effect, and then you will take two glasses, and so on, till in the end, perhaps you will become a drunkard. O my brother, take care what you do!’”

REV. JOSEPH WOLF AND THE
RECHABITES.

The Rev. Joseph Wolf says,—On my arrival in Mesopotamia, some Jews that I saw there, pointed me to one of the ancient Rechabites. He stood before me, wild, like an Arab, holding the bridle of his horse in his hand. I showed him the Bible in Hebrew and Arabic, which he was much rejoiced to see, as he could read both languages, but had no knowledge of the New Testament. After having proclaimed to him the tidings of salvation, and made him a present of the Hebrew and Arabic Bibles and Testaments, I asked him—“Whose descendant are you?”

“Mousa,” said he, boisterously, “is my name, and I will show you who were my ancestors;” on which he immediately began to read from the 5th to the 11th verse of Jeremiah xxxv.

“Where do you reside?” said I.

Turning to Genesis x. 27, he replied, “At Hadoram, now called Simar by the Arabs: at Uzal, now called Sanan by the Arabs;” and again referring to the same chapter, verse 30th, he continued, “At Meshah, now called Mecca, in the deserts around those places. We drink no wine, and plant no vineyard, and sow no seed; and live in tents, as Jonadab, our father, commanded us: Hobab was our father too. Come to us, and you will find us sixty thousand in number; and you see thus the prophecy has been fulfilled, ‘Therefore, thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever;’” and saying this, Mousa, the Rechabite, mounted his horse and fled away, and left behind a host of evidence in favour of sacred writ.

GOOD EXAMPLE OF A KING.

A heathen king, who had been for

years confirmed in the sin of drunkenness, by the evil practices of white men on the Sandwich Islands, had been led to forsake the dreadful habit. He said, lately, to a missionary, "Suppose you put four thousand dollars in one hand, and a glass of rum in the other, you say you drink this rum I give you four thousand dollars, I no drink it; you say you kill me, I no drink it."

AFFECTION.

MAGNANIMOUS HUSBAND.

Philip, surnamed the Good, the founder of that greatness to which the House of Burgundy latterly attained, was, at an early age, married to the Princess Michelea, sister to Charles the Dauphin. The father of Philip was afterwards slain through the villany and perfidiousness of Charles; and on the news being brought to Philip, full of grief and anger, he rushed into the chamber of his wife: "Alas!" said he, "my Michelea, thy brother has murdered my father." The Princess, who loved her husband most tenderly, broke out into the most affecting cries and lamentations; and fearful lest this accident should lose her the affections of her spouse, refused all comfort. Philip, the *good* Philip, however, assured her, that she should not be the less dear to him on that account; that the deed was her brother's and none of hers. "Take courage, my life," said he, "and seek comfort in a husband that will be faithful and constant to thee for ever." Michelea was revived by these tender assurances; nor during the three years longer which she lived, had she occasion to suspect the smallest diminution of Philip's affection and respect.

THE COUNTESS' JOURNEY.

I cannot refrain, says Sir Wm. Jones, from giving one beautiful illustration of devoted duty and affection in the instance of the Countess Confalonieri. The moment she heard that the count was condemned to death, she flew to Vienna, but the courier had already set out with the fatal mandate. It was midnight, but her agonies of mind pleaded for instant admission to the

empress. The same passionate despair which won the attendants, wrought its effect on their royal mistress. She hastened that moment to the emperor, and having succeeded, returned to the unhappy lady with a commutation of the sentence: her husband's life was spared. But the death-warrant was on its way;—could she overtake the courier? Throwing herself into a conveyance, and paying four times the amount for relays of horses, she never, it is stated, stopped or tasted food till she reached the city of Milan. The count was preparing to be led to the scaffold: but she was in time—she had saved him. During her painful journey, she had rested her throbbing brow upon a small pillow, which she bathed with her tears, in the conflict of mingled terror and hope, lest all might be over. This interesting memorial of conjugal tenderness and truth in so fearful a moment, was sent by his judges to the count, to show their sense of his wife's admirable conduct.

THE INDIAN AND HIS FAMISHING WIFE.

In the year 1762, (says the Rev. Mr. Heckwelder,) I was witness to a remarkable instance of the disposition of the Indians to indulge their wives. There was a famine in the land, and a sick Indian woman expressed a great desire for a mess of Indian corn. Her husband having heard that a trader at lower Sandusky had a little, set off on horseback for that place, one hundred miles distant, and returned with as much corn as filled the crown of his hat, for which he gave his horse in exchange, and came home on foot, bringing his saddle back with him.

THE SHAWNEE'S LOVE TO HER
HUSBAND.

A married woman of the Shawnee Indians, made this beautiful reply to a man whom she met in the woods, and who implored her to love and look on him. "Oulman, my husband," said she, "*who is for ever before my eyes, hinders me from seeing you or any other person.*"

A GOOD WIFE.

The Rev. William Jay, of Bath, on the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination, gave his wife the following noble compliment. Being presented by the ladies of his congregation with a purse containing £650, after a few remarks he turned to Mrs. Jay, and said: "I take this purse, and present it to you, madam—to you, madam, who have always kept my purse, and therefore it is that it has been so well kept. Consider it entirely sacred—for your pleasure, your use, your service, your comfort. I feel this to be unexpected by you, but it is perfectly deserved. Mr. Chairman and christian friends, I am sure there is not one here but would acquiesce in this, if he knew the value of this female, as a wife, for more than fifty years. I must mention the obligation the public are under to her, (if I have been enabled to serve my generation,) and how much she has raised her sex in my estimation; how much my church and congregation owe to her watchings over their pastor's health, whom she has cheered under all his trials, and reminded of his duties, while she animated him in their performance; how often has she wiped the evening dews from his forehead, and freed him from interruptions and embarrassments, that he might be free for his work. How much, also, do my family owe to her; and what reason have they to call her blessed! She is, too, the mother of another mother in America, who has reared thirteen children, all of whom are walking with her in the way everlasting."

ALEXANDER AND HIS MOTHER.

Olympias, the mother of Alexander, was of so very unhappy and morose a disposition, that he could not employ her in any of the affairs of government. She, however, narrowly inspected the conduct of others, and made many complaints to her son, which he always bore with patience. Antipater, Alexander's deputy in Europe, once wrote a long letter to him, complaining of her conduct; to whom Alexander returned this answer: "Knowest thou not that one tear of my mother's will blot out a thousand such letters?"

AFFECTION'S CHOICE TREASURES.

Ancient history records, that a certain city was besieged, and at length obliged to surrender. In the city there were two brothers, who had, in some way, obliged the conquering general; and in consequence of this, received permission to leave the city before it was set on fire, taking with them as much of their property as each could carry about his person. Accordingly the two generous youths appeared at the gates of the city, one of them carrying their father, and the other their mother.

PRISONER RESCUED BY HIS DAUGHTER.

M. Delleglaie being ordered from a dungeon at Lyons, to the Conciergerie, departed thither. His daughter, who had not quitted him, asked to be admitted into the same vehicle, but was refused. The heart, however, knows no obstacles; though she was of a very delicate constitution, she performed the journey on foot, and followed for more than a hundred leagues the carriage in which her father was drawn, and only left it to go into some town and prepare his food; and in the evening, to procure some covering to facilitate his repose in the different dungeons which received him. She ceased not for a moment to accompany him, and watch over his wants, till the Conciergerie separated them. Accustomed to encounter jailers, she did not despair of disarming

oppressors. During three months, she every morning implored the most influential members of the committee of public safety, and finished by overcoming their refusals. She reconducted her father to Lyons, happy in having rescued him. She fell ill on the road, overcome by the excess of fatigue she had undergone, and, while she had preserved her beloved parent's life, she lost her own.

THE BEST PRESENT.

The three sons of an eastern lady were invited to furnish her with an expression of their love, before she went a long journey. One brought a marble tablet, with the inscription of her name; another presented her with a rich garland of fragrant flowers; the third entered her presence, and thus accosted her: "Mother, I have neither marble tablet nor fragrant nosegay, but I have a heart: here your name is engraved, here your memory is precious, and this heart full of affection will follow you wherever you travel, and remain with you wherever you repose."

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON'S AFFECTION.

There are some children who are almost ashamed to own their parents, because they are poor, or in a low situation of life. We will, therefore, give an example of the contrary, as displayed by the Dean of Canterbury, afterwards Archbishop Tillotson. His father, who was a plain Yorkshireman, perhaps something like those we now call "Friends," approached the house where his son resided, and inquired whether "John Tillotson was at home." The servant, indignant at what he thought his insolence, drove him from the door: but the Dean, who was within, hearing the voice of his father, instead of embracing the opportunity afforded him of going out and bringing in his father in a more private manner, came running out, exclaiming, in the presence of his astonished servants, "It is my beloved father;" and falling down on his knees, asked for his blessing.

THE PRISONER AND HER DAUGHTER.

Valerius Maximus relates, that a woman of distinction having been condemned to be strangled, was delivered to the triumvir, who caused her to be carried to prison in order to be put to death. The jailer who was ordered to execute her was struck with compunction, and could not resolve to kill her. He chose, however, to let her die with hunger; but meanwhile suffering her daughter to visit her in prison, taking care that she brought her nothing to eat. Many days passed over in this manner, when the jailer at length, surprised that the prisoner lived so long without food, took means of secretly observing their interviews. He then discovered that the affectionate daughter had all the while been nourishing her mother with her own milk. Amazed at so tender, and at the same time so ingenious an artifice, he related it to the triumvir, and the triumvir to the praetor, who thought the fact merited stating in the assembly of the people. This produced the happiest effects; the criminal was pardoned, and a decree passed that the mother and daughter should be maintained for the remainder of their lives, at the expense of the public; and that a temple, sacred to filial piety, should be erected near the prison.

THE JUDGE OFFERING TO DIE WITH THE CRIMINAL.

While Octavius was at Samos, after the battle of Actium, which made him master of the universe, he held a council to examine the prisoners who had been engaged in Antony's party. Among the rest, there was brought before him an old man, Metellus, oppressed with years and infirmities, disfigured with a long beard, a neglected head of hair, and tattered clothes. The son of this Metellus was one of the judges; but it was with great difficulty he knew his father in the deplorable condition in which he saw him. At last, however, having recollected his features, instead of being ashamed to own him, he ran

to embrace him. Then turning towards the tribunal, he said, "Cæsar, my father has been your enemy, and I your officer; he deserves to be punished, and I to be rewarded. One favour I desire of you; it is, either to save him on my account, or order me to be put to death with him." All the judges were touched with compassion at this affecting scene; Octavius himself relented, and granted to old Metellus his life and liberty. *

FREDERICK AND HIS PAGE.

Frederick, King of Prussia, one day rung his bell, and nobody answering, he opened his door, and found his page fast asleep in an elbow-chair. He advanced towards him, and was going to awaken him, when he perceived part of a letter hanging out of his pocket. His curiosity prompting him to know what it was, he took it out and read it. It was a letter from this young man's mother, in which she thanked him for having sent her a part of his wages to relieve her misery; and finished with telling him, that God would reward him for his dutiful affection. The king, after reading it, went back softly into his chamber, took a bag full of ducats, and slipped it with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to the chamber, he rang the bell so loudly, that it awakened the page, who instantly made his appearance. "You have had a sound sleep," said the king. The page was at a loss how to excuse himself; and putting his hand into his pocket by chance, to his utter astonishment, he there found a purse of ducats. He took it out, turned pale, and looking at the king, shed a torrent of tears without being able to utter a single word. "What is that," said the king. "What is the matter?" "Ah! sire," said the young man, throwing himself on his knees, "somebody seeks my ruin! I knew nothing of this money which I have just found in my pocket!" "My young friend," replied Frederick, "God often does great things for us, even in our sleep. Send that to your

mother; salute her on my part, and assure her that I will take care of both her and you."

THE SWEDISH PRISONER'S SON.

A gentleman of Sweden was condemned to suffer death, as a punishment for certain offences committed by him in the discharge of an important public office, which he had filled for a number of years with an integrity that had never before undergone either suspicion or impeachment. His son, a youth about eighteen years of age, was no sooner apprised of the affecting situation to which his father was reduced, than he flew to the judge who had pronounced the fatal decree, and, throwing himself at his feet, prayed that he might be allowed to suffer in the room of a father whom he loved, and whose loss he thought it was impossible for him to survive. The magistrate was amazed at this extraordinary procedure in the son, and would hardly be persuaded that he was sincere in it. Being at length satisfied, however, that the young man actually wished to save his father's life at the expense of his own, he wrote an account of the whole affair to the king; and his majesty immediately sent orders to grant a free pardon to the father, and to confer a title of honour on his son. The last mark of royal favour, however, the youth begged leave with all humility to decline; and the motive for the refusal of it was not less noble than the conduct by which he had deserved it was generous and disinterested. "Of what avail," exclaimed he, "could the most exalted title be to me, humbled as my family already is in the dust? Alas! would it not serve but as a monument to perpetuate in the minds of my countrymen the remembrance of an unhappy father's shame!" His majesty, the king of Sweden, actually shed tears when this magnanimous speech was reported to him; and, sending for the heroic youth to court, he appointed him to a confidential office.

FREDERICK AND HIS POMERANIAN
SERVANT.

Frederick the Great of Prussia, during his last illness, endured many restless nights, which he endeavoured to soothe by conversing with the servant who sat up with him. On one of these occasions, he inquired of a young Pomeranian from whence he came. "From a little village in Pomerania." "Are your parents living?" "An aged mother." "How does she maintain herself?" "By spinning." "How much does she gain daily by it?" "Sixpence." "But she cannot live well on that?" "In Pomerania it is cheap living." "Did you never send her any thing?" "O yes, I have sent her, at different times, a few dollars." "That was bravely done; you are a good boy. You have a deal of trouble with me. Have patience: I shall endeavour to lay something by for you, if you behave well." The monarch kept his word; for, a few nights after, the Pomeranian, being again in attendance, received several pieces of gold; and heard to his great joy and surprise, that one hundred rix dollars had been settled on his mother during her life.

GUSTAVUS AND THE PEASANT GIRL.

Gustavus III., King of Sweden, passing one morning on horseback through a village in the neighbourhood of his capital, observed a young peasant girl, of interesting appearance, drawing water at a fountain by the wayside. He went up to her, and asked her for a draught. Without delay she lifted up her picher, and, with artless simplicity, put it to the lips of the monarch. Having satisfied his thirst, and courteously thanked his benefactress, he said, "My girl, if you would accompany me to Stockholm, I would endeavour to fix you in a more agreeable situation."

"Ah! sir," replied the girl, "I cannot accept your proposal. I am not anxious to rise above the state of life in which

the providence of God has placed me; but, even if I were, I could not for an instant hesitate."

"And why?" rejoined the king somewhat surprised.

"Because," answered the girl, colouring, "my mother is poor and sickly, and has no one but me to assist or comfort her under her many afflictions: and no earthly bribe could induce me to leave her, or to neglect the duties which affection requires from me."

"Where is your mother?" asked the monarch.

"In that little cabin," replied the girl, pointing to a wretched hovel beside her.

The king, whose feelings were interested in favour of his companion, went in, and beheld stretched on a bedstead, whose only covering was a little straw, an aged female, weighed down with years, and sinking under infirmities. Moved at the sight, the monarch addressed her,—“I am sorry, my poor woman, to find you in so destitute and afflicted a condition.”

"Alas! sir," answered the venerable sufferer, "I should be indeed to be pitied, had I not that kind and attentive girl, who labours to support me, and omits nothing she thinks can afford me relief. May a gracious God remember it to her for good," she added, wiping away a tear.

Never, perhaps, was Gustavus more sensible than at that moment, of the pleasure of occupying an exalted station. The gratification arising from the consciousness of having it in his power to assist a suffering fellow-creature, almost overpowered him; and putting a purse into the hand of the young villager, he could only say, "Continue to take care of your mother; I shall soon enable you to do so more effectually. Good-by, my amiable girl, you may depend on the promise of your king."

On his return to Stockholm, Gustavus settled a pension for life on the mother, with the reversion to her daughter at her death.

THE INVALID AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

In the year 1773, Peter Burrell, Esq. of Beckenham, in Kent, whose health was rapidly declining, was advised by his physicians to go to Spa for the recovery of his health. His daughters feared that those who had only motives entirely mercenary, would not pay him that attention which he might expect from those who, from duty and affection united, would feel the greatest pleasure in ministering to his ease and comfort; they, therefore, resolved to accompany him. They proved that it was not a spirit of dissipation and gaiety that led them to Spa, for they were not to be seen in any of the gay and fashionable circles; they were never out of their father's company, and never stirred from home, except to attend him, either to take the air or drink the waters; in a word, they lived a most recluse life in the midst of a town then the resort of the most illustrious and fashionable personages of Europe.

This exemplary attention to their father procured these three amiable sisters the admiration of all the English at Spa, and was the cause of their elevation to that rank in life, to which their merits gave them so just a title. They all were married to noblemen: one to the Earl of Beverly; another to the Duke of Hamilton, and afterwards to the Marquis of Exeter; and a third to the Duke of Northumberland. And it is justice to them to say, that they reflected honour on their rank, rather than derived any from it.

WASHINGTON'S REGARD FOR HIS MOTHER.

General George Washington, when quite young, was about to go to sea as a midshipman; every thing was arranged, the vessel lay opposite his father's house, the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw the tears bursting from

her eyes. However, he said nothing to her; but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he went, and perhaps never be happy again. He just turned round to the servant and said, "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back. I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and she said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the children that honour their parents, and I believe he will bless you."

TIMOLEON AND HIS WOUNDED BROTHER.

Timoleon, the Corinthian, was a noble pattern of fraternal love. Being in battle with the Argives, and seeing his brother fall by the wounds he had received, he instantly leaped over his dead body, and with his shield protected it from insult and plunder; and though severely wounded in the generous enterprise, he would not on any account retreat to a place of safety, till he had seen the corpse carried off the field by his friends.

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

Joanna Martin, the wife of a day-labourer at Huntspill, in the northern part of Somersetshire, was left a widow with six young children, and not a shilling in the world to feed them with. The parish officers had no objection to receive the children into the poor-house; but the good mother would not part with them, determining to depend, under Providence, on her activity for their support.

"For many a long month," said she, "have I risen daily at two o'clock in the morning, done what was needful for the children, gone eight or ten miles on foot to a market, with a large load of pottery-ware on my head, sold it, and returned with the profits before noon."

By this hard labour, in the course of a year, she saved a guinea and a-half; when, being under the necessity of leaving her cottage, she determined to erect one for herself. She did much of the labour with her own hands; and

told some gentlemen, some years afterwards, "Well, with the assistance of a gracious God, I was able to finish my cottage; which, though I say it myself, is a very tight little place."

She afterwards bought a cart and pony, travelled still to market, brought up her family, and, without either begging or seeking relief from the parish, obtained a living.

To what labour and privation will parental affection animate the heart! How much may be done by a person under the influence of industry, temperance, and piety!

THESE ARE MY JEWELS.

A Campanian lady, who was very rich, and fond of pomp and show, being on a visit to Cornelia, the illustrious mother of the Gracchi, displayed the diamonds and jewels she possessed, with some ostentation, and then requested Cornelia to permit her to see *her* jewels. This eminent woman dexterously contrived to turn the conversation to another subject, till her sons returned from one of the public schools; when she introduced them, saying, "These are my jewels."

THE SLAVE MOTHER CROSSING THE OHIO.

We remember, says a writer in the *True American*, the story of a cruel master, who, without cause, had determined to sever a slave mother and her only child. She had been faithful under the very worst usage, and she determined to remain so, until he told her, that on the morrow, her child must be borne to New Orleans to be sold there in the slave mart. It was mid-winter. The earth was frosted with a hard crust, yet at midnight she started for the Ohio, determined, if she could, to live and die with her child. She reached its banks as the pursuers rose on the hill beyond: no boat was near—masses of broken ice were sluggishly drifting along—what was she to do? Trusting to heaven, she put her feet on the

treacherous element, and with it bending and breaking beneath her, (spectators on either side expecting to see her and her child sink at every moment,) she boldly pushed on from cake to cake, until she landed safely on the Ohio shore. Five minutes sooner and she must have perished—two minutes later and she would have met with a watery grave, for before she had proceeded twenty steps, the ice behind her, close on the Kentucky side, had broken and was scattered ere she reached the mid river. "Thank God you and your child are safe," exclaimed the hard-hearted master, as he saw her land, rejoiced that he had escaped the responsibility of their death. "Brave woman," said a Kentuckian who had witnessed her escape and met her at the landing, "you have won your freedom and shall have it." The mother and the child were kept together, and liberty and love is now their lot in their humble but happy home. Was there not true heroism here, and is not the scene worthy the sweetest song of poetry, or the holiest praise of man?

THE WARRIOR PLAYING WITH HIS CHILDREN.

The warlike Agesilaus was, within the walls of his own house, one of the most tender and playful of men. He used to join with his children in all their innocent gambols, and was once discovered by a friend showing them how to ride upon a hobby-horse. When his friend expressed some surprise at beholding the great Agesilaus so employed, "Wait," said the hero, "till you are yourself a father, and if you then blame me, I give you liberty to proclaim this act of mine to all the world."

SOCRATES' REPLY TO ALCIBIADES.

Socrates was once surprised by Alcibiades, playing with his children. The gay patrician rather scoffed at him for joining in such sports; to which the philosopher replied, "You have not

such reason as you imagine to laugh so at a father playing with his child. You know nothing of that affection which parents have to their children; restrain your mirth till you have children of your own, when you will, perhaps, be found as ridiculous as I now seem to you to be."

THE FATHER'S DILEMMA.

History informs us, that a father went to the agents of a tyrant to endeavour to redeem his two sons, military men, who, with some other captives of war, were appointed to die.

He offered as a ransom to surrender his own life and a large sum of money. The soldiers who had it in charge to put them to death, informed him that this equivalent would be accepted for one of his sons, and for one only, because they should be accountable for the execution of two persons; he might therefore choose which he would redeem. Anxious to save even one of them, thus, at the expense of his own life, he yet was utterly unable to decide which should die, and remained in the agony of his dilemma so long, that his sons were both slain.

AFFLICTION.

CECIL AND THE BOOKSELLER.

Many years ago, a pious and devoted clergyman entered the shop of a prosperous London bookseller, with whom he was on terms of intimate and christian friendship. He inquired for his friend, and when told that he was at home, but particularly engaged, sent a messenger to him to the effect that he wanted an interview with him, if but for a few minutes. This message being delivered, the clergyman was invited to walk up stairs, into the bookseller's sitting-room. He entered the room, and found his friend sitting by his child's cot. The child was dying, but, with affection strong in death, it had clasped its father's hand, and was holding it with a convulsive grasp.

"You are a father," said the afflicted parent, "or I should not have allowed you to witness such a scene."

"Thank God, thank God," fervently exclaimed the minister, as he instinctively comprehended at a glance the situation of his friend: "thank God, He has not forgotten you! I have been much troubled on your account, my dear sir. I have thought much about you lately. I have been much afraid for you. Things have gone on so well with you for so long a time, you have been so prosperous, that I have been almost afraid that God had forgotten you. But I said to myself,

surely God will not forsake such a man as this; will not suffer him to go on in prosperity, without some check, some reverse! And I see he has not. No; God has not forgotten you."

These were the sentiments of Richard Cecil on the design of affliction; and his friend, Thomas Williams, thankfully and joyfully responded to them. Within three weeks of his death, he related the incident, as it is related here, and the feeling of his heart was, "He hath done all things well."

MR. DOD AND HIS PERSECUTIONS.

While the eminent Puritan minister, Mr. Dod, resided at Hanwell, he was the subject of much persecution and sorrow. Going once to see his relative, the Rev. Mr. Greenham, of Dry-Drayton, and lamenting the state of his mind to him, the worthy minister replied, "Son, when affliction lieth heavy, sin lieth light." This saying conveyed great comfort to Mr. Dod, who rejoiced that God could make affliction the means of his sanctification; and used afterwards to say, that "sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions."

THE SICK CHRISTIAN USEFUL.

Aun Meiglo, a poor distressed woman in the parish of Portmoak, when visited by Mr. Ebenezer Erskine, said to him,

“O, sir, I am just lying here a poor useless creature.” “Think you?” said he. “I think, sir, what is true, if I were away to heaven, I would be of some use to glorify God without sin.” —“Indeed, Annie,” said Mr. Erskine, “I think you are glorifying God by your resignation and submission to his will, and that in the face of many difficulties and under many distresses. In heaven the saints have no burdens to groan under; your praises, burdened as you are, are more wonderful to me, and I trust acceptable to God.”

SAVED FROM A ROBBER BY RAIN.

A merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind him was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to his skin. At this he was vexed, and murmured because God had given him such bad weather for his journey.

He soon reached the borders of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, with levelled gun, aiming at him, and attempting to fire! But the powder being wet by the rain, the gun did not go off, and the merchant, giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape.

As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself: “How wrong was I, not to endure the rain patiently as sent by Providence. If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not, probably, have been alive at this hour, and my little children would have expected my return in vain. The rain which caused me to murmur, came at a fortunate moment, to save my life and preserve my property.” And thus it is with a multitude of our afflictions; by causing us slight and short sufferings, they preserve us from others far greater, and of longer duration.

A CHAIN OF CALAMITIES.

A Christian whom God had prospered in his outward estate, and who lived in ease and plenty on his farm, suffered

the world to encroach so much upon his affections, as sensibly to diminish the ardour of his piety. The disease was dangerous, and the Lord adopted severe measures for its cure. First, his wife was removed by death; but he still remained worldly-minded. Then a beloved son; but, although the remedy operated favourably, it did not effect a cure. Then his crops failed and his cattle died; still his grasp on the world was not unloosed. Then God touched his person, and brought on him a lingering, fatal disease; the world, however, occupied still too much of his thoughts. His house finally took fire; and as he was carried out of the burning building, he exclaimed, “Blessed be God, I am cured at last.” He shortly after died, happy in the anticipation of a heavenly inheritance.

DIVINITY TAUGHT BY AFFLICTION.

A minister was recovering of a dangerous illness, when one of his friends addressed him thus: “Sir, though God seems to be bringing you up from the gates of death, yet it will be a long time before you will sufficiently retrieve your strength, and regain vigour enough of mind to preach as usual.” The good man answered —“You are mistaken my friend; for this six weeks’ illness has taught me more divinity than all my past studies and all my ten years’ ministry put together.”

EFFECT OF ILLNESS ON DR. CHANDLER.

It used to be said of Dr. Chandler, that, after an illness, he always preached in a more evangelical strain than usual. A gentleman who occasionally heard him, said to one of his constant auditors: “Pray, has not the doctor been ill lately?” “Why do you think so?” “Because the sermon was more evangelical than he usually preaches when he is in full health.”

THANKFUL FOR BLINDNESS.

A blind boy, who belonged to the Institution in Dublin, when dying,

assured a correspondent of the *Tract Magazine* that he considered it as one of the greatest mercies of Heaven that he had been deprived of his sight; because this was the means the Lord employed to bring him under the sound of the gospel, which was now the joy and rejoicing of his soul. So much wisdom and truth is there in the beautiful language of the poet:—

“ Good, when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.”

MARTIN LUTHER'S WILL.

In the last will and testament of this eminent reformer, occurs the following remarkable passage:—“ Lord God, I thank thee, that thou hast been pleased to make me a poor and indigent man upon earth. I have neither house, nor land, nor money, to leave behind me. Thou hast given me wife and children, whom I now restore to thee. Lord, nourish, teach, and preserve them, as thou hast me.”

A TOKEN OF GOD'S FAVOUR.

Mr. Newton had a very happy talent of administering reproof. Hearing that a person, in whose welfare he was greatly interested, had met with peculiar success in business, and was deeply immersed in worldly engagements, the first time he called on him, which was usually once a-month, he took him by the hand, and drawing him on one side, into the counting-house, told him his apprehensions of his spiritual welfare. His friend, without making any reply, called down his partner in life, who came with her eyes suffused with tears, and unable to speak. Inquiring the cause, he was told she had just been sent for to one of her children, that was out at nurse, and supposed to be in dying circumstances. Claspng her hands immediately in his, Mr. N. cried, “ God be thanked, he has not forsaken you! I do not wish your babe to suffer, but I am happy to find he gives you this token of his favour.”

THE AGED.

CONVERSION OF THE AGED RARE.

In a sermon to young men, delivered at the request of the Philadelphia Institute, Dr. Bedell said,—“ I have now been nearly twenty years in the ministry of the gospel, and I here publicly state to you, that I do not believe I could enumerate three persons over fifty years of age, whom I have ever heard ask the solemn and eternally momentous question, ‘ What shall I do to be saved?’ ”

THE UNKIND SON REBUKED.

There was once a man who had an only son, to whom he was very kind, and gave every thing that he had. When his son grew up and got a house, he was very unkind to his poor old father, whom he refused to support, and turned out of the house. The old man said to his grandson, “ Go and fetch the covering from my bed, that I may go and sit by the way-side and beg.”

The child burst into tears, and ran for the covering. He met his father, to whom he said, “ I am going to fetch the rug from my grandfather's bed, that he may wrap it round him and go a-begging!” Tommy went for the rug, and brought it to his father, and said to him, “ Pray, father, cut it in two, the half of it will be large enough for grandfather, and perhaps you may want the other half when I grow a man and turn you out of doors.” The words of the child struck him so forcibly, that he immediately ran to his father, and asked forgiveness, and was very kind to him till he died.

THE RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

A Russian princess of great beauty, in company with her father, and a young French marquis, visited a celebrated Swiss doctor of the eighteenth century, Michael Scuppach; when the marquis began to pass one of his jokes

upon the long white beard of one of the doctor's neighbours who was present. He offered to bet twelve louis d'ors that no lady present would dare to kiss the dirty old fellow! The Russian princess ordered her attendant to bring a plate, and deposited twelve louis d'ors, and sent it to the marquis, who was too polite to decline his stake.

The fair Russian then approached the peasant, saying, "Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the manner of my country," and embracing, gave him a kiss. She then presented him the gold which was on the plate, saying, "Take this as a remembrance of me, and as a sign that the Russian girls think it their duty to honour old age."

AMBITION.

THE WRESTLER'S REFLECTION.

Philip, King of Macedon, as he was wrestling at the Olympic games, fell down in the sand; and when he rose again, observing the print of his body in the sand, cried out, "O how little a parcel of earth will hold us when we are dead, who are ambitiously seeking after the whole world whilst we are living!"

PYRRHUS AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

When Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, was making great preparations for his intended expedition into Italy, Cineas, the philosopher, took a favourable opportunity of addressing him thus:—"The Romans, sir, are reported to be a warlike and victorious people; but if God permit us to overcome them, what use shall we make of the victory?" "Thou askest," said Pyrrhus, "a thing that is self-evident. The Romans once conquered, no city will resist us; we shall then be masters of all Italy." Cineas added, "And having subdued Italy, what shall we do next?" Pyrrhus, not yet aware of his intentions, replied, "Sicily next stretches out her arms to receive us." "That is very probable," said Cineas, "but will the possession of Sicily put an end to the war?" "God grant us success in that," answered Pyrrhus, "and we shall make these only the forerunners of greater things, for then Lybia and Carthage will soon be ours; and these things being completed, none of our enemies can offer any farther resistance." "Very true," added Cineas

"for then we may easily regain Macedon, and make an absolute conquest of Greece; and, when all these are in our possession, what shall we do then?" Pyrrhus, smiling, answered, "Why then, my dear friend, we will live at our ease, drink all day long, and amuse ourselves with cheerful conversation." "Well sir," said Cineas, "and why may we not do all this now, and without the labour and hazard of an enterprise so laborious and uncertain?" Pyrrhus, however, unwilling to take the advice of the philosopher, ardently engaged in these ambitious pursuits, and at last perished in them.

NAPOLEON AND THE PEASANT BOY.

When Napoleon returned to his palace, immediately after his defeat at Waterloo, he continued many hours without taking any refreshment. One of the grooms of the chamber ventured to serve up some coffee, in his cabinet, by the hands of a child, whom Napoleon had occasionally distinguished by his notice. The emperor sat motionless, with his hands spread over his eyes. The page stood patiently before him, gazing with infantine curiosity on an image which presented so strong a contrast to his own figure of simplicity and peace; at last the little attendant presented his tray, exclaiming, in the familiarity of an age which knows so little distinctions, "Eat, sire; it will do you good." The emperor looked at him, and asked, "Do you not belong to Gonesse?" (a village near Paris.) "No, sire, I come from Pierreite."

"Where your parents have a cottage and some acres of land?"

"Yes, sire."

"There is happiness," replied the man who was still the emperor of France and king of Italy.

ANCESTRY.

GEORGE III. AND THE PEERAGE.

It is remembered as one of the liberal axioms of George III., that "no British subject is by necessity excluded from the Peerage." Consistently with this sentiment, he once checked a man of high rank, who lamented that a very good speaker in the court of aldermen was of a mean trade, by saying, with his characteristic quickness, "What signifies a man's *trade*? A man of any honest trade may make himself respectable if he will."

LORD TENTERDON'S RETORT.

The obscurity of Lord Tenterdon's birth is well known, but he had too much good sense to feel any false shame on that account. We have heard it related of him, that when in an early period of his professional career, a brother barrister, with whom he happened to have a quarrel, had the bad taste to twit him on his origina, his manly and severe answer was, "Yes, sir, I am the son of a barber; if you had been the son of a barber, you would have been a barber yourself."

CICERO'S RETORT.

This Roman orator was one day sneered at by one of his opponents, a mean man of noble lineage, on account of his low parentage. "You are the *first* of your line," said the railer; "and you," rejoined Cicero, "are the *last* of yours."

DISTINGUISHED MEN OF OBSCURE BIRTH.

"Euripides," says the *Cabinet de Terture* of Paris, "was the son of a fruiterer, Virgil of a baker, Horace of a freed slave, Anayot of a currier, Voiture of a tax-gatherer, Lamothe of a hatter, Sixtus the Fifth of a swineherd, Fletcher of a chandler, Masillon of a turner, Tamerlane of a shepherd, Greinault of a journeyman baker, Rollin of a herdsman, Molliere of an upholsterer, J. J. Rousseau of a watchmaker, Sir Samuel Romily of a goldsmith, Ben Jonson of a mason, Shakspere of a butcher, Sir Thomas Lawrence of a custom-house officer, Collins of a hatter, Gray of a notary, Beattie of a farmer, Sir Edward Sugden of a barber, Thomas Moore of a grocer, Rembrandt of a miller."

JAMES I. AND THE EARL'S GENEALOGY.

King James I., in his progress into England, was entertained at Lumley Castle, the seat of the Earl of Scarborough. A relative of the noble earl was very proud in showing and explaining to his majesty an immensely large genealogical line of the family; the pedigree he carried back rather farther than the greatest strength of credulity would allow. "In gude faith, man," says the king, "it may be they are very true, but I did na' ken before that Adam's name was Lumley."

ANGER.

THE LITTLE MURDERER.

Two boys in a southern city, named Augustus and Eugene, were playing top. They had but one top, which they spun alternately. At first they played very pleasantly, but soon became angry and began to speak unkindly.

Eugene said, "It is my turn to whirl the top." "No, it is not; it is mine," said Augustus. They grew very angry about it. Augustus at length said to Eugene, "You lie." Eugene struck him. Augustus struck back again. They seized each other in a great rage;

and in the scuffle Eugene took a long, sharp knife from his pocket, and stabbed Augustus so that he died in a few moments. Augustus lost his life and Eugene became a murderer, merely to decide whose turn it was to spin a top!

THE SUN IS ALMOST DOWN.

Two good men on some occasion had a warm dispute; and remembering the exhortation of the apostle, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," just before sunset one of them went to the other, and knocking at the door, his offended friend came and opened it, and seeing who it was, started back in astonishment and surprise; the other, at the same time, cried out, "The sun is almost down." This unexpected salutation softened the heart of his friend into affection, and he returned for answer, "Come in brother, come in." What a happy method of conciliating matters, of redressing grievances, and of reconciling brethren.

XAVIER'S EXAMPLE.

Francis Xavier sometimes received, in the prosecution of his zealous labours, the most mortifying treatment. As he was preaching in one of the cities of Japan, some of the multitude made sport of him. One, more wanton than the rest, went to him while he addressed the people, feigning that he had something to communicate in private. Upon his approach, Xavier leaned his head to learn what he had to say. The scorner thus gained his object, which was to spit freely upon the face of the devoted missionary, and thus insult him in the most public manner. The father, without speaking a word, or making the least sign of anger or emotion, took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and continued his discourse, as if nothing had occurred. By such a heroic control of his passions, the scorn of the audience was turned into admiration.

ANTINOMIANISM.

HILL AND THE ANTINOMIAN.

Rowland Hill would have tried the critical sagacity of the most erudite. His eccentricities were of great notoriety. With many strong points of character, he combined notions prodigiously odd. One of those restless infesters of places of worship, commonly called Antinomians, one day called on Rowland Hill, to bring him to account for his too severe and legal

gospel. "Do you, sir," asked Rowland, "hold the ten commandments to be a rule of life to Christians?" "Certainly not," replied the visitor. The minister rang the bell, and on the servant making his appearance, he quietly added, "John, show that man the door, and keep your eye on him until he is beyond the reach of every article of wearing apparel, or other property in the hall?"

APOLOGIES.

SWIFT AND THE LADY'S DINNER.

A lady invited Dean Swift to a most sumptuous dinner. She said, "Dear Dean, this fish is not as good as I could wish, though I sent for it half across the kingdom, and it cost me so much," naming an incredible price. "And this thing is not such as I ought to have for such a guest, though it came from such a place, and cost such a sum." Thus she went on, decrying and underrating every article of her

expensive and ostentatious dinner, and teasing her distinguished guest with apologies, only to find a chance to display her vanity, in bringing her trouble and expense into view, until she exhausted his patience. He is reported to have risen in a passion, and to have said, "True, madam, it is a miserable dinner; and I will not eat it, but go home and dine upon sixpence worth of herring."

APOSTACY.

COMPANIONS OF J. A. JAMES.

The Rev. J. A. James relates in his "*Anxious Inquirer after Salvation directed and encouraged,*" that he began his own religious course with three companions, one of whom was materially serviceable, in some particulars to him; but he soon proved that his religion was nothing more than transient devotion. A second returned to his sin "like a dog to his vomit, and a sow that is washed to her wallowing in the mire." The third, who was for some time his intimate friend, imbibed the principles of infidelity; and so great was his zeal for his new creed, that he sat up at night to copy Paine's "*Age of Reason.*" After a while he was seized with a dangerous disease: his conscience awoke; the convictions of his mind were agonizing; his remorse was horrible. He ordered all his infidel extracts, the copying out of which had cost him so many nights, to be burnt before his face; and if not in words, yet in spirit—

"Burn, burn," he cried, in sacred rage,
"Hell is the due of every page."

His infidel companions and his infidel principles forsook him at once, and in the hearing of a pious friend, who visited him, and to whom he confessed, with tears and lamentations, his backsliding, he uttered his confessions of sin, and his vows of repentance. He recovered; but, painful to relate, it was only to relapse again, if not into infidelity, yet, at any rate, into an utter disregard to religion.

SPIRA'S DEATH-BED.

Francis Spira, an Italian lawyer, embraced Christianity, discovered great zeal in its diffusion, and was distinguished for his extensive knowledge of the gospel. When he found that he was likely to suffer for the sake of Christ, he publicly recanted; and soon after being seized with illness, and having the prospect of death before him, he was visited by several eminent Chris-

tians, who conversed and prayed with him, but without avail. He died in a state of the most awful despair, declaring the impossibility of his finding mercy at the hands of God.

CRANMER'S UNWORTHY HAND.

In the bloody reign of Queen Mary of England, Archbishop Cranmer became obnoxious to her persecuting spirit. She was determined to bring him to the stake; but previously employed emissaries to persuade him, by means of flattery and false promises, to renounce his faith. The good man was overcome, and subscribed to the errors of the Church of Rome. His conscience smote him: he returned to his former persuasion; and, when brought to the stake, he stretched forth the hand that had made the unhappy signature, and held it in the flames till it was entirely consumed, frequently exclaiming, "That unworthy hand:" after which he patiently suffered martyrdom, and ascended to receive its reward.

SECURITY AGAINST APOSTACY.

"I well remember," says an eminent minister in North Wales, "that when the Spirit of God first convinced me of my sin, guilt, and danger, and of the many difficulties and enemies I must encounter, if ever I intended setting out for heaven, I was often to the last degree frightened; the prospect of those many strong temptations and vain allurements to which my youthful years would unavoidably expose me, greatly discouraged me. And I often used to tell an aged soldier of Christ, the first and only christian friend I had any acquaintance with for several years, that I wished I had borne the burden and heat of the day like him. His usual reply was—'That so long as I feared, and was humbly dependent upon God, I should never fall, but certainly prevail.' I have found it so. O, blessed be the Lord, that I can now raise up my Ebenezer, and say, 'Hitherto hath the Lord upheld me?'"

ATONEMENT.

ATONEMENT FUNDAMENTAL.

The late Thomas, Earl of Kinnoul, a short time before his death, in a long and serious conversation with the Rev. Dr. Kemp, of Edinburgh, thus expressed himself:—"I have always considered the atonement the characteristic of the gospel; as a system of religion, strip it of that doctrine, and you reduce it to a scheme of morality, excellent, indeed, and such as the world never saw; but, to man, in the present state of his faculties, absolutely impracticable."

"THIS IS WHAT I WANT."

A certain man, on the Malabar coast, had inquired of various devotees and priests, how he might make atonement for his sins; and he was directed to drive iron spikes, sufficiently blunted, through his sandals; and on these spikes, he was directed to place his naked feet, and to walk about four hundred and eighty miles. If through loss of blood, or weakness of body, he was obliged to halt, he might wait for healing and strength. He undertook the journey, and while he halted under a large shady tree, where the gospel was sometimes preached, one of the missionaries came and preached in his hearing from these words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." While he was preaching, the man rose up, threw off his torturing sandals, and cried out aloud, "This is what I want;" and he became a lively witness, that the blood of Jesus Christ does cleanse from all sin indeed.

DOCTRINE FIT FOR OLD WOMEN.

The first sermon preached by the late Rev. Robert Hall at Cambridge, after he had become the pastor of the congregation there, was on the doctrine of the atonement, and its practical tendencies. One of the congregation, who had embraced very erroneous views of the gospel, said to him, "Mr. Hall, this preaching won't do for us, it will only suit a congregation of old

women." "Do you mean my sermon, sir; or the doctrine?" "Your doctrine." "Why is it that the doctrine is fit only for old women?" "Because it may suit the musings of people tottering upon the brink of the grave, and who are eagerly seeking comfort." "Thank you, sir, for your concession. The doctrine will not suit people of any age, unless it be true; and, if it be true, it is not fitted for old women alone, but is equally important at every age."

GOD'S LOVE WONDERFUL.

A missionary, addressing a pious negro woman, said, "Mary, is not the love of God wonderful?" and then enlarging on its manifestation in the atonement of Christ, he made the appeal, "Is it not wonderful?" Mary simply, but we may add, sublimely, replied, "Massa, massa, me no tink it so wonderful, 'cause it is just like Him."

THE SCHOLAR'S COMFORT.

"I have taken much pains," says the learned Selden, "to know every thing that was esteemed worth knowing amongst men; but with all my disquisitions and reading, nothing now remains with me to comfort me, at the close of life, but this passage of St. Paul, 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners: to this I cleave, and herein I find rest.'"

COWPER'S EXPERIENCE.

Cowper, the poet, speaking of his religious experience, says, "But the happy period which was to shake off my fetters, and afford me a clear opening of the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus, was now arrived. I flung myself into a chair near the window, and seeing a Bible there, ventured once more to apply to it for comfort and instruction. The first verse I saw was the 25th of the third of Romans."

'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.' Immediately I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement he had made, my pardon sealed in his blood, and all the fulness and completeness of his justification. In a moment I believed and received the gospel."

REV. MR. INNES AND THE INFIDEL.

In a conversation which the Rev. Mr. Innes had with an infidel on his sick-bed, he told him that when he was taken ill he thought he would rely on the general mercy of God; that as he had never done any thing very bad, he hoped all would be well. "But as my

weakness increased," he added, "I began to think, is not God a just being, as well as merciful? Now what reason have I to think he will treat me with mercy and not with justice? and if I am treated with justice," he said, with much emotion, "WHERE AM I?"

"I showed him," says Mr. Innes, "that this was the *very difficulty* the gospel was sent to remove, as it showed how mercy could be exercised in perfect consistency with the strictest demands of justice, while it was bestowed through the atonement made by Jesus Christ." After explaining this doctrine, and pressing it on his attention and acceptance, one of the last things he said to me before leaving him, was, "Well, I believe it must come to this. I confess I see here a solid footing to rest on, which, on my former principles I could never find."

AVARICE.

THE RICH MAN'S VICTORY.

"I could mention the name of a late very opulent and very valuable person," says a writer in the *Gospel Magazine*, "who, though naturally avaricious in the extreme, was liberal and beneficent to a proverb. He was aware of his constitutional sin, and God gave him *victory* over it, by enabling him to *run away* from it. Lest the dormant love of money should awake and stir in his heart, he would not, for many years before his death, trust himself with the *sight* of his revenues. He kept, indeed, his accounts as clearly and exactly as any man in the world; but he dared not receive, because he dared not look at that gold, which he feared would prove a snare to his affections. His stewards received all, and retained all in their own hands till they received orders how to dispose of it."

SEVERAL AVARICIOUS CHARACTERS.

The greatest endowments of the mind, the greatest abilities in a profession, and even the quiet possession of an immense treasure, will never

prevail against avarice. My Lord Chancellor Hardwick, says Dr. King, when worth eight hundred thousand pounds, set the same value on half a crown then as when he was worth only one hundred pounds. That great captain, the Duke of Marlborough, when he was in the last stage of life and very infirm, would walk from the public rooms in Bath to his lodgings, in a cold, dark night, to save sixpence in chair hire. He died worth more than a million and a half sterling, which was inherited by a grandson of Lord Trevor's, who had been one of his enemies. Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver, and paying twopence for a dish of coffee in George's coffee-house, was helped into his chariot, (for he was then very lame and infirm,) and went home; some little time after he returned to the same coffee-house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad halfpenny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James had about forty thousand pounds per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir.

THE JEWISH MOTHER.

One of the nights when Mrs. Siddons first performed at Drury Lane, a Jew boy, in his eagerness to get the first row in the shilling gallery, fell over into the pit, and was dangerously hurt. The manager of the theatre ordered the lad to be conveyed to a lodging, where he was attended by their own physician; but, notwithstanding all their attention, he died, and was decently buried, at the expense of the theatre. The mother came to the play-house to thank the managers, and they gave her his clothes and five guineas, for which she returned a courtesy, but, with some hesitation, added that they had forgotten to return her the shilling which Abraham had paid for coming in!

A LITTLE MORE.

"When I was a lad," says one, "an old gentleman took some trouble to teach me some little knowledge of the world. With this view I remember he once asked me when a man was rich enough? I replied, when he has a thousand pounds. He said, No.—Two thousand? No.—Ten thousand? No.—Twenty thousand? No.—A hundred thousand? which I thought would settle the business; but he still continuing to say No, I gave it up, and

confessed I could not tell, but begged he would inform me. He gravely said, When he has a little more than he has, and that is never! If he acquires one thousand, he wishes to have two thousand; then five, then ten, then twenty, then fifty; from that his riches would amount to a hundred thousand, and so on till he had grasped the whole world; after which he would look about him, like Alexander, for other worlds to possess."

THE LONG CREDIT.

A wealthy but niggardly gentleman was waited on by the advocates of a charitable institution, for which they solicited his aid, reminding him of the Divine declaration, Prov. xix. 17, "He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again." To this he profanely replied, "The security, no doubt is good, and the interest liberal, but I cannot give such long credit." Poor rich man! the day of payment was much nearer than he anticipated. Not a fortnight had elapsed from his refusing to honour this claim of God upon his substance, before he received a summons with which he could not refuse to comply. It was, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"

BALLS, OR PUBLIC DANCES.

DANCING DURING A MASSACRE.

The tragical scenes which came under Mr. Fisk's observation while in Greece, had become so common, that they began to be regarded with indifference by many classes of people. Parties of pleasure and vain amusements were revived and engaged in, as though all were peace. Thousands had fled for their lives, and the streets of Smyrna were crimsoned with Grecian blood. It was estimated that two thousand had been massacred, and heavy exactions of money were demanded of others for the privilege of

living. The bodies of the slain were frequently seen floating in the bay. In a word, exactions, imprisonment, or death, met the defenceless Greeks in every direction; and yet, strange to tell, multitudes, only because they were better protected from Turkish violence, went thoughtlessly to the assembly-room and the dance as though all were peace and security. While the countenance of many gathered blackness through fear, that of others exhibited only the expression of a thoughtless ill-timed levity.

BANKRUPTCY.

THE HONEST INSOLVENT.

A gentleman of Boston, says a religious journal, who was unfortunate in business thirty years ago, and consequently unable at that time to meet his engagements with his creditors, after more than twenty years of toil, succeeded in paying every creditor, (except one whose residence could not be ascertained,) the whole amount due them. He has in that twenty years brought up and educated a large family—but still he owed one of his former creditors; he was not satisfied to keep another's property; he made inquiry, and received information that the party had died some years since. He again pursued his inquiry respecting the administrator, and ascertained his name and residence, wrote to him, acknowledged the debt, and requested him to inform him of the manner he would receive the money. A few days since he remitted

the whole amount, principal and interest.

THE BANKRUPT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

Dr. Franklin relates the following anecdote of Mr. Denham, an American merchant, with whom he once went a passenger to England. "He had formerly," he says, "been in business at Bristol, had failed in debt to a number of people, compounded, and went to America; there, by a close application to business as a merchant, he acquired a plentiful fortune in a few years. Returning to England in the ship with me, he invited his old creditors to an entertainment, at which he thanked them for the easy compensation they had favoured him with; and when they expected nothing but the treat, every man, at the first remove, found under his plate an order on a banker for the full amount of the unpaid remainder, with interest."

BEGGARS—BEGGARY.

THE QUAKER'S CHARITY.

A certain benevolent Quaker in New York was asked by a poor man for money as charity, or for work. The Quaker observed, "Friend, I do not know what I can give thee to do! Let me see; thou mayest take my wood that is in the yard, up stairs, and I will give thee half-a-dollar." This the poor man was glad to do, and the job lasted him till about noon, when he came and told him the work was done, and asked him if he had any more to do. "Why friend, let me consider," said the queer Quaker: "Oh! thou mayest take the wood down again, and I will give thee another half dollar."

OBERLIN'S METHOD.

The Rev. John Frederic Oberlin was

distinguished by his charity and benevolence, and though scarcely a mendicant was ever seen in the valley of the Ban de la Roche, where he resided, sometimes a pauper from the neighbouring communes, attracted by the well known disposition of the pastor and his people, wandered thither to implore that assistance which, if deserving, he never failed to receive. "Why do you not work?" was Oberlin's usual interrogation. "Because no one will employ me," was the general reply. "Well, then, I will employ you. There—carry these planks—break those stones—fill that bucket with water, and I will repay you for your trouble." Such was his usual mode of proceeding; and idle beggars were taught to come there no more.

BENEFICENCE.

WRECK OF THE DUTTON.

The following extract of a letter, written by a distinguished naval officer, and published in the *United Service Journal*, very forcibly illustrates his benevolent disposition:—

“Why do you ask me to relate the wreck of the Dutton? Susan (Lady Exmouth) and I were driving to a dinner party at Plymouth, when we saw crowds running to the Hoe; and learning it was a wreck, I left the carriage to her to take on, and joined the crowd. I saw the loss of the whole five or six hundred was inevitable, without somebody to direct them; for the last officer was pulled ashore as I reached the surf. I urged the officers to return, but they refused; upon which I made the rope fast to myself, and was hauled through the surf on board, established order, and did not leave her until every one was saved but the boatswain, who would not go before me. I got safe, and so did he; and the ship went all to pieces. But I was laid in bed for a week, by getting under the mainmast, which had fallen towards the shore; and my back was cured by Lord Spencer's having conveyed to me by letter his majesty's intention to dub me a baronet. No more have I to say, except that I felt more pleasure in giving to a mother's arms a dear little infant, only three weeks old, than I ever felt in my life; and both were saved. The struggle she had to intrust me with the bantling, was a scene I cannot describe.”

FRANCIS II. AND HIS FAMISHING SUBJECTS.

One arm of the Danube separates the city of Vienna from a suburban part called Leopold-stadt. A thaw inundated this part, and the ice carried away the bridge of communication with the capital. The population of Leopold-stadt began to be in the greatest distress for want of provisions. A number of boats were collected and loaded with

bread: but no one felt hardy enough to risk the passage, which was rendered extremely dangerous by large bodies of ice. Francis II., who was then emperor, stood at the water's edge: he begged, exhorted, threatened, and promised the highest recompenses, but all in vain; whilst, on the other shore, his subjects, famishing with hunger, stretched forth their hands, and supplicated relief. The monarch immediately leaped singly into a boat loaded with bread, and applied himself to the oars, exclaiming, “Never shall it be said that I saw those perish, without an effort to save them, who would risk their all for me.” The example of the sovereign, sudden as electricity, enflamed the spectators, who threw themselves in crowds into the boats. They encountered the sea with success, and gained the suburbs just as their intrepid monarch, with the tear of pity in his eye, held out the bread he had conveyed across the water at the risk of his life.

RESCUING A DROWNING BOY.

The Rev. Mr. Kelly, of the town of Ayr, once preached an excellent sermon from the parable of the man who fell among thieves. He was particularly severe on the conduct of the priest, who saw him, and ministered not unto him, but passed by on the other side; and, in an animated and pathetic flow of eloquence, he exclaimed, “What! not even the servant of the Almighty! he whose tongue was engaged in the work of charity, whose bosom was appointed the seat of brotherly love, whose heart the emblem of pity; did he refuse to stretch forth his hand, and to take the mantle from his shoulders to cover the nakedness of wo? If he refused, if the shepherd himself went astray, was it to be wondered at that the flock followed?” Such were the precepts of the preacher, and he practised what he preached. The next day, when the river was much increased, a boy was swept overboard from a small boat by

the force of the current. A great concourse of people were assembled, but none of them attempted to save the boy; when Mr. Kelly threw himself from his chamber window into the current, and at the hazard of his own life saved that of the boy.

THE RUSSIAN DRUMMER.

Many years ago, the Baschirs revolted. Near Krasno-Uffinske, in the government of Perm, they had cut in pieces some companies of dragoons, and devised to take the fortress of Atschitskaja, by stratagem. They dressed themselves in the uniforms of the dragoons, mounted their horses, and marched towards the fortress. To keep up the deception of being really Russians, they had spared a drummer, whom they ordered to play the Russian dragoon march. On approaching the fortress, the gates were thrown open; when the drummer, instead of the march, beat the alarm. The garrison then perceived the treacherous artifice, closed the gates, and prepared for resistance. As the Baschirs could not make a regular attack, they were obliged to retreat, when they cut the poor drummer to pieces. His fate he had foreseen, and therefore his voluntary sacrifice was the more striking and praiseworthy.

A SERVANT DYING FOR HIS MASTER.

A gentleman was travelling with his valet de chambre, in a sledge, through one of the extensive forests of Poland, when they were suddenly attacked by a number of wolves, which leaped furiously at the carriage. The servant, who instantly perceived that either he or his master must fall a victim to their fury, exclaimed, "Protect my wife and children;" and instantly rushing into the midst of them, perished in a moment, and by this generous act saved his master, who fled from the danger, by driving forward with the greatest rapidity.

CAIUS GRACCHUS AND HIS TWO FRIENDS.

Caius Gracchus, who was the idol of the Roman people, having carried his regard for the lower orders so far as to draw upon himself the resentment of the nobility, an open rupture ensued; and the two extremities of Rome resembled two camps, Opimius the consul on one side, and Gracchus and his friend Fulvius on the other. A battle ensued, in which the consul, meeting with more vigorous resistance than he expected, proclaimed an amnesty for all those who should lay down their arms; and at the same time promised to pay for the heads of Gracchus and Fulvius their weight in gold. This proclamation had the desired effect. The populace deserted their leaders; Fulvius was taken and beheaded, and Gracchus, at the advice of his two friends, Licinius Crassus his brother-in-law, and Pomponius a Roman knight, determined to flee from the city. He passed on his way through the centre of the city, and reached the bridge Sublicius, where his enemies, who pursued him close, would have overtaken and seized him, if his two friends had not opposed their fury; but they saw the danger he was in, and they determined to save his life at the expense of their own. They defended the bridge against all the consular troops till Gracchus was out of their reach; but at length, being overpowered by numbers and covered with wounds, they both expired on the bridge which they had so valiantly defended.

LADY HUNTINGDON AND THE TRADESMAN.

Lady Huntingdon, with an income of only £1,200 a-year, did much for the cause of religion. She maintained the college she had erected at her sole expense; she erected chapels in most parts of the kingdom, and she supported ministers who were sent to preach in various parts of the world. A minister of the gospel and a person from the

country, once called on her ladyship. When they came out, the countryman turned his eyes towards the house, and, after a short pause, exclaimed, "What a lesson! Can a person of her noble birth, nursed in the lap of grandeur, live in such a house, so meanly furnished—and shall I, a tradesman, be surrounded with luxury and elegance? From this moment I shall hate my house, my furniture, and myself, for spending so little for God, and so much in folly."

MATTHEW HALE AND THE POOR.

It is said of the excellent Lord Chief Justice Hale, that he frequently invited his poor neighbours to dinner, and made them sit at table with himself. If any of them were sick, so that they could not come, he would send provisions to them warm from his own table. He did not confine his hounties to the poor of his own parish, but diffused supplies to the neighbouring parishes as occasion required. He always treated the old, the needy, and the sick, with the tenderness and familiarity that became one who considered they were of the same nature with himself, and were reduced to no other necessities but such as he himself might be brought to.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE'S BENEVOLENCE.

It is related of the lamented Princess Charlotte, that in one of her walks with Prince Leopold, in November, 1816, she addressed a decent looking man, who was employed as a day-labourer, and said, "My good man, you appear to have seen better days." "I have, your royal highness," he replied: "I have rented a good farm, but the change in the times has ruined me." At this reply she burst into tears, and said to the prince, "Let us be grateful to Providence for his blessings, and endeavour to fulfil the important duties required of us, to make all our labourers happy." On her return home, she desired the steward to make out a list of all the deserving families in the

neighbourhood, with the particulars of their circumstances: orders were given to the household that the whole of the superfluous food should be carefully distributed according to the wants of the poor: and, instead of the usual festivities on the following birth-days of the prince and princess, £150 were spent on each occasion in clothing the poor.

MRS. HOWARD'S SPENDING MONEY.

The benevolent John Howard, well known for his philanthropy, especially his attention to prisoners, having settled his accounts at the close of a particular year, and found a balance in his favour, proposed to his wife to make use of it in a journey to London, or in any other excursion she chose. "What a pretty cottage for a poor family it would build!" was her answer. This charitable hint met with his cordial approbation, and the money was laid out accordingly.

WHERE IT SHOULD BE.

When a gentleman who had been accustomed to give away some thousands was supposed to be at the point of death, his presumptive heir inquired where his fortune was to be found. To whom he answered, "that it was in the pockets of the indigent."

A BENEVOLENT VICAR.

John Baptist Joseph Languet, vicar of St. Sulpice, at Paris, sometimes disbursed the sum of a million of livres in charities in a single year. When there was a general dearth in 1725, he sold, in order to relieve the poor, his household goods, his pictures, and some curious pieces of furniture that he had procured with great difficulty.

THE HOTTENTOT'S GIFT.

In the year 1813, says the Rev. J. Campbell, after having visited several nations in the interior of Africa, beyond the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, when returning, I halted at the town of Paarl, within thirty-six miles of Cape

Town. Here I was requested by friends to relate publicly the state of the nations in the interior of Africa. About one hundred free persons, with some slaves, attended. At the close, several hundred rixdollars were contributed by the white friends present, for the Missionary Society.

After the whites had all left the house, a slave woman and her daughter called upon me, and said, "Sir, will you take any thing from a poor slave, to help to send the gospel to the poor things beyond us?" On my saying, "Most certainly I will," she gave me eightpence, and her daughter fourpence. Having done so, they hastily went out, clapping their hands, and ran to some slave men who were waiting to hear the result. On hearing from her that I cheerfully took subscriptions from slaves, they rushed into my room, and every one threw down all that he had, to send the gospel to the poor things beyond them!

The immediate cause of this was—their masters had lately built a place of worship for them, where missionaries, when they happened to be in the town, preached to them and some of their masters would at times read a sermon to them. These tastes of instruction made them desirous that the nations beyond should be favoured with the same advantage.

THE INDIAN BROOM-MAKER.

Mr. Hooper, one of the assistant missionaries to the Choctaw Nation, relates in his journal the following affecting instance of benevolence while at Steubenville:—"What most of all affected our hearts was, that a poor African, who, it is believed, is a devout servant of God, came forward and gave a coat, obtained by making brooms after performing his task in the field. Mr. M'Curdy informed us that both that man and his wife are praying souls. They are slaves. O! is it not truly animating, is it not enough to touch the tenderest sensibilities of the soul, to see an Ethiopian, in such cir-

cumstances, thus moved at hearing the Macedonian cry, and thus extending the hand of charity? Should every professed disciple of Christ make such sacrifices as did this poor African, at no distant period would the precious gospel be preached to all nations."

THE GREENLANDER'S DONATION.

In a very early period of the Moravian mission in Greenland, the Christian natives of that country were told of the demolition of the Indian congregation at Gnadenhutzen, in Pennsylvania; they wept bitterly, and at once commenced efforts for their relief. One said, "I have a fine reindeer skin, which I will give." Another, "And I a pair of new reindeer boots, which I will send." "And I," said a third, "will send them a seal, that they may have something to eat and to burn." Their contributions were accepted and sent. Their hearts had been shut by avarice, but the grace of Christ opened them.

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S PLATE—HIS BENEVOLENCE.

In the year 1776, the Rev. John Wesley received the following letter, in consequence of a recent resolution of the government, that circulars should be sent to all persons who were suspected of having plate, on which they had not paid duty:—

"Reverend Sir,—As the commissioners cannot doubt that you have plate for which you have hitherto neglected to make an entry, they have directed me to send you a copy of the lords' order, and to inform you that they expect that you forthwith make the entry of all your plate, such entry to bear date from the commencement of the plate duty, or from such time as you have owned, used, had, or kept any quantity of silver plate, chargeable by the act of parliament; as in default thereof, the board will be obliged to signify your refusal to their lordships.

"N.B.—An immediate answer is desired."

Mr. Wesley replied as follows:—

“Sir,—I have two silver tea-spoons at London, and two at Bristol; this is all the plate which I have at present; and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

“JOHN WESLEY.”

Perhaps there never was a more charitable man than Mr. Wesley. His liberality knew no bounds, but an empty pocket. He gave away not merely a certain part of his income, but all that he had: his own wants being provided for, he devoted all the rest to the necessities of others. He entered upon this good work at a very early period. We are told, that when he had thirty pounds a-year, he lived on twenty-eight, and gave away forty shillings. The next year, receiving sixty pounds, he still lived on twenty-eight, and gave away two-and-thirty. The third year he received ninety pounds, and gave away sixty-two. The fourth year he received one hundred and twenty pounds. Still he lived on twenty-eight, and gave to the poor ninety-two. During the rest of his life he lived economically; and, in the course of fifty years, it has been supposed, he gave away more than thirty thousand pounds.

OBERLIN'S PRACTICE.

John Frederick Oberlin, a minister of the Gospel in France, happening to read one day, with more attention than usual, the accounts of the tithes in the Books of Moses, was so struck with some of them, as to resolve from that moment to devote three tithes of all he possessed to the service of God and the poor. The resolution was no sooner made than put into execution, for whatever Oberlin conceived it to be his duty to do, he conscientiously and without delay set about it. From that period till the end of his life, even during the most calamitous seasons of the Revolution, he always scrupulously adhered to the plan, and often said that he *abounded in wealth*.

MRS. GRAHAM'S PRACTICE.

Mrs. Graham, of New York, made it a rule to appropriate the tenth part of her earnings to be expended for pious and charitable purposes; she had taken a lease of two lots of ground, in Greenwich-Street, from the corporation of Trinity Church, with the view of building a house on them for her own accommodation: the building, however, she never commenced: by a sale which her son-in-law, Mr. Bethune, made of the lease in 1795, for her, she got an advance of one thousand pounds. S., large a profit was new to her. “Quick, quick,” said she, “let me appropriate the tenth before my heart grows hard.” What fidelity in duty! What distrust of herself! Fifty pounds of this money she sent to Mr. Mason, in aid of the funds he was collecting for the establishment of a theological seminary.”

MR. COBB'S COVENANT.

Nathaniel Ripley Cobb, of Boston, displayed the character of a christian merchant in all its varieties of excellence. He was one of the few noble-hearted men of wealth whose affluence is constantly proved by their munificence. Yet it was not always from what is strictly denominated affluence that he was so benevolent, inasmuch as the vows of God were upon him that he would never become rich; and he redeemed the holy pledge which he had given, by consecrating his gains to the Lord. In November, 1821, he drew up the following remarkable document:

“By the grace of God, I will never be worth more than fifty thousand dollars.

“By the grace of God I will give one-fourth of the net profits of my business to charitable and religious uses.

“If I am ever worth twenty thousand dollars, I will give one half of my net profits; and if I am ever worth thirty thousand, I will give three-fourths; and the whole after fifty thousand dollars.

“So help me God; or give to a

more faithful steward, and set me aside. N. R. Cobb, Nov., 1821."

He adhered to this covenant with strict fidelity. At one time, finding his property had increased beyond fifty thousand dollars, he at once devoted the surplus, seven thousand five hundred, as a foundation for a professorship in the Newton Institution for the education of christian ministers, to which, on various occasions during his short life, he gave at least twice that amount. He was a generous friend to many young men, whom he assisted in establishing themselves in business, and to many who were unfortunate.

I WILL SPIN ONE MORE HANK.

At a meeting held with the view of forming an auxiliary society in aid of Christian Missions, the following anecdote was related by one of the speakers: A woman of Wakefield, well known to be in very needy circumstances, offered to subscribe a penny a-week to the missionary fund. "Surely you," said one, "are too poor to afford this." She replied, "I spin so many hanks of yarn for a maintenance; I will spin one more, and that will be a penny for the society." "I would rather," said the speaker, "see that hank suspended in the poor woman's cottage, a token of her zeal for the triumph of the gospel, than military trophies in the halls of heroes, the proud memorials of victories obtained over the physical strength of men!"

A NUMEROUS FAMILY.

A pious gentleman in —, was engaged in a certain branch of business by which he was rapidly increasing his wealth. When he had made about 50,000 dollars, Rev. Mr. — was one day conversing with him, and asked if he had not accumulated property enough for his family, and if he had not now better give up that kind of business? "Oh," said he, "I have not yet made enough to give each of my children a *single leaf of the Catechism*." "Why," inquired the clergy-

man, "how large is your family?" "About six hundred millions," was his reply. He looks on the whole family of man as his own family, and he is labouring for the salvation of them all.

CROUMBIE'S CARE FOR BUSINESS.

The late Mr. John Croumbie, of Haddington, some time before his death, calling on one of his customers, his friend said unto him, "I am sure, Mr. Croumbie, you need not care for business." He replied, "It is true, Mrs. —, but if I were to give over business, I would not be so able to assist the various societies that are formed for diffusing the knowledge of the gospel throughout the world." The same excellent person, in his last illness, after expressing his surprise that some Christians kept back from the support of these institutions, said with peculiar emphasis, "O how I pity the poor heathen, who have nothing to support their minds in the *prospect of eternity!*" His feelings were evidently excited by his own situation, and a conviction of the misery he would feel, if his mind had not been supported by the gospel in the near prospect of entering into an eternal state.

DR. WILSON AND THE POOR CLERGYMAN.

The benevolent Dr. Wilson once discovered a clergyman at Bath, who, he was informed, was sick, poor, and had a numerous family. In the evening he gave a friend fifty pounds, requesting him to deliver it in the most delicate manner, and as from an unknown person. The friend said, "I will wait upon him early in the morning." "You will oblige me, sir, by calling directly. Think of what importance a good night's rest may be to that poor man."

BAXTER'S DELAY AND LOSS.

When Mr. Baxter lost a thousand pounds which he had laid up for the erection of a school, he used frequently to mention the misfortune as an incitement to be charitable while God gives

the power of bestowing it, and considered himself as culpable, in some degree, for having so long delayed the performance of a good action, and suffered his benevolence to be defeated for a want of quickness and diligence.

WASHINGTON'S DEBTOR.

One Ruben Rouzy, of Virginia, owed the General about one thousand pounds. While President of the United States, one of his agents brought an action for the money; judgment was obtained, and execution issued against the body of the defendant, who was taken to jail. He had a considerable landed estate, but this kind of property cannot be sold in Virginia for debts, unless at the discretion of the person. He had a large family, and, for the sake of his children, preferred lying in jail to selling his land. A friend hinted to him that probably General Washington did not know any thing of the proceeding, and that it might be well to send him a petition, with a statement of the circumstances. He did so, and the very next post from Philadelphia, after the arrival of his petition in that city, brought him an order for his immediate release, together with a full discharge, and a severe reprimand to the agent for having acted in such a manner. Poor Rouzy was, in consequence, restored to his family, who never laid down their heads at night without presenting prayers to heaven for their "beloved Washington." Providence smiled upon the labours of the grateful family, and in a few years Rouzy enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of being able to lay the one thousand pounds, with the interest, at the feet of this truly great man. Washington reminded him that the debt was discharged; Rouzy replied, the debt of his family to the father of their country and preserver of their parent, could never be discharged; and the General, to avoid the pressing impotunity of the grateful Virginian, who would not be denied, accepted the money, only, however, to divide it

among Rouzy's children, which he immediately did.

BENEFICENCE OF LUTHER.

Disinterestedness was a leading feature in the character of Luther: superior to all selfish considerations, he left the honours and emoluments of this world to those who delighted in them. The poverty of this great man did not arise from wanting the means of acquiring riches; for few men have had it in their power more easily to obtain them. The Elector of Saxony offered him the produce of a mine at Sneberg; but he nobly refused it; "Lest," said he, "I should tempt the devil, who is lord of these subterraneous treasures, to tempt me." The enemies of Luther were no strangers to his contempt for gold. When one of the popes asked a certain cardinal, why they did not stop that man's mouth with silver and gold; his eminence replied, "That German beast regards not money!" It may easily be supposed, that the liberality of such a man would often exceed his means. A poor student once telling him of his poverty, he desired his wife to give him a sum of money; and when she informed him they had none left, he immediately seized a cup of some value, which accidentally stood within his reach, and giving it to the poor man, bade him go and sell it, and keep the money to supply his wants. In one of his epistles, Luther says, "I have received one hundred guilders from Taubereim; and Scharfts has given me fifty; so that I begin to fear lest God should reward me in this life. But I will not be satisfied with it. What have I to do with so much money! I gave half of it to P. Priorus, and made the man glad."

SIR. PHILIP SIDNEY.

This eminent man was Governor of Flushing, and General of the Horse, under his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. His valour, which was esteemed great, and not exceeded by any of his age, was at least equalled by his humanity

After he had received his death wound, at the battle of Zutphen, and was overcome with thirst from excessive bleeding, he called for drink, which was soon brought him. At the same time a poor soldier, dangerously wounded, was carried along, who fixed his eager eyes upon the bottle just as Sir Philip was lifting it to his mouth. Sir Philip immediately presented it to him, with the remark, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

GEORGE III. AND THE POOR MECHANIC.

The Rev. A. Redford, in his funeral sermon for this benevolent monarch, states that a respectable mechanic, who had the honour and happiness to be personally known to his majesty, was, through affliction in his family, brought into great pecuniary straits. He was advised to present a petition to the king, stating his circumstances. He did so; and his majesty was pleased to appoint a certain hour on the next morning, when he was ordered to be in waiting. He went accordingly to the gate of the queen's lodge, but through diffidence did not ring for admittance. He lingered until the appointed time was past by a few minutes, when the king came out with some attendants. He instantly observed the petitioner, and said, rather sharply, "I desired you to be here precisely at such an hour; it is now five minutes past the time; you know that I am punctual." His majesty condescendingly turned back, saying, "Follow me." He proceeded through several rooms, into his private closet; and having shut the door, went to his desk, and took out a purse and gave it to the applicant, and said, "There is money to pay your debts, and a trifle for yourself." The humble petitioner, overwhelmed with the king's goodness, dropped on his knees, and made a stammering effort to thank his king, but a flood of tears prevented him. His majesty instantly put forth his hand, and, with considerable emotion, exclaimed, "Get up, get up; thank

God that I have it in my power to help an honest man."

DR. FOTHERGILL'S GIFT.

Dr. Fothergill, the botanist, remarked, when about purchasing a property which would leave a poor family destitute, that nothing could afford gratification to him which entailed misery upon another; and then gave the property to them.

RESIGNING A LEGACY.

Dr. Crow, chaplain to Bishop Gibson, bequeathed him two thousand five hundred pounds; but the bishop, understanding the doctor had left some poor relations, nobly resigned the whole legacy in their favour.

COWPER'S BENEVOLENCE.

"If there is a good man on earth," Lord Thurlow was wont to say, "it is William Cowper." From his childhood, he possessed a heart of the most exquisite tenderness and sensibility. His life was ennobled by many private acts of beneficence; and his exemplary virtue was such, that the opulent sometimes delighted to make him their almoner. In his sequestered life at Olney, he administered abundantly to the wants of the poor: and before he quitted St. Albans, he took upon himself the charge of a necessitous child, in order to extricate him from the perils of being educated by very profligate parents; this child he educated, and afterwards had him settled at Oundle, in Northamptonshire.

TESTIMONY OF CATO.

When Cato was drawing near the close of his life, he declared to his friends, that the greatest comfort of his old age, and that which gave him the highest satisfaction, was the pleasing remembrance of the many benefits and friendly offices he had done to others. To see them easy and happy by his means made him truly so.

EXAMPLE OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

It was a common saying of Julius

Cæsar, that no music was so charming to his ear as the requests of his friends and the supplications of those in want of his assistance.

AURELIUS AND ANTONY.

Marcus Aurelius tells us that he could not relish a happiness which nobody shared in but himself. Mark Antony, when depressed, and at the ebb of fortune, cried out, "That he had lost all, except what he had given away."

BURNET'S PLEASURE.

One of Bishop Burnet's parishioners, being in great distress, applied to him for assistance. The prelate requested to know what would serve him, and reinstate him in his trade. The man named the sum, and Burnet told the servant to give it to him. "Sir," said the servant, "it is all that we have in the house." "Well, give it to this poor man; you do not know the pleasure there is in making a man glad."

HOWE'S TURN.

During the days of the commonwealth, the Rev. John Howe, one of Cromwell's chaplains, was frequently applied to by men of all parties for protection, nor did he refuse his influence to any on account of difference in religious opinions. One day, the Protector said to him, "Mr. Howe, you have asked favours for every body besides yourself; pray, when does your turn come?" He replied, "My turn, my Lord Protector, is always come when I can serve another."

THE SERVANT'S OFFER.

During the severe distress which once visited some of the bankers and merchants of London, a man who had lived several years in the service of one of them, sent a note to his former master to this effect:—"Sir, I formerly lived some years in your father's family, and a few in your own. I saved seven hundred pounds. Can it

be made of any use to you? If it can, it is yours: take it."

THE HAZARDOUS BOND.

A person applied to a pious woman, requesting her husband to become bound for an amount which, if ever demanded, would sweep away all his property. On her replying, "My husband will attend, sir, whenever you may appoint;" a bystander asked her, "Do you know what you are engaging to do, and that perhaps this may be the means of leaving you destitute?" She replied, "Yes, I do; but that gentleman found us in the greatest distress, and by his kindness we are surrounded with comforts: now, should such an event take place, he will only leave us where he found us!"

THE INDIAN AND HIS FRIEND.

Dr. Dwight, in his travels in New England, states, that soon after the county of Litchfield began to be settled by the English, a strange Indian arrived at an inn, and asked the hostess, as the evening was advancing, to provide him some refreshment; at the same time observing, that from failure in hunting he had nothing to pay, but promising compensation whenever he succeeded.

The plea was, however, in vain: the hostess loaded him with opprobrious epithets, and declared that it was not to throw away her earnings on such creatures as himself, that she worked so hard. But as the Indian was about to retire, with a countenance expressive of severe suffering, a man who sat by directed the hostess to supply his wants, and promised her full remuneration.

As soon as the Indian had finished his supper, he thanked his benefactor, assured him that he should remember his kindness, and engaged that it should be faithfully recompensed whenever it was in his power. The friend of the Indian had occasion, some years after, to go into the wilderness between Litchfield and Albany, where he was

taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried to Canada. On his arrival at the principal settlement of the tribe, it was proposed by some of the captors that he should be put to death; but, during the consultation, an old woman demanded that he should be given up to her, that she might adopt him for a son who had been lost in the war. Accordingly he was given up to her, and he passed the succeeding winter in her family, amidst the usual circumstances of savage hospitality.

While, in the course of the following summer, he was at work alone in the forest, an unknown Indian came and asked him to go to a place he pointed out, on a given day; and to this he agreed, though not without some apprehension that mischief was contemplated. His fears increased, his promise was broken. The same person repeated his visit, and after excusing himself in the best way he could, he made another engagement, and kept his word. On reaching the appointed spot, he found the Indian provided with ammunition, two muskets, and two knapsacks; he was ordered to take one of each, and he followed his conductor, under the persuasion that, had he intended him injury he might have despatched him at once. In the day-time they shot the game that came in their way, and at night they slept by the fire they had kindled; but the silence of the Indian, as to the object of their expedition, was mysterious and profound. After many days had thus passed, they came one morning to the top of an eminence, from whence they observed a number of houses rising in the midst of a cultivated country. The Indian asked his companion if he knew the ground, and he eagerly said, "It is Litchfield." His guide then recalled the scene at the inn some years before, and bidding him farewell, exclaimed, "I am that Indian! Now I pray you go home."

THE WIDOW AND THE SAVAGES.

On the banks of the Piscataqua, several villages early began to rise as

far up as what is now Dover, N. H. Their intercourse with the tawny sons of the forest was not always that of enemies; the latter often came forth to visit their white brethren on terms of friendship; and, on one of those occasions, a squaw, with her infant, suddenly taken ill, sought a place for shelter and repose. A widow, alone with her family on the outskirts of the settlement, kindly welcomed them to her humble abode, nursed the sick babe as her own, and, when it was restored to health, sent them on their way with her blessing. That deed of kindness was not lost. Years rolled on; but the Indian did not forget her humble benefactor. Strife arose between the two races; and the Indians prepared to empty upon the place the vials of their wrath. They surrounded it at dead of night; but, before striking a single blow, they sought the poor widow's house, and placed there a guard, lest some of their warriors should, in their ignorance or heedless rage, wreak upon their friend a vengeance aimed only at their foes. This done, they went to their work of fire and blood; nor did they stay their hand until the settlement was in flames, and most of its inhabitants, save the widow and her children, were butchered or made captives.

GIVING SIXPENCE A-WEEK TO A POOR WOMAN.

The Rev. W. Jay, in his interesting memoirs of his friend and tutor, the Rev. C. Winter, introduces the following fact:—

I remember some years ago to have buried a corpse. In the extremity of the audience that surrounded me, I discerned a female, wrinkled with age, and bending with weakness. One hand held a motherless grandchild, the other wiped away her tears with the corner of her woollen apron. I pressed towards her when the service was closed, and said, "Have you lost a friend?" She heaved a melancholy sigh. "The Lord bless her memory!" I soon found the deceased had allowed

her, for several years, sixpence per week! O my God! is it possible that the appropriation of a sum so inconsiderable, may cause a widow's heart to sing for joy, and save the child of the needy!

THE GRATEFUL SOLDIER.

The Rev. John Craig, a distinguished minister, and colleague of Knox, having gone to reside in Bologna, in a convent of Dominicans, found a copy of "Calvin's Institutes," which God made the means of his conversion to the reformed faith. He was seized as a heretic soon after, and carried to Rome, where he was condemned to be burnt; but, on the evening preceding the day of execution, the reigning pontiff died, and, according to custom, the doors of all the prisons were thrown open. All others were released; but heretics, after being permitted to go outside the walls, were re-conducted to their cells. That night, however, a tumult was excited, and Craig and his companions escaped. They had entered a small inn at some distance from Rome, when they were overtaken by a party of soldiers, sent to apprehend them. On entering the house, the captain looked Craig steadfastly in the face, and asked him if he remembered having once relieved a poor wounded soldier, in the neighbourhood of Bologna: Craig had forgotten it. "But," said the Captain, "I am the man; I shall requite your kindness; you are at liberty; your companions I must take with me; but, for your sake, I shall treat them with all possible lenity." He gave him all the money he had, and Craig escaped. But his money soon failed him; yet God, who feeds the ravens, did not. Lying at the side of a wood, full of gloomy apprehensions, a dog came running up to him with a purse in its teeth. Suspecting some evil, he attempted to drive the animal away, but in vain. He at length took the purse, and found in it a sum of money which carried him to Vienna.

OBERLIN IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

During the Revolution in France, the Ban de la Roche (a mountainous canton in the north-east of that kingdom) alone seemed to be an asylum of peace in the midst of war and carnage. Though every kind of worship was interdicted throughout France, and almost all the clergy of Alsace, men of learning, talents, and property, were imprisoned,—John Frederick Oberlin, pastor of Waldbach, was allowed to continue his work of benevolence and instruction unmolested. His house became the retreat of many individuals of different religions persuasions, and of distinguished rank, who fled thither, under the influence of terror, from Strasburgh and its environs, and who always received the most open-hearted and cordial reception, though it endangered his own situation. "I once," says a gentleman, who was then residing at Waldbach, "saw a chief actor of the revolution in Oberlin's house, and in that atmosphere he seemed to have lost his sanguinary disposition, and to have exchanged the fierceness of the tiger for the gentleness of the lamb."

DR. DODDRIDGE'S DAUGHTER.

Dr. Doddridge one day asked his little daughter how it was that every body loved her: "I know not," said she, "unless it be that I love every body."

TIBERIUS II. AND HIS TREASURE.

Tiberius II. was so liberal to the poor, that his wife blamed him for it. Speaking to him once of his wasting his treasure by this means, he told her, "he should never want money so long as, in obedience to Christ's command, he supplied the necessities of the poor." Shortly after this, he found a great treasure under a marble table which had been taken up; and news was also brought him of the death of a very rich man, who had left his whole estate to him.

“BRING YE ALL THE TITHES.”

“Some years ago,” says one, “I recollect reading a striking sermon by the late Mr. Simpson, of Macclesfield; the subject, I think, was Christian Liberality; but what most forcibly struck my mind, was a passage quoted from Malachi iii. 10: ‘Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse,’ &c. I cannot describe how my mind was impressed with the manner in which Jehovah here condescended to challenge his people, when he says, ‘And prove me now herewith,’ &c. Suffice it to say, that the subject made such an impression, I found it my duty to do more for the cause of God than I ever had done. I did so, and on closing that year’s accounts, I found that I had gained more than in any two years preceding it. Some time afterwards, I thought the Redeemer’s cause had an additional claim, as the place in which we worshipped him wanted some repairs. The sum I then gave was £20; and in a very little time afterwards I received £40, which I had long given up as lost.”

THE COVENTRY DOLE.

A singular charity, entitled “The Coventry Dole,” has recently been a subject of investigation in Devizes, of which the following is said to be the origin:—

A poor weaver, passing through the place, without money and without friends, being overtaken by hunger and the utmost necessity, applied for charity to a baker, who kindly gave him a penny loaf. The weaver made his way to Coventry, where, after many years of industry, he amassed a fortune; and by his will, in remembrance of the seasonable charity of Devizes, he bequeathed a sum in trust, for the purpose of distributing, on the anniversary of the day when he was so relieved, a halfpenny loaf to every person in the town, gentle and simple, and to every traveller that should pass through the town on that day a penny loaf.

THE BOLD PETITIONER.

The Romans had a law, that no person should approach the emperor’s tent in the night, upon the pain of death; but it once happened, that a soldier was found in that situation, with a petition in his hand, waiting for an opportunity of presenting it. He was apprehended, and going to be immediately executed; but the emperor having overheard the matter in his pavilion, cried aloud, saying, “If the petition be for himself let him die; if for another, spare his life.” Upon inquiry, it was found that the generous soldier prayed for the lives of his two comrades who had been taken asleep on the watch. The emperor nobly forgave them all.

BAXTER’S TESTIMONY.

One help to my success, says Baxter, was the relief which my estate enabled me to afford to the poor. The situation which I held, was reckoned at near £200 per annum; but there came only from eighty to ninety pounds to hand. Besides which, some years I had sixty or eighty pounds a-year of the booksellers for my books which I wrote. This little, dispersed among them, much reconciled them to the doctrine that I taught. I took the aptest of their children from the school, and sent divers of them to the universities, where, for eight pounds a-year, or ten at most, by the help of my friends, I maintained them. In giving the little I had, I did not inquire if they were good or bad, if they asked relief; for the bad had souls and bodies that needed charity most. And this truth I will speak, for the encouragement of the charitable, that what little money I have by me now, I got it almost all, I scarcely know how, *at that time when I gave most*; and since I have had less opportunity of giving, I have had less increase.

WHITFIELD AND THE CHURL.

While the Rev. G. Whitfield was preaching on one occasion at Plymouth,

he lodged with Mr. Kinsman, a minister of the town. After breakfast on Monday, he said to his friend, "Come, let us visit some of your poor people. It is not enough that we labour in the pulpit; we must endeavour to be useful out of it. On entering the dwellings of the afflicted poor, he administered to their temporal as well as spiritual wants. Mr. K., knowing the low state of his finances, was surprised at his liberality, and suggested that he thought he had been too bountiful. Mr. W., with some degree of smartness, replied, "It is not enough, young man, to pray, and put on a serious face; true religion, and undefiled, is this—to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to supply their wants. My stock, it is true, is nearly exhausted; but God, whom I serve, and whose saints we have assisted, will, I doubt not, soon give me a supply." His hopes were not disappointed. A stranger called on him in the evening, who addressed him thus: "With great pleasure I have heard you preach; you are on a journey, as well as myself, and travelling is expensive. Do me the honour to accept this," at the same time presenting him with five guineas. Returning to the family, Mr. Whitfield, smiling, held out the money in his hand, saying, "There, young man, God has speedily repaid what I bestowed. Let this in future teach you not to withhold what it is in the power of your hand to give. The gentleman to whom I was called is a perfect stranger to me; his only business was to give me the sum you see." It is remarkable that this gentleman, though rich, was notorious for a penurious disposition: but Elijah was fed by ravens.

A HUNDRED GUINEAS FOR A BIBLE.

A young girl entered the shop of Mr. B., a bookseller, desiring him to exchange a prayer book, which she brought with her, for a Bible. He gave her a Bible, and bade her keep the prayer book also. Some time after, this girl was taken in the service of the Rev.

Mr. Cecil. On her first coming into the family, Mr. Cecil inquired if she had a Bible; to which she answered in the affirmative, and told him from whom she received it. Mr. Cecil was pleased with the circumstances, and finding out Mr. B., recommended him to his friends. During Mr. Cecil's absence from town, however, Mr. B. became involved in serious pecuniary difficulties, and was compelled to give up his business, and return to a mechanical employment, which he had learned in his youth. The violent exertion attendant on this occupation occasioned a painful illness: he remained some time in an hospital, but at length left, and retired to an obscure lodging, without any adequate means of support for himself and family. To this place Mr. Cecil, on his arrival in town, with difficulty traced him. An early interview took place, and Mr. B. having stated his misfortunes, "Well, B.," said Mr. Cecil, "what can be done for you? Would a hundred guineas be of any service to you?" "I should be truly thankful for such a sum," said B.; "it would be of great use to me, but I cannot expect it." "Well," returned Mr. Cecil, "I am not a rich man, and I have not got a hundred guineas to give you; but," continued he, putting his hand in his pocket, "I have got *one*; here it is at your service, and I will undertake to make it a hundred in a few days." Mr. Cecil represented the case to his friends, fulfilled his promise, and the Bible which B. had formerly given to a child, indirectly procured the means of once more opening his shop, and affording him subsistence.

THE KING'S LAST LOAF.

Alfred the Great, who died in the year 900, was of a most amiable disposition, and, we would hope, of genuine piety. During his retreat at Athelney, in Somersetshire, after his defeat by the Danes, a beggar came to his little castle, and requested alms. His queen informed Alfred that they

had but one small loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves and their friends, who were gone in search of food, though with little hope of success. The king replied, "Give the poor Christian one half of the loaf. He that could feed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make the half loaf suffice for more than our necessity." The poor man was accordingly relieved, and Alfred's people shortly after returned with a store of fresh provisions!

"GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER."

"How is it Betty," said an elder of the church to a very poor woman in Wales, (who was always observed to contribute something whenever a collection was taken,) "how is it that I always see you drop something in the plate? Where do you get it?" "Oh, sir, I do not know," she replied; "the Lord knows my heart and my good-will to his cause; and, somehow or other, when a collection is to be made, I am sure to have my penny before me; and when it comes, I put it in the plate."

"Well," said he, "you have been faithful in a little, take this sovereign, and do what you will with it." "A sovereign, sir!" said she; "I never had so much money in my life as a sovereign; what shall I do with it?" "I dare say you will find means of spending it," said he, "if your heart is devoted to the Lord's cause." Soon after this a man came round to solicit subscriptions for some benevolent object: he went to one of the elders, who gave him half-a-sovereign, and another gave him five shillings; both of which were regarded as very liberal donations. Not liking to pass by any member of the church, he asked this poor woman what she would do. "Put my name down for a sovereign." "A sovereign!" said he, "why, where did you get a sovereign?" "Oh, sir," said she, "I got it honestly: put my name down for a sovereign." She gave him the sovereign, and in about two weeks from that time she received a letter from Doctors' Commons informing her, that a friend had just left her one hundred pounds!

BENEVOLENCE.

"I DO NOT MEAN THAT."

A gentleman who had been conspicuous in aiding a missionary collection, was met the following day by one of dissimilar habits, who chided him for the absurd eccentricity of which he deemed him guilty in giving to such an object, and in such profusion. It was preposterous, he said, to be sending heaps of money abroad, to be spent, no one knew how, while there were so many unemployed and starving in—. "I will give — pounds to the poor of — if you will give an equal sum," said the christian friend. "I did not mean that," replied the objector; "but," continued he, "if you must go from home, why so far? Think of the miserable poor of Ireland." "I will give — pounds to the poor of Ireland if you will give the same." "I do not mean that either," was the reply. No,

it is neither *this* nor *that*, which this class of objectors exactly mean; but simply to veil their criminal parsimony by excepting against the proceedings of liberal men, whom, if they could not condemn, they must, for very shame, in some degree imitate.

FEELING IN THE WRONG PLACE.

A plain, good-hearted, matter-of-fact kind of man, who understood that a poor woman and her family were reduced to extreme distress by the loss of a cow, which was their principal support, generously went round among his neighbours to solicit that aid which he was unable to give himself. He told a plain, simple, and pathetic tale, and received from each a very liberal donation of regret, sorrow, sympathy, &c. But, thought he, this will not buy a cow; and he consequently redoubled his

exertions, and to the same effect. He now lost all patience, and after being answered as usual by the son of Midas, with a plentiful shower of sympathetic feeling, "Oho, yes, I don't doubt your feeling, but you don't feel in the right place." "Oh!" said he, "I feel with all my heart and soul." "Yes, yes," replied the solicitor, "I don't doubt that either, but I want you to feel in your pocket."

BENEVOLENCE OF LAS CASAS.

One of the most benevolent men of whom history gives us any account, was Bartholomew Las Casas, bishop of Chiapa. In 1502 he accompanied Orando to Hispaniola, who had been commissioned and sent out as the Spanish Governor to that island. He there witnessed, with all the pain of a naturally benevolent heart, the cruel treatment which was experienced by the native inhabitants; the deprivation of their personal rights, the seizure of their lands, their severe toil and inexorable punishment. He was deeply affected; and from that time devoted the whole of his subsequent life, a period of more than sixty years, to

exertions on their behalf. Under the impulse of a most unquestionable benevolence, this good man recommended to Cardinal Ximenes, who was at that time head of Spanish affairs, the introduction of *negro slaves* into the West India islands, as one of the best modes to relieve the native inhabitants.

The measures of Las Casas, which tended to introduce enslaved Africans into the Spanish islands, were the results, beyond all question, of an exalted benevolence; but how wofully misdirected was such a benevolence! The injury done by it no human mind can compute.

DR. GOLDSMITH AND THE BEGGAR.

A common female beggar once asked alms of Dr. Goldsmith as he walked with his friend up Fleet Street. He generously gave her a shilling. His companion, who knew something of the woman, censured the bard for excess of humanity, adding, that the shilling was much misapplied, for she would spend it in liquor. "If it makes her happy in any way," replied the doctor, "my end is answered."

BEREAVEMENTS.

LEGH RICHMOND'S MOTHER.

My Mother, says the Rev. Legh Richmond, had six children; three of whom died in infancy. A very affecting circumstance accompanied the death of one of them, which was a severe trial to her maternal feelings. Her then youngest child, a sweet little boy, only just two years old, through the carelessness of his nurse, fell from a bedroom window upon the pavement beneath. I was at that time six years of age, and happened to be walking upon the very spot when the distressing event occurred. I was, therefore, the first to take him up. I delivered into our agonized mother's arms the poor little sufferer. The head was fractured, and he survived the fall only about thirty hours. I still preserve a very lively

and distinct remembrance of the struggle between the natural feelings of the mother, and the spiritual resignation of the Christian. She passed the interval of suspense in almost continual prayer, and found God a present help in time of trouble. Frequently during that day did she retire with me; and, as I knelt beside her, she uttered the feelings and desires of her heart to God. I remember her saying, "If I cease praying for five minutes, I am ready to sink under this unlooked-for distress; but, when I pray, God comforts and upholds me: his will, not mine, be done." Once she said, "Help me to pray, my child: Christ suffers little children to come to him, and forbids them not: say something." "What shall I say mamma? Shall I fetch a book?" "Not now."

she replied; "speak from your heart and ask God that we may be reconciled to his will, and bear this trial with patience."

SUPPORT FROM THE CROSS.

Dr. Grosvenor's first wife was a most devout and amiable woman. The Sabbath after her death, the doctor expressed himself from the pulpit in the following manner:—"I have had an irreparable loss; and no man can feel a loss of this consequence more sensibly than myself; but the cross of a dying Jesus is my support: I fly from *one* death for refuge to *another*." How much superior was the comfort of the christian divine to that of the heathen philosopher, Pliny the younger, who says, that, in similar distresses, study was his only relief.

LADY RAFFLES AND THE NURSE.

One day when Lady Raffles, while in India, was almost overwhelmed with

grief for the loss of a favourite child, unable to bear the sight of her other children, or the light of day, and humbled on her couch with a feeling of misery, she was addressed by a poor, ignorant, native woman, of the lowest class, who had been employed about the nursery, in terms not to be forgotten:—"I am come, because you have been here many days shut up in a dark room, and no one dares to come near you. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen? Were you not the envy of every body? Did any one ever see him or speak of him without admiring him? And instead of letting this child continue in this world till he should be worn out with trouble and sorrow, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? For shame!—leave off weeping, and let me open a window."

BIBLE.

THE VENERABLE BEDE.

In the eighth century, a translation of the Gospel of St. John was completed in the Anglo-Saxon language, by the venerable Bede, who was the ornament of the age and country in which he lived. Referring to the time of his education, he says, "From that period I have applied myself wholly to the study of the Holy Scriptures; and in the intervals of the observance of regular discipline, always found it sweet to be either learning, teaching, or writing."

The circumstances of his death, as described by one of his pupils, are interesting:—"Many nights he passed without sleep, yet rejoicing and giving thanks, unless when a little slumber intervened. When he awoke, he resumed his accustomed devotions, and, with expanded hands, never ceased returning thanks to God. By turns," observes his pupil, "we read, and by turns we wept; indeed, we always read in tears. In such solemn joy, we

passed fifty days; but, during these days, besides the daily lectures which he gave, he endeavoured to compose two works; one of which was a translation of St. John's Gospel into English. It had been observed of him, that he never knew what it was to do nothing; and, after his breathing became still shorter, he dictated cheerfully, and sometimes said, 'Make haste; I know not how long I shall hold out; my Maker may take me away very soon.' On one occasion, a pupil said to him, 'Most dear master, there is yet one chapter wanting; do you think it troublesome to be asked any more questions?' He answered, 'It is no trouble; take your pen, and write fast.' He continued to converse cheerfully, and whilst his friends wept, as he told them they would see him no more, they rejoiced to hear him say, 'It is now time for me to return to Him who made me. The time of my dissolution draws near. I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. Yes, my soul desires

to see Christ, my King, in his beauty.' The pupil, before mentioned, said to him, 'Dear master, one sentence is still wanting.' He replied, 'Write quickly.' The young man soon added, 'It is finished!' He answered, 'Thou hast well said; all is now finished! Hold my head with thy hands: I shall delight to sit at the opposite side of the room, on the holy spot at which I have been accustomed to pray, and where, whilst sitting, I can invoke my Father.' Being placed on the floor of his little room, he sang 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,' and expired as he uttered the last words."

A copy of some of St. Paul's Epistles, said to be in the handwriting of this venerable man, is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

THE BIBLE PROHIBITED.

In the reign of Henry V., a law was passed against the perusal of the Bible in English. It was enacted, "That whosoever they were that should read the Scriptures in the mother tongue, they should forfeit lande, catel, lif, and godes, from theyre heyers for ever; and so be condemned for heretykes to God, enemies to the crowne, and most arrant traitors to the lande."

HIGH PRICES OF BIBLES.

Of W. de Howton, abbot of Croxton, it is stated, that he bequeathed to the abbey at his death, in 1274, "a Bible, in nine tomes, faire written, and excellently well glossed by Solomon, arch-deacon of Leicester, and paid for it fifty markes sterling," or £33 6s. 8d. And in a valuation of books, bequeathed to Merton College, at Oxford, before the year 1300, a Psalter with glosses, or marginal annotations, is valued at ten shillings; and St. Austin, on Genesis, and a Concordantia, or Harmony, are each valued at the same price. Let it be remembered, that these sums should be multiplied by fifteen, to bring them to the present value of money; and, in some instances, the comparative value

would be still too low, as in the instance of the labouring men, whose pay, in 1272, was only three halfpence per day, and who must therefore have devoted the earnings of fourteen or fifteen years to the purchase of a Bible. Whitaker, in his "History of Craven," affords the additional information, "that towards the close of the thirteenth, and at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the average wages of a man-servant, with meat and clothing, were only from three to five shillings per annum; that reapers were paid two-pence a-day; and a sheep sold for a shilling; and thirty quarters of fossil-coal, for seventeen shillings and six-pence." Madox, in his "History of the Exchequer," says, that in 1240, "the building of two arches of London Bridge, cost only twenty-five pounds;" eight pounds less than the Bible bequeathed to the abbey of Croxton, by abbot W. de Howton.

LOAN OF A BIBLE.

In 1299, the bishop of Winchester borrowed a Bible, in two volumes folio, from a convent in that city, giving a bond, drawn up in a most formal and solemn manner, for its due return. This Bible had been given to the convent by a former bishop, and in consideration of this gift, and one hundred marks, the monk founded a daily mass for the soul of the donor.

THE DEVIL AND DR. FAUSTUS.

Fust, (or Faustus,) having printed off a considerable number of copies of the Bible, to imitate those which were commonly sold in manuscript, undertook the sale of them at Paris, where the art of printing was then unknown. As he sold his printed copies for sixty crowns, while the scribes demanded five hundred, this created universal astonishment; but when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted, and also lowered his price to thirty crowns, all Paris was agitated. The uniformity of the copies increased the wonder. Informations were given to the magis-

trates against him as a magician; his lodgings were searched, and a great number of copies being found, they were seized. The red ink, with which they were embellished, was said to be his blood. It was seriously adjudged, that he was in league with the devil; but, on discovering his art, the parliament of Paris passed an act to discharge him from all persecution, in consideration of his useful invention.

IGNORANCE OF PRIESTS.

It is very affecting to contemplate the ignorance which existed in Europe before printing was introduced. Stephanus relates an anecdote of a certain doctor of the Sorbonne, who, speaking of the reformers, expressed his surprise at their mode of reasoning, by exclaiming, "I wonder why these youths are constantly quoting the New Testament! I was more than fifty years old before I knew any thing of a New Testament." And Albert, archbishop and elector of Mentz, in the year 1530, accidentally meeting with a Bible, opened it, and having read some pages, observed, "Indeed I do not know what this book is, but this I see, that every thing in it is against us." Even Carolastadius, who was afterwards one of the reformers, acknowledged that he never began to read the Bible till eight years after he had taken his highest degree in divinity. Many other equally striking facts might be introduced, illustrative of the ignorance of the Scriptures which prevailed at that time.

LUTHER'S DISCOVERY.

In the year 1507, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, Luther entered into orders, and celebrated his first mass. In the same year he found, in the library of his monastery, a Latin copy of the Bible, which he eagerly read, and soon became aware that many parts of it had been kept from the people. This was the commencement of his usefulness. What a contrast do those days present to ours! If any are now without a Bible, it must

be their own fault; but then it was impossible to obtain one, or to ascertain the nature and tendency of its blessed truths.

PRIESTLY TERROR.

The ignorance which prevailed in reference to the Scriptures when Luther was raised up of God to reform the church, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, was indeed surprising. Conrad, of Heresbach, a grave author of that age, relates a fact of a monk saying to his companions, "They have invented a new language, which they call Greek: you must be carefully on your guard against it; it is the matter of all heresy. I observe in the hands of many persons a book written in that language, and which they call the New Testament: it is a book full of daggers and poison. As to the Hebrew, my brethren, it is certain, that whoever learns it becomes immediately a Jew."

INCREASE OF BIBLES.

Tindal, to whom we are indebted for the first translation of the New Testament into English, printed it abroad; and on its making its appearance in England, the popish bishops and clergy obtained, in the year 1527, a royal proclamation, prohibiting the purchase or reading of it. This proclamation only excited the public curiosity, and led to an increased inquiry after the forbidden book. One step which was taken to prevent the circulation of this edition of the Scriptures, at once shows the hand of God in extending his truth, and furnishes an amusing proof of the folly of man in opposing the truth of God. The Bishop of London employed a person to purchase the whole impression of Tindal's version of the New Testament, that he might burn them at St. Paul's Cross. By this means the Reformer was enabled to publish a large and more correct edition, "so that they came over," says Fox, "thick and threefold into England, to the great mortification of the Bishop and his popish friends."

Of this purchase, the following fact is related:—Sir Thomas More, being lord chancellor, and having several persons accused of heresy and ready for execution, offered to compound with one of them, named George Constatine, for his life, upon the easy terms of discovering to him who they were in London that maintained Tindal beyond the sea. After the poor man had obtained as good a security for his life as the honour and truth of the chancellor could give, he told him it was the Bishop of London who maintained him by purchasing the first impressions of his Testaments. The chancellor smiled, and said he believed that he spoke the truth.

CRANMER'S BIBLE.

When Archbishop Cranmer's edition of the Bible was printed, in 1538, and fixed to a desk in all parochial churches, the ardour with which men flocked to read it was incredible. They who could, procured it; and they who could not, crowded to read it, or to hear it read in churches, where it was common to see little assemblies of mechanics meeting together for that purpose after the labour of the day. Many even learned to read in their old age, that they might have the pleasure of instructing themselves from the Scriptures. Mr. Fox mentions two apprentices who joined each his little stock, and bought a Bible, which at every interval of leisure they read; but being afraid of their master, who was a zealous papist, they kept it under the straw of their bed.

PARLIAMENTARY ENACTMENTS.

At the request of the Romish clergy, severe proclamations were issued by King Henry VIII. against all who read, or kept by them, Tindal's translation of the New Testament; so that a copy of this book found in the possession of any person was sufficient to convict him of heresy; and subject him to the flames. "But the fervent zeal of those christian days," says the

good old martyrologist, Fox, "seemed much superior to these our days and times, as manifestly may appear by their sitting up all night in reading or hearing; also by their expenses and charges in buying of books in English, of whom some gave a load of hay for a few chapters of St. James, or of St. Paul, in English."

In 1543, an act of parliament was obtained by the adversaries of translations, condemning Tindal's Bible, and the prefaces and notes of all other editions.

WILLIAMS AND THE WELSH BIBLE.

Long before the establishment of Bible Societies, the Rev. Peter Williams, a pious distinguished clergyman of Wales, seeing that his countrymen were almost entirely destitute of the Bible, and knowing that the work of the Lord could not prosper without it, undertook with holy confidence, though destitute of the means, to translate and publish a Welsh Bible for his countrymen. Having expended all his living, and being deeply involved in debt, with the work unfinished, he expected every hour to be arrested and imprisoned, without the means or hope of release. One morning he had taken an affectionate leave of his family for the purpose of pursuing his pious labours, with an expectation that he should not be permitted to return. When just as he was mounting his horse, a stranger rode up and presented him a letter. He stopped and opened it, and found to his astonishment that it contained information that a lady had bequeathed him a legacy of £300 sterling. "Now," says he, "my dear wife, I can finish my Bible, pay my debts, and live in peace at home."

THE CZAR AND THE PSALM.

When Alexander, emperor of Russia, came to the throne, few Bibles were found in his empire, and great carelessness in reference to religion almost universally prevailed. A high place in the church soon became vacant, and

the emperor appointed his favourite prince Galitzin to fill it. He at first declined the appointment, on the plea of his entire ignorance of religion, but the emperor overruled the objection as of no weight. The prince, on his first interview with the venerable archbishop Platoff, requested him to point out some book which would give him a concise view of the christian religion. The archbishop, rather surprised at the prince's professed ignorance of religion, recommended the Bible. The prince said he could not think of reading that book. "Well," replied the archbishop, "that is the only book there is, or ever will be, that can give you a correct view of the christian religion." "Then I must remain ignorant of it: reading the Bible is out of the question," was his reply. The words, however, of the venerable Platoff remained upon his mind, and he shortly afterwards privately bought and read the Bible. The effects were soon visible. He was not known to be "a Bible reader," but his manners were treated with contempt. Nearly every one was now agitated by the threatened invasion by the French. Galitzin was not so. His companions were astonished. Was he become a traitor to his prince? It was impossible; his loyalty was undoubted. At this important crisis, he thought it his duty to acquaint the emperor with the rock on which he rested unmoved at the threatened danger. He requested an interview; it was granted. The invasion was naturally the first subject of conversation; and next, as closely connected with it, the prince's conduct. The emperor demanded upon what principle he remained calm and unmoved, in the midst of universal alarm. The prince drew from his pocket a small Bible, and held it toward the emperor; as he put out his hand to receive it, it fell, and opened at the ninety-first Psalm: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." "Oh that your Majesty would seek this retreat,"

said the prince, as he read the words of the Psalm. They separated. A day was appointed for public prayer. The minister who preached, took for his subject the ninety-first Psalm. The emperor, surprised, inquired of the prince if he had mentioned the circumstance that occurred at the interview. He assured him that he had not named it. A short time after, the emperor having a few minutes to spare, and perhaps feeling the necessity of christian support, sent for his chaplain to read the Bible to him in his tent. He came, and began the ninety-first Psalm. "Hold," said the emperor, "who told you to read that?" "God," replied the chaplain. "How?" exclaimed Alexander. "Surprised at your sending for me," continued the chaplain, "I fell upon my knees before God, and besought him to teach my weak lips what to speak. I felt that part of the holy word which I have begun to read clearly pointed out to me. Why your majesty interrupted me I know not." The result was a great alteration in the emperor's conduct, and the manifestation of great zeal in the circulation of the Scriptures.

VIEWS OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

The Rev. John Williams, the "Martyr of Erromanga," relates, that at one of the annual missionary meetings in the South Sea Islands, several native speakers addressed the meeting with peculiar effect; but some of the officers and crew of a British man-of-war, who were present, were disposed to regard the natives as mere parrots, saying just what the missionaries had taught them. To satisfy them, Mr. Williams collected some fifteen of the natives together in the afternoon, to have the officers and crew examine them. "I did not," says Mr. W., "give them to understand the purpose for which they were assembled; I only said, 'These gentlemen have some questions to ask you.' The questions were then asked:—'Do you believe the Bible to be the word of God?' They were startled: they had

never entertained a single doubt on the subject; but, after a moment's pause, one answered, 'Most certainly we do.' It was asked, 'Why do you believe it? Can you give any reason for believing the Bible to be the word of God?' He replied, 'Why, look at the power with which it has been attended, in the utter overthrow of all that we have been addicted to from time immemorial. What else could have demolished that system of idolatry which had so long prevailed amongst us? No human arguments could have induced us to abandon that false system.' The same question being put to another, he replied, 'I believe the Bible to be the word of God, on account of the pure system of religion which it contains. We had a system of religion before; but look how dark and black a system that was, compared with the bright system of salvation revealed in the word of God! Here we learn that we are sinners; and that God gave Jesus Christ to die for us; and by that goodness salvation is given to us. Now, what but the wisdom of God could have produced such a system as this presented to us in the word of God? And this doctrine leads to purity.' There was a third reply to this question, and it was a rather singular one; but it was a native idea: 'When I look at myself, I find I have got hinges all over my body. I have hinges to my legs, hinges to my jaws, hinges to my feet. If I want to take hold of any thing, there are hinges to my hands to do it with. If my heart thinks, and I want to speak, I have got hinges to my jaws. If I want to walk, I have hinges to my feet. Now here,' continued he, 'is wisdom, in adapting my body to the various functions it has to discharge. And I find that the wisdom which made the Bible, exactly fits with this wisdom which has made my body; consequently, I believe the Bible to be the word of God.' Another replied, 'I believe it to be the word of God on account of the prophecies which it contains, and the fulfilment of them.'

WORDS OF DR. YOUNG.

Dr. Cotton was intimate with Dr. Young, and paid him a visit about a fortnight before he was seized with his last illness. Dr. Young was then in his usual health; his venerable appearance, the gravity of his utterance, and the earnestness with which he discoursed about religion, gave him, in Dr. Cotton's view, the appearance of a prophet. They had been delivering their sentiments on Newton's "Dissertation on the Prophecies," when Dr. Young closed the conference thus:—"My friend, there are two considerations, upon which my faith in Christ is built as upon a rock. The fall of man, the redemption of man, and the resurrection of man: these three cardinal articles of our religion are such as human ingenuity could never have invented; therefore they must be divine. The other argument is this,—If the prophecies have been fulfilled, of which there is no doubt, then the Bible must be the word of God: and if the Scriptures are the word of God, Christianity must be true."

AN ARTLESS ARGUMENT.

Naimbanna, a black prince, arrived in England, from the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone, in 1791. The gentleman to whose care he was intrusted, took great pains to convince him that the Bible was the word of God, and he received it as such, with great reverence and simplicity. Do we ask what it was that satisfied him on this subject? let us listen to his artless words. "When I found," says he, "all good men minding the Bible, and calling it the word of God, and all bad men disregarding it, I then was sure that the Bible must be what good men called it, the word of God."

THE OLD NEGRO'S ARGUMENT.

When the celebrated Tennent was travelling in Virginia, he lodged one night at the house of a planter, who informed him that one of his slaves, a man upwards of seventy, who could

neither read nor write, was yet eminently distinguished for his piety, and for his knowledge of the Scriptures. Having some curiosity to learn what evidence such a man could have of their divine origin, he went out in the morning, alone, and without making himself known as a clergyman, entered into conversation with him on the subject. After starting some of the common objections of infidels against the authenticity of the Scriptures, in a way calculated to confound an ignorant man, he said to him, when you cannot even read the Bible, nor examine the evidence for, or against its truth, how can you know that it is the word of God? After reflecting a moment, the negro replied, "You ask me, sir, how I know that the Bible is the word of God:—*I know it, by its effect upon my own heart.*"

MAMGENA'S REASONING.

A poor female Matchapsee, named Mamgena, called, says Mr. Campbell, and told me, that when she first heard of the Bible she did not think it was true; but when she found it to describe her heart so exactly, she could not but believe what it said. She was determined, she added, always to live near some place where the word of God was preached; where she might hear about a crucified Saviour, though she should starve.

CONVERSION OF ANUNDO.

Anundo was admitted a pupil in the General Assembly's school, on its opening in August, 1830. In accordance with the system of tuition pursued in the school, he, together with his class-fellows, soon commenced the study of the New Testament. It was not long before his mind became arrested by the Sermon on the Mount. The ideas, the prospects, the images, the illustrations, all were so peculiar, seemed so apposite and so true, that glimpses of light flashed through his soul, and he was often heard to exclaim, "How beautiful, how tender, how

kind, how full of love and goodness! Oh, how unlike the spirit and maxims of Hindooism! *Surely this is the truth!*" Never was there a more striking exemplification of what Owen calls "the self-evidencing power of the Bible."

CONDE'S ARGUMENT.

Pains had been early taken by some of the Prince of Condé's supposed friends to shake his belief of Christianity; he always replied, "You give yourselves a great deal of unnecessary trouble; the dispersion of the Jews will always be an undeniable proof to me of the truth of our holy religion."

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Sir William Jones, whose interesting writings on oriental subjects elucidated many obscure points in Scripture history, was a general scholar, and embellished and adorned every subject that passed under his elegant pen. On the blank leaf of his Bible, the following finely-conceived description was found written:—"I have regularly and attentively perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that this volume, independently of its Divine origin, contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written. The unstrained application of them to events which took place long after the publication, is a solid ground for belief that they are genuine productions, and consequently inspired."

DR. AMES.

Fisher Ames, a distinguished American statesman and orator, who died in 1808, was ardently attached to the Bible. He lamented its prevailing disuse in schools, and thought that children should be well acquainted with it, both on account of the all-important truths it contains and because they

would thus learn the English language in its purity. He was accustomed to say, "I will hazard the assertion, that no man ever did, or ever will, become truly eloquent, without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language."

PATRICK HENRY.

This distinguished man was a native of Virginia, of which state he became governor. He was eminent through life as a statesman and an orator. A little before his death, he remarked to a friend, who found him reading his Bible, "Here is a book worth more than all the other books which ever were printed; yet it is my misfortune never to have, till lately, found time to read it with proper attention and feeling."

DR. JOHNSON.

Dr. Samuel Johnson is distinguished as a writer on morals; his compositions have seldom been excelled in energy of thought and beauty of expression. To a young gentleman, who visited him on his death-bed, he said, "Young man, attend to the voice of one who has possessed a certain degree of fame in the world, and who will shortly appear before his Maker: read the Bible every day of your life."

DR. FRANKLIN.

At the time when the celebrated Dr. Franklin lay upon his death-bed, he was visited by a young man who had a great respect for his judgment in all things; and having entertained doubts as to the truth of the Scriptures, he thought that this awful period afforded a suitable opportunity of consulting the doctor on this important subject. Accordingly, he introduced it in a solemn and weighty manner, inquiring of Franklin what were his sentiments as to the truth of the Scriptures. On the question being put, although he was in a very weak state, and near his decease, he replied, "Young man, my advice to you is, that you cultivate an

acquaintance with, and a firm belief in, the Holy Scriptures: this is your certain interest."

WILLIAM COLLINS.

Collins is well known as a celebrated English poet. In the latter part of his life, he withdrew from his general studies, and travelled with no other book than an English New Testament, such as children carry to school. A friend was anxious to know what companion a man of letters had chosen; the poet said, "I have only one book, but that book is the best."

MONSIEUR BATAIN.

M. L. Batain, a professor of philosophy at Strasburgh, has furnished an account of the power of the Scriptures on his heart:—"A single book has saved me; but that book is not of human origin. Long had I despised it; long had I deemed it a class-book for the credulous and ignorant; until, having investigated the gospel of Christ, with an ardent desire to ascertain its truth or falsity, its pages proffered to my inquiries the sublimest knowledge of man and nature, and the simplest, and at the same time, the most exalted system of moral ethics. Faith, hope, and charity were enkindled in my bosom; and every advancing step strengthened me in the conviction, that the morals of this book are superior to human morals, as its oracles are superior to human opinions."

COUNT OXENSTEIN.

It is stated, by the celebrated William Penn, that Count Oxenstein, chancellor of Sweden, being visited, in his retreat from public business, by commissioner Whitlock, ambassador from England to Queen Christiana, in the conclusion of their discourse, he said to the ambassador, "I have seen much and enjoyed much of this world; but I never knew how to live till now. I thank my good God, who has given me time to know him and likewise myself. All the comfort I have, and all the

comfort I take, and which is more than the whole world can give, is the knowledge of God's love in my heart, and the reading in this blessed book," laying his hand on the Bible. "You are now," he continued, "in the prime of your age and vigour, and in great favour and business; but this will all leave you, and you will one day better understand and relish what I say to you: then you will find that there is more wisdom, truth, comfort, and pleasure, in retiring and turning your heart from the world, in the good Spirit of God, and in reading his sacred word, than in all the courts and favours of princes."

JOHN LOCKE.

Locke spent the last fourteen years of his life in the study of the Bible; and he wrote "The Common Place Book of the Scriptures," which is an invaluable fruit of his Scripture studies. These facts of themselves give the strongest proof of the high estimation in which this profound thinker, and acute metaphysician, held the Christian Writings. He admired the wisdom and goodness of God in the method of salvation they reveal; and, it is said, that when he thought upon it, he could not forbear crying out, "O the depths of the riches of the goodness and the knowledge of God!"

He was persuaded, that men would be convinced of this by reading the Scriptures without prejudice; and he frequently exhorted those with whom he conversed, to a serious study of these sacred writings.

A relative inquired of him, what was the shortest and surest way for a young gentleman to attain a true knowledge of the Christian religion? "LET HIM STUDY," said the philosopher, "THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, ESPECIALLY IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. THEREIN ARE CONTAINED THE WORDS OF ETERNAL LIFE. IT HAS GOD FOR ITS AUTHOR, SALVATION FOR ITS END, AND TRUTH WITHOUT ANY MIXTURE OF ERROR FOR ITS MATTER."

DIDEROT'S CONFESSION.

It is related, that one day Mr. Beauzot, a member of the French Academy, went to see Diderot, one of the champions of infidelity; he found him explaining a chapter of the gospel to his daughter, as seriously, and with the concern of a most Christian parent. Mr. Beauzot expressed his surprise. "I understand you," said Diderot, "but in truth what better lesson could I give her?"

THE TWOFOLD RESCUE.

The late Rev. Legh Richmond was once speaking at a meeting at Edinburgh, for the advancement of religion among sailors, when he related the following facts:—

"When I reflect on the character and circumstances of seamen, I cannot, without peculiar interest, recollect the time when a young man went to sea, whose feelings were ill suited to all the contingencies of a sea-faring life. I remember that the time came when it was said the vessel in which he had sailed had been wrecked, and that the young man was dead, and no intimation had reached the ears of his affectionate parents of any change in his views as to the things of God. And I remember the time when that young man was so far restored again to his family, that although they saw him not, they heard that he had been saved from the shipwreck. That young man, too, was found by the blessed God while on the ocean, with the Bible only, which his father, at parting, had put into his hand. It was blessed to him in the midst of the carnal companions by whom he was surrounded. This means of grace, without any human instruction, was made effectual to the salvation of his soul. The time came when that young man, who had been a foe to religion, lifted up, in the Bay of Gibraltar, at his mast-head, a Bethel flag, and summoned his sailors to prayer, and prayed with them, and bade the missionary exhort them.— And when I tell you that that young

man is *my own son*, you will see that I may well say, God bless the Sailors' Friend!"

ROCHESTER AND ISAIAH LIII.

It is well known that this extraordinary man was, for many years of his life, an avowed infidel, and that a large portion of his time was spent in ridiculing the Bible. One of his biographers has described him as "a great wit, a great sinner, and a great penitent." Even this man was converted by the Holy Spirit in the use of his word. Reading the fifty-third chapter of Isa., he was convinced of the truth and inspiration of the Scriptures, the Deity of the Messiah, and the value of his atonement as a rock on which sinners may build their hopes of salvation. On that atonement he rested, and died in the humble expectation of pardoning mercy and heavenly happiness.

CAUGHT WITH GULE.

Mr. Robert Aitkin, a bookseller of Philadelphia, was the first person who printed a Bible in that city. While he kept a bookstore, a person called on him, and inquired if he had Paine's "Age of Reason" for sale. He told him he had not; but having entered into conversation with him, and found that he was an infidel, he told him he had a better book than Paine's "Age of Reason," which he usually sold for a dollar, but would lend it to him, if he would promise to read it; and after he had actually read it, if he did not think it worth a dollar, he would take it again. The man consented; and Mr. Aitkin put a Bible into his hands. He smiled when he found what book he had engaged to read; but said he would perform his engagement. He did so; and when he had finished the perusal, he came back, and expressed the deepest gratitude for Mr. Aitkin's recommendation of the book, saying it had made him what he was not before—a happy man; for he had found in it the way of salvation through Christ. Mr. Aitkin rejoiced in the event, and

had the satisfaction of knowing that this reader of the Bible, from that day to the end of his life, supported the character of a consistent Christian, and died with a hope full of immortality.

OPPOSING PROTESTANTISM.

In the short reign of Edward VI., Peter Martyr, under the Prince's patronage, read Divinity lectures at Oxford, and opposed the doctrines of the real presence and other popish dogmas. The papists were alarmed, and began to look eagerly for some polemic champion to oppose him. After much solicitation they prevailed on Rev. Bernard Gilpin, then resident at Oxford, and a Roman Catholic, to enter the lists with Martyr. This engagement led him to study the subject more deeply: he searched the Scriptures, the writings of the fathers, and conferred with a goodly number of divines then living, and the result was a renunciation of Popery as indefensible.

CONVERSION OF A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

A doctor of divinity in Silesia, to whom the Rev. Mr. Reichardt, a missionary to the Jews, was introduced, was one of the greatest enemies to the gospel; but while he was endeavouring to write against it, and to settle himself more steadfastly in his own principles, it struck him that he had never read his Bible, though he had preached from texts in it. He began to read it; but had not long been reading the first pages, when it struck him that if this book was indeed the truth, then all the edifice he had built for himself must be broken down. This conviction increased, till it pleased the Lord to impress him with the spirit of that book; and he became a truly pious Christian, and the means of turning many from darkness to light.

WILBERFORCE'S CONVERSION

From a speech delivered by Joseph John Gurney, Esq., at the meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in 1834, we learn that Mr. Wilberforce

was in the twenty-fourth year of his age when he was elected member of parliament for Hull. He afterwards attended the county election, and such was the charm of his eloquence on that occasion, in the large castle area at York, that the people all cried, "We will have that little man for our member." He was then one of the gayest of the gay: not an openly vicious man, but peculiar for his wit, and his distinction in the fashionable circles. His wit became innocuous under Christian principles. He was said to be the "joy and crown of Downcaster races." He went to pay a visit to a relation at Nice, and was accompanied by the Rev. Isaac Milner, afterwards dean of Carlisle. Mention was made of a certain individual who moved in the same rank, an ecclesiastical gentleman, a man devoted to his duty. Mr. W. said, regarding him, "that he thought he carried things too far;" to which Mr. Milner said, he was inclined to think that Mr. W. would form a different estimate on the subject, were he carefully to peruse the whole of the New Testament. Mr. Wilberforce replied that he would take him at his word, and read it through with pleasure. They were both Greek scholars, and in their journey they perused the New Testament together. That single perusal was so blessed to Mr. Wilberforce, that he was revolutionized; he became a new man; and the witty songster, the joy and crown of Downcaster races, proved the Christian senator, and at length became the able advocate for abolishing the slave trade.

CUTTING UP AN IDOL FOR FUEL.

Some years ago, Mr. Ward, a Christian missionary, in going through a village near Calcutta, left at a native shop a Bengalee New Testament; that it might be read by any of the villagers. About a year afterwards, three or four of the most intelligent of the inhabitants came to inquire further respecting the contents of the book left in their village. This ended in six or eight of

them making a public profession of Christianity. Among these, one deserves peculiar notice. An old man, named Juggernath, who had long been a devotee to the idol of that name in Orissa, had made many pilgrimages thither, and had acquired such a name for sanctity, that a rich man, in Orissa, was said to have offered him a pension for life, on condition of his remaining with him. On his becoming acquainted with the New Testament, he first hung his image of Khrishnoo, or Juggernath, which he had hitherto worshipped, on a tree in his garden, and at length cut it up to boil his rice. He remained steadfast in his profession of Christianity till his death. Two others, being men of superior natural endowments, employed themselves in publishing the doctrines of Christianity to their countrymen in the most fearless manner; while their conduct was such as to secure them universal esteem.

THE HINDOO AND THE BITS OF PAPER.

The late Rev. Dr. Corrie, bishop of Madras, was formerly the chaplain of Allahabad. At that time there was no Hindostanee version of the Scriptures; and it was his custom to translate, on small bits of paper, striking passages of Scripture into that language, and every morning distribute these papers at his door. Twenty years afterwards, he received a communication from a missionary at Allahabad, who informed him that a person in ill health had arrived there, and that he had been to visit him. He had come to see his friends, and die among them, after an absence of more than twenty years. The missionary had visited him there several times, and was so astonished at his knowledge of the Scripture, and his impressions of its great realities, that he put the question, "How is it, my friend, that you are so well informed in the sacred Scriptures? You have told me you have never seen a missionary in your life, nor any one to teach you the way of life and salvation!"

And what was his answer? He put his hand behind his pillow, and drew out a bundle of well worn and tattered bits of paper, and said, "From these bits of paper, which a sahib distributed at his door, whom I have never seen since, have I learned all. These papers, which I received twenty years ago, and have read every day, till they are thus tumbled and spoiled, are passages of Scripture in the Hindostanee language; from them I have derived all the information on eternal realities which I now possess. This is the source of my information; thus I have derived my knowledge."

CONVERSION OF AUGUSTINE.

In the spring of the year 372, a young man in the thirty-first year of his age, in evident distress of mind, entered into his garden near Milan. The sins of his youth—a youth spent in sensuality and impiety—weighed heavily on his soul. Lying under a fig-tree, moaning and pouring out abundant tears, he heard from a neighbouring house, a young voice saying, and repeating in rapid succession, "Tolle, lege, Tolle, lege!" take and read, take and read. Receiving this as a divine admonition, he returned to the place where he left his friend Alypins to procure the roll of St. Paul's epistles, which he had a short time before left with him. "I seized the roll," says he, in describing this scene, "I opened it, and read in silence the chapter on which my eyes first alighted." It was the thirteenth of Romans. "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 ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." All was decided by a word. "I did not want to read any more," said he; "nor was there any need; every doubt was banished." The morning star had risen in his heart. In the language of Gaussen:—"Jesus had conquered; and the grand career

of Augustine, the holiest of the fathers, then 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."

DAVID SAUNDERS.

"I have led but a lonely life," said David Saunders, ("the Shepherd of Salisbury plain,") "and often have had but little to eat; but my Bible has been meat, drink, and company to me; and when want and trouble have come upon me, I don't know what I should have done indeed, if I had not had the promises of this book for my stay and support."

THE DYING SOLDIER.

In the memorable conflict at Waterloo, a soldier, mortally wounded, was conveyed to the rear by a comrade, and at a distance from the battle was laid down under a tree. The dying man requested to have his knapsack opened, that he might obtain from it his pocket Bible. He then requested his comrade to read to him, if but a small portion of it, before he should breathe his last. He was asked what passage he would have read to him, and he fixed upon John xiv. 27, "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." "Now," said the dying soldier, "I die happy. I desired to have peace with God, and I possess the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

A little while after, one of the officers passed near, and seeing him in such an exhausted state, asked him how he felt. He replied, "I die happy, for I enjoy the peace of God which passeth all understanding;" and then expired.

BEST PLACE TO LEARN.

Mr. Cecil, during a severe illness, said to a person who spoke of it, "It is all Christ. I keep death in view. If God does not please to raise me up, he intends me better. I find every thing but religion only vanity.—To recollect a promise of the Bible: *this* is substance! Nothing will do but the Bible. If I read authors, and hear different opinions, I cannot say *this* is truth! I cannot grasp it as substance; but the Bible gives me something to *hold*. I have learned more within these curtains than from all the books I ever read."

ANCIENT CHRISTIANS.

We learn, from Chrysostom, that in the primitive church, women and children had frequently the Gospels, or parts of the New Testament, hung round their neck, and carried them constantly about with them. The rich had splendid copies of the sacred writings on vellum, in their libraries and bookcases; but as the art of printing was not known till many ages after, complete copies of the Scriptures were, of course, exceedingly scarce. Children were particularly encouraged in the efforts which they made to commit to memory the invaluable truths of the divine volume. Though in those times the Bible was to be multiplied by no other means than the pen, and every letter was to be traced out with the finger, so repeatedly were the Scriptures copied, that many of the early Christians had them in their possession; and they were so copied into their writings, that a celebrated scholar engaged, that if the New Testament, by any accidental circumstances, should be lost, he would undertake to restore it, with the exception of a few verses of one of the Epistles; and he pledged himself to find these in a short time.

FELIX THE MARTYR.

The most excruciating tortures were frequently inflicted on many of the ancient Christians, who refused to deliver up their copies of the Scriptures

to the heathen; but all kinds of suffering, and even death itself, were nobly braved by many christian worthies, to whom the book of God was more precious than life. Felix, an African, being apprehended as a Christian, was commanded, by the civil magistrate of the city, to deliver up all books and writings belonging to his church, that they might be burned. The martyr replied that it was better he himself should be burned. The magistrate, therefore, sent him to the proconsul at Carthage, by whom he was delivered over to the prefect of the Prætorium, who was then in Africa. This supreme officer, offended at his bold and candid confession, commanded him to be loaded with heavier bolts and irons; and after being kept in a close and miserable dungeon nine days, ordered him to be put on board a vessel, saying, he should stand his trial before the emperor. In this voyage he lay for four days under the hatches of the ship, between the horses' feet, without eating or drinking. He was landed at Agrigentum, in Sicily; and when brought by the prefect as far as Venosa, in Apulia, his irons were knocked off, and he was again asked whether he had the Scriptures, and would deliver them up. "I have them," said he, "but will not part with them." On making this assertion, he was instantly condemned to be beheaded. "I thank thee, O Lord," exclaimed this faithful and heroic martyr, "that I have lived fifty-six years, have preserved the gospel, and have preached the faith and truth. O my Lord Jesus Christ, the God of heaven and earth, I bow my head to be sacrificed to thee, who livest to all eternity."

NOT A TITLE TO BE ALTERED.

When Valens, the emperor, sent messengers to seduce Eusebius to heresy by fair words and large promises, he answered: "Alas! sirs, these speeches are fit to catch little children; but we, who are taught and nourished by the Holy Scriptures, are ready to suffer a

thousand deaths, rather than permit one tittle of the Scriptures to be altered."

KING ALFRED AND HIS PSALTER.

King Alfred the Great encountered many difficulties in obtaining scriptural knowledge, which we have never experienced, and manifested an attachment to the sacred volume not often seen now. In those dark ages, learning was considered rather a reproach than an honour to a prince. In addition to which, his kingdom, for many years, was the seat of incessant war. Notwithstanding all this, Alfred found opportunity, not only to read the word of God, but actually to copy out all the Psalms of David: which book he constantly carried in his bosom. That he profited greatly from reading the Scriptures is no matter of surprise, when we learn, that, after the example of David, he earnestly sought divine teaching, and prayed that the Lord would open his eyes that he might understand his law. He frequently entered the churches secretly in the night for prayer; and there lamented, with sighs, the want of more acquaintance with divine wisdom. Having drunk into the spirit of the Bible, and experienced the rich consolation it affords, in setting before the burdened sinner a free and full salvation in Jesus, he wished it published to all around; he therefore commenced a translation of the Psalms into Anglo-Saxon, though he did not, however, live to finish the work.

MONEY LOST—BIBLE SAVED.

Fox, the martyrologist, informs us of an English sailor, who, being shipwrecked, lost all his property except his Bible, which he was determined to save, and of which he took more care than of his money. Having clung to the wreck until all others on board perished, he committed himself to the sea, with his Bible tied round his neck with a handkerchief. After floating upon the water for a long time, supported by a piece of the mast, he was happily discovered by the crew of

another vessel, sitting upon the broken fragment which preserved him from a watery grave; and when thus almost miraculously delivered from starvation and death, he was reading his Bible!

MORE STUDIED, MORE PRECIOUS.

Dr. Buchanan, in a conversation he had with a friend, a short time before his death, was describing the minute pains he had been taking with the proofs and revisions of the Syriac Testament, every page of which passed under his eye *five* times before it was finally sent to press. He said, he had expected beforehand that this process would have proved irksome to him; but that every fresh perusal of the sacred page seemed to unveil new beauties. Here he stopped, and said he to his friend, as soon as he recovered himself, "I could not suppress the emotion I felt, as I recollected the delight it pleased God to afford me in the reading of his word."

PURBLIND MAN'S DEVICE.

Mr. Harris, a London tradesman, whose sight had decayed, procured the whole New Testament, except the book of Revelation, and also the book of Psalms, to be written with white ink on black paper, in letters an inch long, that he might enjoy the consolations of the gospel of Christ.

THE SHORT-HAND COPY.

During the persecution of the nonconformists, in the reign of James II., one of them copied out the whole Bible in short-hand for his own use, fearing the re-establishment of Popery, and the suppression of the Holy Scriptures.

SIX MONTHS' WORK FOR A TESTAMENT.

A young man in Ireland, originally a Roman Catholic, was bound apprentice to a linen weaver. Having learned to read, and a New Testament happening to lie neglected in his master's house, it became the constant companion of his leisure hours. His apprenticeship being finished, he proposed going to see his brother in

Castlebar, in the county of Mayo, and begged of his master the New Testament, as a reward for his services. The master, knowing his attachment to the book, refused to give it to him on any other terms than his further servitude for six months. The young man, judging that a copy might be obtained on easier terms at Castlebar, declined this. But, alas! not a Testament was there for sale, in this the principal town of a populous county in Ireland. (1811.) He could not live without it; and accordingly returned and laboured half a-year for a New Testament.

DR. KENNICOTT AND WIFE.

During the time that Dr. Kennicott was employed in preparing his Polyglot Bible, he was accustomed to hear his wife read to him in their daily airings, those different portions to which his immediate attention was called. When preparing for their ride, the day after this great work was completed, upon her asking him what book she should now take, "Oh," exclaimed he, "let us begin the Bible."

WELSH PEASANTS AND THEIR BIBLES.

When the arrival of the cart, which carried the first sacred load of the Scriptures, sent by the British and Foreign Bible Society, to Wales, in 1806, was announced, the Welsh peasants went out in crowds to meet it; welcomed it as the Israelites did the ark of old; drew it into the town; and eagerly bore off all the copies as rapidly as they could be dispersed. The young people were to be seen spending the whole night in reading it. Labourers carried it with them to the field, that they might enjoy it during the intervals of labour, and lose no opportunity of becoming acquainted with its blessed truths.

PEASANT COPYING THE TESTAMENT.

A peasant, in the county of Cork, understanding that a gentleman had a copy of the Scriptures in the Irish

language, begged to see it. He asked whether he might borrow the New Testament in his own tongue, that he might take a copy from it. The gentleman said he could not obtain another copy, and he was afraid to trust it to take a copy in writing. "Where will you get the paper?" asked the gentleman. "I will buy it." "And the pens and ink?" "I will buy them." "Where will you find a place?" "If your honour will allow me your hall, I will come after I have done my work in the day, and take a copy by portions of time in the evening." The gentleman was so struck with his zeal, that he gave him the use of the hall and a light, in order to take a copy. The man was firm to his purpose, finished the work, and produced a copy of the New Testament in writing by his own hand. A printed copy was given to him in exchange, and the written one was placed in the hands of the president of the British and Foreign Bible Society, as a monument of the desire of the Irish to know the Scriptures.

JANE GRAY'S PREFERENCE.

Lady Jane Gray was once asked by one of her friends, in a tone of surprise, how she could consent to forego the pleasures of the chase, which her parents were enjoying, and prefer sitting at home reading her Bible. She smilingly replied, "All amusements of that description are but a shadow of the pleasure which I enjoy in reading this book."

TAHITIANS BIBLE CLASSES.

The Tahitians, says a missionary in 184-, are exceedingly anxious to understand what they read. Hence they have their Bible classes each morning, Saturdays excepted. These they attend soon after sunrise, before they go to the various avocations of the day. None think it beneath their dignity to attend these Bible classes. At Papeete, may be seen Queen Pomare, her mother, her aunt, various

chiefs and common people, sitting round their teacher, reading verse by verse alternately, when they are interrogated on each verse as they read it, and if necessary, suitable explanations are given by the teacher. All expect to be interrogated. Queen Pomare would think it very strange if, on account of her being a sovereign, she were not to be interrogated, but merely read her portion. Her Majesty thinks it as important for her to obtain correct views of divine truth, as it is for any of her subjects. Many of them come to our houses, with the Bible in their hands, asking for explanations of various passages which they have been reading at home, but not being able satisfactorily to understand them, they at once apply to those who possess a more correct and extensive knowledge of the word of God.

GEORGE III. AND HIS BIBLE.

It has been stated, by those who had opportunities of acquiring correct information, that of the few books which the king read, the Bible was constantly on the table in his closet, and the commentary which he selected for his private reading, was Matthew Henry's Exposition. A pious female servant, whose office it was to arrange the library room, has been often heard to say, "I love to follow my master in his reading of the Scriptures, and to observe the passages he turns down. I wish every body made the Bible as much their daily study as my good master does."

CLUSTER OF EXAMPLES.

The emperor Theodosius wrote out the whole New Testament with his own hand, and read some part of them every day. Theodosius the Second dedicated a great part of the night to the study of the Scriptures. George, prince of Transylvania, read over the Bible twenty-seven times. Alphonsus, king of Arragon, read the Scriptures over, together with a large commentary, fourteen times.

Sir Henry Wotten, after his customary public devotions, used to retire to his study, and there spend some hours in reading the Bible. Sir John Hartop in like manner, amidst his other vocations, made the book of God so much his study, that it lay before him night and day. James Bonuel, Esq., made the Holy Scriptures his constant and daily study; he read them, he meditated upon them, he prayed over them. M. De Renty, a French nobleman, used to read daily three chapters of the Bible, with his head uncovered, and on his bended knees.

Lady Frances Hobart read the Psalms over twelve times a-year, the New Testament thrice, and the other parts of the Old Testament once. Susannah, countess of Suffolk, for the last seven years of her life, read the whole Bible over twice annually.

Dr. Gouge used to read fifteen chapters every day; five in the morning, five after dinner, and five in the evening, before going to bed. Mr. Jeremiah Whittaker usually read all the Epistles in the Greek Testament twice every fortnight.

Joshua Barnes is said to have read a small pocket Bible, which he usually carried about with him, a hundred and twenty times over. Mr. Roger Cotton read the whole Bible through twelve times a-year.

The Rev. William Romaine studied nothing but the Bible for the last thirty or forty years of his life.

A poor prisoner, being confined in a dark dungeon, had no light, except for a few moments when his food was brought him; he used to take his Bible and read a chapter, saying, he could find his mouth in the dark, when he could not read.

Henry Willis, farmer, aged 81, devoted almost every hour that could be spared from his labour, during the course of so long a life, to the devout and serious perusal of the Holy Scriptures. He had read with the most minute attention, all the books of the Old and New Testament, eight

times over, and had proceeded as far as the book of Job in his ninth reading, when his meditations were terminated by death.

BLIND ALICK.

There was living in 1832, at Stirling, a blind old beggar, known to all the country round by the name of Blind Alick, who possessed a memory of almost incredible strength. Alick was blind from his childhood. He was the son of poor parents, who could do little for him; though, indeed, at that time, wealth could not have done much for the education of one labouring under his privations. Alick was sent by his parents to a common school, to keep him out of mischief, and in order that he might learn something by hearing the lessons of the other children. The only volume then used in such establishments as a class or reading-book, was the Bible; and it was customary for the scholars, as they read in rotation, to repeat not only the number of each chapter, but the number of each verse as it was read. By constantly hearing these readings, young Alick soon began to retain many of the passages of Scripture, and with them the number of the chapter and verse where they occurred. It is probable, that being incapacitated by his sad privation from any useful employment, he may have remained an unusual length of time at this school; and that his father, as was generally the case with the Scottish peasantry, was a great reader of the Bible at home. A constant attendance at church would also contribute to the result. However this may have been, it was observed with astonishment that when blind Alick was a man, and obliged by the death of his parents to gain a livelihood by begging through the streets of his native town of Stirling, he knew the whole of the Bible, both Old and New Testaments, by heart! Many persons of education have examined Alick, and have invariably been astonished at the extent of his memory.

You may repeat any passage in Scripture, and he will tell you the chapter and verse; or you may tell him the chapter and verse of any part of Scripture, and he will repeat to you the passage, word for word. Not long since, a gentleman, to puzzle him, read with a slight verbal alteration, a verse of the Bible. Alick hesitated a moment, and then told where it was to be found, but said it had not been correctly delivered; he then gave it as it stood in the book, correcting the slight error that had been purposely introduced. The gentleman then asked him for the ninetyeth verse of the seventh chapter of Numbers. Alick was again puzzled for a moment, but then said hastily, "You are fooling me, sirs! there is no such verse—that chapter has but eighty-nine verses." Several other experiments of the sort were tried upon him with the same success. He has often been questioned the day after any particular sermon or speech; and his examiners have invariably found, that had their patience allowed, Blind Alick would have given them the sermon or speech over again.

MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES.

Josephus testifies of his countrymen, that if asked concerning the laws of Moses, they could answer as readily as their names.

Erasmus, speaking of Jerome, says, "Who ever learnt by heart the *whole Scripture*, or imbibed or meditated on it as he did?"

Tertullian, after his conversion, was engaged night and day in reading the Scriptures, and got much of them by heart.

Of one Marcus, a primitive Christian, who was well instructed in the morning of life, it is recorded, that he became so expert in the Scriptures, when he was but a youth, that he could repeat the whole of the Old and New Testaments. Of one or two others it is said, that being men of good memories, they got the Scriptures by heart, only by hearing them continually read by others;

they not being able to read a single word.

It is related of Beza, one of the reformers, that when he was old, and could not recollect the names of persons and things he had heard but a few minutes before, he could remember and repeat the epistles of St. Paul, which he had committed to memory when he was young.

The celebrated Witsius was able to recite almost any passage of Scripture, in its proper language, together with its context, and the criticisms of the best commentators.

Bonaventure wrote out the Scriptures twice, and learned most of them by heart.

Zuinglius wrote out St. Paul's Epistles, and committed them to memory.

Cromwell, Earl of Essex, in his journey to and from Rome, learned all the New Testament by heart.

Bishop Ridley thus attests his own practice, and the happy fruit of it:—"The walls and trees of my orchard, could they speak, would bear witness, that there I learned by heart almost all the Epistles; of which study, although in time a greater part of it was lost, yet the sweet savour thereof, I trust, I shall carry with me to heaven."

Gregory Lopez, a Spanish monk in Mexico, in the sixteenth century, committed to memory both the Old and New Testaments, in the short space of four years, spending four hours a-day in memorizing them.

Viscount Carteret, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1724, could repeat, from memory, the whole of the New Testament, from the first chapter of Matthew to the end of Revelation. It was astonishing to hear him quote very long passages from it, with as much accuracy as if he were reading a book.

The Rev. Thomas Threlkeld, of Rochdale, in Lancashire, might have been justly called a living concordance to the Holy Scriptures. If three words only were mentioned, except, perhaps, those words of mere connexion which occur

in hundreds of passages, he could immediately, without hesitation, assign the chapter and verse where they could be found; and, inversely, upon mentioning the chapter and verse, he could repeat the words. This power of retention enabled him with ease to make himself master of many languages. Nine or ten he read with critical skill. It is affirmed by a friend, who lived near him, and who was on intimate terms with him, that he was well acquainted with every language in which he had a Bible or New Testament. His powers of reference and quotation were as great and ready in the Hebrew and Greek as in the English.

DYING WORDS OF SALMASIUS.

Salmasius, one of the most consummate scholars of his time, saw cause to exclaim bitterly against himself. "Oh!" said he, "I have lost a world of time—time, the most precious thing in the world! Had I but one year more, it should be spent in perusing David's Psalms and Paul's Epistles. Oh! sirs," said he, addressing those about him, "*mind the world less and God more.*"

BOYLE'S BENEVOLENCE.

The Hon. R. Boyle was the seventh son of Richard, earl of Cork. His learning, piety, and beneficence, justly placed him among the most eminent men of the age in which he lived. So profound was his veneration for the Deity, that he never mentioned the Divine name without a visible pause in his discourse. He founded a lecture at St. Paul's for the defence of the Christian religion against infidels; and was at the expense of the translation and printing of 500 copies of the four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles into the Malayan language. He also nobly rewarded Dr. E. Pocock, for the translation of Grotius, "*On the truth of the Christian Religion,*" into Arabic; of which he printed an edition in quarto, and caused it to be dispersed in the countries where it could be understood.

He gave, during his life, £300 to aid the propagation of the gospel, and for translating, printing, and circulating the Scriptures among the American Indians in their vernacular dialects. He caused a font of type to be cast, and the Irish New Testament to be reprinted at his own expense; and afterwards contributed £700 to print an edition of the whole Bible in the same language, besides £100 towards an edition for the Highlands of Scotland. He also contributed £60 towards an edition of the Turkish New Testament; and liberally aided the printing of the Scriptures in the Welsh language. He died in 1691.

WHOLE CITY VISITED BY ONE WOMAN.

An intelligent, industrious, and kind-hearted woman in Russia became a Christian. Her labours were transformed into Christian labours; and were followed up with an ardour and perseverance seldom exceeded. In her visits to the poor, she now carried books and tracts, as well as food and raiment; and when she found persons unable to read, which was frequently the case,

she made it a point to read to them, and to explain what they could not understand.

Her prompt assistance was, in a great measure, instrumental to a zealous agent becoming extensively engaged in the circulation of the Holy Scriptures. She gave him two of the first Finnish Bibles that ever passed through his hands; and when there was a great demand for the sacred volume in that language, she actually sold her watch, in order to furnish one hundred Bibles to the poor, at reduced prices. This was a noble effort in the cause of God: it augured well as to future usefulness; and the expectations which were excited by it were more than realized. She took the whole city of St. Petersburg for her sphere, and perambulated it alone; and succeeded beyond all expectations. In the course of a few months, she sold more than one thousand five hundred Bibles, and Testaments, and Psalters; and in this blessed work she continued perseveringly to engage. Hundreds derived advantage from her visits.

CARD-PLAYING.

MR. SCOTT REFORMED.

The Rev. Thomas Scott, in the early part of his life, was exceedingly fond of cards, but was induced to leave off the practice in the following manner:—

One of his parishioners said to him, "I have something which I wish to say to you; but I am afraid you may be offended." "I answered," says Mr. Scott, "that I could not promise, but I hoped I should not." She then said, "You know A— B—, he has lately appeared attentive to religion, and has spoken to me concerning the sacrament; but last night he, with C— D—, and others, met to keep Christmas; and they played at cards, drank too much, and in the end quarrelled, and raised a sort of riot. And when I remonstrated with him on his conduct, as inconsistent with his professed attention to religion, his answer

was, '*There is no harm in cards—Mr. Scott plays at cards.*'" This smote me to the heart. I saw that if I played at cards, however soberly and quietly, the people would be encouraged by my example to go farther; and if St. Paul would eat no flesh while the world stood, rather than cause his weak brother to offend, it would be inexcusable in me to throw such a stumbling-block in the way of my parishioners, in a matter certainly neither useful nor expedient. So far from being offended at the hint thus given me, I felt very thankful to my faithful monitor, and promised her that she should never have occasion to repeat the admonition. That very evening I related the whole matter to the company, and declared my fixed resolution never to play at cards again. I expected I should be harassed with solicitations,

but I was never asked to play afterwards.

A BLESSING AT A CARD-TABLE.

The Rev. W. Romaine was one evening invited to a friend's house to tea, and after the tea-things were removed, the lady of the house asked him to play at cards, to which he made no objection. The cards were produced, and when all were ready to commence play, the venerable minister said, "Let us ask the blessing of God." "Ask the blessing of God!" said the lady, in great surprise; "I never heard of such a thing to a game at cards." Mr. Romaine then inquired, "Ought we to engage in any thing on which we cannot ask his blessing?" This gentle reproof put an end to the card-playing.

ROMAINE'S ADMONITION.

This good man was once addressed by a lady, who expressed the great pleasure she had enjoyed under his preaching, and added, that she could comply with his requirements, with the exception of one thing. "And what is that, madam?" asked Mr. R. "Cards, sir." "You think you could not be happy without them?" "No, sir, I know I could not." "Then madam, they are your God, and they must save you." This pointed admonition led to serious reflection, and finally to the abandonment of such unworthy pleasures.

CARD-TABLE CONVERSATION.

Mr. Locke having been introduced by Lord Shaftesbury to the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Halifax, these three noblemen, instead of conversing with the philosopher, as might naturally have been expected, on literary subjects, sat down to cards. Mr. Locke, after looking on for some time, pulled out his

pocket-book, and began to write with great attention. One of the company observing this, took the liberty of asking him what he was writing. "My lord," said Lock, "I am endeavouring, as far as possible, to profit by my present situation; for, having waited with impatience for the honour of being in company with the greatest men of the age, I thought I could do nothing better than write down your conversation; and, indeed, I have set down the substance of what you have said this last hour or two." This well-timed ridicule had its desired effect; and these noblemen, fully sensible of its force, immediately quitted their play, and entered into conversation more rational, and better suited to the dignity of their characters.

A SHREWD REPLY.

Sir Walter Scott says that the alleged origin of the invention of cards produced one of the shrewdest replies he had ever heard given in evidence. It was made by the late Dr. Gregory, at Edinburgh, to a counsel of great eminence at the Scottish bar. The Doctor's testimony went to prove the insanity of the party whose mental capacity was the point at issue. On a cross-interrogation, he admitted that the person in question played admirably at whist. "And do you seriously say, Doctor," said the learned counsel, "that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires, in a pre-eminent degree, memory, judgment, and combination, can be at the same time deranged in his understanding?" "I am no card-player," said the Doctor, with great address, "but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king." The consequences of this reply were decisive.

CHILDREN.

THE POOR CRIPPLE.

I have seen, says the Rev. J. East, in one of the infant schools at Bath, a

helpless cripple filling the post of monitor, while propped up on a high chair for the purpose; and I understood that

this poor little boy, who was under the influence of religious principle, had been the means of bringing salvation home to his house, in the conversion of his father and mother, from an ungodly and profligate life, to one of moral correctness and true piety.

THE DYING ORPHAN AND HER GRANDMOTHER.

Rosina, an orphan child, at a Moravian missionary station in North America, being under the care of an old relation, said, the night before her decease, "Dear grandmother, I am baptized and cleansed in our Saviour's blood, and shall now soon go to him; but I beg you to seek to be likewise washed, and saved from your sins, by the blood of Christ, that you may become as happy as I am; otherwise, when you go hence, you will not be with the Lord." This exhortation from a dying child made such an impression upon the old woman's heart, that she became anxiously concerned about her salvation, prayed for the remission of her sins in the blood of Jesus, begged for baptism, and was added to the church.

THE SAILOR REPROVED.

A very profane and profligate sailor, who belonged to a vessel lying in the port of New York, went out one day from his ship into the streets, bent on folly and wickedness. He met a pious little girl, whose feelings he tried to wound, by using vile and sinful language. The little girl looked at him earnestly in the face, warned him of his danger, and, with a solemn tone, told him to remember that he must meet her shortly at the bar of God. This unexpected reproof greatly affected him. To use his own language, "it was like a broadside, raking him fore and aft, and sweeping by the board every sail and spar prepared for a wicked cruise." Abashed and confounded, he returned to his ship. He could not banish from his mind the reproof of this little girl. Her look was present to his mind; her

solemn declaration, "You must meet me at the bar of God," deeply affected his heart. The more he reflected upon it, the more uncomfortable he felt. In a few days his hard heart was subdued, and he submitted to the Saviour. He became a consistent follower of the Lamb.

THE STRONGEST LOVE.

A little girl between six and seven years of age, when on her death-bed, seeing her elder sister with a Bible in her hand, requested her to read respecting Christ's blessing little children. The passage having been read, and the book closed, the child said, "How kind! I shall soon go to Jesus; he will soon take me up in his arms, bless me too; no disciple shall keep me away." Her sister kissed her, and said, "Do you love me?" "Yes, my dear," she replied, "but do not be angry, I love Jesus better."

DEATH OF DINAH DOWDNEY.

Miss Dinah Dowdney, of Portsea, who died at nine years of age, one day in her illness said to her aunt, with whom she lived, "When I am dead, I should like Mr. Griffin to preach a sermon to children to persuade them to love Jesus Christ, to obey their parents, not to tell lies, but to think of dying and going to heaven. I have been thinking," said she, "what text I should like him to preach from; 2 Kings iv. 26. You are the Shunammite, Mr. G. is the prophet, and I am the Shunammite's child. When I am dead I dare say you will be grieved, though you need not. The prophet will come to see you; and when he says 'How is it with the child?' you may say, 'IT IS WELL.' I am sure it will then be well with me, for I shall be in heaven singing the praises of God. You ought to think it well too." Mr. G. accordingly fulfilled the wish of this pious child.

WILL YOU MEET ME THERE, FATHER?

At a public meeting of the London

City Mission, in 1836, the Rev. R. Ainslie related the following fact:—An infidel allowed his wife to send their two children to a Sunday-school. One of them, not long after, was seized with illness, and it soon appeared, from the nature of the disease, he could not recover. The father came home, on the last evening of the child's life, from an infidel meeting, under the influence of the sentiments and principles usually taught in such societies, when his wife said to him, "James is dying." The father went up stairs, approached the bed-side of his dying child, and while the father was looking upon him, the child said, "Father, I am very happy; I am going to heaven; *will you meet me there, father?*" and immediately expired. This appeal was too much for him. Uttered with so much simplicity, and dictated by the Eternal Spirit, it was engraven upon the tablet of his heart as with a pen of iron upon lead, and sculptured there for ever. He made many efforts to efface the impression from his mind, but without effect. He confesses, that he was a drunkard, a blasphemer, and, to use his own language, "the vilest wretch out of

hell." The appeal continued to be more and more affecting to him, and on one Sabbath, having driven a party a few miles from town, for he was the driver of a fly, he put up his horses quickly, and went to church. One of the lessons for the day was 2 Sam. xiii., containing the reflections of David on the death of his child. When he heard the words, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me," he thought, "It is impossible." His past life and infidel ridicule of heaven forbade the hope that he should ever meet his child in that happy world. Still his mind was greatly distressed. He had no pious friend; he could get neither light nor peace in this season of mental anguish. An agent of the City Mission at length called upon him; the man disclosed his state of mind, and the instructions, counsels, and prayers of the agent were blessed by the Holy Spirit: the man has renounced his infidelity—his character is entirely changed; he and his wife are regularly worshippers in the house of God, and he is now cherishing the hope, that he shall meet his child in heaven.

CHRIST.

THE COBBLER'S CONCLUSION.

A poor man, unable to read, who obtained his livelihood by mending old shoes, was asked by an Arian minister, how he knew that Jesus Christ was the Son of God? "Sir," he replied, "I am sorry you have put such a question to me before my children, although I think I can give you a satisfactory answer. You know, sir, when I first became concerned about my soul, and unhappy on account of my sins, I called upon you to ask for your advice, and you told me to get into company, and spend my time as merrily as I could, but not to go to hear the Methodists." "I did so," answered the ungodly minister. "I followed your advice," continued the illiterate cobbler, "for some time; but the more I trifled, the

more my misery increased; and at last I was persuaded to hear one of those Methodist ministers who came into our neighbourhood, and preached Jesus Christ as the Saviour. In the greatest agony of mind, I prayed to Him to save me, and to forgive my sins; and now I feel that he has freely forgiven them!—and by this I know that he is the Son of God."

ARIANS CONFOUNDED.

Two of Dr. Priestly's followers, eminent men, once called on an old gentleman of the Society of Friends, to ask him what was *his* opinion of the person of Christ. After a little consideration, he replied:—"The apostle says, We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, because

they expected a *temporal* Messiah; to the Greeks foolishness, because he was crucified as a malefactor; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God. Now, if you can separate the power of God from God, and the wisdom of God from God, I will come over to your opinions."—They were both struck dumb, and did not attempt to utter a single word in reply.

CONVICTIONS OF NAPOLEON.

"I know men," said Napoleon at St. Helena, to Count de Montholon, "I know men, and I tell you that Jesus is not a man! The religion of Christ is a mystery, which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find in it a marked individuality, which originated a train of words and actions unknown

before. Jesus is not a philosopher, for his proofs are miracles, and from the first his disciples adored him.

"Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself, founded empires; but on what foundation did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ founded an empire upon love; and at this hour, millions of men would die for him!

"I die before my time, and my body will be given back to the earth, to become food for worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep mystery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and is extending over the whole earth!"

Turning to Gen. Bertrand, the emperor added, "If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, I did wrong to appoint you general!"

CHARACTER OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE FIRST HOSPITAL.

The first hospital for the reception of the diseased and the infirm was founded at Edessa, in Syria, by the sagacious and provident humanity of a Christian father.

CHRISTIANITY AND HEATHENISM.

The language of God's word is, "Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not bear false witness; thou shalt not covet." Now where is there such a code of morality to be found in all the systems of ancient or modern heathen philosophers or politicians? Lycurgus ordained that infants who were deformed or weak, should be destroyed; but God's word says, "Thou shalt not kill." Lycurgus taught his pupils to steal, and rewarded those who could steal in such an artful manner as not to be detected; but the Bible says, "Thou shalt not steal."

Aristippus maintained that it was no harm "to steal, commit adultery, and sacrilege; setting aside the vulgar

opinion concerning them." The Grecians and many of the ancients practised incest; that is, a man could marry his own sister; and they pretended to derive this practice from gods, feigning that Jupiter married his own sister Juno. Hence many of their great men practised it, such as Cimon, Alcibiades, Darius the Persian, Ptolemy of Egypt, and others; but Moses said, "Thou shalt not marry one that is near akin to thee," and St. Paul required the *incestuous* person to be punished. The laws of Solon allowed of "brothels and prostitution;" but Moses said, "There shall be no harlot in Israel;" and were the principles of this book attended to, there would be none in Christendom. The polite and learned nations of the Greeks and Romans, very generally permitted the custom of exposing infants, and Romulus allowed the Romans to destroy all their female children except the oldest, and even their males if they were deformed. "These practices were common among them, and celebrated at their theatres."

They also had gladiatorial shows in which slaves were obliged to fight with each other, till one or the other fell, mangled with wounds. And so great was the rage for this sport, among both sexes, that no war is said to have been so destructive. Lipsius tells us, "that the gladiatorial shows cost twenty or thirty thousand lives a-month, and thus continued for a long course of years, must have destroyed more lives than the ravages of their wars."

THE BURMAN'S IMPRESSION.

Mrs. Judson, giving some account in a letter of the first Burman convert, says:—A few days ago I was reading with him Christ's sermon on the mount. He was deeply impressed, and unusually solemn. "These words," said he, "take hold on my very heart; they make me tremble. Here God commands us to do every thing that is good in secret, not to be seen of men. How unlike our religion is this! When Burmans make offerings at the pagodas, they make a great noise with drums and musical instruments, that others may see how good they are; but this religion makes the *mind* fear God; it makes it, of its *own accord*, fear sin."

BYRON'S CONFESSION.

"Indisputably," says Lord Byron, "the firm believers in the gospel have a great advantage over all others, for this simple reason, that if true, they will have their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope through life, without subsequent disappointment, since, at the worst for them, 'out of nothing, nothing can arise,' not even sorrow."

LORD BACON'S OPINION.

Lord Bacon, towards the latter end of his life, said, that a little smattering of philosophy would lead a man to Atheism, but a thorough insight of it will lead a man back again to a first cause, and that the first principle of

right reason is religion; and seriously professes, that, after all his studies and inquisitions, he durst not die with any other thoughts than those of religion, taught, as it is professed, among the Christians.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S REPLY TO AN INFIDEL LADY.

Infidels should never talk of our giving up our Christianity, till they can propose something superior to it. Lord Chesterfield's answer, therefore, to an infidel lady was very just. When at Brussels he was invited by Voltaire, to sup with him and Madam C. The conversation happening to turn upon the affairs of England, "I think, my Lord," said Madam C., "that the parliament of England consists of five or six hundred of the best informed men in the kingdom?"

"True, madame, they are generally supposed to be so."

"What then can be the reason they tolerate so great an absurdity, as the christian religion?" "I suppose, madame," replied his lordship, "it is because they have not been able to substitute any thing better in its stead; when they can, I do not doubt but in their wisdom they will readily adopt it."

GIBBON'S TESTIMONY.

"While the Roman empire," says Gibbon, "was invaded by open violence or undermined by slow decay, a pure and humble religion greatly insinuated itself into the minds of men, grew up in silence and sobriety, derived new vigour from opposition, and finally erected the banner of the cross on the ruins of the capital."

Again, he says, "the christian religion is a religion that diffuses among the people a pure, benevolent, and universal system of ethics, adapted to every condition in life, and recommended as the will and reason of the Supreme Deity, and enforced by the sanction of eternal rewards and punishments."

COMMENTARIES.

THE MISTAKEN DIVINES.

Rica, having been to visit the library of a French convent, writes thus to his friend in Persia, concerning what had passed:—"Father," said I to the librarian, "what are these huge volumes which fill the whole side of the library?" "These," said he, "are the interpreters of the Scriptures." "There is a prodigious number of them," replied I; "the Scriptures must have been very dark formerly, and be very clear at present. Do there remain still any doubts? Are there now any points

contested?" "Are there!" answered he with surprise, "are there! There are almost as many as there are lines." "You astonish me," said I; "what then have all these authors been doing?" "These authors," returned he, "never searched the Scriptures for what ought to be believed, but for what they did believe themselves. They did not consider them as a book wherein were contained the doctrines which they ought to receive, but as a work which might be made to authorize their own ideas."

COMMUNION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

COLONEL GARDINER'S ENJOYMENT.

A more devout communicant at the table of the Lord, says Dr. Doddridge in his life of Colonel Gardiner, has, perhaps, seldom been any where known. Often have I had the pleasure to see that manly countenance softened into all the marks of humiliation and contrition on these occasions: and to discern, in spite of all his efforts to conceal them, streams of tears flowing down from his eyes, while he has been directing them to those memorials of his Redeemer's love. And some, who have conversed intimately with him after he came from that ordinance, have observed a visible abstraction from surrounding objects, by which there seemed reason to imagine that his soul was wrapped up in holy contemplation. And I particularly remember, that when we had once spent a great part of the following Monday in riding together, he made an apology to me for being so absent as he seemed, by telling me that his heart was flown upwards, before he was aware, to Him whom having not seen he loved; and he was rejoicing in him with such unspeakable joy, that he could not hold it down to creature converse.

LAYING ASIDE A CROWN.

At the coronation of his Majesty

George III., after the anointing was over in the Abbey, and the crown put upon his head with great shouting, the two archbishops came to hand him down from the throne to receive the sacrament. His majesty told them he would not go to the Lord's Supper, and partake of that ordinance, with the crown upon his head: for he looked upon himself, when appearing before the King of kings, in no other character than in that of a humble Christian. The bishops replied, that although there was no precedent for this, it should be complied with. Immediately he put off his crown, and laid it aside: he then desired that the same should be done with respect to the queen. It was answered, that her crown was pinned on her head, that it could not be easily taken off; to which the king replied, "Well, let it be reckoned a part of her dress, and in no other light." "When I saw and heard this," says the narrator, "it warmed my heart towards him; and I could not help thinking, that there would be something good found about him towards the Lord God of Israel."

CHILDREN PRESENT.

The Rev. John Brown, in a narrative of his experience, remarks, "I reflect on it as a great mercy, that I was born

in a family which took care of my Christian instruction, and in which I had the privilege of God's worship, morning and evening. About the eighth year of my age, I happened, in a crowd, to push into the church at Abernethy, on a Sacrament Sabbath. Before I was excluded, I heard a minister speak much in commendation of Christ; this, in a sweet and delightful manner, captivated my young affections, and has since made me think that children should never be kept out of church on such occasions."

THE COMMUNION PROFANED.

In a speech in the House of Lords, in 1719, Lord Lansdowne said, "The receiving of the Lord's Supper was never intended to be as a qualification for an office; but as an open declaration of one's being and remaining a sincere member of the church of Christ. Whoever presumes to receive it with any other view, profanes it, and may be said to seek his promotion in this world, by eating and drinking his own damnation in the next."

EVIL COMPANY.

BLAIR'S EXTREMES.

Mr. Robert Blair, in a memoir of his life, written by himself, says, "That year, (1616,) having upon an evening, been engaged in company with some irreligious persons, when I returned to my chamber, and went to my ordinary devotion, the Lord did show so much displeasure and wrath, that I was driven from prayer, and heavily threatened to be deserted of God. For this I had a restless night, and resolved to spend the next day in extraordinary humiliation, fasting and prayer; and toward the evening of that day, I found access to God, with sweet peace, through Jesus Christ, and learned to beware of such company; but then I did run into another extreme of rudeness and incivility toward such as were profane and irreligious, so hard a thing is it for short-

COLONEL GARDINER'S PREPARATION.

Colonel Gardiner, in a letter, mentions the pleasure with which he had attended a preparation sermon the Saturday before the dispensation of the Lord's Supper. He writes, "I took a walk on the mountains over against Ireland; and I persuade myself, that were I capable of giving you a description of what passed there, you would agree that I had much better reason to remember my God from the hills of Port-Patrick, than David from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites from the hill Mizar. In short, I wrestled some hours with the angel of the covenant, and made supplications to him with floods of tears and cries, until I had almost expired; but he strengthened me so, that like Jacob, I had power with God and prevailed. You will be more able to judge of this, by what you have felt yourself, upon the like occasions. After such a preparatory work, I need not tell you how blessed the solemn ordinance of the Lord's Supper proved to me; I hope it was so to many."

sighted sinners to hold the right and the straight way."

JUDGE BULLER'S CAUTION.

Judge Buller, when in the company of a young gentleman of sixteen, cautioned him against being led astray, by the example or persuasion of others, and said, "If I had listened to the advice of some of those who called themselves my friends when I was young, instead of being a *Judge* of the King's Bench, I should have died long ago a *prisoner* in the King's Bench."

ELLIOT'S ADVICE.

The Rev. John Elliot, styled "The Apostle of the Indians," was once asked by a pious woman, who was vexed with a wicked husband, and bad

company frequently infesting her house | into your hand when bad company
on his account, what she should do? | comes in, and that will soon drive them
"Take," said he, "the Holy Bible | out of the house."

CONFESSION OF SIN.

J. BRADFORD AND J. WESLEY.

Joseph Bradford was for some years the travelling companion of Mr. Wesley, for whom he would have sacrificed health and even life, but to whom his will would never bend, except in meekness. "Joseph," said Mr. Wesley, one day, "take these letters to the post." B. "I will take them after preaching, sir." W. "Take them now, Joseph." B. "I wish to hear you preach, sir; and there will be sufficient time for the post after service." W. "I insist upon your going now, Joseph." B. "I will not go at present." W. "You won't?" B. "No, sir." W. "Then you and I must part." B.

"Very good, sir." The good men slept over it. Both were early risers. At four o'clock the next morning the refractory helper was accosted with, "Joseph, have you considered what I said—that we must part?" B. "Yes, sir." W. "And must we part?" B. "Please yourself sir." W. "Will you ask my pardon, Joseph?" B. "No, sir." W. "You won't?" B. "No, sir." W. "Then I will ask *yours*, Joseph." Poor Joseph was instantly melted; smitten as by the word of Moses, when forth gushed the tears, like the water from the rock. He had a tender soul; and it was soon observed when the appeal was made to the heart instead of the head.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE WITH THE GUILTY.

THE JEWELLER AND HIS SERVANT.

A jeweller, a man of good character, and considerable wealth, having occasion, in the way of business, to travel some distance from his abode, took along with him a servant: he had with him some of his best jewels, and a large sum of money, to which his servant was likewise privy. The master having occasion to dismount on the road, the servant watched his opportunity, took a pistol from his master's saddle, and shot him dead on the spot; then, rifling him of his jewels and money, and hanging a large stone to his neck, he threw him into the nearest canal. With his booty he made off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master were known. There he began to trade, in a very low way at first, that his obscurity might screen him from observation; and in the course of many years seemed to rise up, by the natural progress of business, into wealth and consideration; so that his good fortune appeared at

once the effect of industry, and the reward of virtue. Of these he counterfeited the appearance so well, that he grew into great credit, married into a good family, and, by laying out his hidden stores discreetly, as he saw occasion, and joining to all a universal affability, he was at length admitted to a share of the government of the town, and rose from one post to another, till at last he was chosen chief magistrate. In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no small applause, both as governor and judge; till one day, as he sat on the bench with some of his brethren, a criminal was brought before him, who was accused of murdering his master. The evidence came out full, the jury brought in their verdict that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly awaited the sentence of the president of the court (which happened to be himself) in great suspense. Meanwhile he appeared to be in unusual disorder and agitation of mind; his colour changed often; and at length he arose

from his seat, and, coming down from the bench, placed himself just by the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no small astonishment of all present. "You see before you," said he, addressing himself to those who had sat on the bench with him, "a striking instance of the just awards of Heaven, for this day, after thirty years' concealment, presents to you a greater criminal than the man just now found guilty." He then made an ample confession of his heinous offence, with all its peculiar aggravations. "Nor can I," continued he, "feel any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience, but by requiring that justice be forthwith done against me in the most public and solemn manner." We may easily imagine the amazement of all, especially his fellow-judges. They accordingly proceeded upon his confession, to pass sentence upon him, and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind.

THE PARRICIDE AND HER HUSBAND.

A man and his wife were executed at Augsburg for a murder, the discovery

of which, after a long lapse of time, strongly manifests the impossibility of eluding the all-seeing eye of Providence. The criminal, whose name was Wineze, was originally of Nuremberg, but removed to Augsburg in 1788, where he became a lawyer. In this city he became intimate in the family of M. Glegg, to whose daughter he paid his addresses; but the old gentleman not sanctioning his visits, he met the daughter privately, seduced her, and persuaded her, in order to remove the only obstacle to their union, to administer poison to her father. The horrid plan succeeded; no suspicions were entertained, and their union put him in possession of the old man's wealth. During a period of twenty-one years they lived externally happy, but, in secret, a prey to the greatest remorse. At length, unable to endure any longer the weight of guilt, the wife made confession of the particulars of the atrocious crime which she had been prevailed on to commit. The husband was apprehended, and both of them received their desert in an ignominious death.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

BETTER RULE THAN EXPEDIENCY.

Lord Erskine, when at the bar, was always remarkable for the fearlessness with which he contended against the bench. In a contest he had with Lord Kenyon, he explained the rule and conduct at the bar in the following terms: "It was," said he, "the first command and counsel of my youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be my duty, and leave the consequences to God. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that any obedience to it has been even a temporal sacrifice; I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point it out as such to my children."

THE CHIEFS AND THE FILE.

Since the introduction of Christianity

into the island of Tahiti, many interesting proofs have been given by the natives, of conscientious principles. Formerly, thieving was considered no crime; but such has been the effect of christian instruction, that now the very reverse is exemplified. Mr. Ellis mentions the following circumstance, which happened shortly before his arrival there:—

Two christian chiefs, Tati and Aluhiro, were walking together by the water side, when they came to a place where a fisherman had been employed in making or sharpening hooks, and had left a large file, (a valuable article in Tahiti,) lying on the ground. The chiefs picked it up; and, as they were proceeding, one said to the other, "This is not ours. Is not our taking it a species of theft?" "Perhaps it is."

replied the other; "yet, as the owner is not here, I do not know who has a greater right to it than ourselves." "It is not ours," said the former, "and we had better give it away." After further conversation they agreed to give it to the first person they met, which they did, telling him that they had found it, and requested that if he heard who had lost such a thing, he would restore it.

THE INDIAN AND THE QUARTER OF A DOLLAR.

An Indian, visiting his white neighbours, asked for a little tobacco to smoke, and one of them having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following, the Indian came back, inquiring for the donor, saying, he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told, that as it was given him, he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast, "I got a good man and a bad man here; and the good man say, it is not mine, I must return it to the owner; the bad man say, why he gave it you, and it is your own now; the good man say, that not right, the tobacco is yours, not the money; the bad man say, never mind, you got it, go buy some dram; the good man say, no, no, you must not do so; so I don't know what to do; and I think to go to sleep; but the good man and the bad kept talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back, I feel good."

ADAM CLARKE'S EARLY SCRUPLES.

A very respectable linen merchant in Coleraine offered Dr. Clarke, when a

youth, a situation in his warehouse, which was accepted by him, with the consent of his parents. Mr. B—— knew well that his clerk and overseer was a religious man, but he was not sensible of the extent of principle which actuated him. Some differences arose at times about the way of conducting the business, which were settled pretty amicably. But the time of the great Dublin market approached, and Mr. B—— was busy preparing for it. The master and man were together in the folding-room, when one of the pieces was found short of the required number of yards. "Come," says Mr. B——, "it is but a trifle. We shall soon stretch it, and make out the yard. Come, Adam, take one end, and pull against me." Adam had neither ears nor heart for the proposal, and absolutely refused to do what he thought a dishonest thing. A long argument and expostulation followed, in which the usages of the trade were strongly and variously enforced; but all in vain. Adam kept to his purpose, resolving to suffer rather than sin. Mr. B—— was therefore obliged to call for one of his men less scrupulous, and Adam retired quietly to his desk. These things may be counted little in the life of such a man, but not so in the sight of God. Soon after Mr. B——, in the kindest manner, informed his "young friend," as he seemed always proud to call him, that it was very clear he was not fit for worldly business, and wished him to look out for some employment more congenial to his own mind; adding, that he might depend on his friendship in any line of life into which he should enter.

CHRISTIAN CONSISTENCY.

"MY MOTHER BELIEVES THE BIBLE."

The son of Selina, the Countess of Huntingdon, whose zeal in the extension of the gospel is well known, was unhappily an unbeliever, but revered his pious and venerable mother. "I wish," said a peer to him, "you

would speak to Lady Huntingdon; she has just erected a preaching place close to my residence." His lordship replied, "Gladly, my lord; but you will do me the favour to inform me what plea to urge, for my mother really believes the Bible."

THE PRINCE'S TRIBUTE.

When Lady Huntingdon became the subject of divine grace, her change of mind was soon observed by her exalted associates, who endeavoured in vain to turn her aside from the path she had chosen. One day at court, the then Prince of Wales asked Lady Charlotte E——, "Where is my Lady Huntingdon, that she is so seldom here?" The lady of fashion replied, with a sneer, "I suppose praying with her beggars." The Prince shook his head, and said, "Lady Charlotte, when I am dying, I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle, to carry me up with her to heaven."

THE DYING MASTER AND HIS SLAVE.

The conscience of the sinner, when aroused, not only accuses himself but his accomplices also. A rich southern gentleman, careless about his soul, used often to invite his minister, a worldly man and a mere hireling, to hunt, drink wine, play cards, and join parties of pleasure with him.

The poor worldling was taken sick, and his case was pronounced dangerous. His mind was terribly agitated;—he felt unprepared to die. His physician asked him one day, if he would not send for his minister to converse with him, and offer prayer in his behalf?

No, he had no confidence in him: he could hardly bear the mention of his name. He had a poor pious negro servant, by the name of Ben. The master had sometimes overheard him at prayer. "Call for *Ben!*" said he. He came. "Ben," said the dying man, "can't you pray for your poor master?" Down he fell on his knees, and pleaded for the salvation of the sinner's soul; and the prayer, we hope, was answered.

THE WAY TO PRESERVE CHURCHES.

The first time I had the pleasure of being in the company of the Rev. John Wesley, (says a correspondent of the N. Y. Evangelist,) was in the year 1783. I asked him what must be done to keep Methodism alive when he was dead, to which he immediately answered,—“The Methodists must take heed to their Doctrine, their Experience, their Practice, and their Discipline. If they attend to their doctrines *only*, they will make the people *Antinomians*; if to the experimental part of religion *only*, they will make them *Enthusiasts*; if to the practical part *only*, they will make them *Pharisees*; and if they do not attend to their discipline, they will be like persons who bestow much pains in cultivating their garden, and put no fence round it, to save it from the wild boar of the forest.”

CONTENTMENT.

CATO AND MARIUS CURIUS.

Cato, a pattern of moderation, was very early taught the happy art of contentment, by the following circumstance:—Near his country seat was a cottage, formerly belonging to Marius Curius, who was thrice honoured with a triumph. Cato often walked thither, and reflecting on the smallness of the farm and the meanness of the dwelling, used to meditate on the peculiar virtues of the man, who, though he was the most illustrious character in Rome, had subdued the fiercest nations, and driven Pyrrhus out of Italy, cultivated this little spot of ground with his own

hands, and, after three triumphs, retired to his own cottage. Here the ambassadors of the Samnites found him in the chimney corner dressing turnips, and offered him a large present of gold; but he absolutely refused it, remarking, "A man who can be satisfied with such a supper, has no need of gold: and I think it more glorious to conquer the possessors of it, than to possess it myself." Full of these thoughts, Cato returned home; and taking a view of his own estate, his servants, and his manner of life, increased his labour, and retrenched his expenses.

HUNTING CONTENT.

Isaac Walton, himself a man of a very cheerful, contented spirit, relates the following anecdote:—

I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and well furnished, and would be often troubling himself and his family to remove from one of them to another. On being asked by a friend, why he removed so often from one house to another, he replied, "It was in order to find content in some of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind, for content can never dwell but with a meek and quiet soul.

THE KING'S ADVICE TO THE STABLE-BOY.

A king, walking out one morning, met a lad at the stable door, and asked him, "Well boy, what do you do? what do they pay you?" "I help in the stable," replied the lad; "but I have nothing except victuals and clothes." "Be content," replied the king, "I have no more." All that the richest possess beyond food, raiment, and habitation, they have but the keeping, or the disposing, not the present enjoyment of. A plough-boy, who thinks and feels correctly, has enough to make him contented: and if a king have a discontented spirit, he will find some plea for indulging it.

THE SECRET REVEALED.

An Italian bishop struggled through great difficulties, without repining or betraying the least impatience. One of his intimate friends, who highly admired the virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could communicate the secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the old man; "I can teach you my secret with great facility; it consists in nothing more than making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged of him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the bishop.

"In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a place I shall occupy in it, when I die and am buried; I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are in all respects more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed; where all our cares must end; and what little reason I have to repine or to complain."

TWO SORTS OF BLESSINGS.

"It is a great blessing to possess what one wishes," said some one to an ancient philosopher, who replied, "It is a greater blessing still, not to desire what one does not possess."

THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

Many of our readers are acquainted with that beautiful tract, "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain." The substance of this narrative is a correct account of David Saunders, of West Lavington, who died about the period of its publication. The conversation represented as passing between the shepherd and a Mr. Johnson, really took place with Dr. Stonehouse, a neighbouring clergyman, who afterwards befriended the shepherd on many occasions.

Dr. Stonehouse, who was on a journey, and somewhat fearful, from the appearance of the sky, that rain was at no great distance, accosted the shepherd with asking what sort of weather he thought it would be on the morrow. "It will be such weather as pleases me," answered the shepherd. Though the answer was delivered in the mildest and civilest tone that could be imagined, Dr. S. thought the words themselves rather rude and surly, and asked him how that could be. "Because," replied the shepherd, "it will be such weather as shall please God; and whatever pleases him always pleases me."

Dr. S. was quite satisfied with this reply, and entered into conversation

with the shepherd in the following manner:—"Yours is a troublesome life, honest friend." "To be sure, sir," replied the shepherd, "'tis not a very lazy life; but 'tis not near so toilsome, as that which my great Master led for my sake, and he had every state and condition of life at his choice, and chose a hard one, while I only submit to the lot that is appointed me." "You are exposed to great cold and heat," said the gentleman. "True, sir," said the shepherd; "but then I am not exposed to great temptations; and so throwing one thing against another, God is pleased to contrive to make things more equal than we poor, ignorant, short-sighted creatures, are apt to think. David was happier when he kept his father's sheep, on such a plain as this, and singing, some of his own psalms, perhaps, than ever he was when he became king of Israel and Judah."

"You think, then," said the gentleman, "that a laborious life is a happy one?"

"I do, sir; and more especially so, as it exposes a man to fewer sins. If king Saul had continued a poor laborious man to the end of his days, he might have lived happy and honest, and died a natural death in his bed at last, which you know sir, was more than he did."

God blessed Saunders with an excel-

lent wife and numerous offspring; he had sixteen children, and twelve of them, at one time, were "like olive branches round his table." It is not to be supposed that a poor shepherd, with such a family, could be without difficulties, especially as his wife suffered much from sickness.

His wages were but 6s. 3d. weekly, out of which he was sometimes obliged to pay a boy for assistance; but when times of peculiar necessity occurred, God always raised him up a friend. Dr. (afterwards Sir James) Stonehouse repeatedly assisted him; and sometimes his good neighbours, in humbler life, united to supply his wants. In one of his letters in his old age, he thus writes, with much christian simplicity;—"As for my part, I am but very poorly in body, having very sore legs, and cannot perform the business of my flock without help. As to the things of this world, I have but little share; having my little cot to pray and praise God in, and a bed to rest on; so I have just as much of this world as I desire. But my garment is worn out, and some of my christian friends think they must put their mites together and buy me one, or else I shall not be able to endure the cold in the winter: so I can say, Good is the Lord! He is still fulfilling his promise, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'"

CONTROVERSY.

EUDAMIDES AND XENOCRATES.

When Eudamides heard old Xenocrates disputing so long about wisdom, he inquired very gravely but archly, "If the old man be yet disputing and inquiring concerning wisdom, what time will he have left to use it?"

LUTHER'S PRAYER.

Controversy may be sometimes needful: but the love of disputation is a serious evil. Luther, who contended earnestly for the truth, used to pray:

"From a vainglorious doctor, a contentious pastor, and nice questions, the Lord deliver his church!"

MELANCTHON AND HIS MOTHER.

Philip Melancthon, being at the conferences at Spire, in 1529, made a little journey to Bretten, to see his mother. This good woman asked him what she must believe amidst so many disputes, and repeated to him her prayers, which contained nothing superstitious. "Go on, mother," said he, "to believe and pray as you have done."

and never trouble yourself about religious controversies."

DR. SWIFT'S COOLNESS.

When Dr. Swift was arguing one day with great coolness, with a gentleman who had become exceedingly warm in the dispute, one of the company asked him how he could keep his temper so well. "The reason is," replied the dean, "I have truth on my side."

NEWTON'S ADVICE TO AN AUTHOR.

Mr. Newton, of London, was a very candid and friendly critic, and was often applied to by young authors for his opinions and remarks, which he would give very candidly, and sometimes under the name of Nibblings. On one of these occasions a practical essay was put into his hand, which he approved; but a letter was appended, addressed to an obscure and contemptible writer, who had said very unwarrantable and absurd things on the subject, and whom, therefore, the writer attacked with little ceremony. The following is a specimen of some of Mr. Newton's nibblings:—"Were the affair mine, I would take no notice of Mr. —; but, if I did, it should be with the hope, at least with the desire, of doing good, even to him."

This would make me avoid every harsh epithet. He is not likely to be benefited by calling him a fool. The evangelists simply relate what is said and done, and use no bitterness nor severity, even when speaking of Herod, Pilate, or Judas. I wish their manner was more adopted in controversy."

WAY TO DISCERN WHO IS WRONG IN ARGUMENT.

A cobbler at Leyden, who used to attend the public disputations held at the academy, was once asked if he understood Latin. "No," replied the mechanic, "but I know who is wrong in the argument." "How?" replied his friend. "Why, by seeing who is angry first."

DR. GILL NOT AFRAID TO BE POOR.

After Dr. Gill had written against a gentleman whose publications he considered erroneous, he was waited on by some of his friends, who endeavoured to dissuade him from persevering, and, among other things, they intimated to him that he might lose the subscriptions of some wealthy persons. "Do not tell me of losing," said the doctor; "I value nothing in comparison with the gospel. I am not afraid to be poor."

CONVERSATION BETWEEN CHRISTIANS.

WOULD DAVID OR PAUL HAVE TALKED THUS?

It is said of the Rev. John Janeway, an eminently pious and devoted young minister, who died in 1657, that he was greatly distressed on account of the indisposition manifested among Christians to engage in suitable conversation; and that they who should be found encouraging one another in the way to eternal happiness, could satisfy themselves with empty, common, vain stuff; as if Christ, heaven, and eternity, were not of far greater worth than any thing else that usually sounds in the ears and comes from the lips of professors. That the folly of common discourse among Christians might appear more, and

that he might discover how little such language did become those that profess themselves followers of Christ, he once sat down silently, and took out his pen and ink, and wrote down in short-hand the discourse that passed for some time together, amongst those who pretended to more than common understanding in the things of God. And, after a while, he took his paper and read it to them, and asked them whether their talk was such as they would be willing God should record. "Oh, to spend an hour or two together, and to hear scarcely a word for Christ, or that speaks people's hearts in love with holiness! Should we talk thus if we believed that we should hear of this again at the day of

judgment? Would Enoch, David, or Paul have talked thus? Is this the sweetest communication of saints upon earth? Doth not this indicate our hearts to be very empty of grace, and that we have little sense of those spiritual and eternal concerns upon us?"

MR. HERVEY AND DR. DODDRIDGE.

Mr. Hervey, in a letter, says—"I have lately seen that most excellent minister of the ever-blessed Jesus, Mr.——. I dined, supped, and spent the evening with him at Northampton, in company with Dr. Doddridge, and

two pious ingenuous clergymen of the Church of England, both of them known to the learned world by their valuable writings; and surely I never spent a more delightful evening, or saw one that seemed to make nearer approaches to the felicity of heaven. A gentleman of great worth and rank in the town, invited us to his house, and gave us an elegant treat; but how mean was his provision, how coarse his delicacies, compared with the fruit of my friend's lips!—they dropped as the honey-comb, and were a well of life."

RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION WITH THE IMPENITENT.

YOUNG BUCHANAN AND THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

Dr. Buchanan, in giving an account of his conversion, says:—"It was in the year 1790 that my heart was effectually impressed *in consequence of an acquaintance with a religious man*. This gentleman having called one Sunday evening, out of complaisance I gave the conversation a religious turn. Among other things, I asked him whether he believed there was such a thing as divine grace; whether or not it was a fiction imposed by grave and austere persons from their own fancies. He took occasion, from this inquiry, to enlarge much upon the subject; he spoke with zeal and earnestness, and chiefly in Scripture language, and concluded with a very affecting address to the conscience and the heart. I had not the least desire, that I recollect, of being benefited by this conversation; but while he spoke, I listened to him with earnestness; and before I was aware, a most powerful impression was made upon my mind, and I conceived the instant resolution of reforming my life. On that evening I had an engagement which I could not now approve; notwithstanding what had passed, I, however, resolved to go; but as I went along, and had time to reflect upon what I had heard, I half wished that it might not be kept. It turned out as I

desired. I hurried home, and locked myself up in my chamber; I fell on my knees, and endeavoured to pray."

The result of this interview with his religious friend was made conducive to Buchanan's conversion; and he became one of the most self-denying and useful men in modern times.

"HOW DO YOU TREAT MY MASTER?"

Dr. Payson was once going to one of the towns in Maine, for the purpose of attending a ministers' meeting, accompanied by a friend, when they had occasion to call at a house on the journey where Dr. Payson was unknown. The family had just sat down to tea, and the lady of the house, in the spirit of genuine hospitality, invited the strangers to partake of the social repast. Dr. Payson at first declined, but being strenuously urged, he consented. As he took his seat, he inquired if a blessing had been asked; and being answered in the negative, requested the privilege, which was readily granted, of invoking the benediction of Heaven. This was done with so much fervour, solemnity, and simplicity, that it had the happiest effect. The old lady treated the company with the utmost attention, and as Dr. Payson was about to leave, he said to her, "Madam, you have treated me with much hospitality and kindness, for which I thank you sincerely; but

allow me to ask, how do you treat my Master? That is of infinitely greater consequence than how you treat me." He continued in a strain of appropriate exhortation, and having done his duty in the circumstances, proceeded on his journey. This visit was sanctified to the conversion of the lady and her household. The revival continued in the neighbourhood, and in a short time a church was built, and the regular ordinances of religion established.

"A WORD IN SEASON."

The Rev. Peter Mill, a zealous and venerable minister of the Gospel, being on a pedestrian excursion in Yorkshire, came to the brink of a large pit, which was so completely covered with the drifted snow as to conceal all danger from the unwary traveller. Just at that imminent moment, when, had he stepped forward, it is more than probable he would have plunged into the gulf of death, a young woman coming up, discovered to him his perilous condition. Grateful to the *First Cause* of his deliverance, he was not unmindful of the *instrument* of it: and desirous of making her some important return for the service she had rendered him, he informed her that he was a minister of Christ, whose office it was to call sinners to repentance. And with much gratitude and earnestness, he exhorted her to flee from the wrath to come, entreating her seriously to consider that her youth was no security from death, and expressing a most ardent desire that he might be the means of saving her *soul* from the *more awful pit* than that from which she had been instrumental in saving his body.

What he said to her was "a word in season;" for, while gratitude sparkled in his eyes, and his countenance expressed more than his tongue could declare, she could not doubt the truth of his assertions; and such was the impression of his discourse on her mind, that she began earnestly to cry, "What must I do to be saved!" She soon obtained ease to her troubled conscience,

and an assurance that her sins were pardoned. And about eight weeks after this, she died, happy in the consolations of religion.

THE CLERGYMAN CONVERTED.

The excellent Joseph Williams, of Kidderminster, relates in his diary, that in the year 1754, he was unexpectedly induced to take a journey; and, while out on his way, to ride to Bradford, in Wiltshire, on a stormy night. On a Monday, he called on a clergyman, the vicar of the town, and just as the party, to whom he was thus introduced, was breaking up, a young clergyman, the curate of the parish, came in. A pious friend, who accompanied Mr. Williams, requested him to speak to the curate: and with some reluctance he advanced towards him with the important inquiry, "Sir, how does your soul prosper?" He seemed disconcerted, and replied in a languid manner. Next morning, he sent for Mr. Williams, and told him that the conversation was deeply impressed on his mind, that he feared the state of his soul was bad, and desired some further intercourse. They conversed, they prayed, and, after they separated, kept up a correspondence mutually gratifying. The clergyman afterwards gave abundant evidence of piety, and of great faithfulness to the souls committed to his charge.

DR. CHALMERS AND THE NOBLEMAN.

Dr. Chalmers, on his return from England, a few years ago, lodged in the house of a nobleman, not far distant from Peebles. The doctor was known to excel in conversation, as well as in the pulpit. He was the life and soul of the discourse in the circle of friends at the nobleman's fireside. The subject was pauperism—its causes and cure. Among the gentlemen present, there was a venerable old Highland chieftain, who kept his eyes fastened on Dr. C., and listened with intense interest to his communications. The conversation was kept up to a late hour. When the company broke up, they were

shown up stairs into their apartments. There was a lobby of considerable length, and the doors of the bed-chambers opened on the right and left. The apartment of Dr. C. was directly opposite to that of the old chieftain, who had already retired with his attendant. As the Doctor was undressing himself, he heard an unusual noise in the chieftain's room; the noise was succeeded by a heavy groan! He hastened into the apartment, which was in a few minutes filled with the company, who all rushed in to the relief of the old gentleman. It was a melancholy sight which met their eyes. The venerable white-headed chief had fallen into the arms of his attendant in an apoplexy. He breathed for a few moments, and expired. Dr. C. stood in silence, with both hands stretched out, and bending over the deceased. He was the very picture of distress. He was the first to break silence. "Never in my life," said he, in a tremulous voice, "did I see, or did I feel, before this moment, the meaning of that text, 'Preach the word: be instant in season, and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine.' Had I known that my venerable old friend was within a few minutes of eternity, I would not have dwelt on that subject which formed the topic of this evening's conversation. I would have addressed myself earnestly to him. I would have

preached unto him and you, Christ Jesus, and him crucified. I would have urged him and you, with all the earnestness befitting the subject, to prepare for eternity. You would have thought it, and you would have pronounced it, out of season. But ah! it would have been in season, both as it respected him, and as it respects you."

AN UNFAITHFUL FATHER.

A father who had a son in college, requested a minister who was going through the town where he was, to call on him and converse with him in reference to the salvation of his soul. The minister called, agreeable to the request of the father, and introduced the subject of religion. He alluded to the feelings and request of the father, who wished him by all means to attend first to the salvation of his soul. The young man replied, "Did my father send such word as that?" "He did," was the reply. "Then," said the young man, "my father is a dishonest man." "But why do you say he is dishonest?" said the minister. "Because," replied the student, "he has often advised me, in regard to the course he would have me pursue in life, how to gain the riches, honours, and pleasures of the world, but he is not the man that has ever manifested any interest in regard to the salvation of my soul, any more than if I had no soul!"

MORAL COURAGE.

THE BISHOP'S REPLY.

Philip, Bishop of Heraclea, in the beginning of the fourth century, was dragged by the feet through the streets, severely scourged, and then brought again to the governor, who charged him with obstinate rashness, in continuing disobedient to the imperial decrees; but he boldly replied, "My present behaviour is not the effect of rashness, but proceeds from my love and fear of God, who made the world, and who will judge the living and the dead, whose commands I dare not transgress.

I have hitherto done my duty to the emperors, and am always ready to comply with their just orders, according to the doctrine of our Lord Christ, who bids us give both to Cæsar and to God their due; but I am obliged to prefer heaven to earth, and to obey God rather than man." The governor, on hearing this speech, immediately passed sentence on him to be burned, which was executed accordingly, and the martyr expired, singing praises to God in the midst of the flames.

CHRYSOSTOM IN EXILE.

"When driven from the city, I cared nothing for it. But I said to myself, if the empress wishes to banish me, the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. If she would saw me in sunder, let her saw me in sunder; I have Isaiah for a pattern. If she would plunge me in the sea; I remember Jonah. If she would thrust me into the fiery furnace; I see the three children enduring that. If she would cast me to wild beasts; I call to mind Daniel in the den of lions. If she would stone me, let her stone me; I have before me Stephen the protomartyr. If she would take my head from me, let her take it; I have John the Baptist. If she would deprive me of my worldly goods, let her do it; naked came I from my mother's womb, and naked shall I return. An apostle has told me 'God respecteth no man's person,' and if I yet pleased men, I should not be a servant of Christ." Even Gibbon cannot refrain from remarking, that these epistles "show a firmness of mind much superior to that of Cicero in his exile."

DEATH OF JEROME.

When the executioner went behind Jerome of Prague to set fire to the pile, "Come here," said the martyr, "and kindle it before my eyes; for, if I dreaded such a sight, I should never have come to this place when I had a free opportunity to escape." The fire was kindled, and he then sung a hymn, which was soon finished by the encircling flames.

LUTHER'S FORTITUDE.

Vergerio, the papal nuncio, came to Wirtemberg on the evening of November 6, 1535, with a splendid retinue, and was conducted to the castle with all due honour by the principal governor. The next morning, Luther being introduced, conversed with the nuncio; among other things, on the subject of the council, he said it was not seriously proposed; the Pope did but play with

them; and, if it were held, it would busy itself only about trifles, such as tonsures and vestments, and not upon faith and justification, and bringing Christians to the unity of the spirit and of doctrine; for this would not suit their purpose. He added, that he and his friends felt such an assurance of what they believed, as not to need the determination of a council, though others might do it, who groaned under the oppression of men who did not themselves know what they believed. "But," said he, "call your council; God willing, I will attend it, though I should be burned by it." Vergerio asked where he would have it held. "Where you please," he replied, "at Mantua, at Padua, at Florence, or any where else." Vergerio asked, "Are you willing it should be at Bologna?" He inquired to whom that city then belonged; and on being told, "To the Pope," he exclaimed, "Has the Pope seized that place too? Well, I will go even thither." The nuncio, in a courtier-like manner, said something of the Pope's visiting Wirtemberg. "Let him come," said Luther; "we shall be glad to see him." "But," said Vergerio, "would you have him come with an army, or unattended?" "As he pleases," replied Luther; "we shall be ready for him either way." The nuncio then inquired whether the ministers in Saxony were consecrated. Luther replied, "Certainly: as the Pope will not consecrate them for us, here sits a bishop," (pointing to Pomeranus,) "whom we have consecrated." Much more conversation, says the author of the narrative, passed between them, in which Luther fully explained his views, with the utmost freedom, and even, where the case required, with sharpness of remark. On taking leave, Vergerio said, "See that you be ready for the council." "I will come," replied Luther, "with my life in my hand."

On another occasion, Luther, when making his way into the presence of Cardinal Cajetan, who had summoned him to answer for his heretical opinions

at Augsburg, was asked by one of the cardinal's minions, where he should find a shelter if his patron, the elector of Saxony, should desert him? "Under the shield of Heaven!" was his reply. The silenced minion turned round, and went his way.

LUTHER SUMMONED TO WORMS.

When Luther was summoned to attend the diet at Worms, his friends, notwithstanding the safe-conduct granted to him by the Emperor Charles V., apprehending danger to his person, would have dissuaded him from going thither. Luther replied, "I am determined to enter the city in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, though as many devils should oppose me as there are tiles upon all the houses at Worms." He was accompanied from Wirtemberg by some divines, and one hundred horse; but he took only eight horsemen into Worms. When he stepped out of the carriage, he said, in the presence of a great number of persons, "God shall be on my side."

CASE OF WICKLIFF.

At one period of his life, this eminent reformer's health was considerably impaired by the labour of producing his numerous compositions, and the excitement inseparable from the restless hostilities of his enemies. Being supposed to be in dangerous circumstances, his old antagonists, the mendicants, conceived it next to impossible that so notorious a heretic should find himself near a future world without the most serious apprehensions of divine anger. While they declared that the dogmas of the reformer had arisen from the suggestions of the great enemy, they anticipated some advantages to their cause, could the dying culprit be induced to make any recantation of his published opinions. Wickliff was in Oxford when this sickness arrested his activity, and confined him to his chamber. From the four orders of friars, four doctors, who were also called regents, were gravely deputed to

wait on their expiring enemy; and to these the same number of civil officers, called senators of the city, and aldermen of the wards, were added. When this embassy entered the apartment of the rector of Lutterworth, he was seen stretched on his bed. Some kind wishes were first expressed as to his better health, and the blessing of a speedy recovery. It was presently suggested, that he must be aware of the many wrongs which the whole mendicant brotherhood had sustained from his attacks, especially in his sermons, and in certain of his writings; and, as death was now apparently about to remove him, it was sincerely hoped that he would not conceal his penitence, but distinctly revoke whatever he had preferred against them to their injury. The sick man remained silent and motionless until this address was concluded. He then beckoned his servants to raise him in his bed; and fixing his eyes on the persons assembled, summoned all his remaining strength, as he exclaimed aloud, "I shall not die, but live; and shall again declare the evil deeds of the friars." The doctors and their attendants now hurried from his presence, and they lived to feel the truth of his saying; nor will it be easy to imagine another scene more characteristic of the parties composing it, or of the times in which it occurred.

HOOPER AT THE STAKE.

Bishop Hooper was condemned to be burned at Gloucester, in Queen Mary's reign. A gentleman, with the view of inducing him to recant, said to him, "Life is sweet, and death is bitter." Hooper replied, "The death to come is more bitter, and the life to come more sweet. I am come hither to end this life, and suffer death, because I will not gainsay the truth I have here formerly taught you." When brought to the stake, a box, with a pardon from the queen in it, was set before him. The determined martyr cried out, "If you love my soul, away with it! if you love my soul, away with it!"

LATIMER GOING TO LONDON.

In the beginning of the reign of Queen Mary of England, a pursuivant was sent to bring Bishop Latimer to London, of which he had notice six hours before he arrived. But instead of fleeing, he prepared for his journey to London; and, when the pursuivant was come, he said to him, "My friend, you are welcome. I go as willingly to London, to give an account of my faith, as ever I went to any place in the world. And I doubt not, but as the Lord made me worthy formerly to preach the word before two excellent princes, he will now enable me to bear witness to the truth before the third, either to her eternal comfort or discomfort." As he rode on this occasion through Smithfield, he said, "That Smithfield had groaned for him a long time."

KNOX BEFORE THE QUEEN.

The pure heart-searching doctrines which were preached by this Scotch apostle, were then, as they are now, offensive to the carnal heart, and hence he was commanded by the voluptuous court of Mary to desist. Knox, who knew no master and obeyed no mandate that was in opposition to his God and his Bible, paid no attention to this command of the palace. Hearing immediately from the enemies of the cross, who were then, as I fear they are at present, the favourites and friends of the palace, that her orders were disobeyed, the haughty Mary summoned the Scottish reformer into her presence. When Knox arrived, he was ushered into the room in which were the queen and her attendant lords. On being questioned concerning his contumacy, he answered plainly that he preached nothing but truth, and he dared not preach less. "But," answered one of the lords, "our commands must be obeyed on pain of death; silence or the gallows is the alternative." The spirit of Knox was roused by the dastardly insinuation that any human punishment could make him desert the banner

of his Saviour, and with that fearless, indescribable courage which disdains the pomp of language or of action, he firmly replied, "My lords, you are mistaken if you think you can intimidate me to do by threats what conscience and God tell me I never shall do; for be it known unto you that it is a matter of no importance to me, when I have finished my work, whether my bones shall bleach in the winds of heaven or rot in the bosom of the earth." Knox having retired, one of the lords said to the queen, "We may let him alone, for we cannot punish that man." Well therefore might it be said by a nobleman at the grave of John Knox, "Here lies one who never feared the face of man."

FLETCHER AND HIS NEPHEW.

The Rev. Mr. Fletcher had a very wild and profligate nephew in the army, a man who had been dismissed from the Sardinian service for very bad conduct. He had engaged in two or three duels, and had spent all his money in vice and folly. The wicked youth waited one day on his eldest uncle, General De Gons, and presenting a loaded pistol, threatened to shoot him unless he would that moment advance him five hundred crowns. The General, though a brave man, well knew what a desperate fellow he had to deal with, and gave a draft for the money, at the same time speaking freely to him on his conduct. The young man rode off in high spirits with his ill-gotten money. In the evening, passing the door of his younger uncle, Mr. Fletcher, he called on him, and began with informing him what General De Gons had done; and, as a proof, showed a draft under De Gons' own hand. Mr. Fletcher took the draft from his nephew, and looked at him with surprise. Then, after some remarks, putting it into his pocket, said, "It strikes me, young man, that you have possessed yourself of this note by some wrong method; and in conscience, I cannot return it but with my brother's

knowledge and approbation." The nephew's pistol was in a moment at his breast. "My life," replied Mr. Fletcher, with perfect calmness, "is secure in protection of almighty power; nor will he suffer it to be the forfeit of my integrity and your rashness." This firmness drew from the nephew the observation, "That his uncle De Gons, though an old soldier, was more afraid of death than his brother." "Afraid of death!" rejoined Mr. Fletcher, "do you think I have been twenty-five years a minister of the Lord of life, to be afraid of death now? No, sir, it is for *you* to be afraid of death. *You* are a gamester and a cheat; yet call yourself a gentleman! *You* are the seducer of female innocence; and still say you are a gentleman! *You* are a duellist; and for this you style yourself a man of honour! Look there, sir," pointing to the heavens, "the broad eye of Heaven is fixed upon us. Tremble in the presence of your Maker, who can in a moment kill your body, and for ever punish your soul in hell."

The unhappy young prodigal turned pale, and trembled with fear and rage. He still threatened his uncle with instant death. Fletcher, though thus threatened, gave no alarm, sought for no weapon, and attempted not to escape. He calmly conversed with his profligate relative; and at length perceiving him to be affected, addressed him in the kindest language, till he fairly disarmed and subdued him! He would not return his brother's draft; but engaged to procure for the young man some immediate relief. He then prayed for him; and after fulfilling his promise of assistance, parted with him, with much good advice on one side, and many fair promises on the other.

THE KING REPROVED.

It is said that Henry the Great of France, took much pleasure in conversing with an honest and religious man of low situation in life, who used great freedom with his majesty. One day he said to the king, "Sir, I always

take your part when I hear any man speaking evil of you: I know that you excel in justice and generosity, and that many worthy things have been done by you. But you have one vice for which God will condemn you, if you do not repent, I mean the unlawful love of women." The king, it is said, was too magnanimous to resent this reproof, but he long felt it like an arrow in his bosom; and sometimes said, that the most eloquent discourses of the doctors of the Sorbonne had never made such an impression on his soul, as this honest reproof from his humble friend.

HARRIS AND THE SOLDIERS.

Dr. Harris, the minister of Hanwell, during the civil wars, frequently had military officers quartered at his house. A party of them, being unmindful of the reverence due to the holy name of God, indulged themselves in swearing. The doctor noticed this, and on the following Sabbath, preached from these words:—"Above all things my brethren, swear not." This so enraged the soldiers, who judged the sermon was intended for them, that they swore they would shoot him if he preached on the subject again. He was not, however, to be intimidated; and on the following Sabbath, he not only preached from the same text, but inveighed in still stronger terms against the vice of swearing. As he was preaching, a soldier levelled his carabine at him; but he went on to the conclusion of his sermon, without the slightest fear or hesitation.

WESLEY AND THE PAPACY.

Mr. Samuel Wesley, the father of the celebrated Mr. John Wesley, being strongly importuned by the friends of James the Second, to support the measures of the court in favour of Popery, with promises of preferment, absolutely refused even to read the king's declaration; and though surrounded with courtiers, soldiers, and informers, he preached a bold and pointed discourse against it from these

words:—"If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us out of thy hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

"TOUCH ME IF YOU DARE."

Some of the Indian chiefs having become the open enemies of the gospel, Mr. Elliot, sometimes called "The Apostle of the American Indians," when in the wilderness, without the company of any other Englishman, was, at various times, treated in a threatening and barbarous manner by some of those men, yet his Almighty Protector inspired him with such resolution, that he said,—"I am about the work of the Great God, and my God is with me: so that I fear neither you, nor all the Sachems (or chiefs) in the country. I will go on, and do you touch me if you dare." They heard him, and shrunk away.

EXCOMMUNICATING A PRINCE.

William IX., Duke of Aquitaine and Earl of Poitiers, was a violent and dissolute prince, and often indulged himself in improper behaviour at the expense of religion. Though he had contracted a very suitable marriage, and one with which he was satisfied for some time, he parted from his wife without reason, to marry another who pleased him better. The Bishop of Poitiers, where he resided, was a holy prelate, named Peter. He could not brook so great a scandal; and having employed all other means in vain, he thought it his duty to excommunicate the duke. As he began to pronounce the anathema, William furiously advanced, sword in hand, saying, "Thou art dead if thou proceedest." The bishop, as if afraid, required a few moments to consider what was most expedient. The duke granted it, and the bishop courageously finished the rest of the formula of excommunication. After which, extending his neck, "Now strike," said he, "I am quite ready."

The astonishment which this intrepid conduct produced in the duke, disarmed his fury, and saying ironically, "I don't like you well enough to send you to heaven;" he contented himself with banishing him.

HINTON AND THE UNWORTHY COMMUNICANT.

A person who was not a member of Mr. James Hinton's church in Oxford, nevertheless enjoyed the privileges of christian fellowship, as being connected (according to his own statement) with a well-known church in London. His conduct was found to be inconsistent; it was ascertained, also, that he had been excluded from the community to which he had declared himself to belong. It was clearly necessary to inform him, therefore, that he could no longer be admitted to the Lord's table. But he was rich, and he was *passionate*; subject, indeed, to paroxysms of rage, on account of which, every one was afraid to interfere with him. The measure was, however, adopted by the church; but when (according to their usual mode) messengers were to be appointed to communicate the result, the deacons would not go; nor would any one go, for all said, it was at the hazard of their lives. "Then," replied Mr. Hinton, "I will go: my life is second to my duty." But no one would even accompany him; and he went alone. The unhappy man's wrath was exceedingly high. When solemnly warned that no such person as he was, could "enter into the kingdom of heaven," he seized a large stick, and threatened his reprover's life: to which he replied, "Then, sir, I shall meet you next at the bar of judgment; and you will remember that these were the last words I uttered!" The enraged man immediately threw down his weapon, and ran about the room in agony, crying, "O no, no, no, you shall not charge me with murder!" Mr. Hinton records the deliverance from ——— among his special mercies."

LAVATER AND THE PREFECT.

There lived in the city of Zurich, a person who, though an unworthy character, was a member of its senate. During the time he was prefect over a district of the canton, he had committed innumerable acts of the grossest injustice,—yea, such flagrant crimes, that all the country people reproached and cursed him; but no one dared to prosecute him, as he was related to several members of the Zurich government, and son-in-law to the chief magistrate of the city. M. Lavater, the celebrated physiognomist, having often heard of the atrocities of the prefect, committed against even helpless widows and orphans, and having duly examined into them, felt an irresistible desire to plead the cause of the poor and oppressed. He was aware that his supporting this cause would expose him to the frowns of the great and the mighty, and occasion much anxiety to his friends; but conceiving it to be his duty, he determined to proceed. Hav-

ing prepared himself by earnest prayer, and consulted an intimate friend, he addressed a letter to the prefect, in which he strongly reproached him for his detestable actions, and plainly signified his intention to bring him to public justice, should he not restore his spoils within two months. The time having elapsed, and no restoration having been made, M. Lavater proceeded to print a solemn indictment against him, which he caused to be delivered to every member of the Zurich government. At first he concealed his name; but when called upon, he came forward in the most open manner, nobly avowed, and fully proved, the points of his indictment before the whole senate,—had the satisfaction to see the wicked prefect (who, conscious of his guilt, had saved himself by flight,) solemnly condemned by law, his unjust property confiscated, and restoration made to oppressed poverty and innocence.

COURTESY.

KING HENRY AND THE POOR CITIZEN.

Henry IV. of France was standing one day with some of his courtiers at the entrance of a village, and a poor man, passing by, bowed down to the very ground; and the king, with great condescension, returned his salutation just in the same manner; at which one of his attendants ventured to express his surprise, when the monarch finely replied to him,—“Would you have your king exceeded in politeness by one of the lowest of his subjects?”

THE POPE AND HIS AMBASSADOR.

It is related of Pope Clement the XIV., (Ganganelli,) that when he ascended the papal chair, the ambassadors of the several states represented at his court waited on him with their congratulations. When they were introduced, and bowed, he returned the compliment by bowing also; on which the

master of the ceremonies told his highness that he should not have returned their salute. “O, I beg your pardon,” said the good pontiff, “I have not been Pope long enough to forget good manners.”

A GOOD REPLY.

When old Zachariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was asked by what means he contrived to realize so large a fortune as he possessed, his reply was, “Friend, by one article alone, in which thou may'st deal too if thou pleasest—civility.”

LOUIS XIV. AND HIS ANECDOTE.

Louis the XIVth, in a gay party at Versailles, thought he perceived an opportunity of relating a facetious story. He commenced, but ended the tale abruptly and insipidly. One of the company soon after leaving the room, the king said, “I am sure you must all

have observed how very uninteresting my anecdote was. I did not recollect till I began, that the turn of the narrative reflected very severely on the immediate ancestor of the prince, or Armigues, who has just quitted us; and on this, as on every occasion, I think it far better to *spoil a good story, than distress a worthy man.*"

A GOOD MAXIM.

It was a maxim of a celebrated minister, "that if a child but lisped to give you pleasure, you ought to be pleased." When occasionally preaching in the villages, he used to be delighted in visiting the poor, and, when solicited, would regale himself with their brown bread and black tea; but took care at the same time, that they should lose nothing by their attention. "When a poor person shows anxiety to administer to your comfort," he would say, "do not interrupt him.

Why deprive him of the pleasure of expressing his friendship?"

EASY WAY TO CONFER HAPPINESS.

"If a civil word or two will render a man happy," said a French king, "he must be wretched, indeed, who will not give them to him." Were superiors to keep this in view, yea, were all mankind to observe it, how much happier would the world be than what it is! We may say of this disposition, "that it is like lighting another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its light by what the other gains."

UNFASHIONABLE BOW.

When Sir William Johnson returned the salute of a negro who had bowed to him, he was reminded that he had done what was very unfashionable. "Perhaps so," said Sir William, "but I would not be outdone in good manners by a negro."

CRUELTY.

THE TUTOR'S PREDICTION RESPECTING TIBERIUS.

Theodorus Gaddaræus, who was tutor to Tiberius the Roman Emperor, observing in him, while a boy, a very sanguinary nature and disposition, which lay lurking under a show of lenity, was wont to call him, "a lump of clay steeped and soaked in blood." His predictions of him did not fail in the event. Tiberius thought death was too light a punishment for any one that displeased him. Hearing that one Carnulius, who had displeased him, had cut his own throat, "Carnulius," said he, "has escaped me." To another, who begged of him that he might die quickly, "No," said he, "you are not so much in favour as that yet."

PETITION OF THE HORSE.

In the days of John, King of Atri, (an ancient city of Abruzzo,) there was a bell put up, which any one that had received any injury went and rang, and the king assembled the wise men chosen

for the purpose, that justice might be done. It happened that, after the bell had been up a long time, the rope was worn out, and a piece of wild vine was made use of to lengthen it. Now there was a knight of Atri who had a noble charger, which had become unserviceable through age, so that, to avoid the expense of feeding him, he turned him loose upon the common. The horse, driven by hunger, raised his mouth to the vine to munch it, and, pulling it, the bell rang. The judges assembled to consider the petition of the horse, which appeared to demand justice. They decreed that *the knight whom he had served in his youth should feed him in his old age*; a sentence which the king confirmed under a heavy penalty.

BAJAZET PRONOUNCING HIS OWN SENTENCE.

Tamerlane the Great, having made war on Bajazet, Emperor of the Turks, overthrew him in battle, and took him

prisoner. The victor gave the captive monarch at first a very civil reception; and entering into familiar conversation with him, said, "Now, king, tell me freely and truly what thou wouldst have done with me, had I fallen into thy power?" Bajazet, who was of a fierce and haughty spirit, is said to have thus replied: "Had the gods given unto me the victory, I would have enclosed thee in an iron cage, and carried thee about with me as a spectacle of derision to the world." Tamerlane wrathfully replied, "Then,

proud man, as thou wouldst have done to me, even so shall I do unto thee." A strong iron cage was made, into which the fallen emperor was thrust; and thus exposed like a wild beast, he was carried along in the train of his conqueror. Nearly three years were passed by the once mighty Bajazet in this cruel state of durance; and at last, being told that he must be carried into Tartary, despairing of then obtaining his freedom, he struck his head with such violence against the bars of his cage, as to put an end to his wretched life.

CRUELTY AND BENEVOLENCE COMBINED.

TRAJAN'S INCONSISTENCIES.

Who has not heard of the Emperor Trajan, of his moderation, his clemency, his gushing sympathies, his forgiveness of injuries and forgetfulness of self, his tearing in pieces his own robe, to furnish bandages for the wounded?—called by the whole world in his day, "the best Emperor of Rome;" and so affectionately regarded by his subjects, that, ever afterwards, in blessing his successors upon their accession to power, they always said, "May you have the virtue and goodness of Trajan!" yet the deadly conflicts of gladiators, who were trained to kill each other, to make sport for the spectators, furnished his chief pastime. At one time he kept up those spectacles for 123 days in succession. In the tortures which he inflicted on Christians, fire and poison, daggers and dungeons, wild beasts and serpents, and the rack, did their worst. He threw into the sea, Clemens, the venerable bishop of Rome, with an anchor about his neck; and tossed to the famishing lions in the amphitheatre the aged Ignatius.

CHARACTER OF THEODOSIUS.

Theodosius the Great was a member of the christian church, and in his zeal against paganism, and what he deemed

heresy, surpassed all who were before him. The christian writers of his time speak of him as a most illustrious model of justice, generosity, benevolence, and every virtue. And yet Theodosius denounced capital punishments against those who held heretical opinions, and commanded intermarriage between cousins to be punished by burning the parties alive. On hearing that the people of Antioch had demolished the statues set up in that city, in honour of himself, and had threatened the governor, he flew into a transport of fury, ordered the city to be laid in ashes, and all the inhabitants to be slaughtered; and upon hearing of a resistance to his authority in Thessalonica, in which one of his lieutenants was killed, he instantly ordered a general massacre of the inhabitants; and in obedience to his command, seven thousand men, women, and children, were butchered in the space of three hours.

DOUBLE CHARACTER OF PLINY.

Pliny the younger, who was consul under Trajan, may well be mentioned in connection with the emperor, as a striking illustration of the truth, that goodness and amiableness towards one class of men is often turned into cruelty towards another. History can hardly show a more gentle and lovely

character than Pliny. While pleading at the bar, he always sought out the grievances of the poorest and most despised persons, entered into their wrongs with his whole soul, and never took a fee. Who can read his admirable letters without being touched by their tenderness, and warmed by their benignity and philanthropy? And yet, this tender-hearted Pliny coolly plied with excruciating tortures two spotless females, who had served as deaconesses in the christian church, hoping to extort from them matter of accusation against the Christians. He commanded Christians to abjure their faith, invoke the gods, pour out libations to the statues of the emperor, burn incense to idols, and curse Christ. If they refused, he ordered them to execution.

CHARACTER OF ADRIAN.

The kindness, condescension, and forbearance of Adrian were proverbial; he was one of the most eloquent orators of his age; and when pleading the cause of injured innocence, would melt and overwhelm the auditors by the pathos of his appeals. It was his constant maxim, that he was an emperor, not for his own good, but for the benefit of his fellow creatures. He stooped to relieve the wants of the meanest of his subjects; and would peril his life by visiting them when sick of infectious diseases; he prohibited, by law, masters from killing their slaves, gave to slaves legal trial, and exempted them from torture; yet towards certain individuals and classes, he showed himself a monster of cruelty. He prided himself on his knowledge of architecture, and ordered to execution the most celebrated architect of Rome, because he had criticised one of the emperor's designs. He banished all the Jews from their native land, and drove them to the ends of the earth; and unloosed the bloodhounds of persecution to rend in pieces his christian subjects.

TITUS IN ROME—TITUS IN JUDEA.

Who has not heard of the Emperor Titus—so beloved for his mild virtues and compassionate regard for the suffering, that he was named "The Delight of Mankind;" so tender of the lives of his subjects that he took the office of high priest, that his hands might never be defiled with blood; and was heard to declare, with tears, that he had rather die than put another to death. So intent upon making others happy, that when once about to retire to sleep, and not being able to recall any particular act of beneficence performed during the day, he cried out in anguish, "Alas! I have lost a day!" And, finally, whom the learned Kennet, in his Roman Antiquities, characterizes as "the only prince in the world that has the character of *never doing an ill action.*" Yet, witnessing the mortal combats of the captives taken in war, killing each other in the amphitheatre, amidst the acclamations of the populace, was a favourite amusement with Titus. At one time he exhibited shows of gladiators, which lasted one hundred days, during which the amphitheatre was flooded with human blood. At another of his public exhibitions he caused five thousand wild beasts to be baited in the amphitheatre. During the siege of Jerusalem, he set ambushes to seize the famishing Jews, who stole out of the city by night to glean food in the valleys: these he would first dreadfully scourge, then torment them with all conceivable tortures, and, at last, crucify them before the wall of the city. According to Josephus, not less than five hundred a-day were thus tormented. And when many of the Jews, frantic with famine, deserted to the Romans, Titus cut off their hands and drove them back. After the destruction of Jerusalem, he dragged to Rome one hundred thousand captives, and sold them as slaves, and scattered them through every province of the empire.

DEATH.

MR. WESLEY AND THE GERMANS.

In the early part of the career of the Rev. John Wesley, influenced by a desire to do good, he undertook a voyage to Georgia. During a storm on the voyage he was very much alarmed by the fear of death, and being a severe judge of himself, he concluded that he was unfit to die. He observed the lively faith of the Germans, who in the midst of danger, kept their minds in a state of tranquillity and ease, to which he and the English on board were strangers. While they were singing at the commencement of their service, the sea broke over them, split the mainsail in pieces, covered the ship, and poured in between the decks as if the great deep had already swallowed them up. The English screamed terribly: the Germans calmly sung on. Mr. Wesley asked one of them afterwards, if he were not afraid. He answered, "I thank God, no." "But were not your women and children afraid?" He replied mildly, "No: our women and children are not afraid to die."

SENTIMENT OF AN AGED CHIEF.

A distinguished Oneida chief, named Skenandoah, having yielded to the instructions of the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, and lived a reformed man for fifty years, said, just before he died, in his hundred and twentieth year, "I am an aged hemlock; the winds of one hundred years have whistled through my branches; I am dead at the top; (he was blind;) why I yet live, the great good Spirit only knows. Pray to my Jesus, that I may wait with patience my appointed time to die; and when I die, lay me by the side of my minister and father, that I may go up with him at the great resurrection."

SEVERAL EXAMPLES.

John Dodd—"I am not afraid to look death in the face. I can say—

Death, where is thy sting? Death cannot hurt me."

Robert Bolton—"O! when will this good hour come? When shall I be dissolved? When shall I be with Christ?"

Halyburton—"Here is a demonstration of the reality of religion, that I, a poor, weak, timorous man, as much afraid of death as any, am now enabled by the power of grace, composedly and with joy, to look death in the face."

Edward Deering—"As for my death, I bless God I feel and find so much inward joy and comfort to my soul, that if I were put to my choice whether I would die or live, I would a thousand times rather choose death than life, if it may stand with the holy will of God."

John Owen—"Oh! brother Payne, the long-looked for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever yet done, or been capable of doing."

Risden Daracott—"Well, I am going from weeping friends to congratulate angels and rejoicing saints in heaven and glory. Blessed be God, all is well."

CECIL'S DYING MOTHER.

My first convictions on the subject of religion, says the Rev. R. Cecil, were confirmed by observing that really religious persons had some solid happiness among them, which I felt the vanities of the world could not give. I shall never forget standing by the bedside of my sick mother. "Are not you afraid to die?" I asked. "No." "No! Why does the uncertainty of another state give you no concern?" "Because God has said, 'Fear not; when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'—'Let me die the death of the righteous.'"

BEAUTIFUL REPLY.

A pious Scotch minister being asked

by a friend during his last illness, whether he thought himself dying? answered, "Really, friend, I care not whether I am or not; for, if I die, I shall be with God; if I live, he will be with me."

GEORGE III. AND HIS SEPULCHRE.

At the time his majesty, desiring that himself and family should repose in the same sepulchre, and in one less public than that of Westminster, had ordered the tomb-house at Windsor to be constructed, Mr. Wyatt, his architect, waited upon him with a detailed report and plan of the design, and of the manner in which he proposed to arrange it for the reception of the remains of royalty. The king went minutely through the whole; and when finished, Mr. Wyatt, in thanking his majesty, said apologetically, he had ventured to occupy so much of his majesty's time and attention with these details, in order that it might not be necessary to bring so painful a subject again under his notice. To this the king replied, "Mr. Wyatt, I request that you will bring the subject before me whenever you please. I shall attend with as much pleasure to the building of a tomb to receive me when I am dead, as I would to the decorations of a drawing-room to hold me while living: for, Mr. Wyatt, if it please God that I should live to be ninety or a hundred, I am willing to stay; but if it please God to take me this night, I am ready to go!"

REMARK OF DR. WATTS.

"I bless God," said Dr. Watts, "I can lie down with comfort to-night, not being anxious whether I awake in this world or another."

POLYCARP'S DEATH.

When Polycarp, an ancient bishop of the church at Smyrna, was brought to the tribunal, the proconsul asked him if he was Polycarp; to which he assented. The proconsul then began to exhort him, saying, "Have pity on thine own

great age; swear by the fortune of Cæsar; repent; say, take away the atheists;" meaning the Christians. Polycarp, casting his eyes solemnly over the multitude, waving his hand to them, and looking up to heaven, said, "Take away these atheists;" meaning the idolaters around him. The proconsul still urging him, and saying, "Swear, and I will release thee; reproach Christ;" Polycarp said, "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he hath never wronged me; and how can I blaspheme my King who hath saved me?" "I have wild beasts," said the proconsul, "and will expose you to them unless you repent." "Call them," said the martyr. "I will tame your spirit by fire," said the Roman. "You threaten me," said Polycarp, "with the fire which burns only for a moment, but are yourself ignorant of the fire of eternal punishment, reserved for the ungodly." Soon after, being about to be put to death, he exclaimed, "O Father of thy beloved and blessed Son, Jesus Christ! O God of all principalities and of all creation! I bless thee that thou hast counted me worthy of this day, and this hour, to receive my portion in the number of the martyrs, in the cup of Christ."

DEATH OF REV. JOHN WESLEY.

The Rev. John Wesley, after a long life of great labour and usefulness, being sixty-five years in the ministry, concluded his course, as might have been expected, in peace and holy joy. Having been laid on the bed, from whence he rose no more, he called to those who were with him, to "pray and praise!" Soon after he again called upon them to "pray and praise!" and taking each by the hand, and affectionately saluting them, bade them farewell. Attempting afterwards to say something which they could not understand, he paused a little, and then, with all the remaining strength he had, said, "The best of all is, God is with us." And again, lifting his hand, he repeated the same words in a

holy triumph, "The best of all is, God is with us."

"I AM THE LORD THY GOD."

A friend calling on the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, during his last illness, said to him, "Sir, you have given us many good advices, pray what are you now doing with your own soul?" "I am doing with it," said he, "what I did forty years ago; I am resting on that word, *I am the Lord thy God*; and on this I mean to die." To another, he said, "The covenant is my charter, and if it had not been for that blessed word, *I am the Lord thy God*, my hope and strength had perished from the Lord." The night on which he died, his eldest daughter was reading in the room where he was, to whom he said, "What book is that you are reading, my dear?" "It is one of your sermons, sir." "What one is it?" "It is the sermon on that text, '*I am the Lord thy God*.'" "O woman," said he, "that is the best sermon I ever preached." And it was most probably the best to his soul. A little afterwards, with his finger and thumb he shut his own eyes, and laying his hand below his cheek, breathed out his soul into the hands of his living Redeemer. Happy the man that is in such a state! happy the man whose God is the Lord!

"I SHALL SUP WITH CHRIST."

Mr. Robert Bruce, the morning before he died, being at breakfast, having, as he used, eaten an egg, he said to his daughter, "I think I am yet hungry; you may bring me another egg." But having mused a while, he said, "*Hold laughter, hold, my Master calls me.*" With these words his sight failed him: on which he called for the Bible, and said, "turn to the 8th chapter of the Romans, and set my finger on the words, 'I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, &c., shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in *Christ Jesus* our Lord.'" When this was done he said, "*Now is my*

finger upon them?" Being told that it was, he added, "*Now, God be with you, my dear children: I have fasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ this night;*" and then expired.

DEATH OF HERVEY.

Dr. Stonehouse, who attended Mr. Hervey during his last illness, seeing the great difficulty and pain with which he spoke, and finding by his pulse that the pangs of death were then coming on, desired that he would spare himself. "No," said he, "doctor, no: you tell me I have but a few minutes to live; Oh! let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer. Though my flesh and my heart fail me, yet God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." He then expatiated, in the most striking manner, on these words of Paul, "All things are yours, life and death; things present, and things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." "Here," said he, "is the treasure of a Christian, and a noble treasure it is. *Death is reckoned in this inventory*: how thankful am I for it, as it is the passage through which I get to the Lord and Giver of eternal life! and as it frees me from all the misery you see me now endure, and which I am willing to endure as long as God thinks fit; for I know he will by and by, in his good time, dismiss me from the body. These light afflictions are but for a moment, and then comes an eternal weight of glory. Oh, welcome, welcome death! thou mayest well be reckoned among the *treasures* of the Christian! To live is Christ, but to die is gain."

DEATH OF DR. GOODWIN.

"Ah!" said Dr. Goodwin, in his last moments, "is this dying? How have I dreaded as an enemy this smiling friend!"

DEATH OF REV. WILLIAM JANEWAY.

This good man, who was the father of the Rev. John Janeway, being

brought to his death-bed, endured great conflict of mind, and entertained many fears as to his future happiness. Under those circumstances, he asked the prayers of his son, who, though he entertained no doubt as to the real piety of his father, was filled with Christian sympathy; and having retired, he spent some time in wrestling with God upon his father's account, earnestly praying that he would fill him with joy unspeakable in believing, and that he would speedily give him some token for good, that he might joyfully and honourably leave this world to go to a better. After he was risen from his knees, he went down to his sick father, and asked him how he felt himself. His father made no answer for some time, but wept exceedingly, to which he was not subject, and continued for some considerable time weeping, so that he was not able to speak. But at last, having recovered himself, with unspeakable joy he burst out into such expressions as these:—"O son, now it is come, it is come, it is come! I bless God I can die; the Spirit of God hath witnessed with my spirit that I am his child. Now I can look upon God as my dear Father, and Christ as my Redeemer. I can now say, This is my Friend, and this is my Beloved. My heart is full, it is brimful; I can hold no more. I know *now* what that sentence means,—The peace of God which passeth understanding. That fit of weeping which you saw me in, was a fit of overpowering love and joy, so great that I could not contain myself; neither can I express what glorious discoveries God has made of himself unto me. And had that joy been greater, I question whether I could have borne it, and whether it would not have separated soul and body. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name, who hath pardoned all my sins, and sealed the pardon! He hath healed my wounds, and caused the bones which he had broken to rejoice. Oh, now I can die! It is nothing: I bless God I

can die. I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ." In this delightful frame of soul he shortly after left earth for heaven.

HAPPY SURPRISE OF DEATH.

The Rev. Mr. Hall of Arnsby, Mr. Evans of Foxton, and Mr. Christian of Sheepshead, three eminently pious ministers of the gospel, attended a ministers' meeting at Mr. Woodman's, Sutton, in the Elms, Leicestershire. The day was solemn, and the discourses delivered were very interesting and appropriate. In the evening, these ministers spent their time together in the most agreeable conversation. Amongst other subjects, one of them proposed for discussion, that passage in Job ix. 23, "If the scourge slay suddenly, he will laugh at the trial of the innocent." Deep seriousness pervaded the conversation, while each minister gave his thoughts on the text. When it came to Mr. Christian's turn to speak, he dwelt upon the subject with an unusual degree of feeling. He considered it as referring to the sudden death of the righteous; and was expatiating very largely on the desirableness of such an event, and the happy surprise with which it would be attended; when amidst a flood of rapturous tears, he took his flight from the world while the words were yet faltering on his tongue!

THIS IS HEAVEN BEGUN.

The Rev. Thomas Scott, during his last illness, having received the sacrament, at the conclusion of the service, he adopted the language of Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Through the remainder of the day, and during the night, he continued in a very happy state of mind. To one who came in the evening, he said, "It was beneficial to me: I received Christ last night: I bless God for it." He then repeated, in the most emphatic manner, the whole twelfth chapter of Isaiah. The next morning he said, "This is heaven begun. I

have done with darkness *for ever—for ever*. Satan is vanquished. Nothing now remains but salvation with eternal glory—*eternal glory*."

DEATH OF MR. JENKS.

As one said to Philip J. Jenks just before he expired, "How hard it is to die," he replied, "O no, no—easy dying, blessed dying, glorious dying." Looking up at the clock, he said, "I have experienced more happiness in dying two hours this day, than in my whole life. It is worth a whole life to have such an end as this. I have long desired that I might glorify God in my death, but O! I never thought that such a poor worm as I could come to such a glorious death."

DYING WORDS OF HOOKER.

"I have lived," says Hooker, "to see that this world is made up of perturbations; and I have long been preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near. And though I have by his grace loved him in my youth, and feared him in my age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence towards him, and towards all men; yet if thou, Lord, shouldst be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And, therefore, where I have failed, Lord, show mercy to me, for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, through his merits who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time, I submit to it. Let not mine, O Lord, but thy will be done! God hath heard my daily petitions; for I am at peace with all men; and He is at peace with me."

DYING WORDS OF DR. PAYSON.

Dr. Payson, upon dying, said, "My God is in this room, I see him, and oh! how lovely is the sight, how glorious does he appear; worthy of ten thousand

hearts if I had so many to give." At another time, when his body was racked by inconceivable suffering, and his cheeks pale and smnken with disease, he exclaimed, like a warrior returning from the field of triumph, "The battle's fought! the battle's fought! and the victory is *won!* the victory is won for ever! I am going to bathe in an ocean of purity, and benevolence, and happiness to all eternity!" At another time he exclaimed, "The celestial city is full in view—its glories beam upon me—its breezes fan me—its odours are wafted to me; its music strikes upon my ear, and its spirit breathes into my heart; nothing separates me from it, but the river of death, which now appears as a narrow rill, which may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission."

DYING CONFESSION OF BORGIA.

It is said of the celebrated Cæsar Borgia, that in his last moments he exclaimed, "I have provided, in the course of my life, for every thing except death; and now, alas! I am to die, although entirely unprepared."

WHO ARE THE COWARDS?

The captain of a ship says, "I am in the habit of reading the Scriptures to the crew. I have suffered much lately at sea; having been dismasted, and had all my boats washed away, a little to the westward of Cape Clear. I then had an opportunity of seeing who was who; and I found the most unprincipled men the most useless and the greatest cowards in this awful gale, and the Bible men altogether the reverse, most useful and courageous."

SEVERAL EMINENT PERSONS.

The wretchedness of many eminent persons in the prospect of death, has been very remarkable.

Henry Beaufort, a rich cardinal, in the days of Henry VI., perceiving that death was at hand, exclaimed, "Wherefore should I die, being so rich? If the whole realm would save my life,

I am able either by policy to get it, or by wealth to buy it. Will not death be bribed? Will money do nothing?"

Louis XI. strictly charged his servants, that when they saw him ill, they should never dare to name death in his hearing.

When Vitellius, a Roman emperor, and a notorious glutton, who at one supper had before him two thousand fishes, and seven thousand birds, was in prospect of death, he made himself intoxicated, that he might not be sensible of its pains, or of the mighty change it produced.

LOUIS XI. AND HIS PHYSICIAN.

Louis XI. of France was so fearful of death, that, as often as it came into his physician's head to threaten him with death, he put money into his hands to pacify him. His physician is said to have got 55,000 crowns from him in five months.

THE MONARCH'S LAMENT.

Philip III. of Spain, whose life was free from gross evils, professed that he would rather lose his kingdom than offend God willingly; but when he came to the hour of death, considering most seriously the account he would have to render to God, he was led to indulge very anxious fears, and he exclaimed, "Oh! would to God I had never reigned; oh! that those years I have spent in my kingdom, I had lived a solitary life in the wilderness! oh, that I had lived a life alone with God! How much more secure should I now have died! With how much more confidence should I have gone to the throne of God! What doth all my glory profit, but that I have so much the more torment in my death!"

BEGINNING OF SORROWS.

"Ah! Mr. Hervey," said a dying man, "the day in which I ought to have worked is over, and now I see a horrible night approaching, bringing with it the blackness of darkness forever. Wo is me! when God called, I

refused. Now I am in sore anguish, and yet this is but the beginning of sorrows. I shall be destroyed with an everlasting destruction."

WOLSEY'S REGRET.

Cardinal Wolsey, having fallen under the displeasure of his monarch, made the following sad reflection a little before his death:—"Had I but served my God as diligently as I have served my king, he would not have forsaken me now in my gray hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my indulgent pains and study, not regarding my service to God, but only to my prince."

DEATH OF CARDINAL MAZARIN.

What a terrific picture does the following passage (from Lardner's Cyclopaedia, History of France,) exhibit of the death-bed of a man devoted to the pomp and vanities of the world, and who is at ease in his possessions!

A fatal malady had seized on Cardinal Mazarin, whilst engaged in the conferences of the treaty, and worn by mental fatigue. He consulted Guenaud the physician, who told him he had but two months to live. Some days after, Brienne perceived the Cardinal in his night-cap and dressing-gown tottering along his gallery, pointing to his pictures, and exclaiming, "Must I quit all these?" He saw Brienne, and seized him: "Look at that Correggio! this Venus of Titian! that incomparable Deluge of Caracci! Ah! my friend, I must quit all these. Farewell, dear pictures, that I love so dearly, and that cost me so much!" A few days before his death he caused himself to be dressed, shaved, rouged and painted. In this state he was carried in his chair to the promenade, where the envious courtiers paid him ironical compliments on his appearance. Cards were the amusement of his death-bed, his hands being held by others; and they were only interrupted by the papal nuncio, who came to give the cardinal that plenary indulgence to which the prelates of the

Sacred College are officially entitled. Mazarin expired on the 9th of March, 1661.

DEATH IN THE PULPIT.

The following striking fact is taken from the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, Dec. 7, 1810. "Died at Waterford, Nov. 4, the Rev. B. Dickinson, minister of the Baptist congregation in that city, while zealously employed in the discharge of his functions. Mr. Dickinson had taken for his text, 2 Cor. v. 10, 'We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ;' and had advanced but a short way in its illustration, when he fell down in the pulpit, and instantly expired!" What an impressive lesson to those who preach, and to those who hear the everlasting gospel! And how becoming for every minister to adopt the lines of Baxter:—

"I preach as if I ne'er should preach again,
And as a dying man, to dying men."

CYRUS' EPITAPH.

Cyrus, the Emperor of Persia, after he had long been attended by armies, and vast trains of courtiers, ordered this inscription to be engraven on his tomb, as an admonition to all men of the approach of death, and the desolation that follows it; namely, "O man! whatsoever thou art, and whencesoever thou comest, I know that thou wilt come to the same condition in which I now am. I am Cyrus, who brought the empire to the Persians; do not envy me, I beseech thee, this little piece of ground which covereth my body."

RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

When the king of Prussia became sensible of the near approach of dissolution, he desired to see his army defile before him for the last time. His bed

was accordingly carried to a window, whence by reflection in a mirror he was enabled to take a last adieu of the troops.

Napoleon Bonaparte, under similar circumstances, ordered himself to be seated and arrayed in his military dress, that he might meet the king of terrors as he had been accustomed to meet his mortal foes. What a lesson do such instances read to us, of the influence of a ruling passion in absorbing the mind to the exclusion of all proper sense of the awful realities of eternity.

DYING SILENT.

In the last visit but one which Whitfield paid to America, he spent a day or two at Princeton, under the roof of Dr. Finley, then President of the college at that place. At dinner, the Doctor said, "Mr. W., I hope it will be very long before you will be called home; but when that event shall arrive, I shall be glad to hear the noble testimony you will bear for God." "You would be disappointed, Doctor," said W., "I shall die silent. It has pleased God to enable me to bear so many testimonies for him during my life, that he will require none from me when I die." The manner of W.'s death verifies his prediction.

REMARK OF JOHN NEWTON.

Rev. John Newton one day mentioned at his table the death of a lady. A young woman who sat opposite immediately said, "O sir, how did she die?" The venerable man replied, "There is a more important question than that, my dear, which you should have asked first." "Sir," said she, "what question can be more important than 'How did she die?'" "How did she live?" was Mr. Newton's answer.

DIVINE DECREES.

THE MOST IMPORTANT DECREE.

A person in the lower ranks, at Lochwinnoch, whose life and practice had been every thing but that of a

genuine Christian, was, nevertheless, a great speculator on the high points of divinity. This unhallowed humour remained with him to his death-bed, and

he was wont to perplex and trouble himself and his visitors with knotty questions on the Divine decrees, and such other topics. Thomas Orr, a person of a very different character, was sitting at his bedside, endeavouring to turn his attention to his more immediate concerns. "Ah, William," said he, "this is the decree you have at present to do with, 'He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned.'"

DELAY OF REPENTANCE.

TESTIMONY OF SEVERAL CHRISTIANS.

Two aged disciples, one eighty-seven years old, one day met. Well, inquired the younger of his fellow-pilgrim, how long have you been interested in religion? "Fifty years," was the old man's reply. "Well, have you ever regretted that you began so young to devote yourself to religion?" "O no," said he, and the tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks; "I weep when I think of the sins of my youth. It is this which makes me weep now."

Another man of eighty, who had been a Christian fifty or sixty years, was asked if he was grieved that he had become a disciple of Christ. "O no," said he; "if I grieve for any thing, it is that I did not become a Christian before."

A Christian friend visited a woman of ninety, as she lay on her last bed of sickness. She had been hoping in Christ for half-a-century. In the course of conversation she said, "Tell all the children that an old woman, who is just on the borders of eternity, is very much grieved that she did not begin to love the Saviour when a child. Tell them youth is the time to serve the Lord."

Said an old man of seventy-six, "I did not become interested in religion till I was forty-five; and I often have to tell God, I have nothing to bring him but the dregs of old age."

Said another man, between sixty and seventy years of age, "I hope I became a disciple of the Lord Jesus when I was seventeen," and he burst into tears as he added, "and there is nothing which causes me so much distress as to think of those seventeen years—some of the very best portion of my life—which I devoted to sin and the world."

BOAST NOT OF TO-MORROW.

The Rev. G. Whitfield mentions in his journal, that during his first voyage to Georgia, the ship's cook was awfully addicted to drinking; and when reproved for this and other sins, boasted that he would be wicked till within two years of his death, and would then reform. He died of an illness, brought on by drinking, in six hours.

PHILIP HENRY'S WARNING.

Mr. Philip Henry said to some of his neighbours who came to see him on his death-bed, "O make sure work for your souls, my friends, by getting an interest in Christ, while you are in health. If I had that work to do now, what would become of me? I bless God, I am satisfied. See to it, all of you, that your work be not undone when your time is done, lest you be undone for ever."

AN INCH OF TIME.

"Millions of money for an inch of time," cried Elizabeth—the gifted but ambitious Queen of England, upon her dying bed. Unhappy woman! reclining upon a couch—with ten thousand dresses in her wardrobe—a kingdom on which the sun never sets, at her feet—all now are valueless, and she shrieks in anguish, and she shrieks in vain, for a single "inch of time." She had enjoyed threescore and ten years. Like too many among us, she had devoted them to wealth, to pleasure, to pride, and ambition, so that her whole preparation for eternity was crowded into a few moments! and hence she, who had wasted more than half a century, would barter millions for an inch of time.

THE SIX BROKEN VOWS.

A poor thoughtless man was once taken ill, and sent for the minister of his parish to visit him. He then professed to be very penitent; but he recovered, and again fell into his evil courses. A second time he was ill, and the same promises were held out, but never realized. Six times was this the case in the course of his life. At length, while engaged in sin, he was cut off suddenly, and entered into an eternal world. Reader, "to-day" hear the voice of God, and harden not thine heart.

EXCUSES OF THE GREENLANDERS.

Numbers of the Greenlanders, who had for a time adhered to the Moravian missionaries, and promised well, drew back, and walked no more with them; while the greater part of those who were wavering, seduced by the concourse of their heathen countrymen, again joined the multitude. One being asked why he could not stay, answered, "I have bought a great deal of powder and shot, which I must first spend in the south, in shooting reindeer;" another, "I must first have my fill of bears' flesh;" and a third, "I must have a good boat, and then I will believe."

GREENLANDERS AND THE END OF THE WORLD.

Some of the unconverted inhabitants of Greenland had heard that the world should be destroyed, and, as in that case they should have nowhere to go, they expressed a desire to be converted, that they might go with the believers. "But," added they, with that carelessness and procrastination so natural to man, in the things that belong to eternity, "as the destruction will not happen this year, we will come in next season."

FIVE MINUTES TO CRY FOR MERCY.

In the early part of my ministry, said the Rev. Mr. T. East, of Birmingham, a woman was in the habit of

attending the place of worship in which I preached, who occupied a seat on the stairs, and who was very tenacious of her sitting, not allowing any other person to occupy it. She was observed by her friends, who sought occasion to converse with her on the important subject of religion: but she was very shy and evasive. All they could extract from her was this appalling reply: "Oh, I shall only want five minutes time when I am dying to cry for mercy: and I have no doubt God Almighty will give it me." It was in vain to remonstrate with the woman; this was always her reply. Time passed on. One day, I was walking down the street, when a young woman ran up to me in a state of great agitation and excitement, exclaiming, "O, Mr. East, I have found you: do come to my mother, sir; come this minute, sir; she is dying, she is dying!" I hastened with her to the house, and was astonished to find in the dying sufferer the poor unhappy woman who had attended my place of worship. She was evidently expiring: but, turning her dying eyes towards me, she cried out, "O, Mr. East, I am damned, I am damned!" and expired.

ADVICE REJECTED.

When a young man made an open profession of the gospel, his father, greatly offended, gave him this advice,—"James, you should first get yourself established in a good trade, then think of and determine about religion." "Father," said the son, "Christ advises me differently, he says, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.'"

WORK FOR THE DAY BEFORE DEATH.

Rabbi Eliezer said, "Turn to God one day before your death." His disciples said, "How can a man know the day of his death?" He answered them, "Therefore you should turn to God TO-DAY. Perhaps you may die to-morrow; thus, every day will be employed in returning."

DENIAL OF CHRIST.

THE MARTYR'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

David Straiton, one of the Scottish martyrs, was brought to the knowledge of the truth, through the instrumentality of John Erskine of Dun. One day, having retired with the young laird of Laurieston, to a quiet and solitary place in the fields, to have the New Testament read to him, it so happened, that in the course of reading, these words of our Saviour occurred, "He that denieth me before men, in the midst of this wicked generation, him will I deny in the presence of my Father and his angels." On hearing them, he became of a sudden as one enraptured or inspired. He threw himself on his knees, extended his hands, and, after looking for some time earnestly towards heaven, he burst forth in these words, "O Lord, I have been wicked, and justly mayest thou withdraw thy grace from me; but, Lord, for thy mercy's sake, let me never deny thee nor thy truth, for fear of death and corporal pains." The issue proved that his prayer was not in vain. For at his trial and death, he displayed much firmness and constancy in the defence of the truth, and gave great encouragement to another gentleman, Norman Gourlay, who suffered along with him.

THE SUBSCRIPTION RECALLED.

"Bishop Jewel," says Fuller, "being by the violence of popish inquisitors, assaulted on a sudden to subscribe, he took a pen in his hand, and said, smiling, 'Have you a mind to see how well I can write?' and thereupon underwrit their opinions." Jewel, however, by his cowardly compliance, made his foes no fewer without, and one the more, a guilty conscience, within him. His life being way-laid for, with great difficulty he got over into Germany. Having arrived at Frankfort, by the advice of some friends, he made a solemn and affecting recantation of his subscription, in a full congregation of English Protestants, on a Sabbath morning, after having preached a most tender, penitential sermon. "It was," said he, "my abject and cowardly mind and faint heart, that made my weak hand commit this wickedness." He bitterly bewailed his fall; and with sighs and tears, supplicated forgiveness of the God whose truth he had denied, and of the church of Christ, which he had so grievously offended. The congregation were melted into tears, and "all embraced him as a brother in Christ; yea, as an angel of God."

DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

SAYING OF NEWTON.

The Rev. John Newton sometimes said, he had received more damage at his own door, than in all the countries he had been in abroad, for he had twice fallen down the steps at his own door, each time spraining a knee. So much injury he had never received abroad. Such a fact shows clearly the necessity of our always living as if exposed to danger, and thus committing ourselves to the Divine protection.

HAPPY INFLUENCE OF DANGERS.

At a meeting held in reference to the

establishment of schools in the highlands and islands of Scotland, Dr. McLeod related the following facts:—

A friend of mine happened to be in a boat, by which a poor simple-hearted man from St. Kilda was advancing, for the first time in his life, from his native rock to visit the world; and as he advanced towards the island of Mull, a world in itself in the estimation of the poor St. Kilda man, the boatmen commenced telling him the wonders he was so soon to see. They asked him about St. Kilda; they questioned him regarding all the peculiarities of that wonder-

ful place, and rallied him not a little on his ignorance of all those great and magnificent things which were to be seen in Mull. He parried them off with great coolness and good humour: at length, a person in the boat asked him if he ever heard of God in St. Kilda. Immediately he became grave and collected. "To what land do you belong?" said he; "describe it to me." "I," said the other, "come from a place very different from your barren rock; I come from the land of flood

and field, the land of wheat and barley, where nature spreads her bounty in abundance and luxuriance before us." "Is that," said the St. Kilda man, "the kind of land you come from? Ah, then, you may forget God, but a St. Kilda man never can. Elevated on his rock, suspended over a precipice, tossed on the wild ocean, he never can forget his God—he hangs continually on his arm." All were silent in the boat, and not a word more was asked him regarding his religion.

DEPRAVITY.

A GOD TOO SHARPSIGHTED.

Some of the natives of South America, after listening a while to the instructions of the Catholic missionaries, gave them this cool answer: "You say that the God of the Christians knows every thing, that nothing is hidden from him, that he is every where, and sees all that is done below. Now, we do not desire a God so sharp-sighted; we choose to live with freedom in our woods, without having a perpetual observer of our actions over our heads."

MILNE'S CONVICTIONS.

Dr. Milne, the pious missionary, in speaking of his conversion, says, "The book which God made use of more especially for convincing me of my sin and misery, was *Boston's Fourfold State*, which I read with the deepest attention. It conducted me to my own heart, discovered the evils which before lay hid in the chambers of imagery; the monstrous ingratitude to God which had marked all my conduct; and the pollution of original and actual sin, with which my soul was contaminated. I saw that I was necessarily under the strongest and most righteous obligations to God, and had never for one hour of my life discharged them, but lived in rebellion against the author of my life; so I was justly under the curse of God's righteous law, and exposed to everlasting misery." Under the tormenting fears of *eternal wrath*, he sometimes

wished himself transformed into a stone, or one of the fowls he saw flying over his head in the fields. He was frequent and fervent in prayer, and was, in the mercy of God, led to those means by which he learned how even a vile and guilty creature, such as he was, might be for ever saved.

HATING GOODNESS.

"I happened once," says Dr. Cotton Mather, "to be present in the room where a dying man could not leave the world until he lamented to a minister (whom he had sent for on his account) the unjust calumnies and injuries which he had often cast upon him. The minister asked the poor penitent what was the occasion of this abusive conduct; whether he had been imposed upon by any false report. The man made this answer, 'No, sir, it was merely this; I thought you were a good man, and that you did much good in the world, and therefore I hated you. Is it possible, is it possible,' he added, 'for such a wretch to find pardon?'"

OLD ADAM TOO HARD FOR YOUNG MELANCTHON.

When Melancthon was first converted, he thought it impossible for his hearers to withstand the evidence of the truth in the ministry of the gospel. But after preaching a while, he complained, "that old Adam was too hard for young Melancthon."

ERSKINE AND THE CRIMINAL.

The holiest and best men have been usually the most ready to acknowledge the natural depravity of their hearts, and the greatness of their obligations to the free and sovereign grace of God, in preserving or delivering them from the consequences of that depravity.—During the ministry of the Rev. Ralph Erskine, at Dunfermline, a man was executed for robbery, whom he repeatedly visited in prison, and whom he attended on the scaffold. Mr. Erskine addressed both the spectators and the criminal; and, after concluding his speech, he laid his hands on his breast, uttering these words—“But for restraining grace, I had been brought, by this corrupt heart, to the same condition with this unhappy man.”

THE LAW OF GOD REJECTED BY PAGANS.

“The reason why we hate that law,” said some idolaters to a zealous missionary, “is, because it is holy: and therefore it is we destroy it. If it would allow us to rob freely, if it did dispense with our paying the tribute which the king exacts, if it taught us to be revenged of our enemies, and give

way to our passions, without being exposed to the consequences of debauchery, we would heartily embrace it; because it so severely curbs our inclinations, therefore we reject it, and do command you the catechist to depart out of the province immediately.”

VIRTUE EMBODIED.

Dr. Blair, when concluding a public discourse, in which he had descanted with his usual eloquence on the amiability of virtue, gave utterance to the following apostrophe: “O virtue, if thou wert embodied, all men would love thee.”

His colleague, the Rev. R. Walker, ascended the same pulpit, on a subsequent part of the same Sabbath, and addressing the congregation, said, “My reverend friend observed, in the morning, that if virtue were embodied, all men would love her. Virtue has been embodied; but how was she treated? Did all men love her? No; she was despised and rejected of men: who, after defaming, insulting, and scourging her, led her to Calvary, where they crucified her between two thieves.” The effect of this fine passage on the audience was very powerful.

UNFOUNDED DESPAIR.

WILSON AND THE SOLDIER.

One evening, as the Rev. William Wilson of Perth was passing along the streets of that town, three soldiers, then quartered in it, happened to walk behind him, who were indulging in the utterance of the most profane and blasphemous language. One of them, on some frivolous account, declared it to be his wish, that God Almighty might damn his soul in hell to all eternity. Mr. Wilson immediately turned round, and with a look of dignity and compassion, said, “Poor man, and what if God should say amen, and answer that prayer!” Mr. Wilson passed on. The man seemed to stand petrified, and, on going home to his quarters, was in such distraction of mind and feeling, that he

knew not whither to turn for relief. He was soon afterwards seized with fever, under which he continued to suffer the most awful forebodings of eternal misery. His case was so singular, that many Christians went to visit him, to whom he invariably said he was sure of being beyond the reach of mercy, and that God had sent his angel to tell him so. One of them asked him to describe the appearance of the person who had pronounced this doom on him. He did so, and the visitant at once perceiving that it must have been Mr. Wilson, inquired if he would wish again to see him. “Oh,” said he, “I would wish above every thing to see him, but he will not come near a wretch like me.” Mr. Wilson was soon brought,

and told him of the way of salvation through *Christ crucified*, and encouraged him to *flee for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before him*. His words being accompanied by Divine power, the poor soldier was enabled to believe in Christ, and thus found peace and comfort to his troubled soul. He soon afterwards recovered, and became

a most exemplary Christian; and, as he felt the army unfavourable to a religious life, Mr. W. at his request used influence, and procured his discharge. He settled in Perth, became a member of the church, attached himself steadily to Mr. Wilson, and was through life a comfort to him, and an ornament to the Christian profession.

DIFFICULTIES IN CHURCHES.

FULLER AND HIS CHURCH.

Some years after Mr. Fuller had removed from Soham to Kettering, a difficulty arose between him and some of the members of his church, which grew and increased, till it became formidable. It was expected, by both parties, that Mr. Fuller must quit his place, as no means of accommodation presented itself. It was a time of painful suspense to a few, who began to perceive in him the opening of those faculties which afterwards were so conspicuous and useful. In these difficulties, application was made to Dr. Ryland, then of Northampton, Rev. Robert Hall, senior, of Arnsby, and Rev. John Sutcliff, of Almy, to meet at Kettering, and give their advice.

Mr. Hall proposed to be there the day before the meeting; and, if agreeable, to give them a sermon in the evening. The meeting was published, and the people assembled. Mr. Hall came, according to appointment, and announced from the pulpit as his text, the following words:—"And one went in and told his lord, saying, Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel," 2 Kings v. 4.

After an ingenious and appropriate introduction, he made upon the words two remarks. 1. Much of the trouble and confusion in society originate in the parties misunderstanding each other. 2. A mutual, candid explanation, will frequently remove all such difficulties, and restore harmony.

When he had finished the service and pronounced the benediction, a deacon

of the church arose, and requested that the members of the church would keep their places till the congregation were withdrawn. The church being by themselves, he addressed them in purport as follows:—Brethren, we have had much trouble of late; we have been led to think hard of our pastor, and to wish him removed. It occurred to me while Mr. Hall was preaching, Is there no misunderstanding among us? There may be, and that may be the cause of our difficulty. As several of his brethren had similar impressions, the business was freely discussed. They came to the conclusion to draw up a list of their complaints, and to add to each a suitable question, which their pastor was requested to answer in writing. They sent messengers with this paper to wait upon him immediately, and request his answers to the questions. After free conversation with them in his study, he furnished them with the required answers, which they carried back to their brethren, who were waiting for them in the meeting-house. They examined them, acknowledged they had been entirely mistaken, and that there was no ground for any difference between them and their pastor. With this report they sent their messengers back to Mr. Fuller, who received them in a christian spirit, and all the difficulties were done away before the parties slept. He spent the rest of his days with them in usefulness, honour, and credit, and few men ever enjoyed more of the affection of a church than himself.

FAMILY DISCIPLINE.

THE CHILD'S GRATITUDE.

A child, who had been trained in the ways of religion, by a parent who was kind, but judiciously firm, as she sunk to rest in peaceful reliance on her Saviour's love, affectionately thanked her beloved mother for all her tender care and kindness; but added, "I thank you most of all, for having subdued my self-will." And why so much gratitude for the mother's faithful discipline? Doubtless because the child regarded it as preparatory to the submission of her will to God, and thus instrumental of her salvation.

THE LAD'S PRAYER.

A gentleman's son, in England, of ten or eleven years of age, one day told an untruth, which afterwards came to the knowledge of his father, who determined to chastise him severely for it.

He took the boy and an instrument of correction into a chamber, and there reprimanded him, setting forth the heinousness of the sin against God, and the injury he was doing to his own soul. He then proceeded to the work of correction; though every stroke was doubtless as afflictive to the parent as the child. After this the father left the boy in the room, and made as though he was going down the stairs, shutting the door behind him. But, pausing a little, he returned softly to the door, and waited some time, hearing the sobbing and sighing of the boy. After a while the father heard a movement, and began to think of retreating. But after descending a step or two, he heard his son speak, and softly resuming his former station, and looking through the key-hole of the door, he perceived his son on his knees! The boy proceeded to acknowledge his guilt and shame before God, and to pray for forgiveness; thanking God for favouring him with such a father as would not suffer sin upon him. In many similar instances the faithful punishment of

disobedient children leads them to be contrite towards their parents for their offences against them; and the transition from *such* penitence in a child religiously educated, to a scriptural repentance towards God, is, comparatively speaking, an easy and natural one. Other things being equal, there can be no doubt of this proposition at least, that a child who is often led humbly to acknowledge and mourn over his offences against his earthly parents, is more likely to be convicted of his sins against his heavenly Father, to confess, forsake, and find mercy.

"HE NEVER SPEAKS KIND TO ME."

Conversing the other day, says one, with an interesting little girl between six and seven years old, I took occasion to impress upon her mind the debt of gratitude due from her to her Heavenly Parent, for bestowing upon her so good and kind a parent, whom every body loves. I was perfectly thunderstruck with her answer. Looking me full in the face with her soft blue eyes, she replied, "He never speaks kind to me." Perhaps this christian father, harassed with the cares of life, was unconscious that he had roughly checked the fond attention of his child; but could cares or the interruptions of his child excuse unkindness or a total want of tokens of endearment? Will fathers examine their habits on this point?

"MY MOTHER NEVER TELLS LIES."

Some females, says the *St. Louis Observer*, met at the house of a friend, in this city, for an evening visit, when the following scene and conversation occurred:—

The child of one of the females, about five years old, was guilty of rude, noisy conduct, very improper on all occasions, and particularly so at a stranger's house. The mother kindly reproved her:—

"Sarah, you must not do so."

The child soon forgot the reproof and became as noisy as ever. The mother

firmly said, "Sarah, if you do so again I will punish you."

But not long after, Sarah "did so again." When the company were about to separate, the mother stepped into a neighbour's house, intending to return for the child. During her absence the thought of going home recalled to the mind of Sarah the punishment which her mother told her she might expect. The recollection turned her rudeness and thoughtlessness

to sorrow. A young lady present, observing it, and learning the cause, in order to pacify her, said, "Never mind, I will ask your mother not to whip you." "Oh," said Sarah, "that will do no good; *my mother never tells lies.*"

Said my informant, who is also a parent, "I learned a lesson from the reply of that child, which I shall never forget. It is worth every thing in the training of a child, to make it feel, that its *Mother never tells lies.*"

DISINTERESTEDNESS.

ADRIAN AND THE BISHOP.

Terantius, captain to the Emperor Adrian, presented a petition that the Christians might have a temple by themselves, in which to worship God apart from the Arians. The emperor tore his petition, and threw it away, bidding him ask something for himself, and it should be granted. Terantius modestly gathered up the fragments of his petition, and said, with true nobility of mind, "If I cannot be heard in God's cause, I will never ask any thing for myself."

CALVIN'S DISINTERESTEDNESS.

This celebrated reformer was remarkable for his disinterestedness. His goods, his books, and his money, were not equal to one hundred and twenty-five crowns, and yet he refused, during his sickness, twenty-five crowns, which the Council of Geneva offered to him,

because he was incapable of fulfilling the appointed labours of his office.

WHITFIELD REJECTING AN ESTATE.

It is difficult, in such a world as this, so to live as that "our good" shall not be "evil spoken of." Mr. Whitfield has been charged with mercenary motives: his whole life showed the fallacy and weakness of such a charge. During his stay in Scotland, in 1759, a young lady, Miss Hunter, who possessed a considerable fortune, made a full offer to him of her estate, both money and lands, amounting to several thousand pounds, which he generously refused: and, upon his declining it for himself, she offered it to him for the benefit of his orphan-house. This also he absolutely refused. This incident is given on the authority of his original biographer, Dr. Gillies, who received it from unquestionable testimony.

DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

BEGINNING OF EVIL.

A young man was sentenced to the South Carolina penitentiary for four years. When he was about to be sentenced, he stated publicly that his downward course began in disobedience to his parents—that he thought he knew as much of the world as his father did, and needed not his aid or advice; but that as soon as he turned his back upon his home, then temptations came around him like a *drove of*

hyenas, and hurried him on to ruin. There is no place so safe and happy as a good home.

REASON FOR DISOBEYING.

The *American Sunday-school Herald*, states, that a little girl, six years old, in a Sunday-school, was repeating the fifth commandment. Her teacher endeavoured to show her in what way she was to honour her parents, and said, "You must honour your parents

by obeying them." "O, ma'am," exclaimed the child, "I cannot keep that commandment." "Why cannot you keep it, my dear?" "Because, ma'am, when my mother tells me to do one thing, my father tells me to do another. Now, just before I came here, my mother told me to stay up stairs and learn my lesson, and my father told me to come down and play: now how could I obey them both? No, no," closing her little hands as if in despair, "no, no, ma'am, it is impossible for me ever to keep that commandment." In such a case, however, a child should obey the father unless he bade her to commit some sin. Neither father or mother should be obeyed then.

PHILIP HENRY'S PROPHECY.

The Rev. Philip Henry, speaking once of a wicked son in the neighbourhood, that was very undutiful to his mother, charged some of his children to observe the providence of God concerning him; "Perhaps," said he, "I may not live to see it, but do you take notice, whether God do not come upon him with some remarkable judgment in this life, according to the threatening

implied in the reason annexed to the fifth commandment;" but he himself lived to see it fulfilled not long after, in a very signal providence.

THE DISOBEDIENT PUNISHED.

The Rev. Herbert Palmer, B.D., master of Queen's College, Cambridge, who died in 1647, and who was "a burning and shining light" in his day, was remarkable for his dutiful affection to his parents, not only when he was a child, but during his whole life. He was peculiarly attentive to his pious aged mother; promoting, to the utmost of his power, both her temporal and spiritual comfort, even to the day of her death, which happened not long before his own. He used frequently to enforce this duty in his ministry, observing the emphasis which God puts upon it through the whole of the Scriptures. He used to say that he had noticed the effects of disobedience to parents, so that he scarcely ever knew undutiful children escape some visible judgment of God in the present life; he also thought that the mischiefs which occur in society frequently take their rise in contempt of parental authority

DOUBTS AND FEARS OF CHRISTIANS.

"REMEMBER TORWOOD."

Mr. Kidd, when minister of Queensferry, a few miles from Edinburgh, was one day very much depressed and discouraged, for want of that comfort which is produced by the faith of the gospel alone. He sent a note to Mr. L., minister of Culross, a few miles off, informing him of his distress of mind, and desiring a visit as soon as possible. Mr. L. told the servant, he was so busy that he could not wait upon his master, but desired him to tell

Mr. K. to *remember Torwood!* When the servant returned, he said to his master, "Mr. L. could not come, but he desired me to tell you, to *remember Torwood!*" This answer immediately struck Mr. K., and he cried out, "Yes, Lord! I will remember *Thee*, from the hill Mizar, and from the Hermonites!" All his troubles and darkness vanished upon the recollection of a day which he had formerly spent in prayer, along with Mr. L. in Torwood, where he had enjoyed eminent communion with God.

DRESS.

A GOOD RULE.

A lady asked the Rev. John Newton, what was the best rule for female dress and behaviour. "Madam," said he,

"so dress and so conduct yourself, that persons who have been in your company shall not recollect what you had on." This will generally be the case where

singularity of dress is avoided, and where intelligence of mind and gentleness of manners are cultivated.

TWO EXTREMES OF PRIDE.

Diogenes being at Olympia, saw at the celebrated festival some young men of Rhodes, arrayed most magnificently. Smiling, he exclaimed, "This is pride." Afterwards meeting with some Lacedemonians in a mean and sordid dress, he said, "And this is also pride."

Pride is found at the same opposite extremes in dress at the present day.

SWIFT AND THE PRINTER.

Dean Swift was a regular enemy to extravagance in dress, and particularly to that destructive ostentation in the middling classes, which led them to make an appearance above their condition in life. Of his mode of reproofing this folly in those persons for whom he had an esteem, the following instance has been recorded. When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a laced

waistcoat, a bag wig, and other fopperies. Swift received him with the same ceremonies as if he had been a stranger. "And pray, sir," said he, "what are your commands with me?" "I thought it was my duty sir," replied George, "to wait on you immediately on my arrival from London." "Pray, sir, who are you?" "George Faulkner the printer, sir." "You George Faulkner the printer! why you are the most impudent barefaced scoundrel of an impostor I have ever met with! George Faulkner is a plain sober citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get you gone, you rascal, I will immediately send you to the house of correction." Away went George as fast as he could, and having changed his dress he returned to the Deanery, where he was received with the greatest cordiality. "My friend George," says the Dean, "I am glad to see you returned safe from London. Why, here has been an impudent fellow with me just now dressed in lace waistcoat, and he would fain pass himself off for you, but I soon sent him away with a flea in his ear."

DUELLING.

ANNIVERSARY OF A DUEL.

It is related of Lieutenant-Colonel John Blackader, formerly deputy governor of Stirling castle, that though in early life he had been unhappily engaged in a duel, and had killed his antagonist, yet being convinced of its sinfulness, he observed the anniversary of the day with penitence and prayer.

GARDINER'S REPLY TO A CHALLENGE.

Colonel Gardiner having received a challenge to fight a duel, made the following truly noble and Christian reply: "I fear sinning, though you know, sir, I do not fear fighting;" thus showing his conviction of a fact too often forgotten, that the most impressive manifestation of courage is to "obey God rather than man."

COBBETT'S RECOMMENDATION.

Cobbett, when challenged to fight, recommended the challenger to draw a Cobbett in chalk upon the floor, and if he succeeded in hitting it, to send him instant word, in order that he might have an opportunity of acknowledging that, had the true Cobbett been there, he, in all probability, would have been hit too. But hit or no hit, the bullets could have no effect whatever, he maintained, on the original causes of the quarrel.

OCCASIONS OF DUELS.

Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog; Captain Ramsay in one about a servant; Mr. Fetherston in one about a recruit; Sterne's father in one about a goose; and another gentle-

man in one about "an acre of anchor-vies." One officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to enjoy the second goblet; another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff. General Barry was challenged by a Captain Smith, for declining a glass of wine with him at a dinner in a steam-boat, although the General had pleaded as an excuse that wine invariably made his stomach sick at sea; and Lient. Crowther lost his life in a duel, because he was refused admittance to a club of pigeon shooters! What contemptible folly in men it is to risk their lives in order to settle such trivial disputes as these! And then how does the result of a duel really settle the dispute any more than the result of jumping together from a precipice, or any similar jeopardy of life and limb?

ANSWERING A CHALLENGE MATHEMATICALLY.

The eccentric mathematician, Professor Vince, of King's College, Cambridge, being once engaged in a conversation with a gentleman who advocated duelling, is said to have thrown his adversary completely *hors du combat*, by the following cute and characteristic reply to his question—

"But what could you do, sir, if a man told you to your face, You lie?" "What could I do? why I wouldn't knock him down, but I'd tell him to prove it. Prove it, sir, *prove it*, I'd say. If he could'nt, he'd be the liar, and there I should have him; but, if he did prove that I lied, I must e'en pocket the affront; and there I expect the matter would end."

THE DUELLISTS AND THE GIBBET.

Frederick the Great is said to have taken the following summary and very successful method of suppressing duelling in his army:—

An officer desired his permission to fight a duel with a fellow-officer. He gave his consent, with the understanding that himself would be a spectator of the conflict. The hour of meeting arrived, and the parties repaired to the place of slaughter. But what was their surprise to find a gibbet erected upon the spot. The challenger inquired of Frederick, who was present according to agreement, what this meant. "I intend," said he, sternly, "to hang the survivor!" This was enough. The duel was not fought; and by this simple but effectual means, it is said duelling was broken up in the army of Frederick.

EDUCATION OF MINISTERS.

THE PLOUGHBOY AND THE PRESIDENT.

The president of a well known college in Kentucky, was one morning, while sitting in his study, astonished by the entrance of a single visitor.

The visitor was a boy of some seventeen years, rough and uncouth in his appearance, dressed in coarse homespun, with thick clumsy shoes on his feet, an old tattered felt hat on his head, surmounting a mass of uncombed hair, which relieved swarthy and sunburnt features, marked by eyes quick and sparkling, but vacant and inexpressive from the want of education. The whole appearance of the youth was that of an untaught, uncultivated ploughboy.

The president, an affable and venerable man, inquired into the business of the person who stood before him.

"If you please, sir," said the ploughboy, with all the hesitancy of an uneducated rustic,—"If you please, sir, I'd like to get some larnin'. I heard you had a college in these parts, and I thought if I would work a spell for you, you would help me now and then in gettin' an education."

"Well, my young friend," replied the president, "I scarcely see any way in which you might be useful to us. The request is something singular."

"Why, I can bring water, cut wood, or black boots," interrupted the boy, his eyes brightening with earnestness.

"I want to get an education—I want to make something of myself. I don't keer how hard I work, only so as to get an education. I want!"—

He paused, at a loss for words to express his ideas, but there was a language in the expressive lip, and glancing eye; there was a language in his manner—in the tone in which these words were spoken, that appealed at once to the president's feelings. He determined to try the sincerity of the youth. "I am afraid, my young friend, I can do nothing for you. I would like to assist you, but I see no way in which you can be useful to us at present."

The president resumed his book. In a moment he glanced at the ploughboy, who sat silent and mute, holding the handle of the door. He fingered his rough hat confusedly with one hand, his eyes were downcast, and his upper lip quivered and trembled as though he were endeavouring to repress strong and sudden feelings of intense disappointment. The effort was but half successful. A tear, emerging from the downcast eyelid, rolled over the sunburnt cheek, and with a quick, nervous action, the ploughboy raised his toil-hardened hand and brushed away the sign of regret. He made a well-meant but awkward mark of obeisance, and opening the door, had one foot across the threshold, when the president called him back.

The ploughboy was in a few minutes hired as a man of all-work, and boot-black to the ——— college.

The next scene which we give the reader, was in a new and magnificent

church, rich with the beauties of architecture, and thronged by an immense crowd, who listened in deathlike stillness to the burning eloquence of the minister of heaven, who delivered the mission of his master from the altar.—The speaker was a man in the full glow of middle age—of striking and impressive appearance—piercing and intellectual eye, and high intellectual forehead.

Every eye is fixed on him—every lip hushed, and every ear, with nervous intensity, drinks in the eloquent teaching of the orator.

Who in all that throng would recognize in the famed, the learned, the eloquent president of ——— college, Pennsylvania, the humble boot-black of ——— college, in Kentucky?

DR. BACON'S ADVICE.

"I received a most useful hint," says Cecil, "from Dr. Bacon, then father of the University, when I was at college. I used frequently to visit him at his living, near Oxford; he would frequently say to me, 'What are you doing? What are your studies?' 'I am reading so and so.' 'You are quite wrong. When I was young, I could turn any piece of Hebrew into Greek verse with ease. But when I came into this parish, and had to teach ignorant people, I was wholly at a loss; I had no furniture. They thought me a great man, but that was their ignorance, for I knew as little as they did, of what it was most important for them to know. Study chiefly what you can turn to good account in your future life.'"

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

NO SCOTCH WOMAN THERE.

The Rev. Dr. Waugh was enlarging one evening at a public Sabbath-school meeting, on the blessings of education; and, turning to his native country, Scotland, for proof, told his auditors the following anecdote:—"At board-day at the Penitentiary at Millbank, the

food of the prisoners was discussed, and it was proposed to give Scotch broth thrice a-week. Some of the governors were not aware what sort of broth the barley made, and desired to taste some before they sanctioned the measure. One of the officers was accordingly directed to go to the wards and bring a

Scotch woman, competent to the culinary task, to perform it in the kitchen. After long delay, the board supposing the broth was preparing all the while,

the officer returned, and told their honours *that there was no Scotch woman in the house.*"

SACRED ELOQUENCE.

INDIANS JUDGING MINISTERS.

Some years ago, three American ministers went to preach to the Cherokee Indians. One preached very deliberately and coolly; and the chiefs held a council to know whether the Great Spirit spoke to them through that man; and they declared he did not, because he was not so much engaged as their head men were in their national concerns. Another spoke to them in a most vehement manner; and they again determined in council that the Great Spirit did not speak to them through that man, because he was mad. The third preached to them in an earnest and fervent manner; and they agreed that the Great Spirit might speak to them through him, because he was both earnest and affectionate. The last was ever after kindly received.

TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

The late Dr. Lathrop, of West Springfield, Massachusetts, related to Mr. Whitfield a fact which the Dr. had personally witnessed; and he related it without much feeling. The same day Mr. Whitfield introduced the story into his sermon, and Dr. Lathrop, as he heard it, found himself drowned in tears.

MASSILLON'S PREACHING.

When Massillon preached the first Advent sermon at Marseilles, Louis the XIVth paid a most expressive tribute to his eloquence:—"Father, when I hear others preach, I am very well pleased with them; when I hear you, I am dissatisfied with myself."

QUITE DIFFERENT PREACHERS.

The different effects produced by pulpit eloquence are well described by the following anecdote of two French preachers. Le Pere Arrius said,

"When Le Pere Bourdaloue preached at Rouen, the tradesmen forsook their shops, lawyers their clients, physicians their sick, and tavern-keepers their bars; but, when I preached the following year, I set all things to rights—every man minded his own business!"

PREACHING AS IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

The eminence of the Rev. Mr. Brown, of Haddington, both as a preacher and a writer, is well known. On a public occasion, where a man who professed the principles of infidelity was present, two sermons were delivered: the first of them by an ambitious young man, who delivered a very eloquent and florid address; Mr. Brown followed, in one equally remarkable for its simplicity and earnestness. "The first preacher," said the sceptic to one of his friends, "spoke as if he did not believe what he said; the latter, as if he was conscious that the Son of God stood at his elbow."

NEWTON'S TRIBUTE TO WHITFIELD.

In a company of noblemen and gentlemen, at breakfast, Mr. Whitfield having become the subject of conversation, one of the company asked the Rev. John Newton, who was present, if he knew Mr. Whitfield. He answered in the affirmative, and observed, that as a preacher, Mr. Whitfield far exceeded every other man of his time. Mr. Newton added, "I bless God that I lived in his time; many were the winter mornings I 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." As a proof of the power of Mr. W.'s preaching, Mr. Newton mentioned, that an officer

at Glasgow, who had heard him preach, laid a wager with another, that at a certain charity sermon, though he went with prejudice, he would be compelled to give something; the other to make sure that he would not, laid all the money out of his pockets; but, before he left the church, he was glad to borrow some, and lose his bet. Mr. Newton mentioned, as another striking example of Mr. Whitfield's persuasive oratory, his collecting at one sermon £600 for the inhabitants of an obscure village in Germany, that had been burned down. After sermon, Mr. Whitfield said, "We shall sing a hymn, during which those who do not choose to give their mite on this awful occasion, may sneak off." Not one moved; he got down from the pulpit, ordered all the doors to be shut but one, at which he held the plate himself, and collected the above large sum. Mr. Newton related what he knew to be a fact, that at the time of Whitfield's greatest persecution, when obliged to preach in the streets, in one week he received not fewer than a thousand letters from persons distressed in their consciences by the energy of his preaching.

HUME'S TRIBUTE TO WHITFIELD.

An extraordinary attestation to the excellence of Mr. Whitfield, as a preacher, was furnished by Hume, the historian, well known for his infidelity. An intimate friend having asked him what he thought of Mr. Whitfield's preaching, "He is, sir," said Mr. Hume, "the most ingenious preacher I ever heard: it is worth while to go twenty miles to hear him." He then repeated the following passage, which occurred towards the close of the discourse he had been hearing: "After a solemn pause, Mr. Whitfield thus addressed his numerous audience:— 'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold, and ascend to heaven. And shall he ascend, and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all this multitude, reclaimed

from the error of his ways?' To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, and with gushing tears, cried aloud, 'Stop, Gabriel! Stop, Gabriel! Stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God.' He then, in the most simple, but energetic language, described what he called a Saviour's dying love to sinful man, so that almost the whole assembly melted into tears. This address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural action, that it surpassed any thing I ever saw or heard in any other preacher."

Happy had it been for Mr. Hume, if, in addition to his admiration of the preacher, he had received the doctrine which he taught, and afforded an instance of that conversion to God which Mr. Whitfield so ardently longed for on behalf of his hearers.

FRANKLIN'S TRIBUTE TO WHITFIELD.

The following anecdote, related by Dr. Franklin, which is equally characteristic of the preacher and himself, further illustrates the power of Mr. Whitfield's eloquence:—"I happened," says the Doctor, "to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish,—gold and all. At this sermon there was also one of our club; who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had, by precaution, emptied his pockets before he came from home. Towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he

felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbour, who stood near him, to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was made to, perhaps, the only man in the company who had the coldness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, "At any other time, friend Hodgkinson, I would lend to thee freely; but not now, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses."

THE SHIPBUILDER'S OPINION OF WHITFIELD.

A shipbuilder was once asked what he thought of Mr. Whitfield. "Think!" he replied; "I tell you, sir, every Sunday that I go to my parish church, I can build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon; but were I to save my soul, under Mr. W. I could not lay a single plank."

SCULPTOR'S OPINION OF WHITFIELD.

A baronet was one day examining some works of the celebrated sculptor, Mr. Bacon, and observed a bust of Mr. Whitfield among them, which led him to remark, "After all that has been

said, this was truly a great man; he was the founder of a new religion." "A new religion, sir!" replied Mr. B. "Yes," said the baronet; "what do you call it?" "Nothing," was the reply, "but the old religion revived with new energy, and treated as if the preacher meant what he said."

THE BROKEN HEART.

When Whitfield was preaching at Exeter, a man was present who had loaded his pockets with stones, in order to fling them at that precious ambassador of Christ. He heard his prayer, however, with patience; but no sooner had he named his text, than the man pulled a stone out of his pocket and held it in his hand waiting for a fair opportunity to throw. But God sent a sword to his heart, and the stone dropped from his hand. After sermon he went to Mr. W. and told him, "Sir, I came to hear you this day with a view to break your head, but the spirit of the Lord, through your ministry, has given me a broken heart." The man proved to be a sound convert, and lived to be an ornament to the gospel.

LOVE TO ENEMIES.

MUNMOTH AND THE PAPIST.

Bishop Latimer tells us, in his seventh sermon on the Lord's prayer, of a rich man* who had a poor neighbour, whom he treated very kindly. But the alderman became a Protestant and his poor friend became his enemy. Indeed, the poor man would not vouchsafe to speak to him: if he met the rich man in the street, he would go out of his way. "One time it happened that he met him in so narrow a street that he could not shun him, but must come near him; yet for all this, this poor man was minded to go forward, and not to speak with him. The rich man perceiving that, caught him by the hand, and asked him, saying, 'Neigh-

bour, what is come into your heart, to take such displeasure with me? what have I done against you? tell me, and I will be ready at all times to make you amends.'

"Finally he spoke so *gently*, so *charitably*, and *friendly*, that it wrought in the poor man's heart, so that by and by he fell down upon his knees, and asked his forgiveness. The rich man forgave him, and took him again into his favour, and they loved each other as well as ever they did before. Many a one would have said, Set him in the stocks, let him have bread of affliction, and water of tribulation; but this man did not so. And here you see an example of the practice of God's words; so that the poor man, bearing great hatred and malice against the rich man, was brought, through

* The rich man here spoken of was Humphrey Munmoth, sheriff and alderman of London.

the lenity and meekness of the rich man, from his error and wickedness, to the knowledge of God's word. I would that you would consider this example well, and follow it."

THE PRINCESS AND THE WARRIOR.

The Bechuanas of South Africa are divided into many different nations or tribes. Two of these nations carried on war for some years, each side trying to kill every man, woman, and child of the other nation, and practising cruelties too horrid for children to hear. The name of the one nation was Barolong, and that of the other Bakueni, or People of the Crocodile.

One day the daughter of the Chief of the Bakueni was gathering berries by the river side; she was some way from her father's village, and all alone; she did not think that any enemy was near, but there was a wicked old warrior of the Barolong nation, creeping along the borders as a spy, and he saw her. She had never done him any harm, but he hated her because she was one of the Bakueni. He crept like a coward upon his hands and knees, and when he was within a few steps of her, he sprang upon her like a tiger, and with his assegai cut off both her hands above the wrists. He mocked at her sufferings, and tauntingly asked, "U tla 'mpona kai? Rumela!" "Where shall you see me again? I salute you." The cries of the poor bleeding girl soon brought her friends from the village, but the wicked old man made off with all speed, and he was far enough away before they reached her. There was no surgeon at hand to dress her wounded arms, so whether she died from pain and loss of blood or not, remains to be told.

At length both nations suffered so dreadfully from war and famine, that they wished to make peace. They killed some cattle, and sat down to eat together, and thus made a treaty of peace. Next season the Bakueni had an abundant crop of corn, but the Barologs were in great distress. Swarms

of locusts ate up the produce of their fields and gardens, and they were obliged to beg food from the people they once meant to destroy.

Among others the old warrior suffered extremely, and he set out on a journey to the Bakueni, in order to save his life. He had a little bag containing a little meal, made from pounded locusts. It was all he could get to eat on his way. He took a pipe and tobacco also, and a walking-stick in his hand, but he was nearly starved, and so weak and thin, that he could not get on fast. He reached the village of the Chief of the Bakueni, and entered the enclosure before the door of the Chief's house. A young woman was sitting near the door. She was dressed in a tiger-skin kaross, which none but the *mofumagari*, or "royal mistress," may wear. The old man addressed his petition to her in the most humble words, and begged her to give him, a poor dog, a little food, as he was dying of hunger. She answered him, "E! U tla 'mpona kai? Rumela?" The old man was stupified by hunger, and did not remember the words.

A servant was cooking food while this was going on. Her mistress turned to her and told her to put some into a dish; then throwing back her kaross, she uncovered her arms. There were no hands, only stumps left. She was the very girl whose hands this same wicked old man had cut off so long before! She said to her servant, "Give the food to that man; he does not deserve it. It was he who cut off my hands when I was a girl; but I will not revenge myself; he is now starving. He little thought that we should thus meet each other." Then speaking to the old warrior, she said, "There; take and eat! U tla 'mpona kai? Rumela!" What the old man felt, it would be difficult to say. The generous conduct of the Chief's daughter has never been forgotten by the Barolong nation. To this day, one of them may be kept from an unkind action by the oppressed party exclaiming, "U tla 'mpona kai? Rumela!"

SOUTHEY AND THE BLACK BOY.

Acts of kindness and soft words have an irresistible power, even over an enemy. "When I was a small boy," says Southey, "there was a black boy in the neighbourhood, by the name of Jim Dick. I and a number of my playfellows were one evening collected together at our sports, and began tormenting the poor black, by calling him 'negro, blackamoor,' and other degrading epithets: the poor fellow appeared excessively grieved at our conduct, and soon left us. We soon after made an appointment to go a skating in the neighbourhood, and on the day of the appointment I had the misfortune to break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing Jim's skates. I went to him and asked him for them. 'O yes, John, you may have them, and welcome,' was his answer. When I went to return them, I found Jim sitting by the fire in the kitchen, reading the Bible. I told him I had returned his skates, and was under great obligations to him for his kindness. He looked at me as he took his skates, and, with tears in his eyes, said to me, 'John, don't never call me blackamoor again,' and immediately left the room. The words pierced my heart, and I burst into tears, and from that time resolved never again to abuse a poor black."

DR. MATHER'S AMBITION.

It was the laudable ambition of Cotton Mather to say, "He did not know of any person in the world who had done him an ill office, but he had done him a good one for it."

THE CHEROKEE WOMEN AND THE OSAGES.

A few poor Cherokee women, who had been converted to Christianity, formed themselves into a society for the propagation of the gospel, which was now become so dear to them. The produce of the first year was about ten dollars, and the question was—to what immediate object this should be applied?

At length a poor woman proposed that it should be given to promote the circulation of the gospel in the Osage nation; "For," said she, "the Bible tells us to do good to our enemies, Matt. v. 44; and I believe the Osages are the greatest enemies the Cherokees have."

EXAMPLE OF REV. JOHN BROWN.

The Rev. Mr. Brown of Haddington, manifested a singular readiness to forgive his enemies. Notwithstanding the abuse he received from some ministers, when a student, it was remarked, that he was never heard to speak evil of them, nor so much as to mention the affair. A dissenting clergyman, who had used him rudely, being reduced to poverty, he sent him money, and in a way which concealed the benefactor. After the clergyman's decease, he offered to take one of his destitute orphans, and bring him up with his own children. To certain writers who reviled him from the press, he meekly replied, "But now that the fact is committed, instead of intending to resent the injury these reverend brethren have done me, I reckon myself, on account thereof, so much the more effectually obliged, by the christian law, to contribute my utmost endeavours towards the advancement of their welfare, spiritual or temporal, and am resolved, through grace, to discharge these obligations, as Providence gives me opportunity for the same. Let them do to, or with me, what they will, may their portion be redemption through the blood of Jesus, even the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace; and call me what they please, may the Lord call them, 'The holy people, the redeemed of the Lord.'"

ADVICE OF MR. LAWRENCE

Mr. Lawrence once going, with some of his sons, by the house of a gentleman that had been injurious to him, gave a charge to his sons to this purpose: "That they should never think or speak amiss of that gentleman for the sake of any thing he had done against him

but, whenever they went by his house, should lift up their hearts in prayer to God for him and his family." This good man had learned to practise that admirable precept of our Lord, "Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

MR. BURKITT AND HIS INJURIES.

Mr. Burkitt observes in his journal, that some persons would never have had a particular share in his prayers but for the injuries they had done him.

OLD GABRIEL AND THE PATROL.

At an anti-slavery meeting, held at Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania, the Rev. Mr. Dickey, of Ohio, related the following anecdote.

I will relate a case that occurred within the circle of my acquaintance. A slave who could neither read nor write, heard the gospel, and the Spirit of God made it effectual to his conversion. Like all true converts, he felt a missionary spirit. He was anxious for the conversion of his brethren. And, at length, it became his uniform practice, frequently after the toils of the day were over, to walk two or three miles, and hold a meeting among the slaves. On one occasion, this meeting was discovered by the patrol, who are authorized to inflict summary punishment of *ten* lashes upon all slaves they find assembled together, for any reason. This was done immediately with all present, but Old Gabriel. As he was the ringleader, they thought he must be punished more severely; so they took him to the magistrate. As they were tying up his hands, he exclaimed, "Oh, this is just the way Pontius Pilate did to my Massa!" Here his persecutors relented. One of them afterwards was troubled in his conscience for what he had done; and after a long time, finding no peace, he went to Old Gabriel, and asked him if he would forgive him. "Forgive you!" said Old Gabriel; "why massa, me have been praying for you ever since you tied me up!"

PERICLES AND THE RAILER.

Pericles was of so patient a spirit, that he was hardly ever troubled with any thing that crossed him. There was a man who did nothing all the day but rail at him in the market-place, before all the people, notwithstanding Pericles was a magistrate. Pericles, however, took no notice of it, but, despatching sundry cases of importance till night came, he went home with a sober pace. The man followed him all the way, defaming him as he went. Pericles, when he came home, it being dark, called his man, and desired him to get a torch, and light the fellow home.

EXAMPLE OF CÆSAR.

It is said of Julius Cæsar, that upon any provocation, he would repeat the Roman alphabet before he suffered himself to speak, that he might be more just and calm in his resentments.

EXAMPLE OF ADRIAN.

It is commonly said, that "Revenge is sweet;" but it can only be so to those weak minds that are incapable of bearing an injury. An elevated mind is superior to injuries, and pardons them. The Emperor Adrian, meeting a man who had insulted him before he came to the government, said to him, "Approach, you have nothing to fear; I am an emperor."

EXAMPLE OF EUCLID.

Euclid, a disciple of Socrates, having offended his brother, the brother cried out in a rage, "Let me die, if I am not revenged on you one time or other:" to whom Euclid replied, "And let me die, if I do not soften you by my kindnesses, and make you love me as well as ever." What a reproof to unforgiving professors of Christianity!

THE SAYING OF SOCRATES.

Socrates, who was as pure a teacher of morals and as near like a true Christian as any of the ancient heathen, says, "The person who has received an

injury must not return it, as is the opinion of the vulgar."

PHOCION'S DYING CHARGE TO HIS SON.

Phocion was an Athenian, born some four hundred years B.C., and one of the most upright and benevolent heathen that ever lived. Yet he was condemned to die as a criminal, and denied even a grave in the country to which he had devoted his life. What could be more unjust in the Athenians, than putting their public benefactor to death in such a way as this? They sadly repented their madness afterwards, put the accuser to death, and erected a statue to Phocion's memory. But when Phocion had taken the poison which he was condemned to drink, and was about to die, *"he charged his son, with his last breath, that he should show no resentment against his persecutors."*

LIVIA'S ADVICE TO AUGUSTUS.

The Emperor Augustus being informed of a conspiracy against his life, headed by Lucius Cinna, was at first moved by resentment to resolve upon the cruellest punishment. But reflecting afterwards that Cinna was a young man of an illustrious family, and nephew to the great Pompey, he broke out into bitter fits of passion. "Why live I, if it be for the god of mercy that I should die? Must there be no end of my cruelties? Is my life of so great a value, that oceans of blood must be shed to preserve it?" His wife, Livia, finding him in this perplexity, "Will you take a woman's counsel?" said she. "Imitate the physicians, who, when ordinary remedies fail, make trial of what are extraordinary. By severity you have prevailed nothing. Lepidus has followed Savidienus; Murena, Lepidus; Cœpio, Murena; and Egnatius, Cœpio. Begin now, and try whether sweetness and clemency may not succeed. Cinna is detected. Forgive him; he will never henceforth have the heart to hurt thee, and it will be an act of glory." Augustus was a man of sense; and calling Cinna to a private conference,

he spoke as follows: "Thou knowest, Cinna, that having joined my enemies. I gave thee thy life, restored thee all thy goods, and advanced thy fortune equally with the best of those who had always been my friends. The sacerdotal office I conferred upon thee, after having denied it to others who had borne arms in my service. And yet after so many obligations, thou hast undertaken to murder me." Seeing Cinna astonished and silent with the consciousness of guilt, Augustus went on as follows: "Well, Cinna, go thy way; I again give thee that life as a traitor, which I gave thee before as an enemy. Let friendship from this time forward commence betwixt us; and let us make it appear whether thou hast received thy life, or I have given it, with the better faith." Some time after, he preferred Cinna to the consular dignity, complaining of him that he had not resolution to solicit it. Their friendship continued uninterrupted till the death of Cinna; who, in token of his gratitude, appointed Augustus to be his sole heir. And it is remarkable, that Augustus reaped the due reward of a clemency so generous and exemplary; for from that time there never was the slightest conspiracy or attempt against him.

A KISS FOR A BLOW.

I once lived in Boston, says Mr. Wright, and was one of the city School Committee.

One day I visited one of the primary schools. There were about fifty children in it, between four and eight years old.

"Children," said I, "have any of you a question to ask to-day?"

"Please tell us," said a little boy, "what is meant by '*overcoming evil with good*'?"

"I am glad," said I, "you have asked that question; for I love to talk to you about peace, and show you how to settle all difficulties without fighting."

I went on, and tried to show them what the precept meant, and how to

apply it, and carry it out. I was trying to think of something to make it plain to the children, when the following incident occurred.

A boy about seven, and his sister about five years old, sat near me. As I was talking, George doubled up his fist, and struck his sister on her head, as unkind and cruel brothers often do. She was angry in a moment, and raised her hand to strike him back. The teacher saw her, and said, "*Mary, you had better kiss your brother.*" Mary dropped her hand, and looked up at the teacher as if she did not fully understand her. She had never been taught to return good for evil. She thought if her brother struck her, she, of course, must strike him back. She had always been taught to act on this savage maxim, as most children are. Her teacher looked very kindly at her, and at George, and said again, "My dear Mary, you had better kiss your brother. See how angry and unhappy he looks!" Mary looked at her brother. He looked very sullen and wretched. Soon her resentment was gone, and love for her brother returned to her heart. She threw both her arms about his neck, and kissed him! The poor boy was wholly unprepared for such a kind return for his blow. He could not endure the generous affection of his sister. It broke his heart, and he burst out crying. The gentle sister took the corner of her apron and wiped away his tears, and sought to comfort him, by saying, with most endearing sweetness and generous affection, "*Don't cry, George; you did not hurt me much.*" But he only cried the harder. No wonder. It was enough to make any body cry.

PHILIP AND THE ARGIVE.

Arcadius, an Argive, was incessantly railing at Philip of Macedon. Venturing once into the dominions of Philip, the courtiers reminded their prince that he had now an opportunity to punish Arcadius for his past insolences, and to put it out of his power to repeat them.

The king, however, instead of seizing the hostile stranger and putting him to death, dismissed him loaded with courtesies and kindnesses. Some time after Arcadius's departure from Macedon, word was brought that the king's old enemy was become one of his warmest friends, and did nothing but diffuse his praises wherever he went. On hearing this, Philip turned to his courtiers and asked, with a smile—"Am not I a better physician than you?"

ALEXANDER'S VICTORIES.

Alexander the Great being asked how he had been able, at so early an age, and in so short a period, to conquer such vast regions, and establish so great a name, replied, "I used my enemies so well that I compelled them to be my friends; and I treated my friends with such constant regard, that they became unalterably attached to me."

SIGISMOND AND HIS ENEMIES.

Some courtiers reproached the Emperor Sigismund, that instead of destroying his conquered foes, he admitted them to favour. "Do I not," replied this illustrious monarch, "effectually destroy my enemies when I make them my friends?"

THE CHINESE MONARCH AND THE REBELS.

A Chinese emperor being told that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces, "Come, then, my friends," said he, "follow me, and I promise you that we shall quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge; but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "Hew," cried the first minister, "is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed; and behold you have pardoned them all, and even caressed

some of them!" "I promised," replied the emperor, with a generous air, "to destroy my enemies. I have fulfilled my word; for, see, they are enemies no longer; I have made friends of them." Let every Christian imitate so noble an example, and learn "to overcome evil with good."

EXAMPLE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

Justin Martyr, one of the earliest writers, in his "Apology" to the heathen in behalf of the Christians, says, "We who once hated and murdered one another, we who would not enjoy the hearth in common with strangers, on account of the difference of our customs, now live in common with them, since the appearance of Christ; *we pray for our enemies*; we seek to persuade those who hate us unjustly, that they may direct their lives according to the glorious doctrines of Christ, and may share with us the joyful hope of enjoying the same privileges from God the Lord of all things."

EXAMPLE OF ORIGEN.

Origen, one of the greatest scholars and theologians of the christian church in the third century, when he was cruelly persecuted by Demetrius, and through his efforts excommunicated by the synod, beautifully exhibited the

same mild and forgiving spirit. Speaking, in his defence against the synod, he mentions wicked priests and rulers thus: "We must pity them rather than hate them, pray for them rather than curse them, for we are created for blessing rather than cursing."

THE CARTHAGENIAN CHRISTIANS.

In the time of a great pestilence, Cyprian, Bishop of the church in Carthage, in the third century, exhorts his flock to take care of the sick and dying, not only among their friends, but their foes. "If," says he, "we only do good to our own people, we do no more than publicans and heathens. But if we are the children of God, who makes his sun to shine and his rain to descend upon the just and upon the unjust, who sheds abroad his blessings, not upon his friends alone, but upon those whose thoughts are far from him, we must show this by our actions, blessing those who curse us, and doing good to those who persecute us."

Stimulated by their bishop's admonition, the members of the church addressed themselves to the work, the rich contributing their money, and the poor their labour. Thus the sick were attended to, the streets soon cleared of the corpses that filled them, and the city saved from the dangers of a universal pestilence.

ENVY.

ENVY OF DIONYSIUS.

"Dionysius the tyrant," says Plutarch, "out of envy, punished Philoxenus the musician because he could sing, and Plato the philosopher because he could dispute, better than himself."

SADNESS OF MUTIUS.

Mutius, a citizen of Rome, was noted to be of so envious and malevolent a disposition, that Publius one day, observing him to be very sad, said, "Either

some great evil has nappened to Mutius, or some great good to another."

CAMBYSSES AND CALIGULA.

Cambysses, king of Persia, slew his brother Smerdis, out of envy, because he could draw a stronger bow than himself or any of his followers; and the monster Caligula slew his brother because he was a beautiful young man.

"Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach."

ETERNITY.

DUMB BOY'S EXPLANATION.

The following question was put in writing to a boy in the deaf and dumb school at Paris: "What is eternity?" He wrote as an answer, "It is the lifetime of the Almighty."

THE TROUBLESOME WORD.

A lady, having spent the afternoon and evening at cards and in gay company, when she came home, found her servant-maid reading a pious book. She looked over her shoulders and said, "Poor melancholy soul! what pleasure canst thou find in poring so long over that book?" That night the lady could not sleep, but lay sighing and weeping very much. Her servant asked her once and again what was the matter. At length she burst out into a flood of tears, and said, "Oh! it is one word I saw in your book that troubles me; there I saw the word *eternity*. Oh, how happy should I be if I were

prepared for eternity!" The consequence of this impression was, that she laid aside her cards, forsook her gay company, and set herself seriously to prepare for another world

A GOD—A MOMENT—AN ETERNITY.

How sad it is that an eternity so solemn and so near us should impress us so slightly, and should be so much forgotten! A christian traveller tells us, that he saw the following religious admonition on the subject of eternity, printed on a folio sheet, and hanging in a public room of an inn in Savoy; and it was placed, he understood, in every house in the parish:—"Understand well the force of the words—a God, a moment, an eternity. A God who sees thee, a moment which flies from thee, an eternity which awaits thee. A God whom you serve so ill, a moment of which you so little profit, an eternity which you hazard so rashly."

CHRISTIAN EXAMPLE.

PETERBOROUGH AND FENELON.

When Lord Peterborough lodged for a season with Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, he was so delighted with his piety and virtue, that he exclaimed at parting, "If I stay here any longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself."

THE MOTHER'S CONFESSION.

Children, says the Rev. W. Jay, have conveyed religion to those from whom they ought to have derived it. "Well," said a mother one day, weeping, her daughter being about to make a public profession of religion by going to the Lord's table, "I will resist no longer. How can I bear to see my dear child love and read the Scriptures, while I never look into the Bible—to see her retire and seek God, while I never pray—to see her going to the Lord's table, while his death is nothing to me!" "Ah!" said she to the minister who

called to inform her of her daughter's intention, wiping her eyes; "yes, sir, I know she is right, and I am wrong. I have seen her firm under reproach, and patient under provocation, and cheerful in all her sufferings. When, in her late illness, she was looking for dissolution, heaven stood in her face. Oh, that I was as fit to die! I ought to have taught her, but I am sure she has taught me. How can I bear to see her joining the church of God, and leaving me behind, perhaps for ever!"

From that hour she prayed in earnest, that the God of her child would be her God, and was soon seen walking with her in the way everlasting.

IRREFUTABLE ARGUMENT.

Mr. Innes, in his work on Domestic Religion, mentions a fact strikingly illustrative of the power of consistent conduct. A young man, when about to be ordained as a christian minister, stated

that at one period of his life he had been nearly betrayed into the principles of infidelity; "but," he added, "there was one argument in favour of Christianity which I could never refute—the consistent conduct of my own father!"

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

JOHN NEWTON AND MR. OCCAM.

When Mr. Occam, the Indian preacher, was in England, he visited Mr. Newton of London, and they compared experiences. "Mr. Occam," says Mr. Newton, "in describing to me the state of his heart, when he was a blind idola-

ter, gave me, in general, a striking picture of what my own was in the early part of my life; and his subsequent views correspond with mine, as face answers to face in a glass, though I dare say, when he received them, he had never heard of Calvin's name."

FAITH.

LUTHER ON PILATE'S STAIRCASE.

For some time after the light of truth began to dawn on the mind of Luther, he submitted to all the vain practices which the Romish church enjoins in order to purchase the remission of sins. One day during his visit to Rome, wishing to obtain an indulgence promised by the Pope to any one who should ascend on his knees what is called *Pilate's Staircase*, the poor Saxon monk was slowly climbing those steps, which they told him had been miraculously transported from Jerusalem to Rome. But while he was going through with his meritorious work he thought he heard a voice like thunder speaking from the depth of his heart, "*the just shall live by faith.*" He started up in terror on the steps up which he had been crawling; he was horrified at himself; and struck with shame for the degradation to which superstition had debased him, he fled from the scene of his folly. This was the decisive epoch in the inward life of Luther.

THE FARMER'S FAITH.

A king of Sweden was under great impressions of spiritual religion for some time before his death. A peasant being once, on a particular occasion, admitted to his presence, the king, knowing him to be a person of singular piety, asked him, "What he took to be the true nature of faith?" The peasant entered

deeply into the subject, and much to the king's comfort and satisfaction. The king, at last, lying on his death-bed, had a return of his doubts and fears as to the safety of his soul; and still the same question was perpetually in his mouth, to those about him, "What is real faith?" His attendants advised him to send for the Archbishop of Upsall: who, coming to the king's bedside, began in a learned, logical manner, to enter into the scholastic definition of faith. The prelate's disquisition lasted an hour. When he had done the king said with much energy, "All this is ingenious, but not comfortable; it is not what I want. Nothing, after all, but the farmer's faith will do for me."

RIDDLE'S DYING TESTIMONY.

Mr. Edward Riddle, an aged Christian in Hull, remarked, a few days before his death, to one present, "Some may suppose, that a person at my time of life, and after so long making a profession of religion, has nothing to do but to die and go to heaven; but I find that I have as much need to go to God, through Christ, as a sinner, at the last hour as at the beginning. The blood of Christ, the death of Christ, his victory and fullness, are my only ground of faith, hope, and confidence; there is the same need of him to be the Finisher of my faith, as there was to be the Author of it."

DODDRIDGE'S RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"My confidence is," said the pious Dr. Doddridge shortly before his death, "not that I have lived such or such a life, or served God in this or the other manner; I know of no prayer I ever offered, no service I ever performed, but there has been such a mixture of what was wrong in it, that instead of recommending me to the favour of God, I needed his pardon, through Christ, for the same. Yet I am full of confidence; and this is my confidence—there is a hope set before me: I have fled, I still fly, for refuge to that hope."

MRS. JUDSON'S EXPERIENCE.

It is just a year this day," says Mrs. Judson, "since I entertained hope in Christ. About this time in the evening, when reflecting on the words of the lepers, 'If we enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there; and if we sit still here, we die also;' and felt that if I returned to the world, I should surely perish; if I staid where I then was, I should perish; and I could but perish if I threw myself on the mercy of Christ. Then came light, and relief, and comfort, such as I never knew before."

PAYSON'S HAPPINESS.

"Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience," says Dr. Payson, "if they would only believe what they profess—that God is able to make them happy without any thing else. They imagine, if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings to be removed, they should be miserable; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case,—God has been depriving me of one blessing after another; but as every one was removed, he has come in, and filled up its place; and now, when I am a cripple, and not able to move, I am happier than ever I was in my life before, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety."

CASE OF BISHOP BUTLER.

When this eminent prelate lay on his dying bed, he called for his chaplain, and said, "Though I have endeavoured to avoid sin and please God to the utmost of my power, yet, from the consciousness of perpetual infirmities, I am still afraid to die."

"My lord," said the chaplain, "you have forgotten that Jesus Christ is a Saviour."

"True," was the answer, "but how shall I know that he is a Saviour for me?"

"My lord, it is written, 'Him that cometh to me I will no wise cast out.'"

"True," said the bishop, "and I am surprised that, though I have read that Scripture a thousand times over, I never felt its virtue to this moment; and now I die happy!"

A ROCK TO REST ON.

The Rev. John Rees, of Crown-Street, Soho, London, was visited on his death-bed by the Rev. John Liefchild, who very seriously asked him to describe the state of his mind. This appeal to the honour of his religion roused him; it freshened his dying lamp, and raising himself up in his bed he looked his friend in the face, and with great deliberation, energy, and dignity, uttered the following words:—"Christ in his person, Christ in the love of his heart, and Christ in the power of his arm, is the Rock on which I rest; and now (reclining his head gently on the pillow) death, strike!"

VENTURING ON CHRIST.

The Rev. Dr. Simpson was for many years tutor in the college at Hoxton, and while he stood very low in his own esteem, he ranked high in that of others. After a long life spent in the service of Christ, he approached his latter end with holy joy. Among other expressions which indicated his love to the Redeemer, and his interest in the favour of God, he spoke with disapprobation of a phrase often used by some pious people, "Venturing on Christ."

"When," said he, "I consider the infinite dignity and all-sufficiency of Christ, I am ashamed to talk of venturing on him. Oh, had I ten thousand souls, I would, at this moment, cast them all into his hands with the utmost confidence." A few hours before his dissolution, he addressed himself to the last enemy, in a strain like that of the apostle, when he exclaimed, "O death, where is thy sting?" Displaying his characteristic fervour, as though he saw the tyrant approaching, he said, "What art thou? I am not afraid of thee. Thou art a vanquished enemy through the blood of the cross."

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF STAUPICIUS.

Luther relates concerning one Staupicius, a German divine, that he acknowledged that before he came to understand the free and powerful grace of Christ, he resolved, and vowed a hundred times against a particular sin; yet could never get power over it, nor his heart purified from it, till he came to see that he trusted too much to his own resolutions, and too little to Jesus Christ; but when his faith had engaged against his sin, he obtained the victory.

COWPER'S VIEW OF DEATH.

"I have not time to add more," says Cowper the poet, in a letter, "except just to add, that if I am ever enabled to look forward to death with comfort, which I thank God is sometimes the case with me, I do not take my view of it from the top of my own works and deservings, though God is witness that the labour of my life is to keep a conscience void of offence toward him. Death is always formidable to me except when I see him disarmed of his sting by having sheathed it in the body of Jesus Christ."

I HAVE SO LEARNED CHRIST.

Of Mr. Stephen Marshall, an eminent divine of the seventeenth century, Mr. Giles Firman, who knew him in life, and attended him in death, says, "That he left behind him few preachers like

himself; that he was a Christian in practice as well as profession; that he lived by faith, and died by faith, and was an example to the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, and in purity. And when he, together with some others, conversed with him about his death, he replied, 'I cannot say as one did, I have not so lived that I should now be afraid to die; but this I can say, I have so *learned Christ*, that I am not afraid to die.'

WATTS AND THE PROMISES.

The faith of Dr. Watts in the promises of God was lively and unshaken. "I believe them enough," said he, "to venture an eternity on them." To a religious friend, at another time he thus expressed himself: "I remember an aged minister used to say, that the most learned and knowing Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises for their support, as the common and unlearned; and so," continued he, "I find it. It is the plain promises of the gospel that are my support; and I bless God, they *are* plain promises, which do not require much labour and pains to understand them; for I can do nothing now but look into my Bible for some promise to support me, and live upon that."

DEATH OF JOHN HUSS.

When John Huss, the Bohemian martyr, was brought out to be burnt, they put on his head a triple crown of paper, with painted devils on it. On seeing it, he said, "My Lord Jesus Christ, for my sake, wore a crown of thorns; why should not I then, for his sake, wear this light crown, be it ever so ignominious? Truly I will do it, and that willingly." When it was set upon his head, the bishops said, "Now, we commend thy soul to the devil." "But I," said Huss, lifting up his eyes to heaven, "do commit my spirit into thy hands, O Lord Jesus Christ; to thee I commend my spirit, which thou hast redeemed." When the fagots

were piled up to his very neck, the Duke of Bavaria was officious enough to desire him to abjure. "No," said Huss, "I never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency; and what I taught with my lips I now seal with my blood."

A NOBLE REPLY.

In the reign of Charles II., Margaret Wilson, a girl of eighteen, along with an aged widow of sixty-three, was adjudged to die, because she refused to acknowledge the supremacy of any other than Christ in the church. The sentence pronounced against them was, that they should be fastened to stakes driven deep into the oozy sand that covers the beach, and left to perish in the rising tide. The stake to which the aged female was fastened, was further down the beach than that of the

young woman, in order that, being soonest destroyed, her expiring sufferings might shake the firmness of faith of Margaret Wilson. The tide began to flow—the waters swelled; they mounted from the knee to the waist, and from the waist to the chin, and from the chin to the lip of the venerable matron, and when she was almost stifled by the rising tide, when the bubbling groan of her last agony was reaching her fellow-sufferer further up the beach, one heartless ruffian put to Margaret Wilson the question, "What think you of your friend now?" And what was the calm and noble reply? "What do I see but Christ in one of his members wrestling there? Think you that we are the sufferers? No, it is Christ in us—He who sendeth us not a warfare upon our own charges."

CHRISTIAN FIRMNESS.

DEATH PREFERRED TO LYING.

Jerome writes of a brave woman, who, being upon the rack, bade her persecutors do their worst, for she was resolved to *die* rather than *lie*.

FIRMNESS OF ARETHUSUS.

In the reign of Constantine, there was one Marcus Arethusus, an eminent servant of God, who had been the cause of overthrowing an idol temple; but Julian coming to be Emperor, commanded the people of that place to build it up again. All were ready to do so, only he refused it; whereupon his own people, to whom he had preached, fell upon him, stript off his clothes, then abused his naked body, and gave it up to children and school-boys to be lanced with their penknives; but when all this would not do, they caused him to be set in the sun, his naked body anointed all over with honey, so that he might be bitten and stung to death by flies and wasps. All this cruelty they exercised upon him because he would not do any thing towards rebuilding that idol temple. Nay, they came so far, that if he would

give but one halfpenny towards the charge they would release him. But with a noble christian disdain, he refused the offer, though the advancing of one halfpenny might have saved his life. In so doing he only lived up to that principle so much commended and so little practised; that Christians should endure the greatest sufferings, rather than commit the least sins.

PRINCE OF CONDE AND CHARLES IX.

The Prince of Condé being taken prisoner by Charles IX., king of France, and put to his choice whether he would go to mass, or be put to death, or suffer perpetual imprisonment, his noble answer was, that, by God's help he would never do the first, and for either of the latter, he left it to the king's pleasure and God's providence.

FIRMNESS OF VARIOUS MARTYRS.

Cyprian, when on his road to suffer martyrdom, was told by the emperor, that he would give him time to consider whether he had not better cast a grain of incense into the fire, in honour of idols, than die so degraded a death.

The martyr nobly answered, "There needs no deliberation in the case."

John Huss was offered a pardon when at the stake, about to suffer for his attachment to Christ, if he would recant; his reply was, "I am here ready to suffer death."

Anne Askew, when asked under similar circumstances to avoid the flames, answered, "I came not here to deny my God and master."

Mr. Thomas Hawkes, an Essex gentleman, said, on a like occasion, "If I had a hundred bodies, I would suffer them all to be torn in pieces, rather than recant."

When the cruel Bonner told John Ardlly of the pain connected with burning, and how hard it must be to endure it, with a view of leading the martyr to recant, he replied, "If I had as many lives as I have hairs on my head, I would lose them all in the fire, before I would lose Christ."

Galeazius, a gentleman of great wealth, who suffered martyrdom at St. Angelo, in Italy, being much entreated by his friends to recant, replied, "Death is much sweeter to me with the testimony of truth, than life with its least denial."

CALVIN AND ECKIUS.

Eckius being sent by the Pope, legate into France, upon his return took Geneva in his way, on purpose to see Calvin; and, if occasion presented, to attempt reducing him to the Romish church. Eckius went privately to Calvin's house, and introduced himself as a stranger who had heard much of his fame, and was come to wait upon him. Calvin invited him to come in, and he entered the house with him; where, discoursing of many things concerning religion, Eckius perceived Calvin to be an ingenious and learned man, and desired to know if he had not a garden to walk in. To which Calvin replying he had, they both went

into it; and there Eckius began to inquire of him why he left the Roman church, and offered some arguments to persuade him to return; but Calvin could by no means be inclined to think of it. At last Eckius told him that he would put his life in his hands; and then said he was Eckius, the Pope's legate. At this discovery Calvin was not a little surprised, and begged his pardon that he had not treated him with that respect which was due to his quality. Eckius returned the compliment, and told him if he would come back to the Roman church, he would certainly procure for him a cardinal's cap. But Calvin was not to be moved by such an offer. Eckius then asked him what revenue he had. He told the Cardinal he had that house and garden, and fifty livres per annum, besides an annual present of some wine and corn; on which he lived very contentedly. Eckius told him, that a man of his parts deserved a greater revenue; and then renewed his invitation to come over to the Romish church, promising him a better stipend if he would. But Calvin, giving him thanks, assured him he was well satisfied with his condition.

Eckius accepted Calvin's invitation to dine with him; and after dinner, at the request of Eckius, they visited the church, which anciently was the cathedral. On their way Eckius pressed upon Calvin the present of a hundred pistoles to buy him books and to express his respect for him. But as they were coming out of the church, Calvin stopped him a little, and having explained to the persons who accompanied them how he had been presented by the stranger with a purse of gold, he said he would give it to the poor, and so deposited it in the poor-box that was kept there! Eckius was now convinced that all efforts to secure the apostacy of Calvin would be in vain, and made no further attempt.

FORBEARANCE.

MAKING A DIFFERENCE.

Rev. Legh Richmond was once conversing with a brother clergyman on the case of a poor man who had acted inconsistently with his religious profession. After some angry and severe remarks on the conduct of such persons, the gentleman with whom he was discussing the case concluded by saying, "I have no notion of such pretences; I will have nothing to do with him." "Nay, brother, let us be humble and moderate. Remember who has said, 'making a difference:' with opportunity on the one hand, and Satan at the other, and the grace of God at neither, where should you and I be?"

ELLIOT AND HIS BRETHERN.

The attachment of the Rev. John Elliot, usually called "The apostle to the Indians," to peace and union among

Christians was exceedingly great. When he heard ministers complain that some in their congregations were too difficult for them, the substance of his advice would be, "Brother, compass them!" "Brother, learn the meaning of those three little words—bear, forbear, forgive." His love of peace, indeed, almost led him to sacrifice right itself.

COTTON MATHER'S LIBELS.

Dr. Cotton Mather was remarkable for the sweetness of his temper. He took some interest in the political concerns of his country, and on this account, as well as because he faithfully reprov'd iniquity, he had many enemies. Many abusive letters were sent him, all of which he tied up in a packet, and wrote upon the cover, "Libels;—Father, forgive them."

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

CRANMER AND THE TRAITORS.

Archbishop Cranmer appeared almost alone, in the higher classes, as the friend of truth in evil times, and a plot was formed to take away his life. The providence of God, however, so ordered it, that the papers which would have completed the plan were intercepted, and traced to their authors, one of whom lived in the Archbishop's family, and the other he had greatly served. He took these men apart in his palace, and told them that some persons in his confidence had disclosed his secrets, and even accused him of heresy. They loudly censured such villany, and declared the traitors to be worthy of death; one of them adding, that if an executioner was wanted, he would perform the office himself. Struck with their perfidy, after lifting up his voice to heaven, lamenting the depravity of man, and thanking God for his preservation, he produced their letters, and inquired if they knew them. They now fell on their knees, confessed their crimes, and

implored forgiveness. Cranmer mildly expostulated with them on the evil of their conduct, forgave them, and never again alluded to their treachery. His forgiveness of injuries was so well known, that it became a by-word, "Do my lord of Canterbury an ill turn, and you make him your friend for ever."

GENERAL OGLETHORPE AND HIS SERVANT.

The Rev. J. Wesley, in the course of his voyage to America, hearing an unusual noise in the cabin of General Oglethorpe, the governor of Georgia, with whom he sailed, stepped in to inquire the cause of it. The general addressed him, "Mr. W. you must excuse me, I have met with a provocation too great for man to bear. You know the only wine I drink is Cyprus wine; I therefore provided myself with several dozens of it, and this villain Grimaldi," (his foreign servant, who was present, and almost dead with fear,) "has drank up the whole of it; but I will be

revenged on him. I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and be carried to the man-of-war which sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me so, for I never forgive." "Then I hope, sir," said Mr. W. looking calmly at him, "you never sin." The general was quite confounded at the reproof; and putting his hand into his pocket, took out a bunch of keys, which he threw at Grimaldi: "There, villain," said he, "take my keys, and behave better for the future."

THE CHRISTIAN'S PERSECUTOR.

"What great matter," said a heathen tyrant to a Christian, while he was

beating him almost to death—"What great matter did Christ ever do you?" "Even this," answered the Christian, "that I can forgive you, though you use me so cruelly."

MATTHEW HALE'S ENEMY.

A person who had done Sir Matthew Hale a great injury, came afterwards to him for his advice in the settlement of his estate. Sir Matthew gave his advice very frankly to him, but would accept of no fee for it. When he was asked how he could use a man so kindly who had wronged him so much, his answer was, he thanked God, he had learned to forgive injuries.

FRETFULNESS.

"I DON'T WANT TO GO TO HEAVEN."

There was a clergyman, who was of nervous temperament, and often became quite vexed, by finding his little grandchildren in his study. One day, one of these little children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of heaven.

"Ma," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven."

"Do not want to go to heaven, my son?"

"No, Ma, I'm sure I don't."

"Why not, my son?"

"Why, grandpa will be there, won't he?"

"Why, yes, I hope he will."

"Well, as soon as he sees us, he will come scolding along, and say, 'Whew, whew, what are these boys here for?' I don't want to go to heaven if grandpa is going there."

THE TWO GARDENERS.

Two gardeners, who were neighbours, had their crops of early pease killed by frost; one of them came to condole with the other on this misfortune. "Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate we have been, neighbour! do you know I have done nothing but fret ever since. But you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming up already; what are these?" "These!" cried the other gardener, "why these are what I sowed immediately after my loss." "What! coming up already?" cried the fretter. "Yes; while you were fretting, I was working." "What! don't you fret when you have a loss?" "Yes; but I always put it off until after I have repaired the mischief." "Why then you have no need to fret at all." "True," replied the industrious gardener; "and that's the very reason."

FRIENDSHIP.

PYTHIAS AND DAMON.

When Damon was sentenced, by Dionysius of Syracuse, to die on a certain day, he begged permission, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended peremptorily to refuse, by

granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible conditions of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the conditions, and did not wait for an application upon the part of Damon: he instantly offered himself as security for his friend;

which being accepted, Damon was immediately set at liberty. The king and all the courtiers were astonished at this action; and therefore, when the day of execution drew near, his majesty had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his confinement. After some conversation on the subject of friendship, in which the tyrant delivered it as his opinion, that self-interest was the sole mover of human actions; as for virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of one's country, and the like, he looked upon them as terms invented by the wise to keep in awe and impose upon the weak. "My lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, "I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail, therein, my lord: I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together: oppose him, ye winds, prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours, and suffer him not to arrive, till by death I have redeemed a life a thousand times of more consequence, of more value, than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little children, to his friends, to his country. Oh, leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon." Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner in which they were uttered: he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth: but it served rather to perplex than undeceive him. The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked amidst the guards with a serious but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there, he was exalted on a moving throne, which was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the prisoner. Pythias came, he vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and beholding for some time the apparatus of his death, he turned with a

placid countenance, and addressed the spectators: "My prayers are heard," he cried, "the gods are propitious; you know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come, he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here tomorrow, and the blood which is shed to-day shall have ransomed the life of my friend. Oh, could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death, even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble; that his truth is unimpeachable; that he will speedily prove it; that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods: but I haste to prevent his speed; executioner do your office." As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to rise among the remotest of the people; a distant voice was heard, the crowd caught the words, and "Stop, stop the execution!" was repeated by the whole assembly: a man came at full speed: the throng gave way to his approach; he was mounted on a steed of foam: in an instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and clasped Pythias in his arms. "You are safe," he cried, "you are safe, my friend, my beloved friend! the gods be praised, you are safe, I now have nothing but death to suffer, and am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own." Pale, cold, and half-speechless in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents, "Fatal haste! Cruel impatience! What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour! But I will not be wholly disappointed. Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you." Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched, he wept, and leaving his throne, he ascended the scaffold: "Live, live, ye

incomparable pair!" cried he: "ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue; and that virtue equally evinces the existence of a God to reward it. Live happily, and with renown: and, oh! form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship."

COLONEL BYRD AND THE CHIEF.

It is related in Mr. Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, that Colonel Byrd of that state was sent at a certain time to the Cherokee nation to transact some business with them. "It happened," says this writer, "that some of our disorderly people had just killed one or two of that nation. It was therefore purposed in the council of the Cherokees, that Colonel Byrd should be put to death in revenge for the loss of their countrymen. Among them was a chief called Silouee, who, on some former occasion, had contracted an acquaintance and friendship with Colonel Byrd. He came to him every night in his tent, and told him not to be afraid, they should not kill him. After many days' deliberation, however, the determination was, contray to Silouee's ex-

pectation, that Byrd should be put to death, and some warriors were dispatched as executioners. Silouee attended them, and when they entered the tent, he threw himself between them and Byrd, and said to the warriors, 'This man is my friend; before you can get at him, you must kill me.' On this they returned, and the council respected the principle so much as to recede from their determination."

DR. WATTS' LONG VISIT.

A lady of quality being on a visit to Dr. Watts, the doctor thus accosted her: "Madam, your ladyship is come to see me on a very remarkable day!" "Why is this day so remarkable?" answered the countess. "This very day thirty years," replied the doctor, "I came to the house of my good friend Sir Thomas Abney, intending to spend but one single week under his friendly roof, and I have extended my visit to his family to the length of exactly thirty years." Lady Abney, who was present, immediately said to the doctor, "Sir, what you term a long thirty years' visit, I consider as the best visit my family ever received."

GENEROSITY.

DEMETRIUS AND THE ATHENIANS.

It is related of Demetrius, (surnamed the *Conqueror of cities*,) that having received a marked and undoubted provocation, he laid siege to the city of Athens. The inhabitants made a desperate resistance; but were at last obliged to surrender, in consequence of great scarcity of provisions. Demetrius then ordered them, with the exception of the women and children, to be assembled together in one place, and to be surrounded with armed soldiers. Every one was in the greatest fear, conscious how much they had injured him, and expecting every moment to be put to death. It is not surprising, that they were overwhelmed with joy and admiration, when they heard him

with a magnanimity honourable to human nature, thus address them:—"I wish to convince you, O Athenians, how ungenerously you have treated me; for it was not to an enemy that your assistance was refused, but to a prince who loved you, who still loves you, and who wishes to revenge himself only by granting your pardon, and being still your friend. Return to your own homes: while you have been here my soldiers have been filling your houses with provisions."

PARKHURST'S GENEROSITY.

Mr. Parkhurst, the celebrated lexicographer, had a tenant who fell considerably behind in the payment of the rent for his farm, which he had taken at five

hundred pounds per annum. It was represented to Mr. P. that the rent was too high, and a new valuation was made. It was then agreed that four hundred and fifty pounds should be the annual payment; and when this was done, Mr. P. considering that the rent

must always have been too high, unasked, immediately struck off fifty pounds a-year from the commencement of the lease, and refunded to the farmer all that he had received more than the above sum. In this act justice and generosity were combined.

EXISTENCE OF GOD.

A MUTE'S IDEA OF GOD'S ETERNITY.

One of the deaf and dumb pupils in the institution of Paris, being desired to express his idea of the eternity of the Deity, replied, "It is duration, without beginning or end; existence, without bound or dimension; present, without past or future. His eternity is youth, without infancy or old age; life, without birth or death; to-day, without yesterday or to-morrow."

GOD'S SPIRIT AND MAN'S SPIRIT.

As a missionary in India was catechising the children of one of the schools, a Brahmin interrupted him, by saying that the spirit of man and the Spirit of God were one. In order to show him the absurdity of such a declaration, the missionary called upon the boys to refute it, by stating the differ-

ence between the spirit of man and God. They readily gave the following answers:—"The spirit of man is created—God is its Creator: the spirit of man is full of sin—God is a pure Spirit: the spirit of man is subject to grief—God is infinitely blessed, and incapable of suffering: these two spirits, therefore," replied the boys, "can never be one."

ATHEISTICAL ANATOMIST.

When Galen, a celebrated physician, but atheistically inclined, had anatomized the human body, and carefully surveyed the frame of it, viewed the fitness and usefulness of every part of it, and the many several intentions of every little vein, bone and muscle, and the beauty of the whole, he fell into a fit of devotion, and wrote a hymn to his Creator.

GRACE AND MERCY OF GOD.

FIRST GREENLAND CONVERT.

It is well known that the Moravian missionaries in Greenland laboured for several years without any apparent success. They seem to have thought, with many in the present day, that they should first instruct the natives in the existence of God, the creation of the world, the nature of their souls, &c.; and all this they did without exciting any degree of attention. On one occasion, however, while one of these good men was occupied in translating the gospels, he was visited by a number of these savages, who were desirous of knowing the contents of the book. He began an address to them by giving them some general scriptural information, and then slid into an

account of the sufferings of Jesus; reading them the account of his agony, and speaking much of the anguish which made him sweat great drops of blood.

Now began the Spirit of God to work. One of these men, named Kaiarnack, stepped forward to the table, and said, in an earnest and affecting tone, "How was that? Tell me that once more: for I would fain be saved too!" Never had such language been heard from a Greenlander before. A full statement of the gospel was given: this man became indeed converted to God, and eminently useful. A change took place in the general character of the preaching of the brethren, and their subsequent success is well known.

MR. NOTT AND THE SOUTH SEA
ISLANDER.

Mr. Nott, missionary in the South Sea Islands, was on one occasion reading a portion of the gospel of John to a number of the natives. When he had finished the sixteenth verse of the third chapter, a native, who had listened with avidity and joy to the words, interrupted him, and said, "What words were those you read? What sounds were those I heard? Let me hear those words again!" Mr Nott read again the verse, "God so loved," &c., when the native rose from his seat, and said, "Is that true? Can that be true? God love the world, when the world not love him! God so love the world, as to give his Son to die that man might not die! Can that be true?" Mr. Nott again read the verse, "God so loved the world," &c., told him it was true, and that it was the message God had sent to them; and that whosoever believed in him should not perish, but be happy after death. The overwhelming feelings of the wondering native were too powerful for expression or restraint. He burst into tears, and as these chased each other down his countenance, he retired to meditate in private on the great love of God which had that day touched his soul. There is every reason to believe, he afterwards enjoyed the peace and happiness resulting from the love of God shed abroad in his heart.

"THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT."

It is related of the Rev. John Wesley, that he was once stopped by a highwayman who demanded his money. After he had given it to him, he called him back, and said, "Let me speak one word to you; the time may come when you may regret the course of life in which you are engaged. Remember this, *The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.*" He said no more, and they parted. Many years afterwards, when he was leaving a church in which he had been preaching, a person came up and asked him if he

remembered being waylaid at such a time, referring to the above circumstances. Mr. Wesley replied that he recollected it. "I," said the individual, "was that man; that single verse on that occasion was the means of a total change in my life and habits. I have long since been attending the house of God, and Word of God, and I hope I am a Christian."

"WHO CAN TELL?"

"I have heard," says Mr. Daniel Wilson, in a sermon of his, "of a certain person, whose name I could mention, who was tempted to conclude his day over, and himself lost; that, therefore, it was his best course to put an end to his life, which, if continued, would but serve to increase his sin, and, consequently, his misery, from which there was no escape; and seeing he must be in hell, the sooner he was there the sooner he should know the worst; which was preferable to his being worn away with the tormenting expectation of what was to come. Under the influence of such suggestions as these, he went to a river, with a design to throw himself in; but as he was about to do it, he seemed to hear a voice saying to him, *Who can tell?* as if the words had been audibly delivered. By this, therefore, he was brought to a stand; his thoughts were arrested, and thus began to work on the passage mentioned: *Who can tell?* (Jonah iii. 9,) viz., what God can do when he will proclaim his grace glorious? *Who can tell* but such an one as I may find mercy? or what will be the issue of humble prayer to heaven for it? *Who can tell* what purposes God will serve in my recovery? By such thoughts as these, being so far influenced as to resolve to try, it pleased God graciously to enable him, through all his doubts and fears, to throw himself by faith on Jesus Christ, as able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him, humbly desiring and expecting mercy for his sake, to his own soul. In this he was not disappointed;

but afterwards became an eminent christian and minister; and from his own experience of the riches of grace, was greatly useful to the conversion and comfort of others."

GRATITUDE.

REV. J. BROWN'S CONFESSION.

"No doubt," said the late Rev. J. Brown, of Haddington, "I have met with trials as well as others: yet so kind has God been to me, that I think, if he were to give me as many years as I have already lived in the world, I should not desire one single circumstance in my lot changed, except that I wish I had less sin. It might be written on my coffin, 'Here lies one of the cares of Providence, who early wanted both father and mother, and yet never missed them.'"

"WHY DO YOU PLANT TREES?"

A very poor and aged man, busied in planting and grafting an apple tree, was rudely interrupted by the interrogation, "Why do you plant trees, who cannot hope to eat the fruit of them?" He raised himself up, and, leaning upon his spade, replied, "Some one planted trees before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit; I now plant for others, that the memorial of my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone."

RELIGIOUS HAPPINESS.

PASSENGERS OF THE KENT.

The efficacy of faith in the word of God, to support the mind in the hour of trouble, has often been the subject of conversation, and its power has been very strikingly illustrated. The writer of the interesting "Narrative of the Loss of the Kent, East Indiaman," in 1825, states that, when that vessel was on fire, several of the soldiers' wives and children, who had fled for temporary shelter into the after-cabins on the upper deck, were engaged in prayer, and in reading the Scriptures with the ladies; some of whom were enabled, with wonderful self-possession, to offer to others those spiritual consolations, which a firm and intelligent trust in the Redeemer of the world appeared at this awful hour to impart to their own breasts. The dignified deportment of two young ladies, in particular, formed a specimen of natural strength of mind, finely modified by christian feeling, that failed not to attract the notice and admiration of every one who had an opportunity of witnessing it. On the melancholy announcement being made to them, that all hope must be relinquished, and that death was rapidly

and inevitably approaching, one of the ladies above referred to, calmly sinking down on her knees, and clasping her hands together, said, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!" and immediately proposed to read a portion of the Scriptures to those around her; her sister, with nearly equal composure and collectedness of mind, selected the forty-sixth and other appropriate Psalms; which were accordingly read, with intervals of prayer, by those ladies alternately, to the assembled females.

APOSTOLICAL REPLY.

"I was called upon," says the Rev. Mr. Trefit, an American minister, "some years ago, to visit an individual, a part of whose face had been eaten away by a most loathsome cancer. Fixing my eyes on this man in his agony, I said, 'Supposing that Almighty God were to give you your choice; whether would you prefer your cancer, your pain, and your sufferings, with a certainty of death before you, but of immortality hereafter; or, health, prosperity, long life in the world, and the risk of losing your immortal soul?' 'Ah, sir!' said the man, 'give me the

cancer, the pain, the Bible, the hope of heaven; and others may take the world, long life, and prosperity!"

ONE OF THE DAYS OF HEAVEN.

Mr. Flavel, at one time on a journey, set himself to improve his time by meditation; when his mind grew intent, till at length he had such ravishing tastes of heavenly joy, and such full assurance of his interest therein, that he utterly lost the sight and sense of this world and all its concerns, so that he knew not where he was. At last, perceiving himself faint through a great loss of blood from his nose, he alighted from his horse, and sat down at a spring, where he washed and refreshed himself, earnestly desiring, if it were the will of God, that he might there leave the world. His spirits reviving, he finished his journey in the same delightful frame. He passed that night without any sleep, the joy of the Lord still overflowing him, so that he seemed an inhabitant of the other world. After this, a heavenly serenity and sweet peace long continued with him; and for many years he called that day "one of the days of heaven!" and professed that he understood more of the life of heaven by it, than by all the discourses he had heard, or the books he ever read.

ENJOYING GOD.

I have here, said Rev. Mr. Fuller, two religious characters, who were intimately acquainted in early life. Providence favoured one of them with a tide of prosperity. The other, fearing for his friend, lest his heart should be overcharged with the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches, one day asked him whether he did not find prosperity a snare to him. He paused, and answered, "I am not conscious that I do, for I enjoy God in all things." Some years after, his affairs took another turn. He lost, if not the whole, yet the far greater part of what he had once gained, and was greatly reduced. His old friend being one day in his company, renewed his question,

whether he did not find what had lately befallen him to be too much for him. Again he paused, and answered, "I am not conscious that I do, for now I enjoy all things in God." This was truly a life of faith.

POOR MAN'S GRATITUDE.

A gentleman of very considerable fortune, but a stranger both to personal and family religion, one evening took a solitary walk through part of his grounds. He happened to come near to a mean hut, where a poor man lived with a numerous family, who earned their bread by daily labour. He heard a continued and pretty loud voice. Not knowing what it was, curiosity prompted him to listen. The man, who was piously disposed, happened to be at prayer with his family. So soon as he could distinguish the words, he heard him giving thanks, with great affection, to God for the goodness of his providence, in giving them food to eat and raiment to put on, and in supplying them with what was necessary and comfortable in the present life. He was immediately struck with astonishment and confusion, and said to himself, "Does this poor man, who has nothing but the meanest fare, and that purchased by severe labour, give thanks to God for his goodness to himself and family; and I, who enjoy ease and honour, and every thing that is pleasant and desirable, have hardly ever bent my knee, or made any acknowledgment to my Maker and Preserver!" It pleased God to make this providential occurrence the means of bringing him to a real and lasting sense of religion.

GLORYING IN TRIBULATION.

Guy de Brez, a French minister, was prisoner in the castle of Tonrnay, in Belgium. A lady who visited him said, "She wondered how he could eat, or drink, or sleep in quiet." "Madam," said he, "my chains do not terrify me, or break my sleep; on the contrary, I glory and take delight therein,

esteeming them at a higher rate than chains and rings of gold, or jewels of any price whatever. The rattling of my chains is like the effect of an instrument of music in my ears: not that such an effect comes merely from my chains, but it is because I am bound therewith for maintaining the truth of the gospel."

HOWARD IN TRIALS.

The celebrated philanthropist, Howard, who spent the best part of his life in travelling over all the countries of Europe,—“to plunge into the infection of hospitals,—to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain,—to remember the forgotten, and to visit the forsaken, under all climes,”—was not unhappy amidst his toils. In a letter from Riga, during his last journey, he says, “I hope I have sources of enjoyment that depend not on the particular spot I inhabit; a rightly cultivated mind, under the power of religion and the exercise of beneficent dispositions, affords a ground of satisfaction little affected by *heres and theres*.”

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

It was a usual saying of Pascal, that the sciences produced no consolation in the times of affliction; but the knowledge of Christianity was a comfort both in adversity, and defect of all other knowledge.

THE CRIPPLE AND HIS BIBLE.

At a meeting of the Blackheath Auxiliary Bible Society, in the year 1815, Dr. Gregory, of Woolwich, related the following very interesting facts:—More than twelve months ago, I went, pursuant to the request of a poor, but benevolent-hearted woman in my neighbourhood, to visit an indigent man deeply afflicted. On entering the cottage, I found him alone, his wife having gone to procure him milk from a kind neighbour. I was startled by the sight of a pale, emaciated man, a living image of death, fastened upright in his chair, by a rude mechanism of

cords and belts hanging from the ceiling. He was totally unable to move either hand or foot, having more than four years been entirely deprived of the use of his limbs, yet the whole time suffering extreme anguish from swellings at all his joints. As soon as I had recovered a little from my surprise at seeing so pitiable an object, I asked, “Are you left alone, my friend, in this deplorable situation?” “No sir,” replied he, in a touchingly feeble tone of mild resignation, (nothing but his lips and eyes moving while he spake,) “I am not alone, for God is with me.” On advancing, I soon discovered the secret of his striking declaration; for his wife had left on his knees, propped with a cushion formed for the purpose, a Bible, lying open at a favourite portion of the Psalms of David! I sat down by him, and conversed with him. On ascertaining that he had but a small weekly allowance certain, I inquired how the remainder of his wants were supplied. “Why, sir,” said he, “’tis true, as you say, seven shillings a-week would never support us; but when it is gone, I rely upon the promise I found in this book: ‘Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure;’ and I have never been disappointed yet; and so long as God is faithful to his word, I never shall.” I asked him if he ever felt tempted to repine under the pressure of so long-continued and heavy a calamity. “Not for the last three years,” said he, “blessed be God for it;” the eye of faith sparkling and giving life to his pallid countenance while he made the declaration: “for I have learned from this book in whom to believe: and, though I am aware of my weakness and unworthiness, I am persuaded that He will ‘not leave me, nor forsake me.’ And so it is, that often, when my lips are closed with locked jaw, and I cannot speak to the glory of God, He enables me to sing His praises in my heart.”

Gladly would I sink into the obscurity of the same cottage; gladly even would I languish in the same chair;

could I but enjoy the same uninterrupted communion with God, be always filled with the same "strong consolation," and constantly behold, with equal vivid perception, the same celestial crown sparkling before me.

EXAMPLE OF HALL.

Mr. Hall, after the death of one of his children, appeared as usual in his pulpit on the following Sabbath, and, under the influence of chastened and holy feeling, addressed his congregation from the language of David, after he had been deprived of his son: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." He very properly remarked, that while the child was living, but doomed to die, the afflicted saint fasted, prayed, and wept, if peradventure his days might still be prolonged; but when the event was decided, he evinced his fortitude and deep submission to the will of Heaven. He arose from the earth, changed his mourning attire, and went up to the house of the Lord. The ordinary custom of abstaining from public worship, was accommodating ourselves to the false maxims of the world, and injurious to our spiritual interests. In a season of calamity, whither should we go, but to Him who alone is able to sustain and comfort us, and to the place where he has promised to meet with us and bless us?

A SINGULAR BOND.

I have read of a godly man, says Mr. Brooks, who, living near a philosopher, often strove to persuade him to

become a Christian. Oh, but, said the philosopher, I must, or may, lose my all for Christ. To which the good man replied, If you lose any thing for Christ, he will repay it a hundred-fold. Ay, but, said the philosopher, will you be bound for Christ, that if he doth not pay me, you will? Yes, that I will, said the good man! So the philosopher became a Christian, and the good man entered into bond for the performance of covenants. Some time after it happened that the philosopher fell sick. On his death-bed, and holding the bond in his hand, he sent for the party engaged, to whom he gave up the bond, and said, Christ hath paid all, there is nothing for you to pay; take your bond and cancel it; no man shall ever have occasion to say that he has been loser by Christ.

GOD WITH THE EXILES.

I have read, says Brooks, of a company of poor Christians who were banished into some remote part; and one standing by seeing them pass along, said, that it was a very sad condition those poor people were in, to be thus hurried from the society of men, and made companions with the beasts of the field. True, said another, it were a sad condition indeed if they were carried to a place where they should not find their God; but let them be of good cheer, God goes along with them, and will exhibit the comforts of his presence whithersoever they go. God's presence with his people is a spring that never fails.

HEARERS OF THE GOSPEL.

INFLUENCE OF FAULT-FINDING.

The Rev. Mr. Beckwith says:—"I was once conversing with a young and successful minister of the gospel, who related to me the following circumstances. When he was quite a child, he heard a minister preach on repentance. This was on the forenoon of a Sabbath. His feelings were excited, and he had almost determined, before

the conclusion of the sermon, to perform the duty without delay. In this state of mind he went to the house of God in the afternoon, and heard the same minister on the judgment. He was still more deeply impressed, and came to the resolution to attend to religion immediately. But, as he passed from the sanctuary, he overheard two professing Christians conversing on the

sermon. 'A very solemn discourse,' said one. 'Yes,' replied the other, but—' and he proceeded to make some critical remark, the effect of which was, for that time at least, to erase all serious impressions from the mind of the youth." How often do we witness this evil!

DR. CHALMERS' CONGREGATION.

It is well known, that the genius and eloquence of this popular clergyman, during his stay in Glasgow, attracted immense crowds to his church, and the feeling of disappointment when a stranger entered his pulpit, was but too visible for any one to mistake it. On one occasion the Rev. Dr. Love, of Anderston, having made an exchange with Dr. Chalmers, was so struck and

irritated, on entering the pulpit, with the reluctant advance of the assembling auditory, and the quick retreat of many from the pews, that he stood up, and addressing the congregation, said, "We will not begin the public worship of God, till the chaff blows off." We need not say that these words had the desired effect, and that the audience became stationary under this severe rebuke.

HEARING AND PRAYING.

Mr. Philip Henry notes in his diary the saying of a pious hearer of his own, as what much affected him:—"I find it easier," said the good man, "to go six miles to hear a sermon, than to spend one quarter of an hour in meditating and praying over it in secret, as I should, when I come home."

VIEWS AND FORETASTES OF HEAVEN.

DYING SAYING OF PRESTON.

The more you are acquainted with God while you live, the more willing you will be to die, to go to him; for death, to a child of God, is nothing else but a resting with God, in whose bosom he hath often been by holy meditation, when he was alive. Dr. Preston, when he was dying, used these words: "Blessed be God, though I change my place I shall not change my company; for I have walked with God while living, and now I go to rest with God."

THREE WONDERS IN HEAVEN.

John Newton said, "When I get to heaven, I shall see three wonders there;—the first wonder will be, to see many people there whom I did not expect to see—the second wonder will be, to miss many people whom I did expect to see—and the third, and greatest wonder of all, will be to find myself there."

"YOU WILL BE A DUKE BUT I SHALL BE A KING."

A consumptive disease seized the eldest son and heir of the Duke of Hamilton, which ended in his death.

A little before his departure from the world, he lay ill at the family seat near Glasgow. Two ministers came to see him, one of whom, at his request, prayed with him. After the minister had prayed, the dying youth put his hand back, and took his Bible from under his pillow, and opened it at the passage, "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, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing." "This, sirs," said he, "is all my comfort." As he was lying one day on the sofa, his tutor was conversing with him on some astronomical subject, and about the nature of the fixed stars. "Ah!" said he, "in a little while I shall know more of this than all of you together." When his death approached, he called his brother to his bedside, and, addressing him with the greatest affection and seriousness, he closed with these remarkable words: "And now, Douglas, in a little time you will be a duke, but I shall be a king."

THE CHILD'S ANSWERS.

A little child, when dying, was asked where it was going; "To heaven," said the child. "And what makes you wish to be there?" "Because Christ is there." "But," said a friend, "what if Christ should leave heaven?" "Well," said the child, "I will go with him."

WORDS OF REV. THOS. HALYBURTON.

"Oh! blessed be God that I was born," said this holy man when dying. "I have a father and a mother, and ten brethren and sisters in heaven, and I shall be the eleventh. Oh, blessed be the day that I was ever born! Oh, that I were where he is! And yet, were God to withdraw from me, I should be weak as water. All that I enjoy, though it be miracle on miracle, would not support me without fresh supplies from God. The thing I rejoice in is this, that God is altogether full; and that in the Mediator, Christ Jesus, is all the fulness of the Godhead, and it will never run out. If there be such a glory in Christ's conduct towards me now, what will it be to see the lamb in the midst of the throne! My peace hath been like a river. Blessed be God that I was ever born."

MR. RENWICK'S JOY.

Mr. Renwick, the last of the Scottish martyrs, speaking of his sufferings for conscience' sake, says, "Enemies think themselves satisfied that we are put to wander in mosses, and upon mountains;

but even amidst the storms of these last two nights, I cannot express what sweet times I have had, when I had no covering but the dark curtains of night. Yea, in the silent watch, my mind was led out to admire the deep and inexpressible ocean of joy, wherein the whole family of heaven swim. Each star led me to wonder what HE must be, who is the star of Jacob, of whom all stars borrow their shining."

ADRIANUS AND THE MARTYRS.

One Adrianus, in ancient times, seeing the martyrs suffer such grievous things in the cause of Christ, asked, "What is that which enables them to bear such sufferings?" One of them replied, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." These words were like apples of gold in a net-work of silver, for they made him not only a convert, but a martyr too.

THE DYING HOTTENTOT.

An old Hottentot having been taken ill, was visited by Mr. Reid, a missionary. He said, "This is the message of death! I shall now go and see the other country, where I have never been, but which I long to see! I am weary of every thing here! I commit too much sin here. I wish to be free from it; I cannot understand things well here, and you cannot understand me. The Lord has spoken much to me, though I cannot explain it."

AGENCY OF THE HOLY SPIRIT IN CONVICTION AND CONVERSION.*

THE INFIDEL AND THE FIRST CHAPTER OF JOHN.

Francis Junius the younger was a considerable scholar, but by no means prejudiced in favour of the Scriptures,

* Scripture bids us trace all genuine cases of conviction and conversion to the operations of the Holy Spirit; but in the cases here presented, reason too bids us recognize this divine agency, as the other agencies employed are not those which would naturally produce such results.

as appears by his own account, which is as follows:—My father, who was frequently reading the New Testament, and had long observed with grief the progress I had made in infidelity, had put that book in my way in his library, in order to attract my attention, if it might please God to bless his design, though without giving me the least intimation of it. Here, therefore, I unwittingly opened the New Testament,

thus providentially laid before me. At the very first view, as I was deeply engaged in other thoughts, that grand chapter of the evangelist and apostle presented itself to me, "In the beginning was the Word," &c. I read part of the chapter, and was so affected, that I instantly became struck with the divinity of the argument, and the majesty and authority of the composition, as infinitely surpassing the highest flights of human eloquence. My body shuddered; my mind was all in amazement; and I was so agitated the whole day, that I scarce knew who I was. "Thou didst remember me, O Lord my God, according to thy boundless mercy, and didst bring back the lost sheep to thy flock." From that day God wrought so mightily in me by the power of his Spirit, that I began to have less relish for all other studies and pursuits, and bent myself with greater ardour and attention to every thing which had a relation to God.

"OH, THE GRACE OF GOD!"

John Dickson was a farmer in the parish of Ratho, near Edinburgh, and was for a long time negligent and irreligious. It pleased God to take away his wife, and it became necessary for him to have a nurse in the house, who happily was a pious woman. When his infant daughter was about twenty months old, she was in the room with her father and several of his profane companions. Most unexpectedly the child repeated, in its infantine tones, "Oh, the grace of God!" an exclamation she had often heard from her nurse. The attention of the father was thus excited, the Holy Spirit led him to deep and serious reflections, and thus was his conversion to God effected.

THE PERTINENT TEXT.

One Sabbath morning, while the Rev. Dr. Bedell, of Philadelphia, was preaching, a young man passed by, with a number of companions, as gay and thoughtless as himself. One of them proposed to go into the church, saying,

"Let us go and hear what this man has to say, that every body is running after." The young man made this awful answer, "No, I would not go into such a place if Christ himself was preaching." Some weeks after, he was again passing the church, and being alone, and having nothing to do, he thought he would go in without being observed. On opening the door he was struck with awe at the solemn silence of the place, though it was much crowded. Every eye was fixed on the preacher, who was to begin his discourse. His attention was instantly caught by the text, "I discerned among the youths a young man void of understanding," Prov. vii. 7. His conscience was smitten by the power of truth. He saw that he was the young man described. A view of his profligate life passed before his eyes, and, for the first time he trembled under the feeling of sin. He remained in the church till the preacher and congregation had passed out; then slowly returned to his home. He had early received infidel principles, but the Holy Spirit who had aroused him in his folly, led him to a constant attendance on the ministry of Dr. B., who had been the instrument of awakening his mind. He cast away his besetting sin, and gave himself to a life of virtue and holiness. He afterwards declared openly his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and his desire to devote himself to his service.

"WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?"

A clergyman in Germany, who had exercised the ministerial office for twelve years, while destitute of faith in, and love to the Redeemer, one day was invited, by a wealthy citizen, one of the members of his congregation, with some other guests, to a collation at his house. Directly opposite to him on the wall, hung a picture of Christ on the cross, with two lines written under it:—

"I did this for thee;
What hast thou done for me?"

The picture caught his attention: as he

read the lines they seemed to pierce him, and he was involuntarily seized with a feeling he never experienced before.

“AND HE DIED.”

A certain libertine, of most abandoned character, happened to stroll into a church, where he heard the fifth chapter of Genesis read, stating that such and such persons lived so long a time, and yet the conclusion was, they “died;” Seth lived 912 years, “and he died;” Enos, 905, “and he died.” The frequent repetition of the words, “he died,” notwithstanding the great length of years they had lived, impressed him so forcibly with the thought of death and eternity, that, through Divine grace, he became an exemplary Christian.

A DIFFICULT CASE.

“It is unphilosophical,” says a modern writer, “to introduce Divine agency when adequate human means are in exercise.” Suppose we should, for argument’s sake, grant it; there are still left multitudes of problems, that

this writer and kindred errorists will not easily solve; cases where “adequate human means” were not in exercise. Were any such means employed in the following instance?

A young man who was very thoughtless and negligent of religion, and to whom no person had spoken on the subject, as he was standing engaged in an engrossing employment, became suddenly and remarkably impressed with a sense of the being and character of God. His unutterable emotions were not those of fear, but of reverence, solemnity and tenderness. His mental exclamation was, “Oh, the being, the majesty, the goodness of God! And how have I neglected Him!” His frame trembled, and tears, floods of tears, gave vent to his feelings.

Was there any adequate human means here? Do men get excited upon politics, poetry, or philosophy in this way? How can any body be so wilfully blind to the operations of God’s Spirit, as to say such convictions are all very natural and no special power of God exhibited in them?

HONESTY.

TRIBUTE TO M. CORNET.

In Bossuet’s funeral oration for M. Cornet, he mentioned the following fact.—One of his friends having a lawsuit, M. Cornet exerted his interest in favour of his friend, with a judge who was to try the cause; and it was decided in his favour. Sometime afterwards, M. Cornet had doubts of the justice of the decision; and being apprehensive that it had been influenced by his conversations with the judge, he paid to the adversary the whole amount of the sum in dispute.

EPAMINONDAS NOT TO BE BRIBED.

When great presents were sent to Epaminondas, the celebrated Theban general, he used to observe,—“If the thing you desire be good, I will do it without any bribe, even because it is good; if it be not honest, I will not do

it for all the goods in the world.” He was so great a contemner of riches, that, when he died, he left not enough to discharge the expenses of his funeral.

THE HONEST OSTIAK.

A Russian was travelling from Tobolsk to Beresow. On the road he stopped one night at the hut of an Ostiak. In the morning, on continuing his journey, he discovered that he had lost his purse, containing about one hundred rubles.

The son of the Ostiak found the purse, while out a-hunting, but instead of taking it up, went and told his father; who was equally unwilling to touch it, and ordered his son to cover it with some bushes.

A few months after this, the Russian returned, and stopped at the same hut, but the Ostiak did not recognise him.

He related the loss he had met with.

The Ostiak listened very attentively, and when he had finished, "You are welcome," said he; "here is my son who will show you the spot where it lies; no hand has touched it but the one which covered it over, that you might recover what you have lost."

CECIL AND THE ROBBERS.

On one occasion when the Rev. Richard Cecil had to travel on horseback from London to Lewes to serve his churches, instead of leaving town early in the morning, he was detained till noon, in consequence of which he did not arrive on East Grinstead Common till after dark. On this Common he met a man on horseback, who appeared to be intoxicated and ready to fall from his horse at every step. Mr. C. called to him and warned him of his danger, which the man disregarding, with his usual benevolence he rode up to him in order to prevent his falling, when the man immediately seized the reins of his horse. Mr. C. perceiving he was in bad hands endeavoured to break away, on which the man threatened to knock him down if he repeated the attempt. Three other men on horseback immediately rode up, placing Mr. C. in the midst of them. On perceiving his danger it struck him, "Here is an occasion for faith!" and that gracious direction also occurred to him: "Call upon me in the time of trouble; I will deliver thee," Psalms l. 15. He secretly lifted up his heart to God, entreating the deliverance which he alone could effect. One of the men, who seemed to be the captain of the gang, asked him who he was and whither he was going. Mr. C. here recurred to a principle to which his mind was habituated, that "nothing needs a lie;" he therefore told them very frankly his name and whither he was going. The leader said: "Sir, I know you, and have heard you preach at Lewes. Let the gentleman's horse go. We wish you good night." Mr.

C. had about him sixteen pounds, which he had been to town to receive, and which at that time was to him a large sum.

THE TURKISH POSTMAN.

Keppel relates, in his "Journey across the Balkan," that, in the winter of 1828, a Turkish postman was sent to some distant part with a considerable sum of money in specie. The money, in such cases, is carried in bags, which the merchants call "gropnes." They are given to the postman, and without receiving any written document as proof of the receipt. This man, on returning from his journey, was applied to by a French house for fifteen thousand piastres; a sum at that time equal to £3750. He made no attempt to evade the demand, but immediately said, "I have doubtless lost the bag, and must therefore pay you as soon as I can raise the money." After maturely thinking of the loss, he returned by the same road, quite confident that if any Mohammedan should find the money, it would be returned to him. He had travelled nearly the whole distance, when he arrived, in a very melancholy mood, at a small, miserable coffee-house, where he remembered to have stopped a few moments on his way. He was accosted at the door, by the café-gee, who called out to him, "Halloo, sheriff! when you were last here, you left a bag, which I suppose to contain gold. You will find it just where you placed it." The postman entered, and discovered the identical bag, evidently untouched, although it must have been left exposed to the grasp of the numerous chance customers of a Turkish café.

THE EARL AND THE FARMER.

A farmer called on the Earl Fitzwilliam, to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his lordship's hounds had, during the winter, frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been

so cut up and destroyed, that, in some parts, he could not hope for any produce. "Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury; and if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained, I will repay you." The farmer replied, that, anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought that as the crop seemed quite destroyed, £50 would not more than repay him. The earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field which were most trampled, the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and being introduced, said, "I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood." His lordship immediately recollected the circumstance. "Well, my friend, did not I allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?" "Yes, my lord, I find that I have sustained no loss at all, for where the horses had most cut up the land, the crop is most promising,

and I have, therefore, brought the £50 back again." Ah," exclaimed the venerable earl, "this is what I like; this is as it should be between man and man." He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family—how many children he had, &c. His lordship then went into another room, and returning, presented the farmer with a check for £100, saying, "Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it." We know not which to admire—the benevolence or the wisdom displayed by this illustrious man; for while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation.

THE BEGGAR AND DR. SMOLLETT.

A beggar asking Dr. Smollett for alms, he gave him through mistake a guinea. The poor fellow perceiving it, hobbled after him to return it; upon which Smollett returned it to him, with another guinea as a reward for his honesty, exclaiming at the same time, "What a lodging has honesty taken up with!"

VANITY OF WORLDLY HONOURS.

EXPERIENCE OF WOTTON.

Sir Henry Wotton, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who had great honours conferred on him, on account of his near relation to the Queen's favourite, Robert, Earl of Essex, was very intimate with the Duke of Tuscany, and with James, then King of Scotland, (and afterwards of England,) and had been sent on several embassies to Holland, Germany, and Venice; after all, he desired to retire with this motto, "That he had learned at length, that the soul grew wiser by retirement," and consequently, that a man was more happy in a private situation, than it was possible for him to be with those worldly honours which were accompanied with so many troubles. In

short, the utmost of his aim in this life, for the future, was to be Provost of Eton, that there he might enjoy his beloved study and devotion.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S MISERY.

On a court day in December, 1795, Sir John Sinclair happened to meet Mr. Secretary Dundas at St. James', who pressed him to name a day for visiting him at Wimbledon. The day fixed upon chanced to be the last of the year. The party was numerous, and included Mr. Pitt. Sir John remained all night; and next morning, according to Scottish custom, resolved to pay his host an early visit in his own apartment. He found the secretary in the library, reading a long paper on the

importance of conquering the Cape, as an additional security to our Indian possessions. His guest shook him by the hand, adding the usual congratulation, "I come, my friend, to wish you a good new year, and many happy returns of the season." The secretary, after a short pause, replied with some emotion, "I hope this year will be happier than the last, for I can scarcely

recollect having spent one happy day in the whole of it." This confession, coming from an individual whose whole life hitherto had been a series of triumphs, and who appeared to stand secure upon the summit of political ambition, was often dwelt upon by Sir John as exemplifying the vanity of human wishes.

POWER OF HOPE.

BISHOP BEVERIDGE AND HIS FRIENDS.

When the pious Bishop Beveridge was on his death-bed, he did not know any of his friends or connexions. A minister with whom he had been well acquainted visited him, and when conducted into his room he said, "Bishop Beveridge, do you know me?" "Who are you?" said the bishop. Being told who the minister was, he said that he did not know him. Another friend came who had been equally well known, and accosted him in a similar manner: "Do you know me, Bishop Beveridge?" "Who are you?" said he. Being told it was one of his intimate friends, he said he did not know him. His wife then came to his bedside and asked him if he knew her. "Who are you?" said he. Being told she was his wife, he said he did not know her. "Well," said one of them, "Bishop Beveridge, do

you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Jesus Christ!" said he, reviving as if the name had produced upon him the influence of a charm; "Oh! yes, I have known him these forty years; precious Saviour, he is my only hope!"

WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

The celebrated Philip de Morney, prime minister to Henry the Fourth of France, one of the greatest statesmen, and the most exemplary Christian of his age, being asked a little before his death, if he still retained the same assured hope of future bliss, which he had so comfortably enjoyed during his illness, he made this memorable reply: "I am," said he, "as confident of it, from the incontestable evidence of the Spirit of God, as ever I was of any mathematical truth from all the demonstrations of Euclid."

HOSPITALITY.

PARK AND THE NEGRESS.

When the celebrated Mungo Park was in Africa, he was directed by one of the native kings to a village to pass the night. He went, but as the order was not accompanied with any provision for his reception, he found every door shut. Turning his horse loose to graze, he was preparing, as a security from wild beasts, to climb a tree, and sleep among the branches, when a beautiful and affecting incident occurred, which gives a most pleasing view of the negro female character. An old woman, returning from the labours of

the field, cast on him a look of compassion, and desired him to follow her. She led him to an apartment in her hut, procured a fine fish, which she broiled for his supper, and spread a mat for him to sleep upon. She then desired her maidens, who had been gazing in fixed astonishment on the white man, to resume their tasks, which they continued to ply through a great part of the night. They cheered their labours with a song, which must have been composed extempore, as Mr. Park, with deep emotion, discovered that he himself was the subject of it. It said,

in a strain of affecting simplicity:—"The winds roared, and the rain fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn." Chorus. "Let us pity the white man, no mother has he," &c. Our traveller was much affected, and next morning could not depart, without requesting his landlady's acceptance of the only gift he had left, two out of the four brass buttons that still remained on his waistcoat.

HOSPITALITY AMONG TURKS.

Mr. Arundel, in his "Discoveries in Asia Minor," says—We dismounted at the Oda, a lodging house for travellers, in the village of Cooselare, or Cuselare. It was certainly not a palace, for we shared it with our horses, and there were holes, called windows, without glass or shutters; but the hospitality of our hosts more than compensated for every thing else.

We had trakana soup, pilau, cheese, and petmes, and surprised were we to see our table-cloth, or table-skin, soon after laid, the pancake bread placed all around, and the smoking viands in the midst. It was the more surprising, since we were unexpected guests; and, as the village seemed wretchedly poor, we ventured to ask an explanation; and we learned that our fare was the contribution of many families,—the trakana soup was supplied by one, the pilau by a second, the petmes by a third, the bread by a fourth; but all were emulous to feed the famished strangers, with as little loss of time as possible; and these were Turks!

THE CZAR AND THE PEASANT.

The Czar Ivan, who reigned over Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century, frequently went out disguised, in order to discover the opinion which the people entertained of his administration. One day, in a solitary walk near Moscow, he entered a small village, and pretending to be overcome, by fatigue, implored relief from several of

the inhabitants. His dress was ragged, his appearance mean; and what ought to have excited the compassion of the villagers and ensured his reception, was productive of refusal. Full of indignation at such inhuman treatment, he was just going to leave the place, when he perceived another habitation, to which he had not yet applied for assistance. It was the poorest cottage in the village. The emperor hastened to this, and, knocking at the door, a peasant opened it, and asked him what he wanted. "I am almost dying with fatigue and hunger," answered the Czar; "can you give me a lodging for one night?" "Alas!" said the peasant, taking him by the hand, "you will have but poor fare; you are come at an unlucky time,—my wife is in labour, her cries will not let you sleep; but come in, come in, you will at least be sheltered from the cold, and such as we have you shall be welcome to."

The peasant then made the Czar enter a little room full of children; in a cradle were two infants sleeping soundly. A girl three years old was sleeping on a rug near the cradle; while her two sisters, the one five years old, the other almost seven, were on their knees, crying, and praying to God for their mother, who was in a room adjoining, and whose piteous plaints and groans were distinctly heard. "Stay here," said the peasant to the emperor, "I will go and get something for your supper."

He went out and soon returned with some black bread, eggs, and honey. "You see all I can give you," said the peasant; "partake of it with my children. I must go and assist my wife." "Your hospitality," said the Czar, "must bring down blessings upon your house; I am sure God will reward your goodness." "Pray to God, my good friend," replied the peasant, "pray to God Almighty that she may have a safe delivery, that is all I wish for." "And is that all you wish to make you happy?" "Happy! judge for yourself; I have five fine children, a dear

wife that loves me, a father and mother both in good health, and my labour is sufficient to maintain them all." "Do your father and mother live with you?" "Certainly, they are in the next room with my wife." "But your cottage here is so very small!" "It is large enough—it can hold us all."

The good peasant then went to his wife, who, in about an hour after, was happily delivered. Her husband, in a transport of joy, brought the child to the Czar, "Look," said he, "look, this is the sixth she has brought me! May God preserve him as he has done my others!" The Czar, sensibly affected at this scene, took the infant in his arms; "I know," said he, "from the physiognomy of this child, that he will be quite fortunate. He will arrive, I am certain, at preferment." The peasant smiled at the prediction; and at that instant, the two eldest girls came to kiss their new born brother, and their grandmother came also to take him back. The little ones followed her, and the peasant, laying himself down upon his bed of straw, invited the stranger to do the same.

In a moment the peasant was in a sound and peaceful sleep; but the Czar, sitting up, looked around, and contemplated every thing with an eye of tenderness and emotion; the sleeping children and their sleeping father. An undisturbed silence reigned in the cottage. "What a happy chasm! What delightful tranquillity!" said the emperor; "avarice and ambition, suspicion and remorse, never enter here. How sweet is the sleep of innocence!" In such reflections, and on such a bed, did the mighty Emperor of the Russias spend the night! The peasant awoke at the break of day, and his guest, after taking leave of him, said "I must return to Moscow, my friend; I am acquainted there with a very benevolent man, to whom I shall take care to mention your kind treatment of me. I can prevail upon him to stand godfather to your child. Promise me, therefore, that you will wait for me, that I may

be present at the christening; I will be back in three hours at the farthest." The peasant did not think much of this mighty promise; but, in the good nature of his heart, he consented, however, to the stranger's request.

The Czar immediately took his leave: the three hours were soon gone, and nobody appeared. The peasant, therefore, followed by his family, was preparing to carry his child to church; but as he was leaving his cottage, he heard, on a sudden, the trampling of horses, and the rattling of many carriages. He knew the imperial guards, and instantly called his family to come and see the emperor go by. They all ran out in a hurry, and stood before their door. The horses, men, and carriages, soon formed a circular line, and at last the state carriage of the Czar stopped opposite the peasant's door.

The guards kept back the crowd, which the hopes of seeing their sovereign had collected together. The carriage door was opened, the Czar alighted, and, advancing to his host, thus addressed him: "I promised you a godfather; I am come to fulfil my promise, give me your child, and follow me to church." The peasant stood like a statue; now looking at the emperor with the mingled emotions of astonishment and joy, now observing his magnificent robes, and the costly jewels with which they were adorned, and now turning to a crowd of nobles that surrounded him. In this profusion of pomp he could not discover the poor stranger who lay all night with him upon straw.

The emperor, for some moments, silently enjoyed his perplexity, and then addressed him thus: "Yesterday you performed the duties of humanity; to-day I am come to discharge the most delightful duty of a sovereign, that of recompensing virtue. I shall not remove you from a situation to which you do so much honour, and the innocence and tranquillity of which I envy; but I will bestow upon you such things as

may be useful to you. You shall have numerous flocks, rich pastures, and a house that will enable you to exercise the duties of hospitality with pleasure. Your new-born child shall become my ward; for you may remember," continued the emperor, smiling, "that I prophesied he would be fortunate."

The good peasant could not speak, but, with tears of sensibility in his eyes, he ran instantly to fetch the child, brought him to the emperor, and laid him respectfully at his feet. This excellent sovereign was quite affected;

he took the child in his arms, and carried him himself to church; and, after the ceremony was over, unwilling to deprive him of his mother's milk, he took him back to the cottage, and ordered that he should be sent to him as soon as he could be weaned. The Czar faithfully observed his engagement, caused the boy to be educated in his palace, provided amply for his farther settlement in life, and continued ever after to heap favours upon the virtuous peasant and his family.

HUMANITY.

CÆSAR AT PHARSALIA.

Julius Cæsar was not more eminent for his valour in overcoming his enemies, than for his humane efforts in reconciling and attaching them to his dominion. In the battle of Pharsalia he rode to and fro, calling vehemently out, "Spare, spare the citizens!" Nor were any killed but such as obstinately refused to accept life.

A GOVERNOR'S HUMANITY.

When Catharine of Medicis had persuaded Charles IX. to massacre all the Protestants in France, orders were sent to the governors of the different provinces to put the Huguenots to death in their respective districts. One Catholic governor, whose memory will ever be dear to humanity, had the courage to disobey the cruel mandate. "Sire," said he, in a letter to his sovereign, "I have too much respect for your majesty not to persuade myself that the order I have received must be forged; but if, which God forbid, it should be really the order of your majesty, I have too much respect for the personal character of my sovereign to obey it."

LOUIS XIV. AND THE ENGLISH AMBASSADOR.

After the revocation of the famous edict of Nantz, when the Protestants were persecuted in every part of France, an English Ambassador demanded of

Louis XIV. the liberty of all those who were sent to the galleys on account of their religion. "And what," answered the royal bigot, "would the king of England say, were I to require the release of all his prisoners in Newgate?" "Sir," returned the ambassador, "the king my master would immediately comply with your requisition, if your majesty interposed for them, not as *malefactors*, but as your *brethren*."

MEASURING FEELING.

A respectable merchant in London, having been embarrassed in his circumstances, and his misfortunes having been one day the subject of conversation in the Royal Exchange, several persons expressed great sorrow; when a foreigner who was present, said, "I *feel* five hundred pounds for him, what do *you feel*?"

HENRY IV. AND THE SIEGE.

When Henry IV. of France was advised to attempt taking Paris by an assault, before the king of Spain's troops arrived to succour the leaguers, he absolutely protested against the measure, on the principle of humanity. "I will not," said he, "expose the capital to the miseries and horrors which must follow such an event. I am the father of my people, and will follow the example of the true mother who presented herself before Solomon. I had much

rather not have Paris, than obtain it at the expense of humanity, and by the blood and death of so many innocent persons."

Henry reduced the city to obedience without the loss of blood, except two or three burgesses who were killed. "If it was in my power," said this humane monarch, "I would give fifty thousand crowns to redeem those citizens, to have the satisfaction of informing posterity that I had subdued Paris without spilling a drop of blood."

LESSON TO CONQUERORS.

When Edward the Confessor had entered England from Normandy to recover the kingdom, and was ready to give the Danes battle, one of his captains assured him of victory, adding, "We will not leave one Dane alive." To which Edward replied, "God forbid that the kingdom should be recovered for me, who am but one man, by the death of thousands. No, I will rather live a private life, unstained by the blood of my fellow-men, than be a king by such a sacrifice." Upon which he broke up his camp, and again retired to Normandy, until he was restored to his throne without blood.

KNOX'S REPLY TO THE PRISONERS.

The prisoners in St. Michael once consulted John Knox, as to the lawfulness of attempting to escape, by breaking their prison; which was opposed by some of their number, lest their escape should subject their brethren who remained in confinement to a more severe treatment. He returned for answer, that such fears were not a sufficient reason for relinquishing the design, and that they might with a safe conscience effect their escape, provided it could be done "without the blood of any shed or spilt. To the shedding of any man's blood for their freedom he would never consent."

ANTHONY'S OPINION OF REVENGE.

Anthony behaved with such lenity towards those who had been engaged

for Cassius, that he wrote to the Senate, requesting them to spare the shedding of blood; and requesting this honour to be allowed to his reign, that even under the misfortunes of a rebellion, none had lost their lives, except in the first heat of the tumult. "I wish," said he, "that I could even recall to life many of those who have been killed; for revenge in a prince hardly ever pleases, since even when just, it is considered as severe."

HUMANE DRIVER REWARDED.

A poor Mæcedonian soldier was one day leading before Alexander a mule laden with gold for the king's use; the beast being so tired that he was not able either to go or sustain the load, the mule-driver took it off, and carried it himself with great difficulty a considerable way. Alexander seeing him just sinking under the burthen, and about to throw it on the ground, cried out, "Friend, do not be weary yet; try and carry it quite through to thy tent, for it is all thy own."

TRIUMPH OF METELLUS.

When Nertobrigia was invested by Q. Cæcilius Metellus, the Roman proconsul, Rhætogenes, a chief lord of the place, came out and surrendered himself to the Romans. The inhabitants, enraged at his desertion, placed his wife and children, whom he had left behind, in the breach which the legions were to mount. The Roman general hearing of this, and finding that he could not attack the city without sacrificing them, abandoned a certain conquest, and raised the siege. No sooner was this act of humanity known through Tarraconian Spain, than the inhabitants of the revolted cities strove who should first submit to him; and thus was a whole country recovered by one humane act.

AGRIPPA AND THAUMASTUS.

When Agrippa was in a private station, he was accused, by one of his servants, of having spoken injuriously

of Tiberius, and was condemned by the emperor to be exposed in chains before the palace gate. The weather was very hot, and Agrippa became excessively thirsty. Seeing Thaumastus, a servant of Caligula, pass by with a pitcher of water, he called to him, and entreated leave to drink. The servant presented the pitcher with much courtesy; and Agrippa having allayed his thirst, said to him, "Assure thyself, Thaumastus, that if I get out of this captivity, I will one day pay thee well for this draught of water." Tiberius dying, his successor Caligula, soon after not only set Agrippa at liberty, but made him king of Judea. In this high situation Agrippa was not unmindful of the glass of water given to him when a captive. He immediately sent for Thaumastus, and made him comptroller of his household.

THE ARCHDUKE AND HIS WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

When the Archduke Charles was on his way from Bohemia, to take the command of his army, as he drew near the scene of action, he met a number of wounded men abandoned by their comrades on the road, for want of horses to draw the carriages in their retreat. The prince immediately ordered the horses to be taken from several pieces of cannon that were already retreating, saying, that these brave men were better worth saving than a few cannon. When General Moreau, into whose hands the cannon of course fell, heard of this benevolent trait, he ordered them to be restored to the Austrian army, observing that he would take no cannon that were abandoned from such humane motives.

MERCY BETTER THAN SACRIFICE.

When the Romans had ravaged the province of Azazene, and seven thousand Persians were brought prisoners to Amida, where they suffered extreme

want, Acases, Bishop of Amida, assembled his clergy, and represented to them the misery of these unhappy prisoners. He observed, that as God had said, "I love mercy better than sacrifice," he would certainly be better pleased with the relief of his suffering creatures, than with being served with gold and silver in the churches. The clergy were of the same opinion. The consecrated vessels were sold; and with the proceeds, the seven thousand Persians were not only maintained during the war, but sent home at its conclusion with money in their pockets. Varenes, the Persian monarch, was so charmed with this humane action, that he invited the bishop to his capital, where he received him with the utmost reverence, and for his sake conferred many favours on the Christians.

CLEMENCY OF ALPHONSUS.

The city of Cajeta having rebelled against Alphonsus, was invested by that monarch with a powerful army. Being sorely distressed for want of provisions, the citizens put forth all their old men, women, and children, and shut the gates upon them. The king's ministers advised his majesty not to permit them to pass, but to force them back into the city; by which means he would speedily become master of it. Alphonsus, however, had too humane a disposition to hearken to counsel, the policy of which rested on driving a helpless multitude into the jaws of famine. He suffered them to pass unmolested; and when afterwards reproached with the delay which this produced in the siege, he feelingly said, "I had rather be the preserver of one innocent person, than be the master of a hundred Cajetas."

Alphonsus was not without the reward which such noble clemency merited. The citizens were so affected by it, that, repenting of their disloyalty, they soon afterwards yielded up the city to him of their own accord.

HUMILITY.

“BY THE GRACE OF GOD, I AM WHAT I AM.”

Two or three years before the death of John Newton, when his sight was so dim that he was no longer able to read, an aged friend and brother in the ministry called on him to breakfast. Family prayer succeeding, the portion of Scripture for the day was read to him. It was suggested by “Bogatsky’s Golden Treasury:” “By the grace of God, I am what I am.” It was the good man’s custom, on these occasions, to make a few short remarks on the passage read. After the reading of this text, he paused for some moments, and then uttered the following affecting soliloquy:—“I am not what I *ought* to be! Ah! how imperfect and deficient! I am not what I *wish* to be! I abhor that which is evil, and I would cleave to what is good! I am not what I *hope* to be! Soon, soon, I shall put off mortality, and with mortality all sin and imperfection! Yet, though I am not what I ought to be, nor what I wish to be, nor what I hope to be, I can truly say I am not what I once was, a slave to sin and Satan; and I can heartily join with the apostle, and acknowledge, ‘By the grace of God, I am what I am!’ Let us pray!”

MATHER’S RETRACTION.

Dr. Cotton Mather had maintained, with much earnestness, a particular opinion in the prime of life. In advanced age, he re-examined the writings of his opponent which he had replied to, and was convinced of his error. This fact he was careful to acknowledge.

REYNOLDS AND THE ORPHAN.

A lady applied to the eminent philanthropist of Bristol, Richard Reynolds, on behalf of a little orphan boy. After he had given liberally, she said, “When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor.”

“Stop,” said the good man, “Thou art mistaken. We do not thank the clouds for rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank HIM who giveth both the clouds and the rain.”

LOUIS IX. AND THE KITCHEN BOY.

Louis the IXth, king of France, was found instructing a poor kitchen-boy; and being asked why he did so, replied, “The meanest person hath a soul as precious as my own, and bought with the same blood of Christ.”

TRUE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

The Rev. Dr. Morrison, of China, after having for some years laboured at Canton, earnestly requested the Directors of the London Missionary Society to send him out a colleague; their attention was directed to Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Milne. A circumstance occurred on his first introduction to the friends of that Society, which at once showed his devotedness to the Saviour’s cause, and the humble opinion he entertained of himself. On his appearance before the committee at Aberdeen, he seemed so rustic and unpromising, that a worthy member took Dr. Philip aside, and expressed his doubts whether he had the necessary qualifications for a missionary; but added, that he would have no objection to unite in recommending him as a servant to a mission, provided he would be willing to engage in that capacity. “At the suggestion of my worthy friend,” says Dr. Philip, “I desired to speak with him alone. Having stated to him the objection which had been made, and asked him if he would consent to the proposal, he replied, without hesitation, and with the most significant and animated expression of countenance, ‘Yes, sir, most certainly; I am willing to be any thing, so that I am in the work. To be ‘a hewer of wood and a drawer of water’ is too great an honour for me when the Lord’s house is building.”

“NONE TO SPEAK OF.”

Dr. Lathrop was a man of generous piety, but much opposed to the noisy zeal that seeketh the praise of men. A young divine who was much given to enthusiastic cant, one day said to him, “Do you suppose you have any *real religion*?” “None to *speak of*,” was the excellent reply.

DR. CAREY’S HUMILITY.

When Dr. Carey, the Missionary, was suffering from a dangerous illness, the inquiry was made, “If this sickness should prove fatal, what passage would you select as the text of your funeral sermon?” He replied, “Oh, I feel that such a poor sinful creature as I, is

unworthy to have any thing said about him; but if a funeral sermon should be preached, let it be from the 51st Psalm, and first verse—‘Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions.’”

The following extract from the will of this eminent missionary, is equally illustrative of the general humility of his character. “I direct that my funeral be as plain as possible, and that the following inscription and nothing more be cut out on my grave-stone, viz.:

WILLIAM CAREY, BORN AUGUST 17, 1761;

DIED —
“A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall.”

IDLENESS.

CLARENDON’S NEIGHBOUR.

“When I visited a country neighbour of mine,” says Lord Clarendon, “in the morning, I always found him in bed; and when I came in the afternoon, he was asleep, and to most men besides myself, access was denied. Once walking with him, I doubted he was melancholy, and, by spending his time so much in bed, and so much alone, that there was something that troubled him; otherwise that it could not be that a man upon whom God had poured so many blessings should be so little contented as he appeared to be. To which he answered, ‘that he thought himself the most happy man alive in a wife who was all the comfort he could have in this world; that he was at so much ease in his fortune, he did not wish it greater; but he said he would deal freely with me, and tell me, if he

were melancholy, (which he suspected himself of,) what was the true cause of it; that he had somewhat *he knew not what to do with*; he *knew not how to spend his time*; which was the reason he loved his bed so much, and slept at other times, which he said he found did him already no good in his health.” Lord Clarendon adds, that the unhappy gentleman’s melancholy daily increased with the agony of his thoughts, till he contracted diseases which carried him off at the age of thirty-six.

IDLENESS AND IRRELIGION.

Dr. Dwight says, “Among all those who, within my knowledge, have appeared to become sincerely penitent and reformed, I recollect only a single lazy man: and this man became industrious from the moment of his apparent, and, I doubt not, real conversion.”

FOLLY OF IDOLATRY.

A BECHUANA’S VIEW OF IDOLATRY.

A Bechuana man, says a missionary, once came into my house and sat himself down. He took up one of our missionary sketches that was lying near him; having looked at it, he concluded that the figures upon it—ugly ones—

represented living animals. It never entered into his mind that man would make a thing that never existed. He asked my little daughter Mary, “What game is this?” She said, “They are not game; there are nations that worship these things.” “Oh!” said he,

“how you tell fibs.” She replied, “I am not telling fibs. I heard mamma say so, and my mamma does not tell fibs.” He asked her again what game they were, and she again told him that they were things that were worshipped, for they have no name for idols. He burst out into an exclamation of wonder, questioned her again, but received the same answer—that people worshipped these things the same as her papa wished them to worship Jehovah and Jesus. The man was full of amazement, and repeated that she was telling fibs; but she maintained the truth of what she said, and told him to go to her papa. He came to me and said, “Look at that; your daughter says so and so. Is it true?” I said, “It is.” Having looked at me with astonishment, he said, “I know you do not tell lies;” and laying the paper down upon a piece of timber that I was planing, he looked at it, put his hands to both sides of his head, and waving it backwards and forwards, said, “The people that make these things of wood and stone,—have they got heads like Bechuanas?” “Yes,” I replied, “they have heads.” “Have they got legs?” “Yes, they have legs.” “Have they

got a pair of bellows to breathe through?” (he meant lungs.) “Yes.” The man’s wonder continued to increase, and he then asked, “Can they talk, and think, and speak? Can they reason? Can they explain a difficult thing? Can they speak in a public meeting like our senators?” On being told that they could do all these things, he said, “After this, never say that the Bechnanas are either foolish or ignorant.” Taking from his neck a whistle made of ivory, and carved with some device, perhaps a man’s head, or a buffalo, or a giraffe, he looked at the whistle with great reverence, and nodding his head in a very solemn way, he said, “What would my people think if I were to worship that?” Just at that moment, while he was talking with much animation, his staff dropped from his hand. He grasped it, and pointing to the picture, he held up his staff and said, “This looks as well as this monster, and I might as well worship my staff just as you worship Jehovah. What would my people think if I were to do so? They would think I was a madman, and would throw me over a precipice, and cover me with stones.”

IMPRECATIONS ANSWERED.

INSCRIPTION AT DEVIZES.

The following inscription is to be seen in the market-place at Devizes:—
“The mayor and corporation of Devizes avail themselves of the stability of this building to transmit to future times the record of an awful event, which occurred in this market-place, in the year 1753, hoping that such a record may serve as a salutary warning against the danger of impiously invoking the Divine vengeance, or of calling on the holy name of God, to conceal the devices of falsehood and fraud. On Thursday, the 25th of January, 1753, Ruth Pierce, of Pottern, in this county,

agreed with three other women to buy a sack of wheat in the market, each paying her due proportion towards the same. One of these women, in collecting the several quotas of money, discovered a deficiency, and demanded of Ruth Pierce the sum which was wanting to make good the amount. Ruth Pierce protested that she had paid her share, and said, she wished she might drop down dead, if she had not. She rashly repeated this awful wish, when to the consternation of the surrounding multitude, she instantly fell down and expired, having the money concealed in her hand.”

INCONSISTENCY OF PROFESSED CHRISTIANS.

THE INDIAN'S INFERENCE.

Mr. Brainerd informs us, that when among the American Indians, he stopped at a place where there was a great number, and offered to instruct them in the truths of Christianity. "Why," said one of them, "should you desire the Indians to become Christians, seeing the Christians are so much worse than the Indians? The Christians lie, steal, and drink, worse than the Indians. They first taught the Indians to be drunk. They steal to so great a degree, that their rulers are obliged to hang them for it; and even that is not enough to deter others from the practice. But none of the Indians were ever hanged for stealing; and yet they do not steal half so much. We will not consent, therefore, to become Christians, lest we should be as bad as they. We will live as our fathers lived, and go where our fathers are, when we die."

Notwithstanding that Mr. B. did all he could to explain to them that these were not Christians in heart, and that he did not want them to become such as these, he could not prevail on them to accept his doctrine, but left them, mortified at the thought that the wickedness of some, who professed Christianity, should produce such prejudices.

AN ATHEIST QUIETING CONSCIENCE.

An atheist being asked by a professor of Christianity, "how he could quiet his conscience in so desperate a state?" replied, "as much am I astonished as yourself, that believing the Christian religion to be true, you can quiet your conscience in living so much like the world. Did I believe what you profess, I should think no care, no diligence, no zeal enough." Alas! that there should still, by Christians, be so much cause given for the astonishment of atheists!

INDUSTRY.

THE CLERICAL GARDENER.

As Peter the Great, of Russia, was travelling through a village in France, he saw in a garden, belonging to a parsonage, a man in a cassock, with a spade in his hand, digging hard at some beds of vegetables.

The czar, much pleased with the sight, alighted, and asked him who he was. "Sir," answered the man, "I am the clergyman of the village." "I took you for a gardener; why are you employed in this manner?"

"The revenues of my living being but very moderate, I do not choose to be an expense to my parishioners, but wish rather to have it in my power to assist them; they respect me the more when they see that, to procure myself some of the conveniences of life, I improve this garden, and in this humble occupation spend as much of my time as the duties of my ministry will allow."

"You are an honest man," replied

the czar; "and I esteem you the more for thinking and acting in this manner; tell me your name." He drew out his tablets, and wrote down the name of the worthy clergyman; and, after telling him who he himself was, and giving him many proofs of kindness, he took leave of him, and returned to his carriage.

When he went back to Moscow, he did not forget this scene, and endeavoured to induce the priests in his empire to imitate so virtuous an example.

CRESSIN'S DEFENCE.

Pliny tells us of one Cressin, who so tilled and manured a piece of ground, that it yielded him fruits in abundance, while the lands around him remained extremely poor and barren. His simple neighbours could not account for this wonderful difference on any other supposition than that of his working by enchantment; and they

accordingly proceeded to arraign him for his supposed sorcery, before the justice seat. "How is it," said they, "unless it be that he enchants us, that he can contrive to draw such a revenue from his inheritance, while we, with equal lands, are wretched and miserable?" Cressin was his own advocate; his case was one which required not either ability to expound, or language to recommend. "Behold," said he, "this comely damsel; she is my daughter, my fellow-labourer; behold, too, these implements of husbandry, these carts, and these oxen. Go with me, moreover, to my fields, and behold there how they are tilled, how manured, how weeded, how watered, how fenced in! And when," added he, raising his voice, "you have beheld all these things, you will have beheld all the art, the charms, the magic, which Cressin has used!"

The judges pronounced his acquittal,

passing a high eulogium on that industry and good husbandry which had so innocently made him an object of suspicion and envy to his neighbours.

"COME AND GO."

A gentleman in Surrey once held a farm worth £200 a-year in his own hands, till he was obliged to sell half of it to pay his debts, and let the other half to a farmer, on a lease of twenty-one years. After a while, the farmer wanted to buy the land, "How is this," said the gentleman, "that I could not live upon the farm, being my own, while you have paid rent, and yet are able to purchase it?" "O," said the farmer, "two words make all the difference: you said *go*, and I say *come*; you lay in bed, or took your pleasure, and sent others about your business; and I rise betimes, and see my business done myself."

INFIDELITY.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND HALLEY.

Sir Isaac Newton set out in life a clamorous infidel; but on a nice examination of the evidences for Christianity, he found reason to change his opinions. When the celebrated Dr. Edmund Halley was talking infidelity before him, Sir Isaac addressed him in these or like words. "Dr. Halley, I am always glad to hear you when you speak about astronomy or other parts of the mathematics, because that is a subject you have studied and well understand; but you should not talk of Christianity, for you have not studied it. I have, and am certain that you know nothing of the matter." This was a just reproof, and one that would be very suitable to be given to half the infidels of the present day, for they often speak of what they have never studied, and what, in fact, they are entirely ignorant of. Dr. Johnson, therefore, well observed, that no honest man could be a Deist, for no man could be so after a fair examination of the

proofs of Christianity. On the name of Hume being mentioned to him, "No, sir," said he; "Hume owned to a clergyman in the bishopric of Durham that he had never read the New Testament with attention."

CONFESSION OF COUNT STRUENSEE.

From the written and published confessions of many converted infidels, it would be easy to show that the most violent opposers of the Bible are generally those who are most ignorant of its contents. An illustration of this remark may be drawn from the history of the unfortunate Count Struensee, prime minister of Denmark, under Christian VII., whose downfall produced the tragical revolution in the Danish Cabinet of 1772.

This distinguished individual had long been an avowed and zealous infidel, when he was suddenly hurled from the summit of power to the horrors and gloom of a dungeon. During the four months he spent in

prison under the pious and zealous instruction of the Rev. Dr. Munter, he became thoroughly convinced of the truth of Christianity, and, as it appeared, a true penitent. In the memorable confession which he wrote before he went to the scaffold, he says, "My former unbelief and aversion to religion, were founded neither upon an accurate inquiry into its truth, nor upon a critical examination of those doubts which are generally made against it. They arose, *as is usual in such cases*, from a very general and superficial knowledge of religion on one side, and much inclination to disobey its precepts on the other, together with a readiness to entertain every objection which I discovered against it." In another place, after having carefully examined the evidences of Christianity and his former objections by the aid of Dr. Munter, he exclaims, like a man awakened from a dream, "I never imagined that Christianity was founded on such strong evidences, or that they would have convinced me so. After a calm examination, I have found them to be unexceptionable, and none, if they only take the proper time, and are not against the trouble of meditating, can ever examine it without being convinced of its truth. Every thing is naturally and well connected, and recommends itself to a mind given to reflection. I never found in Deistical writings a system so well connected, and upon the whole I am inclined to believe there is no such thing as a regular system of infidelity."

CAUSE OF INFIDELITY AVOWED.

Mr. Wilberforce once told the Rev. William Jay, that, some years ago, passing through Dorchester during Carlile's confinement there, he went to see him in prison, and endeavoured to engage him in a conversation upon the Scriptures; but he refused: he said he had made up his mind, and did not wish it to be perplexed again; and, pointing to the Bible in the hands of his visitor, he said in an awful manner,

"How, sir, can you suppose that I can like that book? for if it be true, I am undone for ever!" "No," said the pious philanthropist, "this is not the necessary consequence, and it need not be; that book excludes none from hope who will seek salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ."

DR. NELSON'S TESTIMONY.

Dr. Nelson, of Illinois, in his work on Infidelity, says, that for many years he had endeavoured to persuade every infidel to read some work on the evidences of Christianity, and he never knew but two instances fail of conviction, and in these he did not know the result for want of opportunity.

OPPOSER TURNED APOLOGIST.

Athenagoras, a famous Athenian philosopher in the second century, not only doubted the truth of the christian religion, but was determined to write against it. However, upon an intimate inquiry into the facts on which it was supported, in the course of his collecting materials for his intended publication, he was convinced by the blaze of its evidence, and turned his designed invective into an elaborate apology, which is still in existence.

WEST AND LITTLETON.

Perhaps few events tend more powerfully to impress the mind, as to the overwhelming power of the evidence attending true Christianity, than the fact, that many who have sat down to read the sacred volume with the view of opposing it, have been compelled, by the force of conviction, cordially to embrace its truths. From many instances of this kind we select the following, as related by the Rev. T. T. Biddulph:—The effect which was wrought on the mind of the celebrated Gilbert West, by that particular evidence of our Lord's resurrection which was afforded to his apostles, was very remarkable. He and his friend Lord Littleton, both men of acknowledged talents, had imbibed the principles of

infidelity from a superficial view of the Scriptures. Fully persuaded that the Bible was an imposture, they were determined to expose the cheat. Mr. West chose the resurrection of Christ, and Lord Littleton the conversion of St. Paul, for the subject of hostile criticism. Both sat down to their respective tasks, full of prejudice, and a contempt for Christianity. The result of their separate attempts was truly extraordinary. They were both converted by their endeavours to overthrow the truth of Christianity. They came together, not, as they expected, to exult over an imposture exposed to ridicule, but to lament their own folly, and to congratulate each other on their joint conviction, that the Bible was the word of God. Their able inquiries have furnished two most valuable treatises in favour of revelation; one entitled "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul;" and the other, "Observations on the Resurrection of Christ."

DYING TESTIMONY OF A SOCIALIST.

A town missionary, in Birmingham, attended a misguided infidel on his death-bed, and the system of Socialism being referred to, the dying man exclaimed, "Call it not Socialism; call it Devilism! for it has made me more like a devil than a man. I got into company, which led me to Socialism and to drinking. I rejected the Bible, denied the Saviour, and persuaded myself that there was no hereafter; and as the result, I acted the part of a bad father and a bad husband.

SEVERAL NOTED INFIDELS.

If we look at the writings and conduct of the principal adversaries of Christianity, we shall form no very favourable opinion of their system, as to its moral effects. The morals of Rochester and Wharton need no comment. Woolston was a gross blasphemer. Blount solicited his sister-in-law to marry him; and, being refused, shot himself. Tindal was originally a

Protestant, then turned Papist, then Protestant again, merely to suit the times; and was, at the same period, infamous for vice in general, and the total want of principle. He is said to have died with this prayer in his mouth, "If there be a God, I desire that he may have mercy upon me." Hobbes wrote his "Leviathan" to serve the cause of Charles I.; but finding him fail of success, he turned it to the defence of Cromwell, and made a merit of this fact to the usurper, as Hobbes himself unblushingly declared to Lord Clarendon. Morgan had no regard for truth, as is evident from his numerous falsifications of Scripture, as well as from the vile hypocrisy of professing himself a Christian in those very writings in which he laboured to destroy Christianity. Voltaire, in a letter now in existence, requested his friend, D'Alembert, to tell for him a direct and palpable lie, by denying that he was the author of the Philosophical Dictionary. D'Alembert, in his answer, informed him that he had told the lie. Voltaire has, indeed, expressed his own moral character perfectly in the following words: "Mons. Abbe, I must be read; no matter whether I am believed or not." He also solemnly professed to believe the Roman Catholic religion, although at the same time, he elsewhere professed to doubt the existence of God.

INFIDELS AT THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Collins, though he had no belief in Christianity, yet qualified himself for civil office by partaking of the Lord's Supper; Shaftesbury did the same; and the same is done by hundreds of infidels to this day. Yet these are the men who are continually declaiming against the hypocrisy of priests!

HUME AND INFIDELITY IN WOMEN.

It is stated, in the "Life of Dr. Beattie," by Sir W. Forbes, that Mr. Hume was one day boasting to Dr. Gregory, that, among his disciples in Edinburgh, he had the honour to reckon many of the fair sex. "Now

tell me," said the doctor, "whether, if you had a wife or a daughter, you would wish them to be your disciples? Think well before you answer me; for I assure you, that whatever your answer is, I will not conceal it." Mr. Hume, with a smile, and some hesitation, made this reply:—"No, I believe scepticism may be too sturdy a virtue for a woman."

HUME'S TESTIMONY.

"Disbelief in futurity," says Hume, "loosens in a great measure the ties of morality, and may be supposed for that reason to be pernicious to the peace of civil society."

VOLTAIRE'S CONFESSION.

One day that D'Alembert and Condorcet were dining with Voltaire, they proposed to converse of atheism, but Voltaire stopped them at once. "Wait," said he, "till my servants have withdrawn; I do not wish to have my throat cut to-night."

MASON'S REPLY TO THE SCOFFER.

To a young infidel who was scoffing at Christianity because of the misconduct of its professors, the late Dr. Mason said, "Did you ever know an uproar to be made because an infidel went astray from the paths of morality?" The infidel admitted that he had not. "Then don't you see," said Dr. M., "that, by expecting the professors of Christianity to be holy, you admit it to be a holy religion, and thus pay it the highest compliment in your power?" The young man was silent.

BOLINGBROKE'S TESTIMONY.

Lord Bolingbroke, a man of giant intellect, of great political influence during his life, but an avowed infidel, declares that "The doctrine of rewards and punishments in a future state, has so great a tendency to enforce the civil laws and restrain the vices of men, that though reason would decide against it on the principles of the theology, she will not decide against it on the principles

of good policy." Again he says—"No religion ever appeared in the world, whose natural tendency was so much directed to promote the peace and happiness of mankind, as the Christian. The Gospel of Christ is one continual lesson of the strictest morality, of justice, benevolence, and universal charity. Supposing Christianity to be a human invention, it is the most amiable, and successful invention, that ever was imposed on mankind for their good."

CONFESSION OF ROUSSEAU.

I will confess to you, says Rousseau, in his Treatise on Education, that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the Gospel hath its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers, with all their pomp of diction, how mean, how contemptible are they compared with Scripture! Is it possible that a book at once so simple and sublime, should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage whose history it contains should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast, or ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manner! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind, what subtlety, what truth in his replies! How great the command of his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live, and so die, without weakness and without ostentation? When Plato described his imaginary good man, loaded with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he described exactly the character of Jesus Christ: the resemblance was so striking, that all the fathers perceived it.

What prepossession, what blindness must it be, to compare the son of Sombrosicus to the son of Mary? What an infinite disproportion there is between them! Socrates dying without

pain or ignominy easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was any thing more than a vain sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice; he had only to say, therefore, what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precepts. Aristides had been just before Socrates defined justice; Leonidas had given up his life for his country before Socrates declared patriotism to be a duty; the Spartans were a sober people before Socrates recommended sobriety; before he had even defined virtue, Greece abounded in virtuous men. But where could Jesus learn, among his competitors, that pure and sublime morality, of which he only hath given us both precept and example? The greatest wisdom was made known amongst the most bigoted fanaticism, and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues, did honour to the vilest people on earth. The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophizing with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for—that of Jesus expiring in the midst of agonizing pains, abused, insulted, and accused by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates, on receiving the cup of poison, blessed the weeping executioner who administered it, but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating torment, prayed for his merciless tormentors.

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, my friend, it bears not the mark 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 obviating it; it is more inconceivable, that a number of persons should agree to write such a history, than that one only should fur-

nish the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and of 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.

CONFESSION OF PAINE.

Paine, after scandalizing the account of Christ's supernatural birth, in his "Age of Reason," uses the following language:—

"Nothing that is here said can apply, even with the most distant disrespect, to the moral character of Jesus Christ. He was a virtuous and amiable man. The morality that he preached and practised was of the most benevolent kind; and though similar systems of morality had been preached by Confucius, and by some of the Greek philosophers many ages before, by the Quakers since, and by many good men in all ages, it has not been exceeded by any."

Again, Paine says—"He" (Christ) "called men to the practice of moral virtues, and the belief of one God. The great trait in his character is philanthropy."

Paine, in the first extract, would evidently put Christ on a level with such ancient sages as Socrates and others. The mistake he here commits is sufficiently exposed in the foregoing confession of the infidel Rousseau. If Christ was a virtuous man, then he practised no imposition when he professed to work miracles; and if he wrought miracles, then his doctrines, which his miracles were wrought to confirm, are all true.

CONFESSION OF VOLTAIRE.

"Who," says Voltaire, "can, without horror, consider the whole world as the empire of destruction? It abounds with wonders; it also abounds with victims. It is a vast field of carnage and contagion. Every species is pursued through earth, air, and water, and, without pity, torn to pieces. In

man there is more wretchedness than in all the other animals put together. He loves life and yet he knows that he must die. If he enjoys a transient good, he suffers various evils, and is at last devoured by worms. This knowledge is his fatal prerogative; other animals have it not. He spends the transient moments of his existence in diffusing the miseries which he suffers; in cutting the throats of his fellow creatures for pay, in cheating and being cheated, in robbing and being robbed, in serving that he might command, and in repenting of all he does. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches, equally criminal and unfortunate; and the globe contains rather carcases than men. I tremble at the review of this dreadful picture, to find it contains a complaint against Providence itself; and *I wish I had never been born.*"

VOLTAIRE'S LAST HOURS.

In spite of all the infidel philosophers who flocked around Voltaire in the first days of his illness, he gave signs of wishing to return to that God whom he had so often blasphemed. He called for the priest; his danger increasing, he wrote entreating the Abbe Gaultier to visit him. He afterwards made a declaration, in which he, in fact, renounced infidelity, signed by himself and two witnesses. D'Alembert, Diderot, and about twenty others, who had beset his apartment, he would often curse, and exclaim, "Retire; it is you that have brought me to my present state. Begone; I could have done without you all, but you could not exist without me; and what a wretched glory have you procured me!" They could hear him, the prey of anguish and dread, alternately supplicating and blaspheming that God whom he had conspired against; and in plaintive accents would he cry out, "Oh, Christ! Oh, Jesus Christ!" and then complain that he was abandoned of God and man.

At one time he was discovered by

his attendant with a book of prayers in his hand, endeavouring, with a faltering tongue, to repeat some of the petitions for mercy addressed to that Being whose name he had blasphemed. He had fallen from his bed in convulsive agonies, and lay foaming with impotent despair on the floor, exclaiming, "Will not this God whom I have denied, save me too? Cannot infinite mercy extend to me?"

His physician, Mr. Tronchin, calling in to administer relief, thunderstruck, retired, declaring the death of the impious man to be terrible indeed; the Mareschal de Richelien flies from the bedside, declaring it to be a sight too terrible to be sustained; and Mr. Tronchin, that the furies of Orestes could give but a faint idea of those of Voltaire. He said, "Doctor, I will give you half of what I am worth if you will give me six months' life;" the doctor answered, "Sir, you cannot live six weeks." Voltaire replied, "Then I shall go to hell, and you will go with me;" and soon after expired.—Such were the horrors of mind in which this arch-infidel quitted the world, that the nurse who attended him, being many years afterwards requested to wait on a sick Protestant gentleman, refused, till she was assured he was not a philosopher; declaring, if he were, she would on no account incur the danger of witnessing such a scene as she had been compelled to witness at the death of M. Voltaire. Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, mentions that he received this account from the son of the gentleman to whose dying bed the woman was invited.

WITHERSPOON AND THE ATHEIST.

The Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, formerly president of Princeton College, New Jersey, was once on board a packet ship, where, among other passengers, was a professed atheist. This unhappy man was very fond of troubling every one with his peculiar belief, and of broaching the subject as often as he could get any one to listen to him. He did not

believe in a God, and a future state, not he! By and by there came on a terrible storm, and the prospect was, that all would be drowned. There was much consternation on board, but not one was so greatly frightened as the professed atheist. In this extremity, he sought out the clergyman, and found him in the cabin, calm and collected, in the midst of danger, and thus addressed him: "Oh, Doctor Witherspoon! Doctor Witherspoon! we're all going; we have but a short time to stay. Oh, how the vessel rocks! we're all going; don't you think we are, Doctor?" The Doctor turned to him with a solemn look, and replied in broad Scotch, "Nae doubt, nae doubt, man, we're a' ganging; but you and I dinna gang the same way."

GIBBON'S CONFESSION.

The celebrated Gibbon, just before his death, confessed that when he considered all worldly things, they were all fleeting; when he looked back they had been fleeting; when he looked forward "all was dark and doubtful." Surely no one can wish to be an infidel for the comfort of it.

END OF NOTED FRENCH INFIDELS.

The following affecting account of the death of several of the leading infidels in France, at the period of the revolution, is extracted from Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Buonaparte," and strikingly shows that deism can afford no help in the hour of trial:—

None of all the victims of the reign of terror felt its disabling influence so completely as the despot Robespierre, who had so long directed its sway. The Hotel de Ville, where he and his companions had assembled, was surrounded by about 1500 men, and cannon turned upon the doors. The deserted group of theorists within conducted themselves like scorpions, which, when surrounded by fire, are said to turn their stings on each other, and on themselves. Mutual and ferocious upbraiding took place among these

miserable men. "Wretch! were these the means you promised to furnish?" said Payan to Henriot, whom he found intoxicated, and incapable of resolution or exertion, and seizing on him as he spoke, he precipitated the revolutionary general from a window. Henriot survived the fall only to drag himself into a drain, in which he was afterwards discovered, and brought out to execution. The younger Robespierre threw himself from the window, but did not perish on the spot. Las Basas despatched himself with a pistol-shot. St. Just, after imploring his comrades to kill him, attempted his own life with an irresolute hand, and failed. Couthon lay beneath the table brandishing a knife, with which he repeatedly wounded his bosom, without daring to add force enough to reach his heart. Robespierre, in an unsuccessful attempt to shoot himself, had only inflicted a horrible fracture on his under jaw.

In this situation they were found, like wolves in their lair, foul with blood, mutilated, despairing, and yet not able to die. Robespierre lay on a table in an ante-room, his head supported by a deal box, and his hideous countenance half hidden by a dirty cloth bound round the shattered chin.

The captives were carried in triumph to the convention, who, without admitting them to the bar, ordered them, as outlaws, for instant execution. As the fatal cars passed to the guillotine, those who filled them, but especially Robespierre, were overwhelmed with execrations, from the friends and relatives of victims whom he had sent on the same melancholy road.

The nature of his previous wound, from which the cloth had never been removed, till the executioner tore it off, added to the torture of the sufferer. The shattered jaw dropped, and the wretch yelled aloud, to the horror of the spectators. A masque, taken from that dreadful head, was long exhibited in different nations of Europe, and appalled the spectators by its ugliness.

and the mixture of fiendish expression with that of bodily agony.

LAST DAYS OF THOMAS PAINE.

Paine was nursed in his last illness by a Mrs. Hedden, a very worthy and pious woman, who did her best to serve him not only as a kind attendant, but also as a spiritual counsellor. During the first three or four days, his conduct was tolerable, except that he grew outrageous whenever Madame Bonneville entered the room. About the fifth day his language to Mrs. Hedden was so bad, that she resolved immediately to quit the house, but sensible how necessary she was to his comfort, he made concessions which induced her to remain. Though his conversation was equivocal, his conduct was singular, he would not be left alone night or day; he not only required to have some person with him, but he must see that he or she was there, and would not allow his curtain to be closed at any time; and if, as it would sometimes unavoidably happen, he was left alone, he would scream and cry aloud, until some person came to him. There was something remarkable in his conduct about this period, (which comprises nearly two weeks immediately preceding his death,) particularly when we reflect that Thomas Paine was author of the Age of Reason. He would call out during his paroxysms of distress, without intermission, "O Lord help me; God help me; Jesus Christ help me; O Lord help me," &c., repeating the same expressions without the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. On the 6th of June, Dr. Manly, struck by these expressions, which he so frequently repeated, and seeing that he was in great distress of mind, put the following questions to him: "Mr. Paine, what must we think of your present conduct? Why do you call upon Jesus Christ to help you? Do you believe that he can help you? Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ?" After a pause of some minutes he answered, "I

have no wish to believe on that subject."

DEISTICAL HISTORIANS.

Gibbon, who, in his celebrated "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," has left a memorial of his enmity to the gospel, resided many years in Switzerland, where, with the profits of his works, he purchased a considerable estate. This property has descended to a gentleman, who, out of his rents, expends a large sum annually in the promulgation of that very gospel which his predecessors insidiously endeavoured to undermine.

Voltaire boasted that with one hand he would overthrow that edifice of Christianity which required the hands of twelve apostles to build up. The press which he employed at Ferney, for printing his blasphemies, was afterwards actually employed at Geneva in printing the Holy Scriptures: thus the very engine which he set to work to destroy the credit of the Bible, was employed in disseminating its truths.

It is a remarkable circumstance also, that the first meeting of an Auxiliary Bible Society at Edinburgh, was held in the very room in which David Hume, the infidel, died.

INFIDEL PROPHECIES.

Voltaire said "he was living in the twilight of Christianity;" so he was; but it was the twilight of the morning.

Tom Paine, on his return from France, sitting in the City Hotel in Broadway, New York, surrounded by many of the leading men, who came to do him homage, predicted that "in five years there would not be a Bible in America." What would his spirit feel could it now enter the depositories of the American Bible Society?

LAST DAYS OF THE GODDESS OF REASON.

In the Paris papers of August 1, 1817, we find among the obituaries the following announcement: — "Died, within these few days, in the hospital

of pauper lunatics of Saltpetriere, where she had lived unpitied and unknown for many years, the famous Theroigne de Mericourt, (the Goddess of Reason,) the most remarkable of the heroines of the Revolution." This female (nearly in a state of nudity) was seated on a throne by Fouche and Carnot, in the Champ de Mars, and hailed alternately as the Goddess of Reason and Liberty. There was something remarkable in the history of the latter days of this poor creature, and her life is not without its moral. She who was taught publicly to blaspheme her Creator, and dishonour her sex, was for the last twenty years of her miserable life, subject to the greatest of human calamities—the deprivation of her *reason*. She repented severely of her horrible crimes, and her few lucid intervals were filled up by the most heart-rending lamentations. She died at the age of fifty-seven.

A CONVERTED ATHEIST.

The author of "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation" gives an account of a man of his acquaintance, who had been a notorious and profane atheist. By the persuasion of pious relatives, who had long prayed for his conversion, he was induced to attend a series of religious meetings, where he was brought

to see his condition as a sinner, and to exercise saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. "Old things" having now "passed away, and all things become new," the change was so strikingly great, that it was obvious to all who knew him. He immediately sought reconciliation with his enemies, asked their forgiveness, and tried to benefit them by leading them to Christ. He began to visit from house to house, labouring and praying with his neighbours, and inviting them to attend religious worship on the Sabbath. "When converted, one of his first acts, although he had heard nothing of any such act in others, was to make out a list of all his old associates then living within reach of his influence. For the conversion of these he determined to labour as he had opportunity, and pray daily. On his list were one hundred and sixteen names, among whom were sceptics, drunkards, and other individuals as little likely to be reached by Christian influence as any other men in the region. Within two years from the period of the old man's conversion, one hundred of these individuals had made a profession of religion. This account is not exaggerated: the old man is living, and there are a thousand living witnesses to this testimony."

INFLUENCE AFTER DEATH.

SERMON EFFECTUAL AFTER EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, the venerable John Flavel, whose excellent practical writings are known to many of our readers, was settled at Dartmouth, where his labours were greatly blessed.

Mr. Flavel's manner was remarkably affectionate and serious, often exciting very powerful emotions in his hearers. On one occasion, he preached from these words:—"If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema, maranatha." The discourse was unusually solemn, particularly the explanation of the words *anathema*,

maranatha,—"cursed with a curse, cursed of God, with a bitter and grievous curse." At the conclusion of the service, when Mr. Flavel arose to pronounce the benediction, he paused, and said, "How shall I bless this whole assembly, when every person in it, who loveth not the Lord Jesus Christ, is anathema, maranatha?" The solemnity of this address deeply affected the audience, and one gentleman, a person of rank, was so overcome by his feelings, that he fell senseless to the floor.

In the congregation was a lad named Luke Short, then about fifteen years old, and a native of Dartmouth. Shortly after the event just narrated, he

entered into the seafaring line, and sailed to America, where he passed the rest of his life.

Mr. Short's life was lengthened much beyond the usual term. When a hundred years old, he had sufficient strength to work on his farm, and his mental faculties were very little impaired. Hitherto he had lived in carelessness and sin; he was now a "sinner a hundred years old," and apparently ready to "die accursed." But one day, as he sat in his field, he busied himself in reflecting on his past life. Recurring to the events of his youth, his memory fixed upon Mr. Flavel's discourse above alluded to, a considerable part of which he was able to recollect. The affectionate earnestness of the preacher's manner, the important truths which he delivered, and the effects produced on the congregation, were brought fresh to his mind. The blessing of God accompanied his meditations; he felt that he had not "loved the Lord Jesus Christ;" he feared the dreadful "anathema;" conviction was followed by repentance, and at length this aged sinner obtained peace through the blood of atonement, and was found "in the way of righteousness." He joined the Congregational Church in Middleborough, and to the day of his death, which took place in his 116th year, gave pleasing evidence of piety.

In this case, eighty-five years passed away after the seed was sown, before it sprang up and brought forth fruit. Let the ministers of Christ be encouraged; "in due season they shall reap, if they faint not."

OBSCURE WOMAN'S USEFULNESS.

There was once an obscure and pious woman living in a city in the south of England. History is silent respecting her ancestry—her place of birth—or her education. She had an only son, whom, in his infancy, she made it her great business to instruct, and train up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. At seven years of age his mother died, and a few years after he went to

sea, and became at length a common sailor in the African slave trade. He soon became a great adept in vice—a swearer most horribly profane; and though younger than many of his companions in years, he was one of the oldest in guilt. But he could not shake off the remembrance of his pious mother's instructions. Though dead and in her grave, she seemed speaking to him still. After many alarms of conscience, and many pungent convictions, he became a Christian, and subsequently one of the most successful ministers of the gospel Great Britain ever produced. Of course, through the labours of the converted son, we may now trace the influence of the pious mother. In addition to his great ministerial labours, he wrote many evangelical works, and few authors have done more to extend the power of religion. He was highly eloquent and greatly useful in religious conversation; and his hymns, whose use in divine worship is almost commensurate with the extension of the English language, are of the most elevated and evangelical character. Follow that mother's influence farther. Her son was the means of the conversion of Claudius Buchanan, who subsequently became a minister of the gospel, and went to the East Indies. Here he occupied a responsible station; and his labours in behalf of the English population, and for the improvement of the moral and spiritual condition of the natives, are deservedly ranked among the noblest achievements of christian philanthropy. His little work entitled "The Star in the East," was the first thing that attracted the attention of Adoniram Judson to a mission in the East Indies. Hence, had it not been for that mother's faithfulness her son might never have been converted, Dr. Buchanan never been converted, nor that train of causes put in operation which are now shedding such a flood of light on Burmah, and the surrounding regions.

The converted sailor was also the means of the conversion of Thomas

Scott, from the dark mazes of Socinianism, to the belief, practice, and preaching of evangelical truth. He was a very successful preacher for a good portion of his long life in the metropolis of England,—engaged with vigour and zeal in every enterprise that he thought conducive to the moral welfare and salvation of man. He was, too, the author of a very valuable commentary on the Bible, almost unequalled in its practical tendency, and the extent of its circulation. To that pious mother's influence, operating through the efforts of her son, all this is easily traced. Besides, to the connection of her son with the poet Cowper, the evangelical character, and great religious influence of Cowper's poetry are doubtless to be mainly attributed. It was by the heavenly counsels, and prayers, and letters of his clerical friend, that the poet's piety was deepened, and the gloom of his mind dispersed. Again, to this same minister's influence, in connection with that of Doddridge, the conversion of Wilberforce is traced by some. For during fourteen years after he first saw W., and until his conversion, he made W. the constant subject of his prayers. And with what glorious results was the conversion of Wilberforce fraught to the interests of man! What vast contributions did he make with his princely fortune to objects of benevolence! To his influence, in a great degree, may we impute the abolition of the African Slave Trade, and, in subsequent years, the emancipation of slaves in the British West Indies; for the former step prepared England for taking the latter. In addition to this, Wilberforce was the author of "A Practical View of Christianity," which did much to commend spiritual religion to the higher classes of his countrymen, and which, since his death, has been widely circulated, and widely useful. This book was the means of the conversion of Leigh Richmond, the author of the "Dairyman's Daughter," which has been the means of the conversion of

thousands!—Such are some of the stupendous and glorious results of one holy woman's efforts to educate her son for God—a wide and mighty posthumous influence which an angel might feel honoured to exert. Who was she? THE MOTHER OF THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

INFLUENCE OF MR. COBB'S EXAMPLE.

A correspondent of a Methodist paper, published at Richmond, Vermont, encloses five hundred dollars for missions, and says, "About ten years ago I began the world with what I saved from my wages for attending a store; and about the same time I read in the *Christian Advocate* an account of certain resolutions of a Mr. Cobb, a member of the Baptist church in Boston, and I concluded, by the grace of God, not only to follow his plan, but also the example and advice of Mr. Wesley, 'to make all you can, save all you can, and give all you can.'"

How powerful is the influence of example! Let every Christian remember that when he lays down a correct principle of action, and carries it into practice, he is influencing others, and he knows not how many, to do the same.

APOSTACY OF BRICCONET.

When those who stand in a commanding position, at a time when society is agitated by a great moral struggle, fail to do and suffer what duty requires, their influence, even after death, is often signally mischievous. A noted and pertinent example is that of Bricconet, Bishop of Meaux in France, in the sixteenth century. Catching the spirit of reform at that time pervading Germany and Switzerland, he zealously opposed some grosser errors and views of the Romish church. Having been twice ambassador to Rome—a bishop—a noble—an intimate friend of the reigning and preceding monarch, he was looked upon as one of the great pillars of the Reformation. A change of government comes, the

inquisition is set up, and Bricconet becomes the first object of their vengeance. "The poor bishop," says D'Aubigné, "who had been so sanguine in the hope to see the Reformation gradually and silently winning its way in men's minds, trembled in dismay when he found at the eleventh hour that it must be purchased by life itself. No alternatives were presented him but death or recantation; and to the latter the minions of the Pope urged him by the most plausible pretexts. They pretended they too were anxious for a reformation, that all was going on by insensible steps, that many would be won over by his conceding and yielding a little, who would be stumbled by his warm and open opposition to the church. Bricconet heard, considered, his resolution was shaken—he staggered under the cross—he stumbled—he fell! The day of his recantation was a dark day for France. The great conflict then waging in that country between truth and error, was sadly affected by

the Bishop's fall." "What his enemies represented as the saving of his country," says the historian, "was perhaps the worst of its misfortunes. What might not have been the consequence if Bricconet had possessed the courage of Luther? If one of the most eminent of the French bishops had ascended the scaffold, and there, like the poor of this world, sealed by martyrdom the truth of the gospel, would not France herself have been put upon reflection? Would not the blood of the Bishop of Meaux have served, like the blood of Polycarp and Cyprian, as the seed of the church? And should we not have seen these provinces emancipating themselves in the sixteenth century from the darkness in which they are still enveloped? The mournful fall of Bricconet was felt as a shock to the hearts of his former friends, and was the sad forerunner of those deplorable apostacies to which the friendship of the world so often led in another age of French history."

INTEGRITY.

THE TWO OFFERS.

Julius Drusus, a Roman tribune, had a house that in many places lay exposed to the view of the neighbourhood. A person came and offered, that for five talents he would so alter it, that it should not be liable to that inconvenience. "I will give thee ten talents," said Drusus, "if thou canst make my house conspicuous in every room of it, that so all the city may behold in what manner I lead my life."

THE FIRM JURYMAN.

A certain person, being on a jury in a trial of life and death, he was completely satisfied of the innocence of the prisoner; all the other eleven were of the opposite opinion; but he was resolved, that a verdict of guilty should not be brought in. In the first place, he spent several hours in trying to convince them; but found that he had made no impression, and that he was

exhausting the strength which was to be reserved for another mode of operation. He, therefore, calmly told them it should now be a trial who could endure confinement and famine the longest, and that they might be quite assured he would sooner die than release them at the expense of the prisoner's life. In this situation they spent about twenty-four hours, when, at length, they all acceded to his verdict of acquittal.

CASE OF MARVELL.

The borough of Hull, in the reign of Charles II., chose Andrew Marvell, a young gentleman of little or no fortune, and maintained him in London for the service of the public. With a view to bribe him, his old school-fellow, the Lord Treasurer Danby, went to him in his garret. At parting, the lord treasurer slipped into his hands an order upon the treasury for £1000, and

then went into his chariot. Marvell looking at the paper, called after the treasurer, "My lord, I request another moment." They went up again to the garret, and Jack, the servant boy, was called, "Jack, what had I for dinner yesterday?" "Don't you remember, sir, you had the little shoulder of mutton that you offered me to bring from a woman in the market?" "Very right. What have I for dinner to-day?" "Don't you know, sir, that you made me lay up the blade-bone to broil?" "'Tis so: very right. Go away." "My lord, do you hear that? Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided; there's your piece of paper, I want it not. I knew the sort of kindness you intended. I live here to serve my constituents. The ministry may seek men for their purpose; I am not one."

ANCIENT HERNHUTTER.*

In one of the wars in Germany, a captain of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party. He put himself at the head of his troop, and marched to

* Better known in this country by the name of Moravians, or United Brethren.

the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley in which hardly any thing but woods could be seen. In the midst of it stood a little cottage: on perceiving it he went up, and knocked at the door; an ancient Hernhutter, with a beard silvered with age, came out. "Father," said the officer, "show me a field where I can set my troops a foraging." "Presently," replied the Hernhutter. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley: "This is the very thing we want," said the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replied the guide; "you shall be satisfied." They went on, and at the distance of about a quarter of a league further, they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and re-mounted. The officer then said to his conductor, "Father, you have given to yourself and us unnecessary trouble; the first field was much better than this." "Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine."

INTEMPERANCE.

THE DRUNKARD'S THRALDOM.

The writer of the pamphlet entitled "The Confessions of a Drunkard," says, "Of my condition there is no hope that I should ever change; the waters have gone over me; but out of the black depths could I be heard, I would cry aloud to all those who have set a foot in that perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavour of his first wine is as delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is, when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will, —to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of

him, and yet not able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin: —could he see my fevered eye, feverish with the last night's drinking, and feverishly looking forward for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of death out of which I cry hourly, with feebler and feebler outcry, to be delivered,—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

THE WELSHMAN AND HIS GOAT.

A Welshman was for some time awfully habituated to the vice of drunkenness, but was at length restored to sobriety by the following singular incident. He had a tame goat, which would follow him to the alehouse he

frequented. One day, by way of frolic, he gave the animal so much ale that it became intoxicated. What particularly struck the Welshman was, that from that time, though the creature would follow him to the door, he never could get it to enter the house. He was thereby led to see how much his sin had sunk him beneath a beast, and from that period became a sober man.

HALE'S TESTIMONY.

Lord Chief Justice Hale once remarked, "The places of judication, which I have long held in this kingdom, have given me an opportunity to observe the original cause of most of the enormities that have been committed for the space of nearly twenty years; and by a due observation, I have found that, if the murders and manslaughters, the burglaries and robberies, the riots and tumults, the adulteries and other great enormities that have happened in that time, were divided into five parts, four of them have been the issues and product of excessive drinking, or of tavern and ale-house meetings." The proportion is little less at the present time.

LOSS OF THE NEPTUNE.

This ship, carrying 36 men, sailed from Aberdeen, on a fine morning in May, with the fairest prospect of good weather, and a prosperous voyage. About 11 o'clock the wind arose from the east, and swept over the sea with overwhelming violence. In about an hour she was seen standing in, but under such a press of sail as, considering the gale, astonished all on shore. But on she came, now bounding on the top of the sea, and then almost engulfed in the foaming cavern. The harbour of Aberdeen is exposed to the east, and formed by a pier on one side, and a breakwater on the other, and so narrow at the entrance as not to admit two large ships abreast. All saw that something was wrong on board. One attempt was made to shorten sail, but the ship was then within a cable's

length of the shore, and urged on with an impetuosity which no human power could withstand. The wives and families of the men who were thus hastening to death had assembled near the pier; but all stood in silent horror, broke in a moment by the cry, "she's lost!" as the vessel, lashed on by the tempest, passed to the outer side of the breakwater, and struck with awful violence between two black rugged rocks. The cries of the victims were most horrible. The dreadful crisis had come, and they were lost indeed. A few brave men on shore endeavoured to man the life boat, and take it round the breakwater, but it was unavailing. One heavy sea rolling over the wreck for a moment concealed her, and when the people looked again she was gone! Her crew and timbers were hurled against the rocks, and with the exception of one man, who was washed up and lodged on a projecting edge, none escaped of the 36 who had that morning left the shore in health and spirits. From the man who was saved, the melancholy truth was learnt that the crew were *all intoxicated, and could not manage the vessel.*

RUM AND RUIN.

The Rev. Dr. Scoresby, preacher to seamen in Liverpool, now vicar of Bradford, was for many years the master of a whale ship, in the northern seas. He relates the following fact, of which he was an eye-witness. It is given in his own words.

"A collier brig was stranded on the Yorkshire coast, and I had occasion to assist in the distressing service of rescuing a part of the crew by drawing them up a vertical cliff, two or three hundred feet in altitude, by means of a very small rope, the only material at hand. The first two men who caught hold of the rope, were hauled safely up to the top; but the next, after being drawn to a considerable height, slipped his hold and fell; and with the fourth and last who ventured upon this only chance of life, the rope gave way, and he also was plunged into the foaming breakers

beneath. Immediately afterwards the vessel broke up, and the remnant of the ill-fated crew perished before our eyes. What now was the cause of this heart-rending event? Was it stress of weather, or a contrary wind, or unavoidable accident? No such thing. It was the entire want of moral conduct in the crew. Every sailor, to a man, was in a state of intoxication! The helm was intrusted to a boy ignorant of the coast. He ran the vessel upon the rock at Whitby, and one-half of the miserable dissipated crew awoke to consciousness in eternity."

THE DRUNKARD AND THE MONKEYS.

A rich drunkard kept two monkeys for his sport. One day he looked into his dining-room, where he and his guests had left some wine, and the two had mounted the table, and were helping themselves generously to the wine—jabbering and gesturing, as they had seen their master and his guests. In a little time they exhibited all the appearance of drunken men. First they were merry, and jumped about, but soon they got to fighting on the floor, and tearing out one another's hair. The drunkard stood in amazement. "What!" said

he, "is this a picture of myself? Do the brutes rebuke me?" It so affected his mind, that he resolved he would never drink another drop. And from that day he was never known to be any other than a sober and a happy man.

GOOD REASON FOR SOBRIETY.

A gentleman on entering a stage coach, rubbing his head, with a yawn said, "My head aches dreadfully; I was very drunk last night." A person affecting surprise, replied, "Drunk, sir! what! do you get drunk?" "Yes," said he, "and so does every one at times, I believe. I have no doubt but you do." "No, sir!" he replied, "I do not." "What! never?" "No, never; and amongst other reasons I have for it, one is, I never find, being sober, that I have too much sense; and I am loath to lose what little I have." This remark put an end to the conversation.

LAW OF PITTACUS.

By one of the laws of Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, every fault committed by a person when intoxicated, was deemed worthy of a double punishment.

JEW.

A QUESTION FOR JEWS.

Bishop Patrick quotes the following affecting inquiry addressed by Rabbi Samuel Moraccanus to a friend in the eleventh century:—

"I would fain learn from thee, out of the testimonies of the law, and the prophets, and other scriptures, why the Jews are thus smitten in this captivity wherein we are, which may be properly termed THE PERPETUAL ANGER OF GOD, because it hath no end. For it is now above a thousand years since we were carried captive by Titus; and yet our fathers, who worshipped idols, killed the prophets, and cast the law behind their back, were only punished with a seventy years' captivity and then brought home again; but now there

is no end of our calamities, nor do the prophets promise any."

"If," says Bishop Patrick, "this argument was hard to be answered then, in his days, it is much harder in ours, who still see them pursued by God's vengeance; which can be for nothing else but rejecting and crucifying the Messiah, the Saviour of the world."

THE LEIPSIK STUDENT.

A poor student of the University of Leipsic, having occasion to undertake a journey to his distant friends, was in want of the money needful for the purpose, and was compelled to go to a Jew to pawn his Hebrew Bible, and then Greek Testament. The latter contained

the Greek and German text in opposite columns. The Jew, little as he valued this book, was prevailed on to give the student half a rix-dollar for it. During the absence of the student he determined to read it through, with a view of confirming his enmity against Jesus, and to be the better prepared to testify his zeal for the Jewish faith. He concealed it from his family, and commenced its perusal, which, as the young man was absent seven weeks he had time to do. As he read, he was surprised and impressed, and at times was ready to exclaim, "Oh, that Jesus was my Saviour!" When he had gone through the book, he was greatly perplexed and astonished, that he had been able to find nothing to increase his hatred to Jesus, but had rather discovered much that was sublime and heavenly. He now charged himself with folly, and resolved to open the book no more. He adhered to this resolution for several days, but was soon compelled to peruse it a second time, with the determination to be more careful in ascertaining that Jesus and his apostles had deserved the hatred of Jews in all ages. Still he was unable to find what he wished; while he was impressed with the consolation it imparted to the afflicted, and the immortality of glory it revealed, which seemed to remove the anxiety he had long felt on this subject. He was compelled a third time to read the book; and now the history, the doctrines, and the promises of Jesus destroyed his opposition,

and melted his soul. He was overcome to tears, and resolved on embracing the doctrines of the cross. He announced his change to a christian minister, purchased the New Testament of the student, to whom he became a warmly attached friend, and continued to give evidence of being a consistent Christian.

THE TRANSLATOR CONVERTED.

When the Rev. Claudius Buchanan was travelling in India, he obtained from the Jews in the interior of that country, a very singular copy of the translation of the New Testament into Hebrew, made in the sixteenth century. The translator was a learned rabbi, and the translation is, in general, faithful. The design of the translator was to make an accurate version of the New Testament, for the express purpose of confuting it, and of repelling the arguments of his neighbours, the Syrian or St. Thomé Christians. But, behold the providence of God! the translator became a convert to Christianity; his own work subdued his unbelief; and he lived and died in the faith of Christ. This manuscript is now in the public library at Cambridge.

ROCHESTER'S CONFESSION.

The celebrated Lord Rochester had lived a long while in infidelity, but there was one argument in favour of Christianity which he declared he could never set aside, namely: the existing state and circumstances of the Jews.

JUDGMENT DAY.

THE DARK DAY AND THE LEGISLATOR.

The 19th of May, 1780, was remarkably dark in Connecticut. Candles were lighted in many houses; the birds were silent, and disappeared; and domestic fowls retired to roost. The people were impressed by the idea, that the day of judgment was at hand. This opinion was entertained by the legislature, at that time sitting at Hart-

ford. The House of Representatives adjourned; the council proposed to follow the example. Colonel Davenport objected. "The day of judgment," he said, "is either approaching, or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for an adjournment; if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought."

JUSTICE AND EQUITY.

SOCRATES AND CHERICLES.

While Athens was governed by thirty tyrants, Socrates the philosopher was summoned to the senate-house, and ordered to go with some other persons they named, to seize one Leon, a man of rank and fortune, whom they determined to put out of the way, that they might enjoy his estate. This commission Socrates flatly refused, and, not satisfied therewith, added his reasons for such refusal: "I will never willingly assist an unjust act." Chericles sharply replied, "Dost thou think, Socrates, to talk always in this high style, and not to suffer?" "Far from it," added he; "I expect to suffer a thousand ills, but none so great as to do unjustly."

THEMISTOCLES' PROJECT.

Themistocles having conceived the design of transferring the government of Greece from the hands of the Lacedemonians into those of the Athenians, kept his thoughts continually fixed on this great project. Being at no time very nice or scrupulous in the choice of his measures, he thought any thing which could tend to the accomplishment of the end he had in view, just and lawful. In an assembly of the people one day, he accordingly intimated that he had a very important design to propose, but he could not communicate it to the people at large, because the greatest secrecy was necessary to its success; he, therefore, desired that they would appoint a person to whom he might explain himself on the subject. Aristides was unanimously pitched upon by the assembly, who referred themselves entirely to his opinion of the affair. Themistocles taking him aside, told him that the design he had conceived, was to burn the fleet belonging to the rest of the Grecian states, which then lay in a neighbouring port, when Athens would assuredly become mistress of all Greece. Aristides returned to the assembly, and declared to them, that nothing could be more advantageous to

the commonwealth than the project of Themistocles; but that, at the same, nothing in the world could be more unfair. Without inquiring further, the assembly unanimously declared, that since such was the case, Themistocles should wholly abandon his project.

CONSCIENTIOUS JUDGE.

Sir Matthew Hale, when chief baron of the exchequer, was very exact and impartial in his administration of justice. He would never receive any private addresses or recommendations from the greatest persons in any matter in which justice was concerned. One of the first peers of England went once to his chamber, and told him "that, having a suit in law to be tried before him, he was then to acquaint him with it, that he might the better understand it when it should come to be heard in court." Upon which Sir Matthew interrupted him, and said "he did not deal fairly to come to his chamber about such affairs, for he never received any information of causes but in open court, where both parties were to be heard alike," so he would not suffer him to go on. Whereupon his grace (for he was a duke) went away not a little dissatisfied, and complained of it to the king as a rudeness that was not to be endured. But his majesty bade him content himself that he was no worse used, and said, "he verily believed he would have used himself no better if he had gone to solicit him in any of his own causes."

Another passage fell out in one of his circuits, which was somewhat censured as an affectation of unreasonable strictness; but it flowed from the exactness of the rules he had set himself. A gentleman had sent him a buck for his table that had a trial at the assizes; so, when he heard his name, he asked "if he was not the same person that had sent him venison." And finding that he was the same, he told him "he could not suffer the trial to go on till

he had paid him for his buck." To which the gentleman answered "that he never sold his venison, and that he had done nothing to him which he did not do to every judge that had gone that circuit," which was confirmed by several gentlemen then present; but all would not do, for the lord chief baron had learned from Solomon that "a gift perverteth the ways of judgment;" and therefore he would not suffer the trial to go on till he had paid for the present; upon which the gentleman withdrew the record. And at Salisbury, the dean and chapter having, according to custom, presented him with six sugar loaves in his circuit, he made his servants pay for the sugar before he would try their cause.

ARISTIDES IN JUDGMENT.

Aristides being judge between two private persons, one of them declared that his adversary had greatly injured Aristides. "Relate rather, good friend," said he, interrupting him, "what wrong he hath done to thee, for it is thy cause, not mine, that I now sit judge of."

BANISHMENT OF ARISTIDES.

A tragedy by Æschylus was once represented before the Athenians, in which it was said of one of the characters, "that he cared not more to *be* just than to *appear* so." At these words all eyes were instantly turned upon Aristides as the man who, of all the Greeks, most merited that distinguished character. Ever after he received, by universal consent, the surname of *the Just*; a title, says Plutarch, truly royal, or, rather, truly divine. This remarkable distinction roused envy, and envy prevailed so far as to procure his banishment for ten years upon the unjust suspicion that his influence with the people was dangerous to their freedom. When the sentence was passed by his countrymen, Aristides himself was present in the midst of them, and a stranger who stood near, and could not write, applied

to him to write for him in his shell. "What name?" asked the philosopher. "Aristides," replied the stranger. "Do you know him, then," said Aristides, "or has he in any way injured you?" "Neither," said the other; "but it is for this very thing I would he were condemned. I can go nowhere but I hear of Aristides the Just." Aristides inquired no further, but took the shell and wrote his name in it as desired.

The absence of Aristides soon dissipated the apprehensions which his countrymen had so idly imbibed. He was in a short time recalled, and for many years after took a leading part in the affairs of the republic, without showing the least resentment against his enemies, or seeking any other gratification than that of serving his country with fidelity and honour. His disregard for money was strikingly manifested at his death; for though he was frequently treasurer, as well as general, he scarcely left sufficient to defray the expenses of his burial.

The virtues of Aristides did not pass without reward. He had two daughters, who were educated at the expense of the state, and to whom portions were allotted from the public treasury.

LOCKE'S RESIGNATION.

The integrity of this great man was eminently displayed on several occasions; but the following event, which closed his political life, is worthy of particular notice:—

After the English revolution of 1688, his high name and merits opened to him the prospect of honour and riches, which, however, he declined. King William III. pressed him to go on an embassy to one of the principal courts in Europe, which he respectfully refused. His majesty then appointed him to a seat as one of the commissioners of the Board of Trade and Plantations. This post, which was perfectly suited to his talents, he held for some years; but, at length, when the air of London was found to disagree with his health, he resigned the place to the king in per-

son, saying, that his conscience would not permit him to retain a situation the duties of which he could not discharge. The king entreated him to continue in it, telling him that though he could stay in London but a few weeks, his services would be very necessary. Mr. Locke, however, persisted in his resolution; thus relinquishing one thousand pounds a-year, which he might have kept till his death. When he was told by a friend that he might have made a composition with any new candidate, and thereby have gained some advantage without giving up the whole income, he replied, "I know it very well, that I might have done so; and that was the very reason why I did not communicate my design to any one. I received my commission directly from the king, and to him I resolved to restore it, that he might have the pleasure of bestowing it upon some worthy man, better able to fulfil the duties than myself."

MORVILLIERS AND CHARLES IX.

Morvilliers, keeper of the seals to Charles the Ninth of France, was one day ordered by his sovereign to put the seals to the pardon of a nobleman who had committed murder. He refused. The king then took the seals out of his hands, and having put them himself to the instrument of remission, returned them immediately to Morvilliers; who refused to take them again, saying, "The seals have twice put me in a situation of great honour; once when I received them, and again when I resigned them."

LOUIS XIV. AND HIS CHANCELLOR.

Louis the Fourteenth had granted a pardon to a nobleman who had committed some very great crime. M. Voisin, the chancellor, ran to him in his closet, and exclaimed, "Sire, you cannot pardon a person in the situation of Mr. ——" "I have promised him," replied the king, who was ever impatient of contradiction; "go and fetch the great seal." "But, sire, —"

"Pray, sir, do as I order you." The chancellor returns with the seals; Louis applies them himself to the instrument containing the pardon, and gives them again to the chancellor. "They are polluted now, sire," exclaims the intrepid and excellent magistrate, pushing them from him on the table, "I cannot take them again." "What an impracticable man!" cries the monarch, and throws the pardon into the fire. "I will now, sire, take them again," said the chancellor; "the fire, you know, purifies every thing."

ANOTHER BRUTUS.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, Fitz-Stephen, merchant, Mayor of Galway, sent his only son, as commander of a ship, to Spain, for a cargo of wine. The son kept the money for the purchase of the cargo; and the Spanish merchant, who supplied the wine, sent his nephew to receive the debt. To conceal his fraud, young Fitz-Stephen conceived the plan of murdering the Spaniard; a project in which he brought the crew to combine. The Spaniard was seized in bed, thrown overboard, and the ship arrived in port.

Some time after, one of the sailors was taken ill, and, being at the point of death, confessed the horrid deed in which he had participated. The father, though struck with horror, shook off the parent, and said, "Justice should take its course." And, as mayor, he caused his son to be committed, with the rest of the crew, and the father, like Brutus, sat in judgment on his son, and with his own lips pronounced the sentence which left him childless!

FITZ-JAMES AND HIS SOVEREIGN.

It is said of Sir John Fitz-James, that the instant he was seated on the bench, he lost all recollection of his best friends, that would in the least degree have interfered with the administration of justice. A relation once solicited a favour of him. "Come to my house," said he, "and I will deny you nothing; but in the king's court I

must do you justice." The attorney-general was weak and criminal enough to request his interest on the part of the king, in a cause to be tried before him. "I will do the king right," he replied. A verdict was given against the crown, and the attorney-general expostulated with Fitz-James, who dismissed the subject by adding, "I could not do his majesty right, if I had not done justice."

THE MONARCH AND THE MILLER.

Near Potsdam (Prussia,) in the reign of Frederick King of Prussia, was a mill which interfered with a view from the windows of Sans Souci. Annoyed by this inconvenience to his favourite residence, the king sent to inquire the price for which the mill would be sold by the owner. "For no price," was the reply of the sturdy Prussian; and, in a moment of anger, Frederick gave orders that the mill should be pulled down. "The king may do this," said the miller, quietly folding his arms, "but there are laws in Prussia;" and forthwith he commenced proceedings against the monarch, the result of which was, the court sentenced Frederick to rebuild the mill, and to pay besides a large sum of money as compensation for the injury which he had done. The king was mortified, but had the magnanimity to say, addressing himself to his courtiers, "I am glad to find that just laws and upright judges exist in my kingdom." A few years ago, the head of the honest miller's family, who had in due course of time succeeded to the hereditary possession of his little estate, finding himself, after a long struggle with losses occasioned by the war, which brought ruin into many a house besides his own, involved in pecuniary difficulties that had become insurmountable, wrote to the then king of Prussia, reminding him of the refusal experienced by Frederick the Great at the hands of his ancestors, and stating that, if his majesty now entertained a similar desire to obtain possession of the property, it would be very agreeable to him, in

his present embarrassed circumstances, to sell the mill. The king immediately wrote, with his own hand, the following reply:—

"My dear neighbour;—I cannot allow you to sell the mill; it must remain in your possession as long as one member of your family exists; for it belongs to the history of Prussia. I lament, however, to hear that you are in circumstances of embarrassment; and therefore send you 6000 dollars (about £1000 sterling) to arrange your affairs, in the hope that this sum will be sufficient for the purpose. Consider me always your affectionate neighbour,
"FREDERICK WILLIAM."

THE EFFECTUAL APPEAL.

It is related of Philip, King of the Macedonians, that while one was pleading before him, he dropped asleep, and, waking on a sudden, passed sentence against the righteous cause: upon this the injured person cried out, "I appeal." The king, with indignation, asked, "To whom?" He replied, "From yourself sleeping to yourself waking;" and had the judgment reversed that was against him.

PARDON REFUSED TO ROYAL BLOOD.

When a prince of the royal blood of France disgraced himself, by committing robbery and murder in the streets of Paris, Louis XV. would not grant a pardon, thoughly eagerly solicited to do so by a deputation from the Parliament of Paris, who tried him, and suspended their sentence until the royal pleasure should be known. "My lords and counsellors," said the king, "return to your chambers of justice, and promulgate your decree." "Consider," said the first president, "that the unhappy prince has your majesty's blood in his veins." "Yes," said the king, "but the blood has become impure, and justice demands that it should be let out; nor would I spare my own son for a crime, for which I should be bound to condemn the meanest of my subjects." The prince was executed

on the scaffold in the court of the grand Chatelet, on the 12th of August, 1729.

HENRY V. AND THE JUDGE.

One of the favourites of King Henry V., when Prince of Wales, having been indicted for some misdemeanour, was condemned, notwithstanding all the interest he could make in his favour; and the Prince was so incensed at the issue of the trial that he struck the judge on the bench. This magistrate, whose name was Sir William Gascoign, acted with a spirit becoming his char-

acter. He instantly ordered the Prince to be committed to prison; and young Henry, sensible by this time of the insult he had offered to the laws of his country, suffered himself to be quietly conducted to jail by the officers of justice. The king, Henry IV., who was an excellent judge of mankind, was no sooner informed of this transaction, than he cried out in a transport of joy, "Happy is the king who has a magistrate possessed of courage to execute the laws; and still more happy in having a son who will submit to such chastisement."

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

LIBERTY IN A DUNGEON.

Mr. Fleming, in his "Fulfilling of the Scriptures," relates the case of a man who was a very great sinner, and for his horrible wickedness was put to death in the town of Ayr. This man had been so stupid and brutish a fellow, that all who knew him thought him beyond the reach of all ordinary means of grace; but while the man was in prison, the Lord wonderfully wrought on his heart, and in such a measure discovered to him his sinfulness, that after much serious exercise and sore wrestling, a most kindly work of repentance followed, with great assurance of mercy, insomuch, that when he came to the place of execution, he could not cease crying out to the people, under the sense of pardon, and the comforts of the presence and favour of God,— "O, He is a great forgiver! He is a great forgiver!" And he added the following words,— "Now hath perfect love cast out fear. I know God hath nothing to lay against me, for Jesus Christ hath paid all; and those are free whom the Son makes free."

HERVEY'S RECANTATION.

"If it be shameful to renounce error," says Mr. Hervey, "and sacrifice all to truth, I do very willingly take this shame to myself, in a copy of verses which I formerly wrote, sacred

to the memory of a generous benefactor. I remember the following lines:—

"Our wants relieved by thy indulgent care
Shall give thee courage at the dreadful bar.
And stud the crown thou shalt for ever wear."

These lines, in whatever hands they are lodged, and whatever else of a like kind may have dropped from my pen, I now publicly disclaim; they are the very reverse of my present belief, in which I hope to persevere as long as I have any being. Far be it from me to suppose that any work of mine should, in order to create my peace, or cherish my confidence, be coupled with Christ's most holy acts. I speak the words of our church, and I speak the sense of the prophet, 'I will trust, and not be afraid;' wherefore? because I am inherently holy? rather *God* is my salvation; God manifest in the flesh has finished my transgression, and made an end of my sin; and in this most magnificent work will I rejoice. Thy Maker is thy husband: the consequence of which is, all thy debts and deficiencies are upon him, all his consummate righteousness is upon thee."

A GLORIOUS POSITION.

Mr. Lyford, a Puritan divine, a few days previous to his dissolution, being desired by his friends to give them some

account of his hopes and comforts, he replied, "I will let you know how it is with me, and on what ground I stand. Here is the grave, the wrath of God, and devouring flames, the great punishment of sin, on the one hand; and here am I, a poor sinful creature, on the other; but this is my comfort, the covenant of grace, established upon so many sure promises, hath satisfied all. The act of oblivion passed in heaven is, "I will forgive their iniquities, and

their sins will I remember no more, saith the Lord." This is the blessed privilege of all within the covenant, of whom I am one. For I find the Spirit which is promised, bestowed upon me, in the blessed effects of it upon my soul, as the pledge of God's eternal love. By this I know my interest in Christ, who is the foundation of the covenant; and therefore, my sins being laid on him, shall never be charged on me."

POWER OF KINDNESS.

PINEL AND THE LUNATICS.

In 1792, Pinel, who had been for some time chief physician to the Bicetre, or madhouse of Paris, begged repeatedly of the public authorities, to let him remove the chains from the furious. His applications having been unsuccessful, he presented himself before the commune of Paris, and repeating his objections, with increased warmth, urged a reform of such monstrous treatment. "Citizen," said one of the members to him, "I will to-morrow go to visit the Bicetre; but wo betide thee, if thou deceivest us, and concealest any of the enemies of the people amongst thy insane."

This member of the commune was Couthon. The next day he went to the Bicetre. Couthon was himself as strange a spectacle as any whom he visited. Deprived of the use of his lower extremities, and compelled to be borne on the arms of others, he appeared, says Pinel, a fraction of humanity implanted on another's body; and from out of this deformity, pronounced in a feeble and feminine voice, merciless sentences proceeded, sentences of death; for death was the only logic that then prevailed. Couthon visited the insane in succession, and questioned them himself; but he received only imprecations amidst the clanking of chains on floors disgustingly filthy from the evacuations of the miserable occupants. Fatigued with the monotony and revolting character of this spectacle, Couthon returned to Pinel,

"Citizen," said he, "art thou thyself mad to desire to unchain such animals?" "Citizen," replied Pinel, "I am convinced that these lunatics are intractable only from being deprived of air and liberty, and I expect much from a different course." "Well," said Couthon, "do as thou likest; I leave them to thee; but I am afraid thou wilt fall a victim to thy presumption."

Master of his own actions, Pinel immediately commenced his undertaking, fully aware of its real difficulties; for he was going to set at liberty about fifty furious maniacs, without injurious or dangerous consequences, as he hoped, to the other peaceable inmates of the establishment. He determined to unchain no more than twelve at the first trial; and the only precaution he took, was to have an equal number of strait jackets prepared, made of strong linen with long sleeves, which could be tied behind the back of the maniac, should it become necessary to restrict him from committing acts of violence.

The first person to whom Pinel addressed himself, had been a resident for the longest period in this abode of misery. He was an English captain, whose history was unknown, but who had been chained there for forty years. He was looked upon as the most terrible of all the insane. His attendants always approached him with circumspection; for in a paroxysm of fury, he had struck one of the servants on the head with his manacles, and killed him

on the spot. He was confined with more rigour than many of the others, which circumstance, combined with almost total neglect on the part of the keepers, had exasperated a disposition naturally furious. Pinel entered his cell alone, and approached him calmly. "Captain," said he, "if I were to remove your chains, and to give you liberty to walk in the court, would you promise me to be rational, and do harm to no one?" "I promise thee. But thou mockest me; they, as well as thyself, are too much afraid of me." "Assuredly not. I have no fear; for I have six men at hand to make me respected, should it be necessary. But believe my word; be confiding and docile. I will give you liberty, if you will allow me to substitute this strait waistcoat for your ponderous chains."

The captain yielded with a good grace to every thing required of him, shrugging his shoulders, but without uttering a word. In a few minutes his irons were completely removed, and Pinel withdrew, leaving the door of the cell open. Several times the maniac raised himself from his seat, but fell back again; he had kept the sitting posture so long that he had lost the use of his legs. At length, in about a quarter of an hour, and after repeated attempts, he succeeded in retaining his equilibrium, and from the depth of his dark cell advanced staggering towards the door. His first action was to look at the sky, and exclaim in ecstasy, "How beautiful!" Through the whole day he ran about, ascending and descending the stairs, and constantly repeating the exclamation, "How beautiful! how good!" In the evening he returned to his cell, slept tranquilly on a better bed, which had been provided for him; and during the two additional years which he passed in the Bicetre, he had no paroxysm of fury. He rendered himself, indeed, useful in the establishment, by exerting a certain degree of authority over the patients, whom he governed after his

own fashion, and over whom he elected himself a kind of superintendent.

But the case of Chevinge, a soldier of the French Guards, is looked upon as one of the most memorable feats of that interesting and eventful day. While in the army, he had but one fault—drunkenness; and when in this state he became turbulent, violent, and the more dangerous from his strength being prodigious. Owing to his repeated excesses, he was dismissed from his regiment, and soon dissipated his limited resources. Shame and misery subsequently plunged him into such a state of depression, that his intellect became disordered. In his delirium he thought he had been made a general, and beat those who did not admit his rank and quality; and, in consequence of a violent disturbance thus originating, he was taken to the Bicetre, labouring under the most furious excitement. He had been confined in chains for ten years, and with more severity than most of his fellow-sufferers, as he had frequently broken asunder his irons by the sole strength of his hands. On one occasion, when he obtained momentary liberty in this manner, he set at defiance the united efforts of all his keepers to make him re-enter his cell. His strength had, indeed, become proverbial at the Bicetre.

Pinel, on several visits, had discovered in Chevinge an excellent disposition, masked under the excitement incessantly occasioned by cruel treatment. He promised the lunatic to ameliorate his condition, and this promise itself rendered him more tranquil. Pinel at length told him he should be no longer chained; "and to prove the confidence I have in thee," said he, "and that I regard thee as a man adapted for doing good, thou shalt aid me in freeing those unfortunates who have not their reason like thee; and if thou conductest thyself as I have reason to hope, I will take thee into my service, and thou shalt never quit me. Never," adds Pinel, "was there a more sudden and complete revolution.

The keepers themselves were impressed with respect and astonishment at the spectacle which Chevinge afforded." Scarcely was he liberated when he was seen anticipating and following with his eye, every motion of Pinel, executing his orders with skill and promptitude, and addressing words of reason and kindness to the insane, on the level with whom he had been but a short time before. This man, whom chains had kept degraded during the best years of his life, and who would doubtless have spent the remainder of his existence in the same wretched condition, became afterwards a model of good conduct and gratitude. Often, in the difficult times of the revolution, he saved the life of Pinel, and on one occasion rescued him from a band of miscreants who were conducting him to the "Lanterne," owing to his having been an elector in 1789. During the time of famine, he left the Bicetre every morning, and returned with supplies of provisions, which gold could not at that time procure. His whole life was one of perpetual devotion to his liberator.

In the course of a few days, the shackles were removed from fifty-five lunatics. An unexpected improvement followed from a course previously regarded impracticable and even fatal. The furious madmen, who monthly destroyed hundreds of utensils, renounced their habits of violence; others, who tore their clothes, and rioted in filth and nudity, became clean and decent; tranquillity and harmony succeeded to tumult and disorder; and over the whole establishment order and good feeling reigned.

BUNDY AND THE FEROCIOUS PRISONER.

The power of kindness is seen in the case of Haynes executed in 1799 at Bristol. He was heavily ironed, yet so extremely turbulent and outrageous, that the other prisoners stood in fear of him, and were obliged to be constantly on their guard. It became necessary even to call out the military; but this only irritated him, and made him

worse. He would expose his naked breast to the soldiers' bayonets, dare them to run him through, and say he would rather be shot dead than surrender himself to them. Yet when force failed, remonstrance succeeded; for he actually delivered up to the persuasions of a gentleman, a weapon which a file of soldiers were unable to take from him. A pious minister by the name of Bundy, used to visit him, and at length told the keeper he wished to spend the night with the felon. He was warned of his danger; but, moved with compassion, he persisted, and entered the prisoner's cell. Finding him prostrate on the floor under the weight of his irons, he persuaded the keeper to let him have one hand and foot at liberty. The keeper retired late at night, locking after him three massive doors; and Haynes, immediately lifting up his liberated hand, and reaching a clasped knife he had concealed, rushed fiercely towards him, exclaiming with the voice and looks of a demon, "Now thou art in my power, I will kill thee." The man of God thought his end had come, but suddenly recalling the passage—"thou canst have no power over me unless it be given thee from above," was instantly raised above all fear, and calmly met the enraged culprit, to whom he kindly said, "Now, my friend, what harm have I done you, or of what service would my death be to you?" He then spoke of the love of Christ, and assured the felon, that he was ready to receive all, even the most wicked, who came to him. These words of kindness softened the culprit's heart; he threw down the knife, acknowledging his guilt, and burst into tears. Deeply convicted at length of sin, he asked if it was possible for such a sinner as himself ever to be saved? The anguish of his mind was extreme; he would often weep bitterly in view of his sins; and there is reason to hope that he died a sincere penitent.

PILLSBURY AND THE GIANT PRISONER

Mr. Pillsbury warden of the state

prison in Connecticut, once received into the prison a man of gigantic stature, whose crimes had for seventeen years made him the terror of the country. He told the criminal when he came, he hoped he would not repeat the attempts to escape which he had made elsewhere. "It will be best," said he, "that you and I should treat each other as well as we can. I will make you as comfortable as I possibly can, and I shall be anxious to be your friend; and I hope you will not get me into difficulty on your account. There is a cell intended for solitary confinement; but we have never used it, and I should be sorry ever to have to turn the key upon any body in it. You may range the place as freely as I do; if you trust me, I shall trust you." The man was sulky, and for weeks showed only gradual symptoms of softening under the operation of Mr. Pillsbury's cheerful confidence. At length information was brought of the man's intention to break prison. The warden called him, and taxed him with it; the man preserved a gloomy silence. He was told it was now necessary for him to be locked in the solitary cell, and desired to follow the warden, who went first, carrying a lamp in one hand, and a key in the other. In the narrowest part of the passage, Mr. Pillsbury, a small light man, turned round, and looked in the face of the stout criminal. "Now," said he, "I ask whether you have treated me as I deserve? I have done every thing I could to make you happy; I have trusted you; but you have never given me the least confidence in return, and have even planned to get me into difficulty. Is this kind? And yet I cannot bear to lock you up. If I had the least sign that you cared for me"—The man burst into tears. "Sir," said he, "I have been a very devil these seventeen years; but you treat me like a man." "Come, let us go back," said the warden. The convict had free range of the prison as before; and from this hour he began to open his heart to the warden, and cheerfully filled

his whole term of imprisonment.

AZEL BACKUS AND THE HEATHEN.

At a festival at Ganesa's (Gumpotec's) temple Ceylon, while the multitude of worshippers, assembled at the temple, were engaged in boiling their rice for an offering, one of them who went for water, fell into the well. As soon as the circumstance was made known to the crowd, they rushed to the well, and among them was the pandarum (priest) of the temple, who, as soon as he had gratified his curiosity, returned to the temple. None among them manifested the least concern for the unfortunate man who was sunk in the water. They looked into the well, and talked about the man in such imminent danger with the most perfect indifference. Not an individual seemed to think assistance could or ought to be rendered, till one of the headmen came to the spot: he exerted all his influence to induce some one to dive into the water, which any person accustomed to swimming might have done with perfect safety; but his efforts were in vain. He then sent for the priest, who was known to be an expert swimmer. At the command of the headman he came, but excused himself from the act of mercy required of him, by saying that he could not absent himself so long from the duties of the temple without sustaining a loss. Just at this moment came to the place a young man, unknown to the crowd, who as soon as he learned that a fellow being was drowning, threw aside his garment, and leaped into the well. After repeatedly diving, he found the body, and raised it to the surface of the water, from which it was taken by the by-standers. As soon as the noise and confusion occasioned by taking out the lifeless body had subsided, a loud whisper passed along the crowd, "Who is that young man? Who is that good man?" They were not a little surprised, and some of the enemies of Christianity confounded, when they were told that this

good Samaritan was Azel Backus, a Christian! This event did not a little towards stopping the mouths, and weakening the strength of some who were arrayed against Christians and

the cause in which they are engaged; and is to all, who have any knowledge of Scripture, a striking comment on the words of inspiration, "Overcome evil with good."

DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

CYRUS A GARDENER.

When Lysander, the Lacedæmonian General, brought magnificent presents to Cyrus, the younger son of Darius, who piqued himself more on his integrity and politeness than on his rank and birth, the prince conducted his illustrious guest through his gardens, and pointed out to him their varied beauties. Lysander, struck with so fine a prospect, praised the manner in which the grounds were laid out, the neatness of the walks, the abundance of fruits, planted with an art which knew how to combine the useful with the agreeable, the beauty of the parterres, and the glowing variety of flowers, exhaling odours universally throughout the delightful scene. "Every thing charms and transports me in this place," said Lysander to Cyrus; "but what strikes me most is the exquisite taste and elegant industry of the person who drew the plan of these gardens, and gave it the fine order, wonderful disposition, and happiness of arrangement which I cannot sufficiently admire." Cyrus replied, "It was I that drew the plan and entirely marked it out; and many of the trees which you see were planted by my own hands." "What!" exclaimed Lysander, with surprise, and viewing Cyrus from head to foot, "is it possible that, with those purple robes and splendid vestments, those strings of jewels and bracelets of gold, those buskins so richly embroidered; is it possible that you could play the gardener, and employ your royal hands in planting trees?" "Does that surprise you?" said Cyrus; "I assure you that, when my health permits, I never sit down to my table without having fatigued myself, either in military exercise, rural labour, or some

other toilsome employment, to which I apply myself with pleasure." Lysander, still more amazed, pressed Cyrus by the hand, and said, "You are truly happy, and deserve your high fortune, since you unite it with virtue."

LACEDÆMONIANS' SEASONING.

Dionysius the tyrant being at an entertainment given to him by the Lacedæmonians, expressed some disgust at their black broth. "No wonder," said one of them, "for it wants seasoning." "What seasoning?" asked the tyrant. "Labour," replied the citizen, "joined with hunger and thirst."

INDUSTRIOUS MONARCH.

It was the custom of Peter the Great to visit the different workshops and manufactories, not only to encourage them, but also to judge what other useful establishments might be formed in his dominions. Among the places he visited frequently, were the forges of Muller, at Istia, ninety versts from Moscow.—The Czar once passed a whole month there; during which time, after giving due attention to the affairs of state, which he never neglected, he amused himself with seeing and examining every thing in the most minute manner, and even employed himself in learning the business of a blacksmith. He succeeded so well, that on one of the last days of his remaining there, he forged eighteen poods of iron, and put his own particular mark on each bar. The boyars and other noblemen of his suite were employed in blowing the bellows, stirring the fire, carrying coals, and performing the other duties of a blacksmith's assistant. When Peter had finished, he went to the proprietor,

praised his manufactory, and asked him how much he gave his workmen per pood. "Three kopecks, or an altina," answered Muller. "Very well," replied the Czar; "I have then earned eighteen altinas." Muller brought eighteen ducats, offered them to Peter, and told him that he could not give a workman like his majesty less per pood. Peter refused. "Keep your ducats," said he; "I have not wrought better than any other man; give me what you would give to another; I want to buy a pair of shoes, of which I am in great need." At the same time he showed him his shoes, which had been once mended, and were again full of holes. Peter accepted the eighteen altinas, and bought himself a pair of new shoes, which he used to show with much pleasure, saying, "These I earned with the sweat of my brow."

One of the bars of iron forged by Peter the Great, and authenticated by his mark, is still to be seen at Istia, in the forge of Muller. Another similar bar is preserved in the cabinet of curiosities at St. Petersburg.

WASHINGTON AND THE CORPORAL.

During the American Revolution, it is said, the commander of a little squad was giving orders to those under him, relative to a stick of timber which they were endeavouring to raise up to the top of some military works they were repairing. The timber went up hard, and on this account, the voice of the little great man was oftener heard in regular vociferations of "Heave away! There she goes! Heave ho!" An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold, and render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turning round with all the pomp of an emperor, said, "Sir, I am a corporal!" "You are—are you?" replied the officer, "I was not aware of that;" and taking off his hat

and bowing, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal." Upon this he dismounted, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. And when finished, turning to the commander, he said, "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your Commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time." The corporal was thunderstruck! It was Washington.

CARTER'S REPLY TO THE TANNER.

The Rev. J. Carter, one of the puritan ministers, once came unexpectedly behind a Christian of his acquaintance, who was busily occupied in his business as a tanner. He gave him a pleasant tap on the shoulder; the good man looked behind him, started, and said, "Sir, I am ashamed that you should find me thus employed." Mr. Carter replied, "Let Christ, when he cometh, find me so doing." "What!" said the good man, "doing thus?" "Yes," said Mr. C., "faithfully performing the duties of my calling."

An anecdote similar to this is recorded of Dr. Doddridge and one of his friends.

SOUTHERN STUDENT AND DR. STUART.

Manual labour is esteemed by many at the south as disgraceful. An anecdote, showing to what an extent this sentiment prevails, was related at an anti-slavery meeting at Danvers. A student from one of the southern states, in the Theological Seminary at Andover, had purchased some wood, and was exceedingly embarrassed at being unable readily to obtain some one to saw it for him. He went to Professor Stuart, to inquire what he should do in so unfortunate a predicament. The learned professor replied, that he was in want of a job himself, and he would saw it for him.

LAWSUITS AND LAWYERS.

THE CZAR AND HIS GOVERNOR.

Peter the Great frequently surprised the magistrates by his unexpected presence in the cities of the empire. Having arrived without previous notice at Olonez, he went first to the regency, and inquired of the Governor how many suits were depending in the court of chancery? "None, sire," replied the Governor. "How happens that?" "I endeavour to prevent lawsuits, and conciliate the parties; I act in such a manner that no traces of difference remain on the archives; if I am wrong, your indulgence will excuse me." "I wish," replied the Czar, "that all governors would act on your principles. Go on, God and your sovereign are equally satisfied."

ERSKINE'S OPINION.

Lord Erskine, when at the bar, and at the time when his professional talents were most eminent and popular, having been applied to by his friend Dr. Parr for his opinion upon a subject likely to be litigated by him, after recommending the doctor "to accommodate the difference amicably," concluded his letter by observing, "I can scarcely figure to myself a situation in which a lawsuit is not, if possible, to be avoided."

THE LITIGANT'S GRATIFICATION.

A gentleman who had been successively engaged in three professions, that of minister, physician, and lawyer, was asked the comparative advantages of them for acquiring property. He replied, "The man who will give but a fourpence to save his soul, will give twenty-five cents for relief from sickness, and a dollar to have his own will."

MATTHEW HALE IN DISGUISE.

The younger of two brothers had endeavoured to deprive the elder of an estate of £500 a-year, by suborning witnesses to declare that he died in a

foreign land. Coming into the court in the guise of a miller, Sir Matthew Hale was chosen the twelfth jurymen, to sit on this cause. As soon as the clerk of the court had sworn in the jurymen, a little dexterous fellow came into their apartment and slipped ten gold pieces into the hands of eleven of the jury, and gave the miller five, while the judge was known to be bribed with a great sum. The judge summed up the evidence in favour of the younger brother, and the jury were about to give their assent, when the supposed miller stood up and addressed the court with such energetic and manly eloquence, as astonished the judge and all present; unraveled the sophistry to the very bottom, proved the fact of bribery, evinced the elder brother's title to the estate, from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and gained a complete victory in favour of truth and justice.

GOOD ADVICE OF TWISS.

Mr. Philip Henry relates a remarkable story concerning a good old friend of his, who, when young, being an orphan, was greatly wronged by his uncle. His portion, which was £200, was put into the hands of that uncle; who, when he grew up, shuffled with him, and would give him but £40, instead of his £200, and he had no way of recovering his right but by law. But, before he would engage in that, he was willing to advise with his minister, who was the famous Dr. Twiss, of Newberry. The counsel he gave him, all things considered, was, for peace' sake, and for the preventing of sin, and snarcs, and troubles, to take the £40 rather than contend; "and Thomas," said the doctor, "if thou dost so, assure thyself that God will make it up to thee and thine some other way, and they that defraud will be the losers by it at last." He did so, and it pleased God so to bless that little which he began the world with, that when he died in a good old age, he left his son possessed

of some hundreds a-year, whilst he that had wronged him fell into poverty.

THE MAGISTRATE'S EXPEDIENT.

A magistrate of Paris established a poor-box in his office; and when he happened to accomplish the pleasantest part of his duty, that of preventing

litigation, he invited the parties whom he reconciled, to seal that reconciliation with an alms. In a single year, this worthy functionary collected more than 1400 francs. This ingenious means of beneficence was truly honourable to the inventor.

LEGACIES.

THE RICH MAN'S HEIR.

An old woman, who showed the house and pictures at Towcester, expressed herself in these remarkable words:—"That is Sir Robert Farmer; he lived in the country, took care of his estate, built this house, and paid for it; managed well, saved money, and died rich.—*That* is his son. He was made a lord, took a place at court, spent his estate, and died a beggar!" A very concise, but full account, and fraught with a valuable moral lesson. "He layeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them."

THE PRODIGAL REFORMED.

Admiral Williams, when a young man, was gay, and so addicted to ex-

pensive pleasures, that no remonstrances could reclaim him. When his father died, he met the rest of the family to hear the will read. His name did not occur among the other children, and he supposed the omission was a mark of his father's resentment against him. At the close of it, however, he found that he was mentioned, as residuary legatee, in these words, "All the rest of my estate and effects I leave to my son Peere Williams, knowing that he will spend it all."

On hearing this he burst into tears. "My father," said he, "has touched the right string, and his reproach shall not be thrown away." His conduct from that time was altered, and he became an honour to the Christian profession.

LICENTIOUSNESS.

THE HAPPY RAKE.

Colonel Gardiner, says Dr. Doddridge, was habitually so immersed in intrigues, that if not the whole business, at least the whole happiness of his life consisted in them; and he had too much leisure for one who was so prone to abuse it. 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 an excellent education, would break in upon his most licentious hours; and I particu-

larly remember he told me, that when some of his dissolute companions were once congratulating him on his distinguished felicity, a dog happening at that time to come into the room, he could not forbear groaning inwardly, and saying to himself, "Oh, that I were that dog!" Such was then his happiness, and such perhaps, is that of hundreds more, who bear themselves highest in the contempt of religion, and glory in that infamous servitude which they affect to call liberty.

HIGHWAY TO SUICIDE.

The Rev. John Owen, the eloquent advocate of the Bible Society, after adverting, in a sermon to the young, to the peaceful death of a little girl, mentions the awful end of a youth who had

been seduced from the paths of virtue by wicked associates.

Scarcely, says he, had the turf been spread over the mortal remains of this young disciple, when the ground was opened to receive another of our youth, who, awful to relate, had raised his arm, and that with too fatal success, against the precious, the invaluable deposit of his own life. This deluded youth had received the benefit of a Christian education in one of our schools of gratuitous instruction; and, like the happy subject who preceded him into eternity, had been carefully lectured in the house of God on matters which concerned his salvation. But a removal from school to employment was to him, as it unhappily is to too many of our youth, the signal for renouncing his attendance upon the ordinances of religion. The consequence was such as

might naturally be apprehended. He fell into the snare of evil company, and became licentious, profligate, and abandoned. Discased, disgraced, despondent, without any cordial from religious hope, any support in Christian resignation, he yielded to the temptation of the destroyer, and completed the measure of his sin, his misery, and his dishonour, by an act of deliberate suicide.

Behold then, this victim to his youthful lusts, mangled, cruelly mangled by his own violence; and weltering, with awful publicity, in the stream of blood which his suicidal hands have spilt! Behold—not that you may gratify an unfeeling curiosity, nor yet be convulsed with horror and disgust—but that you may learn this solemn truth which every part of this catastrophe proclaims, “The wages of sin is death!”

BROTHERLY LOVE.

A CALVINIST'S LIBERALITY.

“Though a man,” says the Rev. John Newton, “does not accord with my views of Election, yet if he give me good evidence that he is effectually called of God, he is my brother. Though he seems afraid of the doctrine of final perseverance, yet if grace enable him to persevere, he is my brother still. If he will love Jesus, I will love him whatever hard names he may be called by, and whatever incidental mistakes I may think he holds. This differing from me will not always prove him to be wrong, except I am infallible myself.”

PLAGUE AT ALEXANDRIA.

A striking instance of the brotherly love of the early Christians, transpired in the great plague that raged in Alexandria, during the reign of Gallienus. At the first appearance of the symptoms, the heathen drove the infected man from their sight; they tore themselves from their dearest connections; they threw their friends half dead into the streets, and left their dead unburied. But, in contrast with this cruel selfish-

ness, “the Christians, in the abundance of their brotherly love,” as their bishop Dionysius says, “did not spare themselves, but mutually attending to each other, they would visit the sick without fear, and ministering to each other for the sake of Christ, cheerfully gave up their lives with them. Many died after their care had restored others to health. Many, who took the bodies of their Christian brethren into their hands and bosoms, and closed their eyes, and buried them with every mark of attention, soon followed them in death.”

CYPRIAN AND THE CAPTIVES.

The early Christians were remarkable for their brotherly love. When a multitude of Christian men and women in Numidia, had been taken prisoners by a horde of neighbouring barbarians, and when the churches to which they belonged were unable to raise the sum demanded for their ransom, they sent deputies to the church that was planted in the metropolis of North Africa. No sooner had Cyprian, who was at the head of it, heard a statement of the

distressing case, than he commenced a subscription in behalf of the unfortunate slaves, and never relaxed his indefatigable efforts, till he had collected a sum upwards of £800. This he forwarded to the Numidian Christians, with a letter full of christian sympathy and tenderness.

"In cases like these," he says in his letter, "who would not feel sorrow, and who would not look upon a brother's sufferings as his own? As the apostle says, when one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. Therefore we must consider the captivity of our brethren as our own captivity. We

must see Christ in our captive brethren, and redeem him from captivity who redeemed us from death."

WHITFIELD'S OPINION OF WESLEY.

A minister, very liberal in his reflections on Mr. Wesley and his followers, being once in company with Mr. Whitfield, expressed his doubt to him concerning Mr. Wesley's salvation, and said, "Sir; do you think when *we* get to heaven, we shall see Mr. Wesley?" "No, sir," replied Mr. Whitfield, "I fear not, for he will be so near the throne, and we shall be at such a distance, we shall hardly get sight of him."

LOVE TO CHRIST.

THE HAPPY HINDOO.

The Rev. Enstace Carey, from India, relates a pleasing anecdote of a native Christian whom he was called to visit. Inquiring as to the state of her mind, she replied, "Happy! happy! I have Christ *here*," laying her hand on the Bengalee Bible; "and Christ *here*," pressing it to her heart; "and Christ *here*," pointing towards heaven. Happy Christian! to whatever part of the universe she might be removed, the Lord of the universe was with her, and she was secure of his favour. "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon the earth that I desire besides thee. My heart and my flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.

"SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER IN HEAVEN?"

An old minister, while one day pursuing his studies, his wife being in the room, was suddenly interrupted by her asking him a question, which has not always been so satisfactorily answered. "Do you think we shall know each other in heaven?" Without hesitation, he replied, "To be sure we shall; do you think we shall be greater fools there than we are here?" After a momentary pause, he again proceeded; "But I may be a thousand years by your side

in heaven without having seen you; for the first thing which will attract my notice when I arrive there will be my dear Saviour; and I cannot tell when I shall be for a moment induced to look at any other object."

THE MORAVIAN PILOT.

In the year 1811, the Moravian missionaries in Labrador determined on the introduction of the gospel in the northern parts of that land. They embarked in company with a christian pilot whom they had obtained, named Jonathian. The sacrifices which this man made to accompany them were very great. At Hopedale, he was considered the principal person or chief of his nation; but being made a partaker of the same spirit by which the missionary brethren were actuated, he was willing to sojourn among strangers, where he would have no pre-eminence, and to expose himself to unknown hardships and dangers, sustained only by the hope that the projected voyage might open the way for the introduction of the gospel among a portion of his countrymen still sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. When any of his countrymen represented to him the danger of the expedition, he used to say, "Well, we will try, and shall know better when we get there:" and

once he said, "When I hear people talk about the danger of being killed, I think Jesus went to death out of love to us; what greater matter would it be, if we were to be put to death in his service, should that be his good pleasure?" So effectually had he been taught that Christ died for all, that we who live should not henceforth live unto ourselves, but unto him who died for us, and rose again. Nor was this a mere empty boast; this generous principle of devotedness to Jesus evidently actuated our Esquimaux captain during the severe trials of a most perilous voyage; his cheerful, firm, and faithful conduct, under all circumstances, being quite consistent with his christian profession.

LOVING CHRIST BETTER THAN RELATIVES.

A martyr was asked, whether he did not love his wife and children, who stood weeping by him? "Love them!" said he, "yes, if all the world were gold, and at my disposal, I would give it all for the satisfaction of living with them, though it were in prison; yet, in comparison with Christ, I love them not."

NONE BUT CHRIST.

John Lambert suffered in the year 1538. No man was used at the stake with more cruelty than this holy martyr. They burned him with a slow fire by inches. But God was with him in the midst of the flame, and supported him in all the anguish of nature. Just before he expired, he lifted up such hands as he had, all flaming with fire, and cried out to the people with his dying voice, with these glorious words, "*None but Christ! None but Christ!*" He was at last bent down into the fire and expired.

PREFERRING CHRIST TO ORNAMENTS.

In a letter from the Rev. A. Judson, a Christian missionary in Burmah, addressed to American females, is the following anecdote:—

A Karen woman offered herself for baptism. After the usual examination I inquired whether she could give up her ornaments for Christ. It was an unexpected blow. I explained the spirit of the gospel, and appealed to her own consciousness of vanity. I then read to her the apostle's prohibition, I Tim. ii. 9. She looked again and again at her handsome necklace, and then, with an air of modest decision, that would adorn, beyond all ornaments, any of my sisters whom I have the honour of addressing, she took it off, saying, "I love Christ more than this."

NAMACQUA GIRL'S LOVE.

I have observed a little Namacqua girl in my house, says Mr. Schmelen, a Christian missionary, about eight years of age, with a book in her hand, very accurately instructing another girl about fourteen. When I asked her if she loved the Lord Jesus, she answered, "Yes, I do; and I desire to love him more." I inquired why she loved him, since she had never seen him; she answered, "He loved me first, and died for me on the cross, that I might live." When I asked her if the Lord Jesus would love the little children, she could not answer me for weeping, and at length fainted away. I had frequently observed this child under deep impressions at our meetings. She is descended from a wild Bushman, and was stolen from her people and country, but has no desire now to return.

"EFFECTUAL CALLING."

The Rev. Thomas Doolittle used to catechise the members, and especially the young people of his congregation, every Lord's day. One Sabbath evening, after having received an answer in the words of the Assembly's Catechism, to the question, "What is effectual calling?" and having explained it, he proposed that the question should be answered by changing the words *us* and *our*, into *me* and *my*. Upon this proposal, a solemn silence followed; many felt its vast importance; but none had

courage to answer. At length a young man rose up, and with every mark of a broken and contrite heart, by divine grace, was enabled to say, "Effectual calling is the work of God's Spirit, whereby convincing *me* of *my* sin and misery, enlightening *my* mind in the knowledge of Christ, and renewing *my* will, he *did* persuade and enable *me* to embrace Jesus Christ, freely offered *me* in the gospel." The scene was truly affecting. The proposal of that ques-

tion had commanded unusual solemnity. The rising up of the young man had created high expectations, and the answer being accompanied with proofs of unfeigned piety and modesty, the congregation was bathed in tears. This young man had been convicted by being catechised, and to his honour, Mr. D. says, "From being an ignorant and wicked youth, he had become an intelligent professor to God's glory, and my much comfort."

LOVE TO SOULS.

THE COLPORTEUR'S SUFFERINGS.

The following is language held by a Colporteur of the American Tract Society, in Florida:—

"A colporteur must count the cost, admonished by Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. Bodily strength and vigour of health are pre-requisites. He must be willing to abide with the poorest and most ignorant of our fellow-men, and be content with the humblest fare; cheerfully endure cold and heat, hunger and thirst, labour and fatigue, if souls may be benefited and the kingdom of our Redeemer promoted. Above all, he needs an entire reliance on the Divine aid and guidance, and must have his own heart subdued by the Spirit of God.

"Though I have sunk in the bogs, and have extricated myself only by excessive labour; have broken down in the midst of a difficult stream, in the sickly and hot season, and waded out with my boxes of books; have been lost two days in the woods without food for myself or horse; have lain in the wild forest far from any habitation while the storm was raging about me, or only the howling of wolves and of other wild beasts was heard; yet these trials of hunger, thirst, and exposure, are of little account, if I can but win souls to Christ."

MISSIONARY AMONG LEPERS.

In the south of Africa there was once a large lazaret for lepers. It was

an immense space, enclosed by a very high wall, and containing fields, which the lepers cultivate. There was only one entrance, which was strictly guarded. Whenever any one was found with the marks of leprosy upon him, he was brought to this gate and obliged to enter in never to return. No one who entered in by that awful gate was ever allowed to come out again. Within this abode of misery, there were multitudes of lepers in all stages of the disease. Dr. Halbeck, a missionary of the Church of England, from the top of a neighbouring hill, saw them at work. He noticed two particularly, sowing peas in the field. The one had no hands, the other had no feet,—these members being wasted away by disease. The one who wanted the hands was carrying the other who wanted the feet upon his back, and he again carried in his hands the bag of seed, and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground, with his foot—and so they managed the work of one man between the two.—Two Moravian missionaries, impelled by an ardent love for souls, chose the lazaret as their field of labour. They entered it never to come out again; and it was said that as soon as these should die, other Moravians were quite ready to fill their place. "Ah! my dear friends," adds the late Rev. Robert M'Cheyne, "may we not blush, and be ashamed before God, that we, redeemed with the same blood, and taught by

the same Spirit, should yet be so unlike these men in vehement, heart-consuming love to Jesus and the souls of men?"

EXPERIENCE OF EDWARDS.

In the life of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, which is prefixed to his "History of Redemption," we find the following paragraphs selected from the narrative of his own religious experience. "I had then abundance of sweet religious conversation in the family where I lived, with Mr. J. Smith, and his pious mother. My heart was knit in affection to those, in whom were appearances of true piety; and I could bear the thoughts of no other companions, but such as were holy, and the disciples of the blessed Jesus. I had great longing for the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world, my secret prayer used to be in great part taken up in praying for it. If I heard the least hint of any thing that happened in any part of the world, that appeared to me in some respect or other, to have a favourable aspect on the interest of Christ's kingdom, my soul eagerly caught at it, and it would much animate and refresh me. I used to be earnest to read public news letters, mainly for that end, to see if I could not find some news favourable to the interest of religion in the world."

A PERSECUTOR SAVED.

The Rev. J. Underhill, a worthy and zealous minister of Christ, in Staffordshire, met with much persecution in his work. At one time appointed for public worship, an infuriated mob of more than 500, mostly colliers, collected, some armed with clubs, staves, and stones; others had horns and noisy instruments, determined, as they declared, to drive out the methodists, or to destroy them. While the people, and some ministers, were pursued by the rabble, a gentleman called out fiercely to the riotors, pointing to Mr. Underhill, "There is one of the methodist dogs; take notice of him; do your work well, and I will give you a barrel of ale at

the end of it." Two of the ministers narrowly escaped with their lives. Mr. Underhill and a brother minister were dragged to a public house; the latter received such a violent blow with poker from the landlord, that he never entirely recovered from its effects. But, mercifully for the landlord, that was to be his last sin in opposing the gospel. Some time afterwards, these very ministers met the landlord at a house where they supped together; and talking over former scenes of tribulation through which they had together passed, the minister said, "No part appeared so heinous as the conduct of the man who struck me when in quiet custody." He was desired to look on the company, and try to recognize the person. Time had effaced any recollection of his features. Mr. Underhill then said, "Behold he dippeth with thee in the dish." Here an interesting scene took place. They wept on each other's necks, the landlord bewailing his crime, and entreating forgiveness; and the minister assuring him, that even the loss of life would have been richly repaid by the salvation of one soul.

JOY OVER REPENTING SINNERS.

A pious Armenian, calling on Mr. Hamlin, the missionary at Constantinople, remarked that he was astonished to see how the people are waking up to the truth; how, even among the most uncultivated, some are seeking after it as for hid treasure.—"Yes," said he, "it is going forward; it will triumph; but alas! I shall not live to see it. Alas! that I am born an age too soon." "But," said Mr. Hamlin, "do you remember what our Saviour said, 'There shall be joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth?' You may not live to see the truth triumphant in this empire; but should you, through divine grace, reach the kingdom of heaven and be with the angels, your joy over your whole nation repentant and redeemed, will be infinitely greater than it could be on earth." He seemed surprised at

this thought; but, after examining the various passages to which I referred him, he yielded to the evidence with the most lively expressions of delight, and seemed to be perfectly enraptured at the thought that our interest in the church of Christ and the progress of his kingdom on earth is something which

death cannot touch, and which, instead of ceasing with this life, will only be increased and perfected in another. "Oh, fool, and slow of heart," said he, "to read the gospel so many times, without perceiving such a glorious truth. If this be so, no matter in what age a Christian is born, nor when he dies."

LUXURY.

DINNER WITH BISHOP BUTLER.

The Rev. John Newton relates, that a friend of his once dined with Dr. Butler, then bishop of Durham; and though the guest was a man of fortune, and the interview by appointment, the provision was no more than a joint of meat and a pudding. The bishop apologized for his plain fare, by saying that it was his manner of living, and that being disgusted with the fashionable expense of time and money in entertainments, he was determined it should receive no countenance from his example. Nor was this conduct the result of covetousness; for, large as were his revenues, such was his liberality to the poor, that he left at his death little more than enough to discharge his debts and pay for his funeral.

CRÆSUS' ADVICE TO CYRUS.

When Cyrus received intelligence

that the Lydians had revolted from him, he told Cræsus, with a good deal of emotion, that he had almost determined to make them all slaves. Cræsus begged him to pardon them. "But," said he, "that they may no more rebel or be troublesome to you, command them to lay aside their arms, to wear long vests and buskins, that is, to vie with each other in the elegance and richness of their dress. Order them to drink, and sing, and play, and you will soon see their spirits broken, and themselves changed to the effeminacy of women, so that they will no more rebel, nor give you further uneasiness." The advice was followed, and the result proved how politic it was. While the advice is such as no good man could consistently follow, the incident shows the deteriorating influence of luxury in a very striking light.

LYING.

LYING TO CHILDREN.

The Rev. Robert Hall had so great an aversion to every species of falsehood and evasion, that he sometimes expressed himself very strongly on the subject. The following is an instance, stated in his life by Dr. Gregory:—Once, while he was spending an evening at the house of a friend, a lady, who was there on a visit, retired, that her little girl of four years old might go to bed. She returned in about half an hour, and said to a lady near her, "She is gone to sleep; I put on my night-cap, and lay down by her, and she soon dropped off." Mr. Hall who overheard this, said;

"Excuse me, madam: do you wish your child to grow up a liar?" "Oh, dear, no, sir; I should be shocked at such a thing." "Then bear with me while I say, you must never act a lie before her: children are very quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not, is a lie, whether acted or spoken." This was uttered with a kindness which precluded offence, yet with a seriousness that could not be forgotten.

SUFFERING DEATH WHILE FEIGNING IT.

One day, as Archbishop Leighton was going from Glasgow to Dumblane,

there happened a tremendous storm of lightning and thunder. He was observed, when at a considerable distance, by two men of bad character. They had not courage to rob him; but wishing to fall on some method to extort money from him, one said, "I will lie down by the way-side as if I were dead, and you shall inform the archbishop that I was killed by the lightning, and beg money of him to bury me." When the archbishop arrived at the spot, the wicked wretch told the fabricated story: the archbishop sympathized with the survivor, gave him money, and proceeded on his journey. But when the man returned to his companion, he found him really lifeless! Immediately he began to exclaim aloud, "Oh! sir, he is dead! Oh! sir, he is dead!" On this, the archbishop, discovering the fraud, left the man with this important reflection: "It is a dangerous thing to trifle with the judgments of God!"

NOT AT HOME.

Bishop Atterbury was once addressed by some of his right reverend coadjutors to the following effect: "My lord, why will you not suffer your servants to deny you, when you do not care to see company? It is not a lie for them to say you are not at home, for it deceives no one; every body knowing it means only, that your lordship is busy." He replied, "My lords, if it is (which I doubt) consistent with sincerity, yet I am sure it is not consistent with that sincerity which becomes a christian bishop." What a curious argument it is, that because a falsehood should be known to be such by those who hear it, they are bound to receive it as a truth, or to believe there is no guilt in uttering it!

TWO APPEALS.

When Denades the orator addressed himself to the Athenians, "I call all the gods and goddesses to witness," said he, "the truth of what I shall say;" the Athenians, often abused by

his impudent lies, presently interrupted him by exclaiming, "And we call all the gods and goddesses to witness that we will not believe you."

DISSEMBLER'S INVITATION.

When Dr. Moore was in Paris, in the course of his travels, he one day found a lady of quality, whom he had been in the habit of visiting, manifesting much ill humour, and evidently betraying great agitation of mind. Dr. Moore, who had never before beheld her in such a state of confusion, suspected that some serious calamity had taken place; and, with much sympathetic feeling, inquired into the occasion of her perturbation. The lady, who felt the cause of her vexation in all its magnitude, instantly returned the following reply: "Why, my dear sir, I yesterday sent Comtesse de —— the politest message in the world, begging to have the honour of her company this day at dinner; and behold, the horrid woman, with a rudeness or ignorance of life without example, sends me word that she accepts my invitation!"

NEED OF WATCHING.

Dr. Johnson, giving advice to an intimate friend, said:—"Above all, accustom your children constantly to tell the truth, without varying in any circumstance." A lady present, emphatically exclaimed, "Nay, this is too much; for a little variation in narrative must happen a thousand times a day, if one is not perpetually watching." "Well, madam," replied the doctor, "and you ought to be perpetually watching. It is more from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world."

LYING, BLASPHEMING, AND DYING.

A poor woman in the workhouse at Millborne Port, being once charged with having stolen some trivial article, which was missing, wished God might strike her dumb, blind, and dead, if she knew any thing of it. About six

o'clock she ate her supper as well as usual—soon after, her speech faltered, her eyes closed, and before seven she was a breathless corpse, without any apparent cause.

MARRIAGE.

PHILIP HENRY'S ADVICE.

The Rev. Philip Henry used to give two pieces of advice to his children and others, in reference to marriage. One was, "Keep within the bounds of profession." The other was, "Look at suitableness in age, quality, education, temper," &c. He used to observe, from Gen. ii. 18, "I will make him an help meet for him;" that where there is not meetness, there will not be much help. He commonly said to his children, with reference to their choice in marriage, "Please God, and please yourselves, and you shall never displease me;" and greatly blamed those parents who concluded matches for their children without their consent. He sometimes mentioned the saying of a pious gentlewoman, who had many daughters: "The care of most people is how to get good husbands for their daughters; but my care is to fit my daughters to be good wives, and then let God provide for them."

MARRYING UNBELIEVERS.

The Rev. S. Kilpin, of Exeter, had witnessed the awful consequences produced in the church of Christ, and in families, from those who professed to be the disciples of Jesus, forming marriages contrary to the command,—“Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers,” “only in the Lord,” &c. As he never shunned to declare the whole counsel of God, this subject was presented to his congregation. The next day, a gentleman, whose name or residence he never knew, called to thank him for the discourse, adding, that his state of mind when he entered Exeter was most distressing, as he was on the very point of complying with a dreadful temptation, which would have embittered his future life. He had been a disciple of Christ, was anxious to consecrate his life to the

service of his adorable Master, and had sought a helpmate to strengthen his hands in serving God. A lady, whom he deemed pious, had accepted his addresses; but when every customary arrangement was made, she had dishonourably discarded him. His mind was so exceedingly wounded and disgusted, that he had determined to choose a wife who made no profession of religion, and had fixed on another object for his addresses, with every prospect of success, although he had not as yet mentioned his intention to her. He added, “But the providence of God led me, an entire stranger in this city, to your meeting house. You may suppose, that your subject arrested my attention. You appeared to be acquainted with every feeling of my soul. I saw my danger, and perceived the temptation, and the certain ruin of my peace, if the dreadful snare had not been broken. You, sir, under God, have been my deliverer. By the next Sabbath I should have been bound in honour to an enemy of that Jesus whom I adore; for although she is moral and externally correct, yet she knows the Saviour only in name. I could not leave the city in peace until I had sought to make this communication.” They unitedly addressed him who can deliver, and does deliver his people. Thus, while part of his congregation thought it an unfit subject for the pulpit, at least one person received it as a message from God, by whom it was no doubt sent.

CAN I BE HAPPY?

At Southampton the labours of the venerable William Kingsbury had been eminently owned and blessed by God, in the conversion of sinners, and the building up of the church. One Sabbath, after the morning service, a

respectable looking elderly woman had come into the vestry, and requested to speak to Mr. Kingsbury. Being introduced, she said, she felt it her duty to take the first opportunity of meeting with him, to state that his ministry had been greatly blessed to her soul, and she hoped to praise God for it to all eternity. Mr. K. observed, that she was quite a stranger to him, he did not recollect having ever seen her before; and asked her where she resided, and how long she had attended his ministry. She replied, that she was a total stranger: having only heard him preach once before, and that more than forty years since, when she resided at Poole, in Dorsetshire. She was at that time young, gay, and thoughtless; and on the point of forming a matrimonial connexion with a young man of similar character. According to their usual custom, they set out for a Sunday stroll; and having heard that a stranger was preaching, dropped in out of mere curiosity. The preacher was Mr. Kingsbury; it pleased Almighty God to carry home the word with power to her heart. She returned home, no longer the giddy thoughtless lover of pleasure, but deeply concerned to know what she should do to be saved. Her concern could not escape the notice of her companion, who endeavoured to turn the matter into ridicule; but the "King's arrow was sharp in her heart," she could not forget the wound it had inflicted, nor could she find ease until relieved by the application of the "blood of sprinkling." The whole bias of her mind and pursuits now assumed a different direction; the pleasures of the world had no more charms for her; she could no longer idle away the precious hours of the Sabbath; she desired to hold communion with God in his house and ordinances. Under these circumstances, it very naturally occurred to her, "How can I make happy, or be happy with a partner in life, whose views and feelings are the very opposite to my own?" She pursued the inquiry with fervent

prayer for divine direction, and came to the conclusion candidly to state to her lover the change of which she had become the subject; and, though she felt herself bound in honour to fulfil her engagements to him, to appeal to him whether the difference were not likely to be a source of more lasting unhappiness between them, than an honourable dissolution of present engagements by mutual consent. The young man admitted the force of her reasonings; he said he was certain he should never imbibe her religious views, and he feared he should be little inclined to tolerate them; they therefore agreed on a friendly separation. Feeling uncomfortable at residing in the same town with her late companion, and where their intimacy was generally known, she gladly embraced an opportunity of engaging herself to reside with a pious family in the north of England. There she became acquainted with, and was in due time married to one who feared God; with whom she had ever since lived in domestic happiness, and had brought up a family of eight children, every one of whom she had the happiness of seeing walking in the ways of God, and two, or more, filling stations of distinguished usefulness in the christian church. One of the sons had just returned from abroad in ill health, and was at an hospital near Portsmouth. This had occasioned the mother's journey, to conduct him home; and, being in the neighbourhood, she gladly embraced the opportunity of hearing and introducing herself to the minister to whom she felt indebted, under God, in everlasting obligations. Her son, she feared, was in a very precarious state of health; "But," said she, "I have good evidence that he is safe for time and for eternity. Oh, how different are my circumstances and prospects from what they would have been, if I had continued unconcerned about my own soul, or even had married an ungodly man, and become the mother of an ungodly, or at best a divided family!"

A WISE DECISION.

Eliza Ambert, a young Parisian lady, resolutely discarded a gentleman to whom she was to have been married, because he ridiculed religion. Having given him a gentle reproof, he replied, "that a man of the world could not be so old fashioned as to regard God and religion." Eliza started, but, on recovering herself, said, "From this moment, sir, when I discover that you do not regard religion, I cease to be yours. He who does not love and

honour God, can never love his wife constantly and sincerely."

ADVICE OF THEMISTOCLES.

An Athenian who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth with a small fortune, or to a rich man who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocles on the subject. "I would bestow my daughter," said Themistocles, "upon a man without money, rather than upon money without a man."

MEEKNESS.

DEERING ENDURING INSULT.

Mr. Deering, one of the puritan ministers in the sixteenth century, being at a public dinner, a young man, who sat on the opposite side of the table, indulged in profane swearing, for which Mr. D. sharply reproved him. The young man, taking this as an affront, immediately threw a glass of beer in his face. Mr. Deering took no notice of the insult, but wiped his face, and continued his dinner. The young gentleman presently renewed his profane conversation, and Mr. D. reproved him as before; upon which, but with increased violence, he threw another glass of beer in his face. Mr. Deering continued unmoved, still showing his zeal for the glory of God, by bearing the insult with christian meekness. This so astonished the young gentleman, that he rose from the table, fell on his knees, and asking Mr. Deering's pardon, declared that if any of the company had offered him similar insults, he would have stabbed them with his sword. Here was practically verified the New Testament maxim, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

PERSECUTING HUSBAND SUBDUED.

A woman who had derived spiritual benefit from the discourses of Mr. Robinson, of Leicester, was oftentimes threatened by her wicked husband for going to St. Mary's church, in which Mr. R. officiated. His feelings were at

length wrought up to such a pitch that he declared, with an awful oath, that if ever she went to St. Mary's again, he would cut off her legs. Having sought direction in prayer, she was strengthened to go to the place where oft she had been made joyful in the Lord. On her return from church, she found her husband waiting her arrival, and as soon as she had shut the door, he said in an angry tone, "Where have you been?" She replied, "At St. Mary's." He instantly struck her a violent blow on the face, and she fell to the ground; but rising from the floor, she turned the other side of her face, and in a mild and affectionate manner said, "My dear, if you serve this side the same, I hope I shall bear it with patience." Struck with this meek answer, for she had been a very passionate woman, he said, "Where did you learn that?" She replied, in a gentle manner, "At St. Mary's church, my dear." "Well," said he, "if that is what you learn at St. Mary's, you may go as oft as you like, I will never hinder you again." This good woman enjoyed her privileges undisturbed, and also had the pleasure, a short time afterwards, of having her husband to accompany her.

MEEKNESS OF DODD.

It is said of Mr. Dodd, one of the puritan divines, that a person being enraged at his close and awakening doctrine, raised a quarrel with him,

smote him in the face, and dashed out two of his teeth. This meek and lowly servant of Christ, without taking the least offence, held the teeth out in his hand, and said, "See here, you have knocked out two of my teeth without any just provocation; but if I could do your soul good, I would give you leave to dash out all the rest." Thus he was not overcome of evil, but overcame evil with good.

MEEKNESS OF MATTHEW HENRY.

It is well known that many of the most eminent ministers of Christ, during the seventeenth century, were the subjects of great persecution. Among others who were thus cruelly treated was the excellent Matthew Henry; but when maligned and reproached, he showed great meekness and patience; and, instead of rendering evil for evil, requited it with good; ever seeking to improve such occurrences for his own advancement in christian virtue. "How pleasant is it," he would say, "to have the bird in the bosom sing sweetly."

MEEKNESS OF LEIGHTON.

Of Bishop Leighton, Bishop Burnet declared that, during a strict intimacy of many years, he never saw him for one moment in any other temper than that in which he would wish to live and die.

THE MISSIONARIES AND THE HINDOO.

A baboo, (that is, a wealthy Hindoo,) at Chinsurah, sent a message to the missionaries residing there, intimating that a very learned brahmin was in his house, and that he and his friends very

much wished to hear this brahmin and the missionaries engage in an amicable dispute respecting the merits of Hindooism and Christianity. Two of the missionaries went. The brahmin opened the debate, charged the missionaries with bad motives, and misrepresented their doctrines in an ill-tempered manner.

The missionaries stated in reply, that Christianity was a religion of love; that God so loved the world as to send his only begotten Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, into it; that the Son of God so loved the fallen race of man, as to give his life a sacrifice for their sins; and that missionaries were impelled to leave their beloved relatives and friends, and the comforts of their native home, from the same principle. They then explained the leading truths of Christianity, the substance of which was, that all men everywhere ought to worship that God who made them, and to worship him alone.

The brahmin's countenance underwent a change as the missionaries were speaking, and in his rejoinder he said, "I am a brahmin, and cannot, therefore, be expected to say, that I deem Christianity to be superior to Hindooism, but, in candour, I must say, that the temper of these Christians is superior to that of us Hindoos. Gentlemen," the brahmin said, turning to the missionaries, "your temper is *boro prarthoneco*;" that is, greatly to be prayed for. "We took our leave," say the missionaries, "convinced that the cause of Christianity had that day risen in the opinion of some influential inhabitants of Chinsurah."

MEMORY AND PIETY.

NEWTON'S MEMORY OF SCRIPTURE.

Mr. Newton, telling in company one day, how much his memory was decayed, "There," said he, "last Wednesday, after dinner, I asked Mrs. C— what I had been about that forenoon, for I could not recollect. Why, said she, you have been preaching at St. Mary's.

Yet it is wonderful, when I am in the pulpit, I can recollect any passage of Scripture I want to introduce into my sermon, from Genesis to Revelation."

TWO THINGS REMEMBERED.

Rev. Mr. Newton, when his memory was nearly gone, used to say, that for-

get what he might, he never forgot two things,—1st, That he was a great sinner,—2d, That Jesus Christ was a great Saviour. Two most important subjects of recollection.

MERIT OF GOOD WORKS.

THE NOBLEMAN'S MISTAKE.

The late Rev. C. J. Latrobe visited a certain nobleman in Ireland, who devoted considerable sums to charitable purposes: and, among other benevolent acts, had erected an elegant church at his own expense. The nobleman, with great pleasure, showed Mr. L. his estate, pointed him to the church, and said, "Now, sir, do you not think that will merit heaven?" Mr. Latrobe paused for a moment, and said, "Pray, my lord, what may your estate be worth a-year?" "I imagine," said the nobleman, "about thirteen or fourteen thousand pounds." "And do you think, my lord," answered the minister, "that God would sell heaven, even for thirteen or fourteen thousand pounds?"

IMPIOUS EPITAPH.

The following epitaph is inscribed upon a monument in one of the Roman Catholic chapels, in the city of Cork:—"J. H. S. Sacred to the memory of the benevolent Edward Molloy, the friend of humanity, the father of the poor; he employed the wealth of this world, only to procure the riches of the next; and leaving a balance of merit on the book of life, he made heaven debtor to mercy. He died 17th October, 1818, aged ninety. R. J. P." How daring the impiety of making the Creator debtor to his creature!

ELLIOT AND HIS LABOURS.

When Mr. John Elliot, from advanced age and infirmities, was laid aside from his former employments, he sometimes said, with an air peculiar to himself, "I wonder for what the Lord Jesus lets me live. He knows that now I can do nothing for him." Speaking of his labours among the American Indians, he expressed himself thus:—"There is

a cloud, a dark cloud, on the work of the gospel among the poor Indians. The Lord revive and prosper that work, and grant that it may live, when I am dead. It is a work which I have been doing much about. But what have I said? I recall that word. My doings! Alas! they have been poor, and small, and I will be the man that shall throw the first stone at them." He died in 1690, aged eighty-six.

HERVEY AND THE PLOUGHMAN.

In the parish where Mr. Hervey preached, when he inclined to loose sentiments, there resided a ploughman, who usually attended the ministry of Dr. Doddridge, and was well informed in the doctrines of grace. Mr. Hervey being advised by his physician, for the benefit of his health, to follow the plough, in order to smell the fresh earth, frequently accompanied this ploughman in his rural employment. Mr. Hervey, understanding the ploughman was a serious person, said to him one morning, "What do you think is the hardest thing in religion?" To which he replied, "I am a poor illiterate man, and you, sir, are a minister: I beg leave to return the question." "Then," said Mr. Hervey, "I think the hardest thing is to deny sinful self;" and applauded at some length, this instance of self-denial. The ploughman replied, "Mr. Hervey, you have forgotten the greatest act of the grace of self-denial, which is to deny ourselves of a proud confidence in our own obedience for justification." In repeating this story to a friend, Mr. Hervey observed: "I then hated the righteousness of Christ: I looked at the man with astonishment and disdain, and thought him an old fool. I have since clearly seen who was the fool; not the wise old Christian, but the proud James Hervey."

BISHOP ASBURY'S TESTIMONY.

Bishop Asbury being asked his thoughts on imputed righteousness, observed, "Were I disposed to boast, my boasting would be found true. I obtained religion near the age of thirteen. At the age of sixteen I began to preach, and travelled some time in Europe. At twenty-six I left my native land, and bid adieu to my weeping parents, and crossed the boisterous ocean, to spend the balance of my days in a strange land, partly settled by savages. I have travelled through heat and cold for forty-five years. In thirty years I have crossed the Alleghany mountains fifty-eight times. I have often slept in the woods, without necessary food or raiment. In the southern states I have waded swamps, and led my horse for miles, where I took colds that brought on the diseases which are now preying on my system, and must soon terminate in death. But my mind is still the same, that it is through the merits of CHRIST I am to be saved."

WILKINSON'S DYING CONFESSION.

When the venerable Mr. Wilkinson had reached nearly the close of his life, he said to a relative who came to visit him, and who attempted to cheer him by referring to his christian character, "Ah, you cannot see my heart. It has always been my endeavour not only to abstain from evil, but from all appearance of evil—but I would be jealous of my own heart. The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it? Well, I must do as I have ten thousand times before under such feelings, cast myself entirely on the mercy of God. 'God be merciful to me a sinner'—the vilest of sinners! and, after all I have received, a most ungrateful sinner! *I shall never get beyond that prayer.*"

PRAYER AND GOOD WORKS.

"It has been often observed," says Dr. Owen, in his *Doctrine of Justification*, "that the schoolmen themselves,

in their meditations and devotional writings, speak a language quite different from that which they use in their disputes and controversies; and I had rather learn what men really think on this head from their prayers than from their writings. Nor do I remember that I ever heard any good man, in his prayers, use any expressions about justification, wherein any thing of self-righteousness was introduced. Nor have I observed that any public liturgies, (the Mass-Book excepted,) guide men in their prayers before God to plead any thing for their acceptance with him, or as the means or condition thereof, but grace, mercy, the righteousness and blood of Christ alone."

CHALMERS' CONFESSION.

Dr. Chalmers, who preached the liberal system twelve years, and after this the evangelical, says, "I cannot but record the effect of an actual though undesigned experiment which I prosecuted for upwards of twelve years among you. For the greater part of that time, I could expatiate on the meanness of dishonesty, on the villany of falsehood, on the despicable arts of calumny, in a word, upon all those deformities of character which awaken the natural indignation of the human heart against the pests and disturbers of human society. Even at this time I certainly did press the reformations of honour, and truth, and integrity, among my people; but I never once heard of any such reformations having been effected amongst them. If there was any thing at all brought about in this way, it was more than ever I got any account of. I am not sensible, that all the vehemence with which I urged the virtues and proprieties of social life, had the weight of a feather on the moral habits of my parishioners. And it was not until I got impressed by the utter alienation of the heart in all its desires and affections from God, it was not till reconciliation to Him became the distinct and prominent object of my ministerial efforts, it was not till I took

the scriptural way of laying the method of reconciliation before them, it was not till the free offer of forgiveness through the blood of Christ was urged upon their acceptance, and the Holy Ghost given through the channel of Christ's mediatorship to all who ask him, was set before them as the unceasing object of their dependence and their prayers; it was not, in one word, till the contemplations of my people were turned to these great and essential elements in the business of a soul providing for its interest with God, and the concerns of its eternity, that I ever heard of any of those subordinate reformations which I aforesaid made the earnest and zealous, but I am afraid, at the same time, the ultimate object of my earlier administrations."

REASON FOR PREACHING CHRIST.

The Rev. Mr. Venn, an evangelical and faithful minister of Christ, was one day addressed by a neighbouring clergyman in nearly the following words:—"Mr. Venn, I don't know how it is, but I should really think your doctrines of grace and faith were calculated to make all your hearers live in sin, and yet I must own that there is an astonishing reformation wrought in your parish; whereas I don't believe I ever made one soul the better, though I have been telling them their duty for many years." Mr. Venn was pleased at the clergyman's honest confession, and frankly told him he would do well to burn all his old sermons, and try what preaching Christ would do.

CHRISTIAN MINISTERS.

DR. DODDRIDGE'S CALL.

When Dr. Doddridge was a young man, and had an earnest desire to engage in the duties of the Christian ministry, he waited upon Dr. E. Calamy on the subject. The doctor advised him to turn his attention to some other pursuit. Young Doddridge felt grieved to receive such advice, but after a few weeks resolved to enter on the study of the law. His mind was yet agitated, and he resolved to devote a morning to special prayer before he formed his final decision. While thus engaged, the postman brought him a letter from Dr. Clarke, telling him he had heard of his difficulties, and was ready to receive him under his care, to prepare him for his future important duties. He very properly regarded this as an instance of the Divine goodness, and to this fact may be attributed, under God, his subsequent usefulness in the Christian church.

INDUSTRY OF LUTHER.

From 1517 to 1526, the first ten years of the Reformation, the number of Luther's publications was three hundred; from 1527 to 1536, the second decade,

the number was two hundred and thirty-two; and 1537 to 1546, the year of his death, the number was one hundred and eighty-three. His first book was published in November, 1517, and he died in February, 1546, an interval of twenty-nine years and four months. In this time he published seven hundred and fifteen, an average of more than twenty-five a-year, or one a-fortnight of his public life. He did not go through the manual labour of all this writing, it is true, for many of his published works were taken down from his lips by his friends; and it is also true, that several of the volumes were small enough in size to be denominated pamphlets; but many of them are also large and elaborate treatises. In the circumstances in which he wrote, his translation of the Bible alone, would have been a gigantic task, even if he had his lifetime to devote to it.

LABOURS OF CALVIN.

Dr. Hoyle, who wrote under the patronage of Archbishop Usher, mentioning Calvin, says, "What shall I speak of his indefatigable industry, almost beyond the power of nature;

which, paralleled with our loitering, will, I fear, exceed all credit! It may be the truest object of admiration, how one lean, worn, spent, and wearied body could hold out. He read every week of the year through, three divinity lectures; every other week, over and above, he preached every day: so that (as Erasmus said of Chrysostom) I know not whether more to admire his constancy, or theirs that heard him. Some have reckoned his yearly lectures to be *one hundred and eighty-six*, and his yearly sermons *two hundred and eighty-six*. Every Thursday he sat in the presbytery. Every Friday, when the ministers met to consult upon difficult texts, he made as good as a lecture. Besides all this, there was scarcely a day that exercised him not in answering, either by word of mouth or writing, the doubts and questions of different churches and pastors; so that he might say with Paul, 'The care of all the churches lieth upon me.' Scarcely a year passed wherein, over and above all these employments, some great volume, in folio, or other size, came not forth."

This celebrated man, even in his dying illness, would not refrain from his labours; but, when his friends endeavoured to persuade him to ease himself, he replied, "What! shall my Lord come and find me idle?"

DEATH IN VIEW.

Some years ago, the Rev. Dr. Henry Peckwell stepped into a dissecting room and touched one of the dead bodies, forgetting that he had just before accidentally cut his finger. He became diseased, and the doctors who were called in pronounced the accident fatal. At that time worship was held at the Tabernacle, Moorfields, on a Friday evening. Conscious of his approaching death, the good man ascended the pulpit, and preached in so powerful a strain as to make many of his audience weep. At the conclusion, he told the audience that it was his farewell sermon,—“not like the ordinary farewell sermons of

the world, but more impressive, from the circumstances, than any preached before. My hearers shall long bear it in mind, when this frail earth is mouldering in its kindred dust!" The congregation could not conjecture his meaning, but on the following Sabbath an unknown preacher ascended the pulpit, and informed them that their pious minister had breathed his last on the preceding evening.

WAITING THE LORD'S TIME.

When the Rev. George Whitfield was last in America, the Rev. W. Tennent paid him a visit, as he was passing through New Jersey; and one day dined with him, and other ministers, at a gentleman's house. After dinner, Mr. W. adverted to the difficulties attending the gospel ministry; lamented that all their zeal availed but little; said, that he was weary with the burden of the day; and declared the great consolation, that in a short time his work would be done, when he should depart and be with Christ. He then appealed to the ministers if it was not their great comfort that they should soon go to rest. They generally assented, except Mr. T. who sat next to Mr. W. in silence, and by his countenance discovered but little pleasure in the conversation. On which Mr. W. tapping him on the knee said, "Well, brother Tennent, you are the oldest man among us; do you not rejoice to think that your time is so near at hand, when you will be called home?" Mr. T. bluntly answered, "I have no wish about it." Mr. W. pressed him again. Mr. T. again and again answered, "No, sir, it is no pleasure to me at all; and if you knew your duty, it would be none to you. I have nothing to do with death; my business is to live as long as I can, as well as I can, and to serve my Master as faithfully as I can, until he shall think proper to call me home." Mr. W. still urged for an explicit answer to his question, in case the time of death were left to his own choice. Mr. T. replied, "I have no choice about it; I

am God's servant, and have engaged to do his business as long as he pleases to continue me therein. But now, brother, let me ask you a question. What do you think I should say, if I were to send my man into the field to plough; and if at noon I should go to the field, and find him lounging under a tree, and complaining, 'Master, the sun is very hot, and the ploughing hard; I am weary of the work you have appointed me, and am over-done with the heat and burden of the day. Do, Master, let me return home, and be discharged from this hard service.' What should I say? Why, that he was a lazy fellow, and that it was his business to do the work that I had appointed him, until I should think fit to call him home."

MR. WILKS AND HIS MASTER'S BUSINESS.

An aged American minister states, that in the early part of his ministry, being in London, he called on the late Rev. Matthew Wilks. Mr. W. received him with courtesy, and entered into conversation, which was kept up briskly till the most important religious intelligence in possession of each had been imparted. Suddenly there was a pause—it was broken by Mr. W. "Have you any thing more to communicate?" "No, nothing of special interest." "Any further inquiries to make?" "None." "Then you must leave me; I have my Master's business to attend to—good morning." "Here," says the minister, "I received a lesson on the impropriety of intrusion, and on the most manly method of preventing it."

BUNYAN'S ZEAL.

Bunyan, with irresistible zeal, preached throughout the country, especially in Bedfordshire and its neighbourhood; until, on the restoration of Charles II., he was thrown into prison, where he remained twelve years. During his confinement he preached to all to whom he could gain access; and when liberty was offered to him, on condition

of promising to abstain from preaching, he constantly replied, "If you let me out to-day, I shall preach again to-morrow."

BAXTER'S LABOURS.

The eminently pious Richard Baxter, after he had spent many years in the advancement of the glory of God, by laborious and constant preaching, unceasing pastoral labours, and numerous publications from the press, was yet unwilling to give himself ease, even amidst the infirmities of disease and age. An old gentleman, who heard him preach, related, that when he ascended the pulpit, with a man following him to prevent his falling backwards, and to support him, if needful, in the pulpit, many persons would be ready to say he was more fit for a coffin than for labour; but all this he would soon forget, and manifest the fervour and energy of youth in his labours. It was feared, the last time he preached, that he would have died in the pulpit. And yet, such was his humility, that when reminded of his labours on his death-bed, he replied, "I was but a pen in God's hand, and what praise is due to a pen?"

PREPARING FOR THE PULPIT.

Mr. Thomas Shephard was an excellent preacher, and took great pains in his preparations for the pulpit. He used to say, "God will curse that man's labours who goes idly up and down all the week, and then goes into his study on a Saturday afternoon. God knows that we have not too much time to pray in, and weep in, and get our hearts into a fit frame for the duties of the Sabbath."

LATIMER'S LABOURS.

Every season of a religious revival has been marked by ministerial zeal and diligence. These features eminently distinguished the British reformers. Latimer, in particular, was remarkable for his care in preaching and visiting every part of his diocese, earnestly trying to reform whatever was amiss.

Although advanced in life, he travelled continually from place to place, teaching, exhorting, and preaching, to the utmost of his ability. These journeys were mostly performed on foot, with few attendants, in a plain dress, with a pair of spectacles, and a New Testament hanging at his girdle. Wherever he went he preached to the people; and if he found a number assembled together, and no church at hand, he did not hesitate to preach to them in any place which offered, and sometimes used a hollow tree for a pulpit.

IMPOSSIBLE TO STOP PREACHING.

Mr. Cecil tells us that when Mr. Newton had passed eighty years of age, some of his friends feared he might continue his public ministrations too long. They not only observed his infirmities in the pulpit, but felt much on account of the decrease of his strength, and of his occasional depressions. On these things being mentioned to him, he said, that he had experienced nothing which in the least affected the principles he had felt and taught; that his depressions were the natural result of fourscore years; and that, at any age, we can only enjoy that comfort from our principles which God is pleased to send. "But," it was asked, "in the article of public preaching, might it not be best to consider your work as done, and to stop before you evidently discover that you can speak no longer?" "I cannot stop," said he, raising his voice. "What! shall the old African blasphemer stop while he can speak?"

PAYSON'S LOVE FOR PREACHING.

Never has the ruling passion been more strongly exemplified in the hour of death than in the case of this excellent American minister. His love for preaching was as invincible as that of the miser for gold, who dies grasping his treasure. He directed a label to be attached to his breast when dead, with the admonition, "Remember the words which I spake unto you while I was yet present with you;" that they might be

read by all who came to look at his corpse, and by which he, being dead, still spoke. The same words were at the request of his people engraved on the plate of the coffin, and read by thousands on the day of his interment.

CECIL'S LOVE FOR STUDY.

It is recorded of the late Rev. R. Cecil, that he never seemed weary of his studies. They were not only his business, but his enjoyment and recreation, and he used to call them his *rest*. He felt any interruptions of them required acts of self-denial, and always returned to his study with pleasure. Few more carefully aimed to redeem time, and to spend it only in what was worthy of a man and a Christian minister; often repeating—

For at back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And onward, all before I see
Deserts of vast eternity.

LABOURS OF WESLEY.

Among other features in the character of Mr. Wesley, which manifested his devotedness to the great work in which he had engaged, it is said that he ever retained a cheerful insensibility to pain, and even to neglect. As he was travelling with John Nelson, one of his preachers, from common to common, in Cornwall, and preaching to a people who heard him willingly, but seldom or never offered him the slightest hospitality, he one day stopped his horse at some brambles, to pick the fruit. "Brother Nelson," said he, as he did so, "we ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries; for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst I ever knew for getting food. Do the people think we can live upon preaching?" "At that time," says his companion, "Mr. Wesley and I slept on the floor; he had a greatcoat for his pillow, and I had Burkitt's Notes on the New Testament for mine. One morning, about three o'clock, Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding me awake, clapped me on the side, saying, 'Brother Nelson, let us be

of good cheer; I have one whole side yet; for the skin is off but on one side."

For more than fifty years, in succession, this eminent man generally delivered two, and frequently three or four sermons in a day. But calculating at the lowest estimate, and allowing fifty annually for extraordinary occasions, the whole number during this period, will be forty thousand five hundred and sixty. To these may be added innumerable exhortations to the societies after preaching, and in other occasional meetings at which he assisted or presided. His journeys, in the work of the ministry, during so long a period, were extraordinary, and probably, on the whole, without a precedent. He travelled about four thousand five hundred miles every year on an average; and thus, in his long course, he passed over two hundred and twenty-five thousand miles, on his errand of mercy, after he became an itinerant preacher. In addition to all which, the publications which he either wrote, or otherwise prepared for the press, were very numerous. It would have been impossible for him to perform this almost incredible degree of labour, without great punctuality and care in the management of his time. He had stated hours for every purpose, and his only relaxation was a change of employment. His talents for managing complex affairs, and governing a numerous body, dissimilar in its parts, and widely diffused throughout the whole nation, were displayed in the order which he introduced into the societies he had formed, the control which he exercised over them, and the plans he devised and executed for the continuance of that economy which he had established among them.

NUMBER OF WHITFIELD'S SERMONS.

From a memorandum book, in which Mr. Whitfield recorded the times and places of his ministerial labours, it appears that from the period of his ordination to that of his death, which was thirty-four years, he preached up-

wards of *eighteen thousand sermons*. It would be difficult to tell the many thousand miles that he travelled. It is said that this celebrated man, when advanced in life, finding his physical powers failing him, undertook to put himself upon what he called "short allowance." He preached once only on every day in the week, and three times on the Sabbath

WHITFIELD'S FIRST VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

There is a most interesting position in which we may look at Whitfield. This was during his first voyage to America, a stripling in his twenty-third year. Perhaps, since Paul's memorable voyage to Rome, the ocean has never exhibited a more surprising spectacle than that furnished by this ship. Such a situation would have paralyzed any ordinary man. A faint and hesitant homage, once on the Sabbath day, from a few of the less obdurate, would be all that such a man could possibly have expected to extort from an assemblage of gentlemen, of soldiers, with their wives and families, and the ship's company. Yet they became pliant as a willow in the hands of this remarkable youth. He accordingly converted the chief cabin into a cloister, the deck into a chapel, and the steerage into a school-room! He so bore down all by love, reason, and Scripture, that we soon behold him, at the request of the captain and officers, with the hearty concurrence of the gentlemen, reading "full public prayers" to them, twice a-day, in the great cabin, and expounding every night after the evening prayers, besides daily reading prayers, and preaching twice a-day on deck to the soldiers and sailors, and increasing the services on Sundays. In addition, he daily catechised a body of young soldiers, and also catechised the women apart by themselves. Nor did all this suffice to expend his zeal, for he commenced a course of expositions on the creed and the commandments; and so convinced

was he of the value of catechetical teaching, that on Feb. 3d, he writes: "I began to-night to turn the observations made on the lessons in the morning into catechetical questions, and was pleased to hear some of the soldiers make very apt answers." Nor were the children forgotten; a personal friend who accompanied him, a Mr. H——, assumed that as his department. On Feb. 6th, Mr. Whitfield writes, that he was "pleased to see Mr. H—— so active in teaching the children. He has now many scholars—may God bless him!"

OUSELEY'S ZEAL.

The following beautiful and striking miniature likeness of that great and good man, Gideon Ouseley, is from the pen of Dr. Elliott, editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. There was something in Mr. Ouseley's refusing the peerage and estates of his ancestors, and "choosing to suffer afflictions with the people of God," so strange, that we question if his parallel can be found in all history, except in the case of Moses. Blessed man, his reward must be great!

Mr. Ouseley was a marvellous man. He possessed a strong mind, well cultivated with a good university education. He was of a noble family; but became an itinerant Methodist preacher early in life, and for about fifty years kept the field, in labours most abundant. He preached in the Irish and English languages with equal fluency. The Irish language, (the opinion of others to the contrary notwithstanding,) is the foremost language under heaven for the pulpit. In this he preached with power to those who understood it. His pulpit performances usually amounted to twenty-one each week; two each day, in the open air, and one each evening, in a church, house, barn, &c., as the case might be. He preached thousands of sermons on horseback, in the markets, at horse-races, cock-fights, &c.; and when the multitudes were inclined to leave, which was seldom the case, he followed them in their movements. He

was often persecuted, waylaid, and beat, so as to be left for dead; but God always raised him up. The Popish clergy hated him to execration; and though many attempts were made on his life, he always escaped except with the loss of one eye. His violent persecutors mostly came to an untimely end. So manifest was the hand of God in his preservation, that the Papists concluded it would not do to kill him, as by this means he would obtain the reputation of a martyr. He controverted, most freely, the errors of Popery, and exposed them unsparingly, always remembering to point the errorist to the Lord Jesus Christ for mercy. Many thousands were converted from Popery through his instrumentality.

At the death of Sir Gore Ouseley, his uncle, he became heir to his estate and his peerage; but he relinquished both in favour of the next heir, and continued his preaching till death. Few men of the age equalled him for usefulness and labours.

TOO MUCH MONEY AND TOO LITTLE LABOUR.

Mr. Fletcher accepted the living of Madely in preference to another of more than double the value, which was offered him about the same time; his previous intercourse with the people having excited within him an affection which would not suffer him to be separated from them, and which remained unabated till his death. The circumstances connected with his appointment were remarkable and characteristic. One day Mr. Hill informed him that the living of Dunham, in Cheshire, then vacant, was at his service. "The parish," he continued, "is small, the duty light, the income good, (£400 per annum,) and it is situated in a fine healthy sporting country." After thanking Mr. Hill most cordially for his kindness, Mr. Fletcher added, "Alas! sir, Dunham will not suit me: there is too much money and too little labour." "Few clergymen make such objections," said Mr. Hill; "it is a pity to

decline such a living, as I do not know that I can find you another. What shall we do? Would you like Madely?" "That, sir, would be the very place for me." "My object, Mr. Fletcher," rejoined Mr. Hill, "is to make you comfortable in your own way. If you prefer Madely, I shall find no difficulty in persuading the present vicar to exchange it for Dunham, which is worth more than twice as much." In this way he became vicar of Madely, with which he was so perfectly satisfied, that he never afterwards sought honour or preferment.

LUTHER'S PREACHING.

On one occasion, during the sixteenth century, the principal reformers having been called together, several of them preached. Luther, though unwell, preached with much energy, from the words, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Myconius wrote to a friend, that he had often heard Luther preach, but on this occasion he seemed not so much to speak, as to thunder forth the name of Christ from heaven itself. After Bucer's sermon, he supped with Luther, who, in the course of conversation, commended the discourse of his guest; but added that he himself was a better preacher. Bucer received this apparently rude remark with his accustomed mildness, and readily declared his assent. Luther then spoke seriously, and said, "Do not think that I mean to boast foolishly; I well know my own deficiencies, and that I am unable to deliver such an ingenious and learned discourse as we have this day heard from you; but, when I am in the pulpit, I consider who my hearers are: and because the greater part are an unlearned and simple people, I preach what I think they can understand. But you take a higher flight, so that your discourses suit learned people, but are not understood by our poor people. In this I act like a kind mother who gives her craving infant the breast, thus feeding it with her own milk as well as she is able,

and thinks this better for its nourishment than if mixed with the sweetest and choicest syrups and preparations of art."

SIMPLICITY OF WESLEY.

In June, 1790, the Rev. J. Wesley preached at Lincoln: his text was, Luke x. 42; "One thing is needful." When the congregation were retiring from the chapel, a lady exclaimed, in a tone of great surprise, "is this the great Mr. Wesley, of whom we hear so much in the present day? Why, the poorest might have understood him." The gentleman, to whom this remark was made, replied, "In this, madam, he displays his greatness; that, while the poorest can understand him, the most learned are edified, and cannot be offended."

FEW PLEASED, BUT ONE CONVERTED.

The Rev. John Cotton was an eminent minister of the seventeenth century, who laboured for many years at Boston, in Lincolnshire. When at the university of Cambridge, he was remarkable for learning and eloquence; and being called upon to preach at St Mary's church in that town, high expectations were raised as to the character of the sermon. After many struggles in his own mind, arising from the temptation to display his talent and learning, and from a powerful impression of the importance of preaching the gospel with all simplicity, he at length wisely determined on the latter course. The vice-chancellor and students were not pleased, though a few of the professors commended his style; but his sermon was blessed to the conversion of Dr. Preston, who became one of the most eminent ministers of his day.

LEARNING MAKES PLAIN.

The late Rev. Dr. C. Evans, of Bristol, having once to travel from home, wrote to a poor congregation, to say that he should have occasion to stay a night in their village, and that if it were agreeable to them, he would give them

a sermon. The poor people hesitated for some time, but at length permitted him to preach. After sermon, he found them in a far happier mood than when he first came among them, and could not forbear inquiring into the reason of all this. "Why, sir, to tell you the truth," said one of them, "knowing that you were a very learned man, and that you were a teacher of young ministers, we were much afraid we should not understand you; but you have been quite as plain as any minister we ever hear." "Ay, ay," the doctor replied, "you entirely misunderstood the nature of learning, my friend: its design is to make things so plain that they cannot be misunderstood." Similar was the view of Archbishop Leighton, who says, in one of his charges to his clergy, "How much learning, my brethren, is required, to make these things plain!"

ROMAINE'S PLAIN PREACHING.

Some persons in the Rev. Mr. Romaine's congregation, thinking his style of preaching too plain and common, had requested him to exhibit a little more learning in the pulpit; accordingly, on a certain occasion, he read his text in Hebrew. "Now," said he, "I suppose scarcely one in the congregation understands that." He then read it in Greek, and added, "Perhaps there may be one or two that understand me now: I will next read it in Latin." He did so, and said, "Possibly a few more may comprehend me, but the number is still very limited." He last of all repeated the text in English: "There," he continued, "now you all understand it; which do you think is best? I hope always so to preach, as that the meanest person in the congregation may comprehend me."

MILLARD AND LOUIS XI.

Oliver Millard, a popular and energetic preacher of the reign of Louis XI., attacked the vices of the court in his sermons, and did not spare even the king himself, who, taking offence at it, sent the priest word that if he did not

change his tone, he would have him thrown into the Seine. "The king," replied Oliver, "is the master to do what he pleases; but tell him that I shall reach paradise by water sooner than he will with his post-horses." (The establishment of travelling post was instituted by Louis XI.) This bold answer at once amused and intimidated the king, for he let the priest continue to preach as he pleased, and what he pleased.

MASSILLON PREACHING.

The eloquence of the celebrated Massillon shone conspicuously in the introduction of a sermon before Louis XIV., king of France, from the words of the Redeemer, Matt. v. 4; "Blessed are they that mourn." The preacher began. "If the world addressed your majesty from this place, the world would not say, 'Blessed are they that mourn.' The world would say, 'Blessed is the prince who has never fought, but to conquer; who has filled the universe with his name; who through the whole course of a long and flourishing reign, enjoys in splendour all that men admire—extent of conquest, the esteem of his enemies, the love of his people, the wisdom of his laws.' But, sire, the language of the gospel is not the language of the world."

WHITFIELD AND GRIMSHAWE.

Mr. Whitfield, in a sermon he preached at Haworth, having spoken severely of those professors of the gospel who, by their loose and evil conduct, caused the ways of truth to be evil spoken of, intimated his hope, that it was not necessary to enlarge much upon that topic to the congregation before him, who had so long enjoyed the benefit of an able and faithful preacher; and he was willing to believe that their profiting appeared to all men. This roused Mr. Grimshawe's spirit, and, notwithstanding his great regard for the preacher, he stood up and interrupted him, saying, with a loud voice, "Oh! sir, for God's sake, do not speak so. I

pray you, do not flatter. I fear the greater part of them are going to hell with their eyes open."

INDIVIDUALITY IN PREACHING.

It is a charge often brought against some faithful ministers, that they direct many of their remarks to certain particular persons. It is certain that this was often done by Mr. Whitfield, and sometimes with very happy effect. He once drew from the conduct of his female servant the picture of a christian remiss in duty, which painfully distressed her, till he gave her an assurance of his entire forgiveness.

RITCHIE AND THE PROFANE SWEARER.

The late Dr. Ritchie, Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh, was one day preaching in Tarbolton church, where he was at that time minister, against profane swearing in common conversation, while one of his principal hearers, who was addicted to that sin, was present. This gentleman thought the sermon was designedly addressed to him, and that the eyes of the whole congregation were fixed upon him. Though he felt indignant, he kept his place till the service was concluded, and then waited on the preacher, and asked him to dine with him, as he was quite alone. The invitation being accepted, the gentleman immediately after dinner thus addressed the minister:—"Sir, you have insulted me to-day in the church. I have been three times in church lately, and on every one of them you have been holding me up to the derision of the audience; so I tell you, sir, I shall never more enter the church of Tarbolton again, unless you give me your promise, that you will abstain from such topics in future, as I am resolved I shall no more furnish you with the theme of your discourse." Mr. Ritchie heard this speech to a conclusion with calmness, and then looking him steadfastly in the face, thus replied: "Very well, sir, if you took to yourself what I said to-day against swearing, does not

your conscience bear witness to its truth? You say you will not enter the church, till I cease to reprove your sins; if such is your determination, it is impossible you can enter it again; for which of the commandments have you not broken?" On observing his firmness, and feeling that he was wrong in attempting to make the minister of the parish compromise his duty, the gentleman held out his hand to Mr. Ritchie; a mutual explanation took place; and while the minister would abate none of his faithfulness, the hearer endeavoured to overcome his evil habits.

OFFENDING A NOBLEMAN.

Mr. Dod having preached against the profanation of the Sabbath, which much prevailed in his parish, and especially among the more wealthy inhabitants, the servant of a nobleman, who was one of them, came to him and said, "Sir, you have offended my lord to-day." Mr. Dod replied, "I should not have offended your lord, except he had been conscious to himself that he had first offended my Lord; and if *your* lord will offend *my* Lord, let him be offended."

FAITHFULNESS TO GOD AND THE KING.

Bishop Latimer having one day preached before King Henry VIII. a sermon which displeased his majesty, he was ordered to preach again on the next Sabbath, and to make an apology for the offence he had given. After reading his text, the bishop thus began his sermon:—"Hugh Latimer, dost thou know before whom thou art this day to speak? To the high and mighty monarch, the king's most excellent majesty, who can take away thy life if thou offendest; therefore, take heed that thou speakest not a word that may displease; but then consider well, Hugh, dost thou not know from whence thou comest; upon whose message thou art sent? Even by the great and mighty God! who is all-present! and who beholdeth all thy

ways! and who is able to cast thy soul into hell! Therefore, take care that thou deliverest thy message faithfully." He then proceeded with the same sermon he had preached the preceding Sabbath, but with considerably more energy. The sermon ended, the court were full of expectation to know what would be the fate of this honest and plain-dealing bishop. After dinner, the king called for Latimer, and, with a stern countenance, asked him how he dared to be so bold as to preach in such a manner. He, falling on his knees, replied, his duty to his God and his prince had enforced him thereto, and that he had merely discharged his duty and his conscience in what he had spoken. Upon which the king, rising from his seat, and taking the good man by the hand, embraced him, saying, "Blessed be God, I have so honest a servant."

BOURDALOUE'S FAITHFULNESS.

The reputation for eloquence which this celebrated preacher very early acquired, reached the ears of Louis the Fourteenth, who sent for him to preach the advent sermon, in 1670, which he did with such success that he was many years retained at court. He was called the king of preachers, and the preacher to kings; and Louis himself said, that he would rather hear the repetitions of Bourdaloue, than the novelties of another. With a collected air, Bourdaloue had little action; he generally kept his eyes half closed, and penetrated the hearts of the people by the sound of a voice uniform and solemn. On one occasion, he turned the peculiarity of his external aspect to a very memorable advantage. After depicting, in soul-awakening terms, a sinner of the first magnitude, he suddenly opened his eyes, and casting them full on the king, who sat opposite to him, he added, in a voice of thunder, "Thou art the man." The effect was confounding. When he had finished his discourse, he went and threw himself at the feet of his sovereign, and

said, "Sire, behold at your feet, one who is the most devoted of your servants; but punish him not, that in the pulpit he can own no other master but the King of kings."

LATIMER ACCUSED BEFORE HENRY VIII.

Bishop Latimer, in preaching before King Henry the Eighth, spoke his mind very plainly; which some of his enemies thought to make their advantage of, by complaining of him to the king, that they might thus get him out of the way. Soon after his sermon, he and several others being called before the king to speak their minds on certain matters, one of them kneeled before his majesty, and accused Latimer of having preached seditious doctrines. The king turned to Latimer, and said, "What say you to that, sir?" Latimer kneeled down, and turning first to his accuser, said, "What form of preaching would you appoint me to preach before a king? Would you have me to preach nothing concerning a king, in a king's sermon? Have you any commission to appoint me what I shall preach?" He asked him several other questions, but he would answer none at all; nor had he any thing to say. Then he turned to the king, and said, "I never thought myself worthy, nor ever sued, to be a preacher before your Grace. But I was called to it, and would be willing, if you dislike me, to give place to my betters. But if your Grace allow me for a preacher, I would desire your Grace to discharge my conscience, give me leave to frame my discourse according to mine audience. I had been a very dolt to have preached so at the borders of your realm, as I preach before your Grace." These words were well received by the king as Latimer concluded, because the king presently turned to another subject. Some of his friends came to him with tears in their eyes, and told him, they looked for nothing but that he should have been sent to the tower the same night.

USHER AND THE KING.

Dr. Parr, in his life of Archbishop Usher, relates, that while that prelate was once preaching in the church at Covent Garden, a message arrived from the court, that the king wished immediately to see him. He descended from the pulpit, listened to the command, and told the messenger that he was then, as he saw, employed in God's business, but, as soon as he had done, he would attend upon the king to understand his pleasure, and then continued his sermon.

KIND OF MINISTER WANTED.

The people of one of the out parishes in Virginia, wrote to Dr. Rice, who was then at the head of the Theological Seminary in Prince Edward, for a minister. They said they wanted a man of first rate *talents*, for they had run down considerably, and needed building up. They wanted one who could *write* well, for some of the young people were very nice about that matter. They wanted one who could *visit* a good deal, for their former minister had neglected that, and they wanted to bring it up. They wanted a man of very *gentlemanly deportment*, for some thought a great deal of that. And so they went on, describing a perfect minister. The last thing they mentioned was,—they gave their last minister £73; but if the Doctor would send them such a man as they had described, they would raise another £10, making it £83. The Doctor sat down and wrote a reply, telling them they had better forthwith make out a call for old Dr. Dwight, in heaven; for he did not know of any one in this world who answered this description. And as Dr. D. had been living so long on spiritual food, he might not need so much for the body, and possibly he might live on £83.

PREACHING ON THE TIMES.

In 1648, it was a question asked of the brethren, at the meetings of ministers twice in the year, "If they

preached the duties of the times?" And when it was found that Leighton did not, he was reproved for his omission; but he replied, "If all the brethren have preached on the *times*, may not one poor brother be suffered to preach on *eternity*?"

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

At one time Archbishop Usher visited Scotland, and hearing much of the piety of the Rev. Samuel Rutherford, resolved on being a witness of it. Disguised as a pauper, on a Saturday evening, he solicited lodging for the night. Mr. Rutherford took him in, and directed him to be seated in the kitchen. Mrs. Rutherford catechised the servants, as a preparation for the Sabbath; and having asked the stranger the number of the divine commandments, he answered *eleven*. The good woman hastily concluded him ignorant, and said, "What a shame it is for you, a man with gray hairs, in a christian country, not to know how many commandments there are! There is not a child six years old, in this parish, but could answer the question properly." Lamenting his condition, she ordered his supper, and directed a servant to show him a bed in a garret. Mr. Rutherford having heard him at prayer, and finding out who he was, prevailed on the archbishop to preach for him, which he agreed to do, on condition that he should not be made known. Early in the morning Mr. Rutherford changed his clothes, suffered him to depart, and afterwards introduced him to breakfast as a minister on a journey. When in the pulpit, he announced his text—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another;" and remarked that this might be reckoned the *eleventh* commandment. Mrs. Rutherford, remembering the answer she had received the night before from the stranger, was surprised, and looking at the preacher, almost imagined he might be the pitted traveller. The two holy men spent the evening in delightful conversation, and the archbishop

departed, undiscovered, early on the following day.

WHITFIELD AND THE EXECUTION.

During one of the visits which the Rev. George Whitfield paid to Edinburgh, an unhappy man, who had forfeited his life to the offended laws of his country, was executed in that neighbourhood. Mr. W. mingled with the crowd that was collected on the occasion, and was struck with the solemnity and decorum which were observable in so awful a scene. His appearance, however, drew the eyes of all upon him, and raised a variety of opinions as to the motives which induced him to join the multitude. The next day being Sunday, he preached to a very large congregation in a field near the city; and, in the course of his sermon, he adverted to the scenes of the preceding day. "I know," said he, "that many of you will find it difficult to reconcile my appearance yesterday with my character. Many of you, I know, will say, that my moments would have been better employed in praying for the unhappy man, than in attending him to the fatal tree; and that, perhaps, curiosity was the only cause that converted me into a spectator on that occasion; but those who ascribe that uncharitable motive to me, are under a mistake. I went as an observer of human nature, and to see the effect that such an example would have on those who witnessed it. I watched the conduct of those who were present on that awful occasion, and I was highly pleased with their demeanour, which has given me a very favourable opinion of the Scottish nation. Your sympathy was visible on your countenances, particularly when the moment arrived that your unhappy fellow-creature was to close his eyes on this world for ever; and then you all, as if moved by one impulse, turned your heads aside and wept. Those tears were precious, and will be held in remembrance. How different it was when the Saviour of mankind was

extended on the cross! The Jews instead of sympathizing in his sorrows, triumphed in them. They reviled him with bitter expressions, with words even more bitter than the gall and vinegar which they handed him to drink. Not one, of all that witnessed his pains, turned his head aside, even in the last pang. Yes, my friends, there was one, that glorious luminary," pointing to the sun, "veiled his brightness, and travelled on his course in tenfold night."

HALL'S OPINION OF A SERMON.

A conceited minister having once delivered a sermon in the hearing of Mr. Hall, pressed him, with a disgusting union of self-complacency and indelicacy, to state what he thought of the sermon. Mr. Hall remained silent for some time, hoping that his silence would be rightly interpreted; but this only caused the question to be pressed with greater earnestness. Mr. Hall at length said, "There was one very fine passage, sir." "I am rejoiced to hear you say so. Pray sir, which was it?" "Why, sir, it was the passage from the pulpit into the vestry."

NEWTON'S REPROOF.

The excellent John Newton was faithful and ingenuous in administering reproof. He one day heard a minister preach, who affected great accuracy in his discourses, and who occupied nearly an hour on several laboured and nice distinctions. Having a high esteem for Mr. Newton's judgment, he inquired of him whether he thought these distinctions were full and judicious. Mr. Newton said, he thought them not full, as a very important one had been omitted. "What can that be?" said the minister, "for I have taken more than ordinary care to enumerate them fully." "I think not," replied Mr. N., "for when many of your congregation had travelled several miles for a meal, I think you should not have forgotten the important distinction which must ever exist between meat and bones."

MASSILLON AND THE THOUGHTLESS
ASSEMBLY.

Massillon, an eminent French preacher, in the first sermon he ever delivered, found, upon his getting into the pulpit, the whole audience in a disposition no way favourable to his intentions; their nods, whispers, or drowsy behaviour, showed him that there was no great profit to be expected from his sowing in a soil so barren; however, he soon changed the disposition of his audience by his manner of beginning: "If," said he, "a cause, the most important that could be conceived, were to be tried at the bar before qualified judges; if this cause interested ourselves in particular; if the eyes of the whole kingdom were fixed upon the event; if the most eminent counsel were employed on both sides; and if we had heard from our infancy of this undetermined trial; would you not all sit with due attention and warm expectation to the pleadings on both sides? would not all your hopes and fears be suspended upon the final decision? And yet, let me tell you, you have this moment a cause of much greater importance before you; a cause where not one nation, but all the world are spectators; tried, not before a fallible tribunal, but the awful throne of heaven; where not your temporal and transitory interests are the subjects of debate, but your eternal happiness or misery; where the cause is still undetermined; but, perhaps, the very moment I am speaking may fix the irrevocable decree that shall last for ever; and yet, notwithstanding all this, you can hardly sit with patience to hear the tidings of salvation. I plead the cause of Heaven, and yet I am scarcely attended to."

PREACHING TO A FARMER.

The Rev. John Cooke, of Maidenhead, once, when travelling, fell in with a rich farmer, who was very unwilling to listen to any serious remarks which he was disposed to make, and at length said, with a sneer, "I don't like

religion; and I told you so." "You are not a singular farmer, sir," replied Mr. Cooke. "I have read of one whom you greatly resemble. The farmer to whom I allude, finding his ground very productive, and his barns too small, resolved on building larger barns, and filling them; and said to his soul, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?' Luke xii. 19, 20. Now, sir, I think you must see yourself in this picture. Here is a farmer, very rich, living to himself in health, ease, and pleasure, 'without God in the world.' No doubt his neighbours envied and flattered him; but no one dared to reprove so rich a man. And if no one reprov'd his sins, and many flattered them as virtues, he never heard the truth. This accounts for our Lord's words, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!' But although he thought himself wise, and others wished to be like him, God addresses him differently, — 'Thou fool!'

"Why, sir, do you suppose the only wise God called him a fool?" He was silent.

"But, candidly, do not you think he was a fool?"

"I shall not say, sir."

"Well, sir, if you will allow me to hazard an opinion, he appears a fool,—

"1. Because he preferred his body to his soul.

"2. Because he preferred the world to God: 'Eat, drink, and be merry,' was the extent of his aim.

"3. Because he preferred time to eternity: 'Thou hast goods laid up for many years.'

"4. Because he lived as if he should never die; and, whilst presuming on many years, exposed his soul to all the horrors of sudden death, without repentance, without forgiveness, without holiness, and without hope."

JAY AND THE ANGEL.

When the Edward Irving mania raged, a man, calling himself an "Angel of the Church," proceeded from Bristol to Bath, on a special mission to William Jay. The grave, thinking, old man was in his study, and when the "Angel," a man with a dismal countenance, a white cravat, and rusty black trousers, appeared, Mr. Jay asked him his business. "I am the Angel of the Church," said the man. "What church?" asked Mr. Jay. "The Irvingite church at Bristol," replied the angel. "Take off your coat," said Mr. Jay. The angel took off his coat, and Mr. Jay quietly rubbed his shoulder blades. "What are you doing?" asked the angel. "Looking for your wings," was the cool answer of William Jay.

WHITFIELD AND THE SCOFFER.

When the celebrated Whitfield was addressing an immense crowd with his accustomed fervour and eloquence, under the shade of a very venerable tree in the meadows at Edinburgh, a poor creature, thinking to turn him into ridicule, had perched himself on one of the overhanging boughs right above the preacher's head, and, with monkey-like dexterity, mimicking his gesticulations, endeavoured to raise a laugh among the audience. Guided by the looks of some of his hearers, Whitfield caught a glance of him, but without seeming to have noticed him, continued his discourse. With the skill of a practised orator, he reserved the incident for the proper place and time. He was expatiating at the moment on the power and sovereignty of divine grace. With gathering force and earnestness he told of the unlikely objects it had often chosen, and the unlooked for triumphs it had achieved. As he rose to the climax of his inspiring theme, and when in the full sweep of his eloquence, he suddenly paused, and turning round and pointing slowly to the wretch above him, exclaimed, in a tone of deep and thrilling pathos,

"Even he may yet be the subject of that free and resistless grace." It was a shaft from the Almighty. Winged by the divine Spirit, it struck the scoffer to the heart, and realized, in his conversion, the glorious truth it contained.

DOCTOR SPRING AND THE THOUGHTLESS YOUNG LADY.

Dr. Spring of New York, once related, that during the period of a revival of religion in that city, a young lady, the object of high hope, the centre of wide influence, capable of noble things, yet careering on the giddy steep of fashion and folly, created in him no small solicitude, as he would have to give an account for her soul, every avenue to which seemed most sedulously guarded. He delayed the visit of counsel and exhortation; and delayed, till, rebuked by conscience, he could do so no longer. As soon as he called, and was ushered into the saloon, the first and only person whom he saw was this young lady, bathed in tears, who immediately exclaimed, "My dear pastor, I rejoice to see you. I was fearful I was the only one who had escaped your friendly notice." What a rebuke to fear! What an encouragement to hope, and to action!

REV. MR. CHARLES' PRACTICE.

When the Rev. Mr. Charles, of Bala in Wales, met a poor man or woman on the road, he used to stop his horse, and make the inquiry, "Can you read the Bible?" He was so much in the habit of doing this, that he became everywhere known from this practice. "The gentleman who kindly asked the poor people about the Bible and their souls," was Mr. Charles. Meeting one day with an old man, on one of the mountains, he said to him, "You are an old man, and very near another world." "Yes," said he, "and I hope I am going to heaven." "Do you know the road there,—do you know the word of God?" "Pray, are you Mr. Charles?" said the old man. He

suspected who he was from his questions. He was frequently thus accosted, when asking the poor people he met with about their eternal concerns. "Pray, are you Mr. Charles?" was often the inquiry. When he had time, he scarcely ever passed by a poor man on the road, without talking to him about his soul, and his knowledge of the Bible. When he found any ignorant of the word of God, and not able to read it, he represented to them, in a kind and simple manner, the duty and necessity of becoming acquainted with it, and feelingly and compassionately set before them the awful state of those who leave the world without knowing the word of God, and the way of saving the soul. He sometimes succeeded in persuading them to learn to read; and the good he thus did was no doubt very great.

MISTAKE OF NEFF.

One day, as Felix Neff was walking in a street in the city of Lausanne, he saw at a distance a man whom he took for one of his friends. He ran behind him, tapped him on the shoulder, before looking him in his face, and asked him, "What is the state of your soul, my friend?" The stranger turned; Neff perceived his error, apologized, and went his way. About three or four years afterwards, a person came to Neff, and accosted him, saying, he was indebted to him for his inestimable kindness. Neff did not recognize the man, and begged he would explain. The stranger replied, "Have you forgotten an unknown person, whose shoulder you touched in the street in Lausanne, asking him, 'How do you find your soul?' It was I; your question led me to serious reflections, and *now I find it is well with my soul.*" This proves what apparently small means may be blessed of God for the conversion of sinners, and how many opportunities for doing good we are continually letting slip, and which thus pass irrevocably beyond our reach. One of the questions which every Christian should propose to

himself, on setting out on a journey, is, "What opportunities shall I have to do good?" And one of the points on which he should examine himself, on his return, is, "What opportunities have I lost?"

THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

Some years ago, a vessel, which was blessed with a pious chaplain, and was bound to a distant part of the world, happened to be detained by contrary winds, over a Sabbath, at the Isle of Wight. The chaplain improved the opportunity to preach to the inhabitants. His text was, "Be clothed with humility." Among his hearers was a thoughtless girl, who had come to show her fine dress, rather than to be instructed. The sermon was the means of her conversion. Her name was Elizabeth Wallbridge, the celebrated DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER, whose interesting history, by the Rev. Leigh Richmond, has been printed in various languages, and widely circulated, to the spiritual benefit of thousands. What a reward was this for a single sermon preached "out of season!"

MR. GRIMSHAW'S SUCCESS.

"The last time I was with Mr. Grimshaw," says Mr. Newton, "as we were standing together upon a hill near Haworth, and surveying the romantic prospect around us, he expressed himself to the following purport, and I believe I nearly retain his very words, for they made a deep impression upon me while he spoke:—"When I first came into this country, if I had gone half-a-day's journey on horseback towards the east, west, north, and south, I could not have met with or heard of one truly serious person; but now, through the blessing of God upon the poor services of the most unworthy of his ministers, besides a considerable number whom I have seen or known to have departed this life, like Simeon, rejoicing in the Lord's salvation; and besides five dissenting churches or congregations, of which the ministers, and

nearly every one of the members, were first awakened under my ministry; I have still at my sacrament, if the weather is favourable, from three to five hundred communicants, of the far greater part of whom, so far as man, who cannot see the heart, and who can, therefore, only determine by appearances, profession, and conduct, may judge, I can give almost as particular an account as I can of myself. I know the state of their progress in religion. By my frequent visits and converse with them, I am acquainted with their several temptations, trials, and exercises, both personal and domestic, both spiritual and temporal, almost as intimately as if I had lived in their families.'"

BERRIDGE AND HICKS.

It is credibly reported of the Rev. John Berridge, the well known vicar of Everton, that in his itinerant labours through the country, he preached from ten to twelve sermons a week upon an average, and frequently rode a hundred miles. Nor were such extraordinary exertions occasional, but continued through the long succession of more than twenty years. The success that followed these, as well as his stated labours amongst his own flock, may be estimated from the fact, that he was visited, in the first year after his own spiritual illumination, by a thousand different persons under serious impressions. It is computed, that under his own ministry, and that of Mr. Hicks, a neighbouring minister, of whose conversion he had been the instrument, four thousand persons were awakened to a concern for their souls in the space of twelve months.

A CHAIN OF INFLUENCE.

The 31st of January, 1841, when Mr. Jay, of Bath, completed fifty years of his ministry, it was observed by his people as a jubilee. On that occasion the Rev. Timothy East, of Birmingham, stated, that a sermon Mr. Jay preached in London in the early part of his

ministry, was blessed to the conversion of a thoughtless and dissolute young man, who became a minister. A sermon preached by that minister thirty-nine years ago, was the arrow of the Almighty that brought Mr. East to repentance, just as he had determined to leave his native country for ever. And a sermon preached by Mr. East twenty-seven years ago, in London, was the means of the conversion of a careless, gay, and dissipated young man, who was John Williams, the late missionary to the South Seas.

DR. BEECHER'S SERMON TO ONE HEARER.

Dr. Beecher once engaged to preach for a country minister on exchange, and the Sabbath proved to be one excessively stormy, cold, and uncomfortable. It was in mid-winter, and the snow was piled all along in the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts, put the animal into a shed, and went in. As yet there was no person in the house, and after looking about, the old gentleman—then young—took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about, and took a seat. The hour came for commencing service, but no more hearers.

Whether to preach to such an audience, was a question—and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long deciding. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no right to refuse to do it, because only one man could reap the benefit of it; and accordingly he went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching, and the benediction, with only *one* hearer. And when all was over, he hastened down from the desk to speak to his congregation, but he had departed.

A circumstance so rare was referred to occasionally, but twenty years after, it was brought to the doctor's mind quite strangely. Travelling somewhere in Ohio, the doctor alighted from the

stage one day in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up and spoke to him, familiarly calling him by name. "I do not remember you," said the doctor. "I suppose not," said the stranger; "but we once spent two hours together in a house alone in a storm." "I do not recall it, sir," added the old man, "pray when was it?" "Do you remember preaching, twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?" "Yes, yes," said the doctor, grasping his hand, "I do, indeed, and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since." "I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church! The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio."

ROBERT HALL'S FIRST EFFORTS.

Robert Hall, desiring a license to commence preaching, he was appointed to deliver an address in the vestry of Broadmead Chapel from 1 Tim. iv. 10: "Therefore we both labour and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men: especially of those that believe." After proceeding for a short time, much to the gratification of his auditory, he suddenly paused, and covering his face with his hands, exclaimed "Oh! I have lost my ideas," and sat down, his hands still hiding his face.

The failure, however, painful as it was to his tutors, and humiliating to himself, was such as rather augmented than diminished their persuasion of what he could accomplish, if once he acquired self-possession. He was therefore appointed to speak again on the same subject, at the same place, the ensuing week.

This second attempt was accompanied by a second failure, still more painful to witness, and still more grievous to bear. He hastened from the vestry, and on retiring to his room, exclaimed, "If this does not humble me, the devil must have me!" Such were the early efforts of him whose humility

afterwards became as conspicuous as his talents; and who, for nearly half a century, excited universal attention and admiration by the splendour of his pulpit eloquence.

SOMETHING MORE AWFUL THAN THE JUDGMENT.

A celebrated preacher of the seventeenth century, in a sermon to a crowded audience, described the terrors of the last judgment with such eloquence, pathos, and force of action, that some of his audience not only burst into tears, but sent forth piercing cries, as if the Judge himself had been present, and was about to pass upon them their final sentence. In the height of this commotion, the preacher called upon them to dry their tears and cease their cries, as he was about to add something still more awful and astonishing than any thing he had yet brought before them. Silence being obtained, he, with an agitated countenance and solemn voice addressed them thus: "In one quarter of an hour from this time, the emotions which you have just now exhibited will be stifled; the remembrance of the fearful truths which excited them will vanish; you will return to your carnal occupations, or sinful pleasures, with your usual avidity, and you will treat all you have heard, 'as a tale that is told!'"

DR. MASON'S CRITICISM.

On one occasion it is related of Dr. Mason, of New York, that after the delivery of a discourse appointed for the day, and which he and others were expected to criticise, he was observed to remain silent much longer than usual for him on similar occasions, apparently absorbed in thought, and hesitating whether to express his opinion of the performance or not. At length he was appealed to by some one, and asked, whether he had any remarks to make. He arose, and said, "I admire the sermon for the beauty of its style—for the splendour of its imagery—for the correctness of its sentiments—and

for the point of its arguments; but, sir, it wanted *one* thing;" and then pausing till the eyes of all were fixed upon him, he added, "It needed to be *baptized* in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, to entitle it to the name of a CHRISTIAN sermon."

DR. DWIGHT AND THE YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

A young clergyman once called upon Dr. Dwight, and inquired respecting the best method of treating a very difficult and abstruse point in mental philosophy, upon which he was preparing a sermon. "I cannot give you any information upon the subject," the doctor replied; "I am not familiar with such topics. I leave them for young men."

LONG PULPIT EXERCISES.

Complaints against long religious services are very frequent. Few things appear so bad to some persons as to be kept in the house of God more than one or two hours. Let us see how it was in the seventeenth century. Mr. Howe was then minister of Great Torrington, in Devonshire. His labours here were characteristic of the times. On the public fasts, it was his common method to begin about nine in the morning, with a prayer for about a quarter of an hour, in which he begged a blessing on the work of the day; and afterwards read and expounded a chapter or psalm, in which he spent about three quarters

of an hour; then prayed an hour; preached another hour; and prayed again for half an hour. After this, he retired, and took a little refreshment, for a quarter of an hour or more, the people singing all the while. He then returned to the pulpit, prayed for another hour, gave them another sermon of about an hour's length, and so concluded the service of the day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, with half an hour or more of prayer.

CRYING IN THE WRONG PLACE.

I remember, (says Foster, in speaking of Robert Hall,) at the distance of many years, with what vividness of the ludicrous he related an anecdote of a preacher long since deceased, of some account in his day and connection. He would, in preaching, sometimes weep, or seem to weep, when the people wondered why, as not perceiving in what he was saying any cause for such emotion, in the exact places where it occurred. After his death one of his hearers happening to inspect some of his manuscript sermons, exclaimed, "I have found the explanation; we used to wonder at the good doctor's weeping with so little reason sometimes as it seemed. In his sermons, there is written here and there on the margins, 'cry here.' Now I really believe the doctor sometimes mistook the place, and that was the cause of what appeared so unaccountable."

MISERS.

PRODIGAL TURNED MISER.

A young man, of vicious principles and habits, wasted in two or three years a large patrimony in profligacy. When his last means were exhausted, his worthless associates, who called themselves his friends, treated him with neglect. Reduced to absolute want, he one day went out of the house with an intention to put an end to his life; but wandering awhile almost unconsciously, he came to the brow of an eminence which overlooked what were lately his

estates. Here he sat down, and remained fixed in thought for some hours, at the end of which he sprang from the ground with a vehement exulting emotion. He had formed his resolution, which was, that all those estates should be his again; he had formed his plan too, which he instantly began to execute. He walked hastily forward, determined to seize the first opportunity to gain money, though it were ever so small a sum, and resolved not to spend, if he could help it, a farthing of what-

ever he might obtain. The first thing that drew his attention was a heap of coals, shot out of carts before a house. He offered himself to put them in the place where they were to be laid, and was employed. He received a few pence for his labour; and then, in pursuance of the saving part of his plan, requested some small gratuity of meat and drink, which was given to him. He then looked out for the next thing that might offer, and went, with indefatigable industry, through a succession of servile employments in different places, of longer and shorter duration, still scrupulously avoiding, as far as possible, the expense of a penny. He promptly seized every opportunity which could advance his design, without regarding the meanness of occupation or appearance. By this method he gained, after a considerable time, money enough to purchase, in order to sell again, a few cattle, of which he had taken pains to understand the value. He speedily, but cautiously, turned his first gains into second advantages; retained, without a single deviation, his extreme parsimony, and thus advanced, by degrees, into larger transactions and incipient wealth. The final result was, that he more than recovered his lost possessions, and died an inveterate miser, worth sixty thousand pounds.

DANCER'S MODE OF LIVING.

Daniel Dancer, Esq., was remarkable for a miserly disposition. Lady Tempest was the only person who had the least influence on this unfortunate man. She had one day the pleasure of prevailing on him to purchase a hat (having worn his own for thirteen years,) from a Jew for a shilling; but, to her great surprise, when she called the next day, she saw the old *chapeau* still covered his head! On inquiry it was found that, after much solicitation, he had prevailed on old Griffiths, his servant, to purchase the hat for *eighteen pence*, which Mr. Dancer bought the day before for a shilling! He generally, in severe weather, lay in bed to

keep himself warm; to light a fire he thought expensive, though he had £3,000 per annum, besides immense riches! He never took snuff, for that was extravagant, but he always carried a snuff box! This, probably, he would fill in the course of a month, by pinches obtained from others! When the box was full he would barter the contents for a farthing candle at a neighbouring green grocer's; this candle was made to last till the box was again full, as he never suffered any light in his house except while he was going to bed. He seldom washed his face and hands but when the sun shone forth; then he would betake himself to a neighbouring pool, and used sand instead of soap; when he was washed he would lie on his back, and dry himself in the sun, as he never used a towel, for that would wear, and, when dirty, the washing was expensive. Since his death there have been jugs of dollars and shillings found in the stable. At the dead of night he has been known to go to this place, but for what purpose even old Griffiths could not tell; but it now appears that he used to rob one jug to add to the other.

VANDILLE, THE FRENCH MISER.

M. Vandille was the most remarkable man in Paris, both on account of his immense riches and his extreme avarice. He lodged as high up as the roof would admit, to avoid noise or visits; maintained one poor old woman to attend him in his garret, and allowed her only seven sous per week, or a halfpenny per day.

His usual diet was bread and milk, and, by way of indulgence, some poor sour wine on a Sunday. This prudent economist had been a magistrate or officer at Boulogne, from which obscurity he was promoted to Paris for the reputation of his wealth, which he lent upon undeniable security to the public funds, not caring to trust individuals with what constituted all his happiness. While a magistrate at Bonlogne, he maintained himself by taking upon him

to be milk-taster-general at the market, and from one to another filled his belly and washed down his bread without expense to himself.

DEATH OF A BANKER.

In December, 1790, died at Paris, literally of want, M. Ostervald, a well-known banker. This man felt the violence of the disease of avarice (for surely it is rather a disease than a passion of the mind) so strongly, that, within a few days of his death, no importunities could induce him to buy a few pounds of meat, for the purpose of making a little soup for him. "Tis true," said he, "I should not dislike the soup, but I have no appetite for the meat; what, then, is to become of that?" At the time that he refused this nourishment, for fear of being obliged to give away two or three pounds of meat, there was tied round his neck a silken bag which contained 800 assignats of 1000 livres each. At his outset in life he drank a pint of beer, which served him for supper, every night at a house much frequented, from which he carried home all the bottle corks he could come at: of these, in the course of eight years, he had collected as many as sold for twelve louis d'ors; a sum that laid the foundation of his fortune, the superstructure of which was rapidly raised by his uncommon success in stock-jobbing. He died possessed of £125,000 sterling.

ECONOMY OF MR. ELWES.

There have been few persons in whom avarice has predominated more than in the late Mr. Elwes. His mother, indeed, was excessively avaricious; and though she was left nearly £100,000 by her husband, yet she absolutely starved herself to death. Mr. Elwes seemed not less wretched than his mother. At his house at Stoke, in Suffolk, if a window were broken, it was mended by a piece of brown paper, or by patching it with a small bit of glass; and this had been done so frequently, and in so many shapes, that

it would have puzzled a mathematician to say what figure they represented. To save fire, he would walk about the remains of an old greenhouse, or sit with a servant in the kitchen! In the advance of the season his morning employment was to pick up chips, bones, or any thing he could find, and carry them home in his pocket for fire! One day he was surprised by a neighbouring gentleman in the act of pulling down, with great difficulty, a crow's nest for this purpose; and when the gentleman wondered why he should give himself so much trouble, "Oh, sir," replied Elwes, "it is really a shame that these creatures should do so; do but see what waste they make. They don't care how extravagant they are." He would almost eat any thing to save expense. At a time when he was worth eight hundred thousand pounds, he would eat game at the last state of putrefaction, and meat that no other person could touch! As to his dress, any thing would do. He wore a wig for a fortnight which he had picked up in a rut in the lane when riding with another gentleman. His shoes he never suffered to be cleaned, lest they should be worn out the sooner. As the infirmities of old age, however, came upon him, he began to be more wretched. It is said that he was heard frequently at midnight as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out, "I will keep my money; nobody shall rob me of my property." There are many other remarkable circumstances related of him, but what we have already quoted will afford a striking proof of the vanity of sublunary things, and of the insufficiency of riches to render mankind happy.

QUARRELING ABOUT A FARTHING.

Sir Harvey Elwes, the miser, notwithstanding his dislike of society, was a member of a club which occasionally met at his own village of Stoke, and to which belonged two other baronets besides himself, Sir Cordwell Firebras and Sir John Barnardiston. With

these three, though all rich, the reckoning was always a subject of the minutest investigation. One day, when they were engaged in settling this difficult point, a wag, who was a member, called out to a friend that was passing, "Step up stairs and assist the poor! Here are three baronets, worth a million of money, quarreling about a farthing."

THE PETERSBURGH MISER.

A Russian merchant, who was so immensely rich that on one occasion he lent the Empress Catherine the Second a million of rubles, used to live in a small obscure room at St. Petersburg, with scarcely any fire, furniture, or attendants, though his house was

larger than many palaces. He buried his money in casks in the cellar, and was so great a miser that he barely allowed himself the common necessaries of life. He placed his principal security in a large dog of singular fierceness, which used to protect the premises by barking nearly the whole of the night. At length the dog died; when the master, either impelled by his avarice from buying another dog, or fearing that he might not meet with one that he could so well depend on, adopted the singular method of performing the canine service himself, by going his rounds every evening, and barking as well and as loud as he could in imitation of his faithful sentinel.

MISSIONS.

SUPERSTITION OF THE CHINESE.

On the 13th of May, 1818, a storm suddenly arose at Peking, which darkened the heavens, and filled the air with sand and dust. The Emperor was excessively alarmed, conceiving it to be a divine judgment. Anxious to know the meaning of the portentous event, he required of his ministers of state to endeavour to ascertain the cause. In a public document, he reprimanded his astronomers for not having previously informed him when the hurricane was to take place: they had but three days before stated to him, that felicitous stars shed their happy influence around his person, and indicated long life and prosperity.

HERE WE ARE LIKE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

"It is stated in the history of England," says Dr. Philip, in an address delivered at one of the London Anniversaries, "that when the first missionary who arrived at Kent, presented himself before the king, to solicit permission to preach the gospel in his dominions, after long deliberation, when a negative was about to be put upon his application, an aged counsellor, with his head

silvered over with gray hairs, rose, and by the following speech obtained the permission which was requested. 'Here we are,' said the orator, 'like birds of passage, we know not whence we come, or whither we are going; if this man can tell us, for God's sake let him speak.' I say, if there are six hundred millions of our fellow-creatures, who, like birds of passage, know not whence they came, nor whither they are going, for God's sake let us send them the gospel, which will tell them whence they came, and which is able to make them wise unto salvation."

WHERE SHALL I GO LAST OF ALL?

A Hindoo, of a thoughtful, reflecting turn of mind, but devoted to idolatry, lay on his death-bed. As he saw himself about to plunge into that boundless unknown, he cried out, "What will become of me?" "O," said a brahmin, who stood by, "you will inhabit another body." "And where," said he, "shall I go then?" "Into another." "And where then?" "Into another, and so on, through thousands of millions." Darting across this whole period as though it were but an instant, he cried, "Where shall I go then?"

Paganism could not answer, and he died agonizing under the inquiry, "where shall I go last of all?"

IDOLATERS CAN WORSHIP ANY THING.

At Baitenzorg, a village of Java, Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet observed a street occupied exclusively by Chinese. They called at several of the houses and noticed an idol in each. In one, they observed an engraving of the French Emperor Napoleon, in a gilt frame, before which incense was burning. The old man, to whom the picture belonged, in their presence, paid it divine honours, bowing himself in various antic attitudes, and offering a prayer for blessings upon himself and family. When we asked him why he worshipped an European engraving, he replied, "O. we worship any thing."

FESTIVAL OF JUGGERNAUT.

A respectable writer gives the following description of the festival of Juggernaut:—

Loud were the shouts of triumph which greeted our ears as we approached the temple of Juggernaut. Immense were the multitudes that thronged around, and thousands upon thousands would no more have been missed than a single grain from a handful of the finest sand. In a few minutes' space, we stood in front of the idol, raised upon its enormous car, and surrounded by a whole host of priests and devotees.

The first sensations which I experienced, on approaching it, were those of horror and disgust; but, alas! how were these sensations in a tenfold degree increased before the ceremonies of that day were past. The car, or tower, on which the idol was raised, stood at the height of many feet above the ground. Its sides were adorned with massive and enduring sculpture, representing the most lascivious forms and images which the mind of the wicked could suggest. The platform on the top was graced with an innumerable crowd of monsters, half-man, half-beast, in every

variety and shape; and in the midst of these, the idol itself, a huge misshapen block of wood, was placed. Its visage was painted black, its mouth was of a bloody colour, its arms were of gold, and its apparel was of the richest and most variegated coloured silk. There it sat, in horrid, horrid listlessness, upon its elevated throne, while the priests and their assistants bowed themselves before it, and, with the most indecent attitudes and gestures, sought to propitiate its favour and its grace. Loud and long were the shouts of the multitude, as men, women, and children, all pressed forward, to lay, if it might be, even a finger upon the ropes that dragged the stupendous car. Many were the worn-out and travel-soiled pilgrims who were crushed to death in the vain and empty struggle; but loud were the plaudits which they who died received, and a smile remained upon their countenances even in the bitter hour of death.

At length the idol moved. The enormous wheels, upon which it was supported, creaked and groaned beneath its weight, and the deeply indented ground showed the immensity of the pressure that rolled along its surface. In a short space it stopped, and then the worship of the god commenced.

The chief priest advanced, and with many a low salaam began to recite a long roll of obscene and indecent verses. "These are the songs," he exclaimed, "with which the god is delighted. It is but when he is pleased that his ear will move." Accordingly it did move a few paces in advance, when again it stopped, and anon a youthful being was brought forward, to attempt, if it might be, something still more lascivious, to propitiate his god. He began to caper—but I cannot, I will not, carry on the horrible description. Fancy cannot picture, the imagination cannot conceive the abominations of this worship. I turned away, in sickness of heart, and in utter loathing and disgust, from the sight; but a loud and renewed shout fell upon my ear, and involuntarily I

turned round and saw an emaciated and worn-out pilgrim, with a kind of supernatural strength, and a wild devotion gleaming in his eyes, force his way through the surrounding crowd, and prostrate himself on his face in the very course of the terrific car, and, with outstretched arms and legs, await unmoved the consummation of his fate. On rolled the ponderous wheels, and ere a minute had elapsed, the misguided wretch lay crushed, dismembered, broken, a shapeless mass of flesh, and scarcely to be distinguished from the dust amongst which he was almost concealed from sight. Loud songs of praise accompanied this act of self-devotion, for the multitude believed that the victim would be received as a favoured child by Juggernaut, and recalled into life in a state of everlasting happiness and joy.

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN ANCIENT BRITAIN.

Maurice, in his "Indian Antiquities," refers thus to the worship practised by the British Druids.

The pen of history trembles to relate the baleful orgies which their frantic superstition celebrated, when, enclosing men, women, and children, in *one vast wicker image*, in the form of a man, and filling it with every kind of combustibles, they set fire to the huge colossus. While the dreadful holocaust was offering to their sanguinary gods, the groans and shrieks of the consuming victims were drowned amidst shouts of barbarous triumph, and the air was rent, as in the Syrian temple of old, with martial music. Religion shudders at such a perversion of its names and rites, humanity turns with horror from the guilty scene.

Such were our ancestors. To us much has been given, and of us much will be required.

HUMAN SACRIFICES AT THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

Mr. Ellis was informed by the inhabitants of Maeva, that the foundation of some of the buildings for the abode of

their gods was actually laid in human sacrifices: that every pillar supporting the roof of one of the sacred houses at Maeva, was planted upon the body of a man who had been offered as a victim to the sanguinary deity for whom the temple was erected. The unhappy wretches selected were either captives taken in war, or individuals who had rendered themselves obnoxious to the chiefs or the priests.

HABITATIONS OF CRUELTY.

Says Mr. Campbell, for twelve years a missionary in India—

"The human sacrifices which Hindooism demands, are frightful and appalling. Whatever may be the character of the people, and however quiet, and passive, and submissive they appear, their superstition is the most cruel and barbarous that has ever been established. In Goomsoor, a province which has lately fallen into the hands of the British, the horrid scenes which have been discovered, are almost beyond credibility. Whenever a disease raged in the family of the monarch, a human sacrifice was demanded to appease the offended deity, and nothing less precious than the life of an only son would gratify the demon. Immured in houses and in dungeons, there were found hundreds of poor children who had been stolen from the adjoining territories; and for what purpose were they concealed and preserved? that they might be fattened like so many sheep and oxen for the slaughter, and might, at a suitable season, be offered up to the Moloch of the country.

"At the seed-time, the farmers of a district would assemble together; human victim was selected, was bound as a sacrifice to the altar, and was devoted to the most barbarous death. While the priests proclaim the omens to be propitious, one farmer would come, and with a large knife, would take a slice from the victim, would carry it away to his field, and would press the blood out of it while it was yet warm, and then bury it in the earth. A second,

and a third, and a fourth, would come and act a similar part, till the wretched man was sliced in pieces while he was yet alive, and was consigned to various parts of the ground. But why this barbarity? That the favour of Maree might be obtained, and that no curse, nor blight, might rest on their land; and that a richer harvest might arise from fields watered by the blood of sacrifices. Oh! these dark places of the earth are still full of the habitations of cruelty.

“Deeds of blood and atrocity are mixed up with the habits and customs of the people, and fail to produce any great sensation. In England, if a mother strangles her infant, if a father murders his son, if a brother puts a sister to death, a thrill of horror passes through the community, the public voice is lifted up, in loud and terrible denunciations, against such a diabolical act; and the wonder is expressed how such a monster is permitted to live. But in India, such deeds are so common that they have failed to make any impression upon the community, and are often regarded by their authors as actions of merit rather than of infamy.”

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN AFRICA.

The Ashantees sacrifice human victims, to the number of one hundred, at all their great festivals, some of which occur every twenty-one days. On the death of his mother, the king offered three thousand victims, and at the death of a distinguished captain, twenty-four hundred. At the funeral of a person of rank, it is usual to wet the grave by the blood of a freeman, who is slaughtered unsuspectingly, while assisting in the funeral rites, and rolled into the grave with the corpse. A regular correspondence is supposed by them to be kept up with the invisible world. Hence the king, wishing to send to any of his deceased friends, calls a servant, delivers to him a message, and kills him that he may carry it. Then, if he wishes to make any addition to the message, he calls another slave, and treats him in like manner; and all with

the same indifference with which one of us would write a letter and add a postscript.

DEVOTEES OF JUGGERNAUT.

The facts below are gleaned from Dr. Duff's work on India, and from the organs of missionary societies.

Many of the pilgrims to Juggernaut, from the most distant parts of India, measure the whole distance of their weary pilgrimage with their own bodies on the ground. Some remain all day with their heads on the ground and their feet in the air, some cram their eyes with mud and their mouths with straw. One man may be seen lying with his foot tied to his neck, another with a pot of fire on his breast, and a third enveloped in a net of ropes. At the festival of Charak Pujah, so called, because then is endured the torture of hook swinging so well known, many of the devotees throw themselves down from the top of a high wall, or a scaffold twenty feet high, on iron spikes or knives, that are thickly stuck in a large bag of straw. At night, numbers of the devotees sit down in the open air, pierce the skin of their foreheads, insert a small rod of iron, to which is suspended a lamp, which is kept burning until the morning dawn. Some have their breasts and arms stuck entirely full of pins, about the thickness of packing needles. Others tie themselves to a wheel, thirty feet in diameter, and raised considerably above the ground—when the wheel turns round, their heads point alternately to the zenith and the nadir—others cover their under lip with a layer of mud, and deposit upon it some small grains, usually of mustard seed, then stretch themselves flat on their backs, exposed to the dripping dews by night and the blazing sun by day. Their vow is, that they will not stir from that position, nor turn, nor move, nor eat nor drink, till the seeds planted begin to sprout; this generally takes place on the third or fourth day. On the day of the great Charak festival, several

blacksmiths are stationed in the court of the temple, with sharp instruments in their hands. When the procession reaches the temple, a class of devotees, bearing in their hands rods, canes, iron spits, or tubes, approach the blacksmiths. One extends his side, it is instantly pierced through, and in passes one of his rods or canes; another extends his arm, this is perforated, and in passes his iron spit; a third protrudes his tongue, and getting it bored through, he passes in a cord or serpent! These devotees may be seen, in the midst of loud discordant sounds, and frantic dances, pulling backward and forward, through their wounded members, the rods and the canes, the spits and the tubes, the cords and the writhing serpents, till their bodies seem streaming with their own blood!

A HINDOO DEVOTEE.

A Brahmin from the north, says a missionary, has visited these parts, and is now on his way to Cape Comorin, if he has not already reached it. He rolls himself over and over on the bare ground, about three or four miles each day, on his way to the above mentioned place; and it is said that he has travelled in this manner all the way from Benares, in doing which he has consumed nine years and three months. He sets out at dawn, with thick cloths tied round his body and temples; and having reached the village fixed upon, he performs his devotions, and spends the rest of the day with his family, who travel with him in bullock-carts. He is fanned as he rolls along, by his son, a youth of ten or twelve years of age; while the musicians of the village which he leaves, or of that to which he is going, accompany him with music and shouting; thousands of people gazing with admiration upon his progress, and applauding him as "a great soul," a most religious man. When he comes to a tank or river, or other places which he cannot cross by rolling on the ground, he walks through them,

and on the other side rolls the same distance along the bank, and back again. When he reaches Cape Comorin he is to set a plantain, and wait there till he offers the fruit of it to the deity whom he worships; after which, they say, he is to roll back again to Benares, on the other side of the Ghants. He is a stout man of about forty years of age, and is said to be not much injured by his devoteecism. The act, instead of being regarded as a waste of time and labour, is praised by the Hindoos generally, as an evidence of the highest wisdom and magnanimity; and yet some of them, enlightened, probably, by Christianity, regard it as folly; unless, indeed, which is not certain, he derives a splendid profit from it in the offerings of the people. Certain it is that his family maintain a most respectable appearance; but it is said that he was a man of property before he set out on his strange pilgrimage.

SWINGING ON HOOKS.

Among the Hindoos, particular villages are appropriated for swinging, where the natives assemble at stated seasons. In the centre of an area, surrounded by numerous spectators, a pole from twenty to thirty feet in height is erected, on which is placed a long horizontal beam, with a rope run over a pulley, at the extremity. To this rope they fix an iron hook, which, being drawn through the integuments of the foot, the swinger is suspended aloft in the air, amidst the acclamations of the multitude; the longer he is able to bear this painful exertion, and the more violently he swings himself round, the greater is the supposed merit. From the flesh giving way, the performer sometimes falls from his towering height, and breaks a limb; if he escapes that accident, from the usual temperance of the Hindoos, the wound soon heals. This penance is generally voluntary, and done from supposed religious motives. Who on reading such descriptions, does not pray that a purer system

of faith and morals may soon pervade these vast and populous regions!

BORING THE TONGUE.

At Chinsurah, in the East Indies, there is a famous place of resort called *Suraishortollah*, or the residence of the Bull god. This is a square area, on which, beneath the shade of one vast banyan tree, several temples stand, dedicated to several popular idols, to accommodate all classes of comers. Here many self-inflicted, or self-chosen cruelties are practised by those who thus hope to merit a place in the Hindoo heaven. A favourite penance is to have the tongue bored through with a large iron spike. A blacksmith is the operator, who is said to be very skilful both in driving a nail and driving a bargain. It sometimes happens that the candidates for this piece of service at his hands, are so numerous and impatient, that they are obliged to submit to be arranged in order as they arrive, and wait till each in his turn can be gratified with a wound in the unruly member, which they use, meanwhile, with no small eloquence, to induce him to hasten to their relief, and when he is come, to get the business done as cheaply as they can. The shrewd knave, however, is wise enough to take his time, and extort a larger or a smaller fee, according to the number, rank, or fanaticism of his customers.

SUFFERINGS OF A HINDOO DEVOTEE.

A missionary thus describes a singular case of self-torture:—The devotee was in the act of measuring his way to Juggernaut by his own body. He never rose upon his feet in travelling. When on his knees, he reached his hand forward to the ground, and thus drew his body onward. Every time he drew himself along thus, he beat his forehead against the ground three times, looking towards the temple, which was now in sight. "When I got sufficiently near," said the missionary, "I called to him, but he did not appear to hear what I said, and continued on his way

without paying the least attention. I therefore came up, and succeeded in stopping him; a deep melancholy sat visible upon his countenance, his lips moving in prayer to his god, in a low grumbling tone of voice. When I had surveyed him a few moments, he gave over repeating, and I began to converse with him as well as I was able. I first inquired how far he had come in that manner? He answered, seven hundred and fifty miles. How long have you been on the way? About eight months. He appeared about twenty-one years of age, and was so emaciated by his austerities that his voice was nearly gone: I could but just understand him. I asked him what he expected from this visit to Juggernaut? I was told that he expected almost every thing, particularly that hereby he should get rid of his sins. I then told him about Jesus Christ dying for his sins, and that if he would only believe on Christ, he would immediately find the blessings he sought. He seemed to hear with some attention and surprise. By this time a number of wicked looking brahmins, from a neighbouring temple, were gathered around us, and began to encourage him to proceed."

THE CHILDLESS CHIEF.

On one occasion, at Raiatea, one of the Society Islands, six hundred children were assembled. A feast was prepared for them; they marched through the settlement in procession, dressed in European garments, with little hats and bonnets, made by those very parents who would have destroyed them had not the gospel come to their rescue. They and their parents occupied the chapel. The appearance of the parents was most affecting. The eyes of some were beaming with delight, as the father said to the mother, "What a mercy it is that we spared our dear girl." Bitter tears rolling down the saddened countenances of others, told the painful tale that all their children were destroyed. A venerable chief,

gray with age, could bear the scene no longer; he arose, and with an impassioned look and manner exclaimed, "Let me speak; I must speak. Oh! that I had known that the gospel was coming, my children would have been among this happy group; but alas! I destroyed them all. I have not *one* left. I shall die childless, though I have been the father of nineteen children." Sitting down, he gave vent to his agonized feelings in a flood of tears.

INFANTICIDE IN PEKIN.

In the imperial city, after allowing more than one half for natural deaths, the number of exposed infants is, according to Barrow, about four thousand a-year. Some of the scenes he witnessed while at Pekin, were almost incredible. Before the carts go round in the morning to pick up the bodies of infants thrown in the streets—amounting to about four-and-twenty every night—dogs and swine are let loose upon them. The bodies of those found are carried to a common pit without the city walls, in which the living and the dead are thrown together. This, however, is a small proportion, compared with other places. In some provinces not one out of three is suffered to live.

THE RAJAH'S DAUGHTER.

The wife of a rajah, or native prince of India, had five little girls, who were put to death as soon as they were born, by order of their cruel father. When the sixth was born, the mother began to long very much to have a daughter to love, and she managed to get a servant to take it away, without the rajah knowing any thing about it. He thought that the sixth had been put to death like the rest. The poor mother never dared to send for her little girl. She never saw her again, and died soon after.

CRUELTY TOWARDS THE INFIRM AMONG SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

Before the introduction of Christianity to their islands, the natives often

proved themselves destitute of natural affection in their treatment of the infirm. Sometimes the unhappy invalid was buried alive. When this was designed, a pit was dug, bathing was proposed to the sufferer, and the attendants proffered their services to convey him to the beach. Instead, however, of showing him this kindness, they bore him to the pit, and cast him in. Stones and dirt were hurried into the grave, to stifle the voice of the unhappy man. The work of murder was soon performed, and the relatives returned to their dwellings, thankful to obtain relief, by this method, from the cares which humanity enjoins. Sometimes the invalid was destroyed in a more summary manner. Having called out all the visitors, the friends or companions of the sick man armed themselves with spears, and prepared for their savage work. It was in vain that the helpless invalid cried for mercy. So far from being moved by his entreaties, they would amuse themselves with deliberate cruelty, by trying to surpass each other in throwing the spear with dexterity at the miserable suppliant, or rushing upon him, they would transfix him to the couch. So true is it that "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

BOYS FATTENED FOR SLAUGHTER.

The Rev. Dr. Carey, of Serampore, writing to a friend in England, a few years ago, had occasion to speak of Sumatra, as an important station for the establishment of a mission, which has since been done. The Doctor related, that, a little time before he wrote, he had received very decisive evidence of their being cannibals. He was walking with a gentleman at Serampore, who pointed to a boy, and asked the Doctor if he could imagine how he came by him. The reply was, of course, in the negative. He then stated, that he was on the east coast of Sumatra, when, having occasion to go ashore, he saw three little boys. He asked a Malay who they were, and was

instantly told that they had been stolen from a neighbouring island, and would be sold for food to the Battahs, (a nation inhabiting part of Sumatra,) *as soon as they were fattened*. He asked their price, was told it was 150 dollars, he paid the money, and took them on board his ship for the preservation of their lives! Truly, "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

CANNIBLISM IN NEW ZEALAND.

Mr. Leigh tells us, that while he was in the island of New Zealand, he was one day walking with a chief on the beach, and had his attention arrested by a considerable number of people coming from a neighbouring hill. He inquired the cause of the concourse, and was told that they had killed a lad, were now roasting him, and then intended to eat him. He immediately proceeded to the place, in order to ascertain the truth of the appalling relation. Being arrived at the village where the people were collected, he asked to see the boy. The natives seemed much agitated at his presence, and particularly at his request, as if conscious of their guilt; it was only after a very urgent solicitation, that they directed him towards a large fire at some distance, where they said he would find him. As he was going to this place, he passed by the bloody spot on which the head of the unhappy victim had been cut off; and, on approaching, he was not a little startled at the sudden appearance of a savage looking man, of gigantic stature, entirely naked, and armed with a large axe. He was a good deal intimidated, but mustered up as much courage as he could, and demanded to see the lad. The cook, for such was the occupation of this terrific monster, then held up the boy by his feet. He appeared to be about fourteen years of age, and was half roasted. He returned to the village, where he found a great number of natives seated in a circle, with a quantity of coomery, (a sort of sweet

potato,) before them, waiting for the roasted body of the youth. In this company was shown to him the mother of the child, who, with her child, were slaves, having been taken in war. She would have been compelled to share in the horrid feast, had he not prevailed on them to give up the body to be interred, and thus prevented them from gratifying their unnatural appetite.

A STRONGHOLD ASSAILED.

Numerous groups of islands in the Pacific have rapidly yielded to the influence of the gospel. About ninety islands have cast their idols "to the moles and to the bats," and about 400,000 idolaters have nominally (not all truly) embraced Christianity. One of the strongest holds of cannibalism and cruelty is found in the Feejee islands.

When the posts of their temples are erected, human beings are sacrificed, their bodies baked in native ovens, and the flesh eaten by the imbruted worshippers. In 1839, a victorious war party, returning from an exterminating war, placed thirty living children in baskets, and hoisted them up to the masthead of their canoes, to dangle in the wind as trophies of victory. By the motion of the canoes the helpless victims were dashed against the mast, and their piercing cries were speedily hushed in the silence of death.

So numerous were the victims taken in this war, that the most greedy cannibals were for a time glutted with human flesh! In some instances, this execrable appetite for human flesh has become so strong, that bodies have actually been dug up out of the grave to gratify it! The gospel has assailed this stronghold. The Wesleyan Missionary Society, from whose quarterly paper these facts are taken, has a successful mission among them; 540 have expressed hope in Christ, and are regular communicants. Nearly 1,000 persons, adults and children, are receiving religious instruction in the schools. Thousands of the natives,

who have not embraced Christianity, have been greatly benefitted by the gospel. Their manners have been reformed, their morals materially improved. Cannibalism has been abandoned by multitudes, wars are less frequent and less cruel. A few influential chiefs have united with the people of God. One of these was one of the greatest cannibals and warriors that Feejee ever produced. His conversion has astonished his countrymen, and gladdened the hearts of the missionaries.

DISTRESS OF A MOTHER.

A missionary in South America improved an Indian mother for the murder of her female infants. She replied, with tears, "I would to God, father, I would to God, that my mother had, by my death, prevented the distresses I endure, and have yet to endure as long as I live. Consider, father, our deplorable condition. Our husbands go out to hunt, and trouble themselves no further. We are dragged along, with one infant at the breast, and another in a basket. They return in the evening without any burden. We return with the burden of our children; and, though tired with a long march, must labour all night in grinding corn, to make *chica* for them. They get drunk, and in their drunkenness beat us, draw us by the hair of the head, and tread us under foot. And what have we to comfort us for slavery that has no end? A young wife is brought in upon us, who is permitted to abuse us and our children, because we are no longer regarded. Can human nature endure such tyranny? What kindness can we show to our female children, equal to that of relieving them from such oppression, more bitter a thousand times than death? I say again, would to God my mother had put me under ground the moment I was born."

PRAYER MILLS OF TARTARY.

The votaries of Lamaism actually used prayer mills. The following is a

description of these labour-saving machines, by Zewick.

The *kurdu*, or prayer machine, consists of hollow wooden cylinders of different sizes, filled with Tangud writings. The cylinders are painted with red stripes, and adorned with handsome gilt letters in the Sanscrit character, commonly making a distinct sentence. Each of these is fixed upon an iron axis, which goes through a square frame; this frame is capable of being shut up flat, and is formed upon a small scale, much like a weaver's shearing machine. Where the lower parts of the frame cross, there is a hole in which the axis of the cylinder turns; by means of a string which is attached to a crank in the spindle, the machine can be kept in motion, so that the cylinder turns in the frame like a grindstone upon its axis. Before the fire at Sarepta, we had two large *kurdus* of this kind, with Tangud writings of all sorts, rolled one upon another, round the spindle, in the inside of the cylinder, to the length of some hundred feet. The Moguls believe that it is meritorious respectfully to set in motion, whether by the wind or otherwise, such writings as contain prayers and other religious documents, that the knowledge of these scraps of theology may reach to the gods, and bring down their blessing. These prayer mills contain the above named sentence,—a comprehensive request—repeated it may be thousands of times, and thus secure a wonderful multiplication of power. These machines are commonly found in the houses of the Moguls.

A MISSIONARY MAKING PEACE.

On one occasion, when Mr. Nott, a missionary, and his companions, arrived at the island of Tubooi, the whole of its population were preparing for battle, being engaged in war. The missionary and his friends stepped forward as mediators, saw the leaders of the contending parties, expostulated with them, brought them together, and reconciled their differences. The contending

armies threw down their weapons, cordially embraced each other, went in company to a new building which was devoted to the service of God, and sat side by side to hear the gospel of peace, which was now published to many of them for the first time.

IMPLEMENTS OF WAR CONVERTED TO PEACEFUL AND EVEN SACRED PURPOSES.

Among the natives of the South Sea Islands, war was formerly as prevalent as it now is rare, and the cruelties of their conflicts were of the most revolting description; to specify only their treatment of infant captives, the tender babe was transfixed to the mother's heart by a ruthless weapon; or it was caught by the rough grasp of the warrior and dashed against the rocks; or it was wantonly thrown up in the air and caught upon his spear, where it writhed in agony and died; sometimes the ferocious warrior strung his infant prisoners upon a cord passed through the head from ear to ear, and with a fiendish pleasure trailed them upon the sand in triumph.

But since Christianity has inculcated her lessons of mercy, war is comparatively unknown.

SWARTZ AND THE INHABITANTS OF TANJORE.

In the time of war, the fort of Tanjore, Hindoostan, was in a very distressing situation; a powerful enemy was near, and the provisions were insufficient even for the garrison. There was grain enough in the country for their supply, but they had no bullocks to convey it to the fort; the people had lost all confidence in the Europeans, and the rajah in vain entreated their assistance. The only hope left them appeared to be in Mr. Swartz, an eminent missionary. "We have lost all our credit," said the rajah to an English gentleman; "let us try whether the inhabitants will trust Mr. Swartz." Accordingly he was desired to make a speedy agreement with them, for there

was no time to be lost; the sepoys were daily dying in great numbers, and the streets were literally lined with the dead every morning. Mr. Swartz, therefore, sent letters in every direction, promising to pay with his own hands for every bullock that might be taken by the enemy, and in a short time, his benevolent exertions obtained for the perishing inhabitants above a thousand bullocks. He sent catechists and other Christians into the country, at the risk of their lives, who, with all possible haste, brought into the fort a large quantity of rice, by which means it was preserved.

THE CONJURER CONVERTED.

Among other converts of Mr. Brainerd's, was a man who had been a most notorious sinner, a drunkard, a murderer, a conjurer; but who at length appeared to be an illustrious trophy of the power and the riches of Divine grace. He lived near the Forks of Delaware, and occasionally attended Mr. Brainerd's ministry; but, for a time, like many others of the Indians, was not at all reformed by the instructions which he enjoyed. About that very time he murdered a promising young Indian, and he still followed his old trade of conjuring, being held in high reputation among his countrymen. Hence, when Mr. Brainerd told them of the miracles of Christ, and represented them as a proof of his Divine mission, and of the truth of his religion, they immediately mentioned the wonders of the same kind which this man had wrought by his magical charms. As he was, in this manner, a powerful obstruction to the progress of the gospel among the Indians, Mr. Brainerd often thought it would be a great mercy if God were to remove him out of the world, for he had little or no hope that such a wretch would ever himself be converted; but He, "whose thoughts are not as our thoughts," was pleased to take a more gracious and a more effectual method of removing the difficulty.

Having been impressed by witnessing the baptism of Mr. Brainerd's interpreter, he followed him to Croosweek-sung shortly after, and continued there several weeks during the season of the most remarkable and powerful awakening of the Indians. He was then brought under deep concern for his soul.

His convictions of his sinfulness and misery became by degrees more deep, and the anguish of his mind was so increased, that he knew not what to do, or whither to turn.

After continuing in this state of mind upwards of a week, he obtained such a view of the excellency of Christ, and of the way of salvation through him, that he burst into tears, and was filled with admiration, and gratitude, and praise. From that time he appeared a humble, devout, affectionate Christian.

GREAT CHANGE AT RAIATEA.

At a public festival at Raiatea, a South Sea Island, some of the chiefs and others addressed the company, in brief and spirited appeals to their memory, of the abominations of past times, and to their gratitude for the glorious and blessed changes which the gospel of Christ had wrought among them. They compared their present manner of feasting, their improved dress, their purer enjoyments, their more courteous behaviour, the cleanliness of their persons, the delicacy of their language in conversation, with their former gluttony, nakedness, riot, brutality, filthy customs, and obscene talk. One of the speakers observed, "At such a feast as this, a few years ago, none but kings, or great chiefs, or strong men, could have got any thing good to eat; the poor, and the feeble, and the lame, would have been trampled under foot, and many of them killed in the quarrels and battles that followed the gormandizing and drunkenness." "This," said another, "is the reign of Jehovah,—that was the reign of Satan. Our kings might kill us for their pleasure, and offer our carcases to the Evil Spirit; our priests and our rulers delighted in shedding

our blood. Now, behold, our persons are safe, our property is our own, and we have no need to fly to the mountains to hide ourselves, as we used to do, when a sacrifice was wanted for Oro, and durst not come back to our homes till we heard that a victim had been slain and carried to the marae."

CONVERSION OF AFRICANER.

One of the most extraordinary instances of the power of divine grace furnished in the annals of missions, is that of Africaner, for many years a chief among the Namacquas, a tribe of people in South Africa. He was pronounced by Mr. Campbell, "The Bonaparte of the interior of South Africa." "His name carried terror along with it for several hundred miles around his residence." He was long engaged in plundering the neighbouring tribes, and did not scruple to destroy two missionary settlements.

His character may be learnt more fully from the remark respecting him, recorded by a missionary. "Soldiers are sent, who, it is hoped, will succeed in ridding the country of such a monster, whom neither religion nor government can restrain or subdue."

When Mr. Campbell visited Africa, in 1812, he wrote a conciliatory letter to this man, asking him to allow the missionaries to return to one of the stations, from which they had been driven in terror by his violence. After some delay he granted the request. The conversation and preaching of a missionary, at this station, had such an effect, that Africaner one day said to him, "I am glad that I am delivered. I have long enough been engaged in the service of the devil; but now I am free from this bondage. Jesus hath delivered me: him will I serve, and with him will I abide."

When Mr. Campbell visited Africa the second time, he wrote thus to his friends in England:—

"Africaner was the man of whom I was most afraid when in that country before, in consequence of the multitude

of plunders in which he was engaged. There was a Griqua captain, of a different tribe, between whom and Africaner there were frequent battles. Both of these are now converted to the Christian faith. Africaner, as an act of kindness to Mr. Moffat, travelled with his people a journey of six days across Africa, to convey Mr. Moffat's books and furniture to Lattakoo. Formerly he had gone as far to attack Berend. On this occasion Africaner and Berend met together in my tent, and united in singing praises to the God of peace; and when I recollected the enmity that had formerly existed between them, compared with what I then saw, tears of joy flowed from my eyes. O my friends, after the conversion of Africaner and Berend, let a man be as wicked as he may, despair not of his conversion; for the grace of God is infinite."

It is pleasing to add that, to the day of his death, Africaner maintained the character of a consistent and useful Christian.

CONVERSION OF CUPIDO.

Cupido, a Hottentot, was remarkable for swearing, lying, fighting and drunkenness. His vices often laid him on a sick bed. He was sometimes afraid of God, though ignorant of him; and expected that his conduct would prove the destruction of his soul. He begged all he met to point out some mode of deliverance from the sin of drunkenness, supposing that to abandon his other vices would be easy. Some directed him to witches and wizards, whom he found miserable comforters; for they told him that when persons began to make such inquiries it was a sure sign of speedy death, and that his life was not worth a farthing. Others prescribed various medicines, which he found as unavailing as the counsels of the witches. He was providentially led to Graaf Reinet, where he heard, in a discourse from the missionary Vanderlingen, that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, could save sinners from their sins. He said within himself, "That is what I want!

That is what I want!" He repaired to the missionaries, expressing his wish to become acquainted with this Jesus. And he told all he met, that he had at last found one who could save sinners from their sins. Upon finding that the preaching of the missionaries fitted his own case, and laid open the secrets of his heart, he said, "This is not of man, but of God." After he had rejoiced in the hope of divine forgiveness, it was his practice to recommend Christ to others, as the only remedy for sin, who could destroy it, as he himself could witness, "both root and branch."

AN OLD IDOLATER.

One day, while Mr. Wilson, a missionary, was preaching at Raiatea, one of the South Sea Islands, where he had recently introduced the gospel, an old man stood up and exclaimed, "My forefathers worshipped Oro, the god of war, and so have I; nor shall any thing that you can say persuade me to forsake this way. And," continued he, addressing the missionary, "what do you want more than you have already? Have you not won over such a chief, and such a chief; ay, and you have Pomare himself! what want you more?" "All—all the people of Raiatea; and you, yourself, I want!" replied Mr. Wilson. "No, no," cried the old man; "me—you shall never have me! I will do as my fathers have done; I will worship Oro; you shall never have me, I assure you." Little, however, did this poor man understand the power and love of God. Such was the blessed effect of the gospel on his heart, that, within six months from that time, this stanch, inflexible, inveterate adherent of Oro, the Moloch of the Pacific, abandoned his idol, and became a worshipper of the true God.

SOLITARY BUT NOT ALONE.

The following instructive anecdote was told by Rev. R. Moffat, missionary from Africa, at an anniversary of the London Missionary Society. He and his companions had travelled in the

interior all day and night, weary and without food. They approached a village inhabited by the Corannas, who were accustomed to bloodshed and rapine. An individual who met them warned them against entering the village; they would do so at their peril. He pointed them to the heights beyond the town, where he said they could sleep for the night.

"We tied about us the fasting girdle to prevent the gnawing of hunger. We looked at each other, for we were hungry and thirsty, and fatigued beyond measure. At last an individual came; we asked for water. It was refused. I offered two or three buttons remaining on my jacket for a little milk. It was refused with scorn. It was evident something was brewing in the minds of the people, and we had good reason to be alarmed. We lifted up our hearts to God. There we sat; and as we gazed, saw a woman descend from the heights. She approached with a vessel in her hand and a bundle of wood. The vessel contained milk; having set them down, she immediately returned. She shortly came back, bringing a vessel of water in one hand and a leg of mutton in the other. She sat herself down and cut up the meat. We asked her name, and if there was any relative of hers to whom we had shown kindness; but she answered not a word. I again asked her to tell me to whom we were indebted; and after repeating the question three or four times, she at last replied, 'I know whose servants ye are, and I love Him, who hath told me, he that giveth a cup of cold water to one of his disciples shall in no wise lose his reward.' Her words seemed to glow while she wept profusely to see one of the servants of Christ. On inquiring into her history, I found she was a solitary lamp burning in that village. I asked her to tell me how she had kept the light of God alive in her soul. She drew from her bosom a Testament, and holding it up she said, 'That is the fountain from which I drink; that is the oil that keeps my lamp burning in

this dark place.' I looked at the book; it was a Dutch Testament, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society. It was given her by a missionary when she left the school! And it was that book that had been the means of her conversion, and had kept alive her piety without any teaching save that of the Holy Ghost, or any Christian fellowship except communion with God."

A DISCOURSE ON THEFT LEADS TO THE RESTITUTION OF PILFERED PROPERTY.

Mr. Nott, missionary at Tahiti, preached from the text, "Let him that stole, steal no more." The next morning, when he opened his door, he saw a number of the natives sitting on the ground before his dwelling. He requested an explanation of this circumstance. They answered, "We have not been able to sleep all night; we were in the chapel yesterday: we thought, when we were pagans, that it was right to steal when we could do it without being found out. Hiro, the god of thieves, used to assist us. But we heard what you said yesterday from the word of God, that Jehovah had commanded that we should not steal. We have stolen, and all these things that we have brought with us are stolen goods." One then lifted up an axe, a hatchet, or a chisel, and exclaimed, "I stole this from the carpenter of such a ship," naming the vessel; others held up an *umeti*, or a saw, or a knife; and indeed almost every kind of moveable property was brought and exhibited with such confessions. Mr. Nott proposed that they should take the plundered property home, and restore it when an opportunity should occur, to its lawful owners. They all said, "Oh no, we cannot take them back, we have had no peace ever since we heard it was displeasing to God, and we shall have no peace so long as they remain in our dwellings; we wish you to take them, and give them back to the owners whenever they come."

GOOD FOR EVIL.

When it was known among the islands that Mr. Williams had been killed at Erromanga, the first proposition made by the people was of a character worthy of their Christian profession. It was not to take their clubs and spears, and go, in large numbers, to avenge the death of their beloved friend, who had fallen a victim to the cruel savages on that island; but that native teachers should be sent to carry to those blood-stained shores the gospel of peace, believing that to be the best method that could possibly be adopted to subdue their ferocious spirits, and lead them joyfully to receive and kindly treat European missionaries, who, at some future period, might go to reside among them. Two natives had the moral courage to offer their services for that particular field of missionary enterprise. They were taken thither by Mr. Heath. The chiefs, in whose charge they were left, promised to behave kindly to them and to attend to their instructions.

THE CONFESSION OF THE MARTYRS.

Fourteen Christians in Madagascar, who, during the persecutions there, had spent two wretched years as fugitives in the mountains, determined to go to the sea side and sail to Mauritius. On their way they were taken prisoners, and conducted to the city.

A deeply interesting circumstance transpired as these Christians were on their way to the capital, after being apprehended. On reaching the town of Befersona, a guard was set upon them. They were told that their manner of travelling was suspicious, and not like that of other people, having lanterns at night, and striking into unusual paths. Three days successively they underwent examination; and, on the third, they resolved to witness the good confession, and, therefore, made the following declaration, through Andriamanana, one of their number, whom they had appointed as their spokesman: "Since you ask us again and again, we will tell you. We are not banditti nor

murderers; *we are (Impivavaka) praying people; and if this make us guilty in the kingdom of the queen, then whatever the queen does, we submit to suffer.*" "Is this, then," said the interrogator, "your final reply, whether for life or for death?" "It is our final reply," they said, "whether for life or death." "Who," asked the examiner, "sent you from Tananarivo?" "No one," they replied, "we went forth of our own free will." After the Christians made these declarations, it is said that they felt inexpressible peace and joy. They had prayed; they had confessed Christ; and now that concealment was at an end, and they could freely open their overburdened hearts, they said to each other, "Now we are in the situation of Christian and Faithful when they were led to the city of Vanity Fair." And so it proved, when a majority of them underwent the martyr's death after the example of Faithful.

DEMOLITION OF A DEVIL TEMPLE IN TINNEVELLY.

In Sevel, a large and populous village in Southern India, the gospel, says the Rev. Mr. Dent, has publicly triumphed over heathenism. There were a few families there under instruction, of the Shanar tribe. All of them, with three exceptions, joined the congregation: and they then agreed among themselves to demolish their peicoll, (or devil temple,) and convert it into a place of worship. Soon after, I visited the village, and the people informed me of their intention; I rejoiced exceedingly that they had come to this determination; and encouraged them to it, by citing a few passages of Scripture that related to the destruction of idolatry. They asked me to come to the spot; and I did so, in order to witness the spectacle. The most forward among our people entered the temple first; and one of them, with an axe in his hand, and with this sentence, "O Christ, help!" in his mouth, gave the chief idol a blow, and severed the head from the body; then

came others, and threw down the idols and altars that were therein, demolished the inner courts and walls, and levelled them all to the ground. The idols, broken to pieces, they threw out for public exhibition; saying, "Such are the gods we have ignorantly worshipped and believed all this time! They cannot help themselves; how can they help us?" There was a great crowd of spectators collected together at this place. The heathen of the village were quite angry at this outrage and injustice, as they termed it; and would have made some attempts to recover the gods, but my presence tended considerably to still them. The heathen cried out, "O ye fools, ye madmen! what have ye been doing? Have ye cut down and destroyed the tutelary gods and goddesses of your village? Be sure that you and your families will ere long be visited. Ammen will revenge herself upon you all, shortly." Our people replied: "These are sand and clay, made by our own hands: they can never do us any injury! The Lord Jesus alone is God: Him we all worship, and he will protect us." I had a good opportunity of addressing the crowd on the folly and absurdity of their religion, and of directing them to the Lord Jesus, the Saviour of poor lost creatures. The sight was overpowering to me, having never witnessed any thing of the kind before; and I thanked God for this public triumph of Christianity over idols and idolatry in the village. We went afterwards and had a prayer in that place, which but a little before was a devil temple, and a nest of all unclean things!

MR. WILLIAMS' CONTRAST.

In describing the influence of christian missions on society, Mr. Williams writes in his "Missionary Enterprises," In reference to Rarotonga, I cannot forbear drawing a contrast between the state of the inhabitants when I first visited them, in 1823, and that in which I left them, in 1834. In 1823 I found them all heathens; in 1834

they were all professing Christians. At the former period I found them with idols and maraes; these, in 1834, were destroyed, and, in their stead, there were three spacious and substantial places of christian worship, in which congregations amounting to six thousand persons, assembled every Sabbath day. I found them without a written language; and left them reading in their own tongue the "wonderful works of God." I found them without a knowledge of the Sabbath; and when I left them, no manner of work was done during that sacred day. When I found them in 1823 they were ignorant of the nature of christian worship; and when I left them in 1834, I am not aware that there was a house in the island where family prayer was not observed every morning, and every evening. I speak not this boastingly; for our satisfaction arises not from receiving such honours, but in casting them at the Saviour's feet; "for his arm hath gotten him the victory," and, "HE SHALL HAVE THE GLORY."

What has been said of Rarotonga is equally applicable to the *whole* of Hervey Island group; for, with the exception of a few at Mengaia, I believe there does not remain a single idolater, or vestige of idolatry, in any one of the islands. I do not assert, I would not intimate, that all the people are real Christians; but I merely state the delightful fact, that the inhabitants of this entire group have, in the short space of ten years, abandoned a dark, debasing, and sanguinary idolatry, with all its horrid rites; and it does appear to me that, if nothing more had been effected, this alone would compensate for all the privations, and labours, and expense, by which it has been effected.

FULLER AND HIS CHURCH REWARDED.

"There was a period of my ministry," said this devoted man to a friend, "marked by the most pointed systematic effort to comfort my serious people: but the more I tried to comfort them,

the more they complained of doubts and darkness. Wherever I went among them, one lamentation met my ear, 'Ah! sir, I can get no comfort. I am unable to appropriate any of the great and precious promises to myself; I looked for light and behold darkness.' I knew not what to do, nor what to think, for I had done my best to comfort the mourners in Zion. I was therefore at my wit's end. At this time it pleased God to direct my attention to the claims of the perishing heathen in India; I felt that we had been living for ourselves, and not caring for their souls. I spoke as I felt. My serious people wondered and wept over their past inattention to this subject. They began to talk about a Baptist mission. The females, especially, began to collect money for the spread of the Gospel. We met and prayed for the heathen, met and considered what could be done amongst ourselves for them, met and did what we could. And, whilst all this was going on, the lamentations ceased. The sad became cheerful, and the desponding calm. No one complained of a want of comfort. And I, instead of having to study how to comfort my flock, was myself comforted by them. They were drawn out of themselves. Sir, that was the real secret. God blessed them while they tried to be a blessing."

CHANGES IN TEN YEARS.

In 1830, Rev. Mr. Williams, of the London Missionary Society, first bore the gospel to the Navigator's Islands. This group lies nearly west from the Society Islands, at a distance of about 700 miles. The war-whoop was one of the first sounds that fell upon his ear. Burning villages marking the warrior's track, met his eye. The mass of the people were debased and vicious, and met together only to pollute and destroy each other.

In March, 1840, a pious Scotch gentleman visited these islands, and gives the following account:—

"As we approached and sailed up

the harbour, we were gradually surrounded by many canoes; and before we anchored the deck was covered by natives, all anxiously and affectionately greeting the new missionaries who arrived with us. As we passed up to the house of the resident missionary, we observed the large erection, formerly used for holding their savage dances, crowded with women, who were holding a prayer meeting, and filling the air with notes of praise, in place of their ferocious and abominable war-songs.

"The chapel is 100 feet by 27, capable of containing about 1,000 people, for they fill every corner, passages and all, besides standing at the windows outside. You may imagine my feelings, when standing in the midst of reclaimed savages, hearing them sing the praises of Jehovah, seeing them bow the head, and reverently cover the face during prayer; and during sermon seeming to devour the word as it drops from the preacher's lips; while a woman would sob out in spite of her efforts to repress it; and a man would wipe the unbidden tear from his swarthy cheek, so lately marked by all that could express a ferocious heart, but now, meek, humble, and subdued. Oh, how I wish you could be present, to see the fervour of the people, to see their subdued affectionate countenances—those whose hands were deeply stained with blood and murder, washed and purified in the blood of Jesus. In these islands 40,000 have renounced heathenism—more than 20,000 have learned to read!"

MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN A THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

"It may not be improper for me to observe," says the Rev. Dr. Alexander, respecting the Society of Inquiry of the Theological Institution at Princeton, "that in my opinion, no part of the exercises in the Theological Seminary, has been attended with more manifest good effect than those which appertain to the proceedings of this Society."

INFLUENCE OF MISSIONS ON COMMERCE.

There is, says Mr. Dibble, one result of the missionary effort, which is often overlooked; the safety secured to ships in the Pacific that visit to refit or recruit in the different groups of islands. In former times there was not an island in all Polynesia where a ship could touch without imminent peril. There is scarcely a group of islands with which is not connected some tale of massacre. Now, throughout the whole of Eastern Polynesia, except, perhaps, the Marquesas Islands, ships may anchor, refit, and recruit; and the seamen may wander in safety over the fields, and through the groves. If the missions in the Pacific had been sustained entirely by our government and the governments of Europe, it would have been a small expenditure compared with the mere commercial advantages which have been gained—a far more economical expenditure than characterizes most of our national enterprises. What does it require to support one man-of-war or one exploring squadron? Yet how limited the results in comparison; how small, I say, if we look merely at the commercial benefit to the world!

AN ENGLISH SEAMAN CONVERTED AT OTAHETTE.

Before the mission to the islands of the South Seas had proved successful, an English seaman, on board a trading vessel, called at Otaheite, and, through the blessing of God upon the efforts of the missionaries, was there called to the knowledge of the truth. Afterwards he was removed to a man-of-war, and became the happy instrument, by his example and conversation, of bringing thirteen or fourteen of his companions to a sense of their lost state and their need of salvation by Jesus Christ.

FIRST MISSIONARIES TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS OPPOSED BY EUROPEANS.

When the first missionaries from America reached the Sandwich Islands, in the spring of 1820, an effort was

made by some of the foreigners to have their landing and establishment at the islands forbidden by the government. With this view, their motives were misrepresented by them to the king and chiefs. It was asserted, that while the ostensible object of the mission was good, the secret and ultimate design was the subjugation of the islands, and the enslavement of the people; and by way of corroboration, the treatment of the Mexicans, and aborigines of South America and the West Indies, by the Spaniards, and the possession of Hindostan by the British, were gravely related. It was in consequence of this misrepresentation, that a delay of eight days occurred before the missionaries could secure permission to disembark. In answer to these allegations, the more intelligent of the chiefs remarked,—“The missionaries speak well; they say they have come from America only to do us good: if they intend to seize our islands, why are they so few in number? where are their guns? and why have they brought their wives?” To this it was replied, “It is true their number is small; but a few only come now, the more fully to deceive. But soon many more will arrive, and your island will be lost.” The chiefs again answered, “They say that they will do us good; they are few in number; we will try them for one year, and if we find they deceive us, it will then be time enough to send them away.” Permission to land was accordingly granted. Mr. Young, it is said, was the only foreigner who advocated their reception.

THE CHINESE AND EUROPEAN IDOLATRY.

The more intelligent Chinese object to many parts of the Catholic system, particularly to what they call preaching down *Chinese idolatry*, and preaching up *European idolatry*, for they say, they have more reason to worship their own saints, than those of Europe, of whom they know nothing; they are willing to lay aside their worship of

images wholly, but will not exchange them for those of Europe.

They are also offended at the indulgences sold for money, for this, they say, is *priestcraft*.

"I knew a merchant," says a gentleman who resided among them, "who threw off his (Catholic) religion in consequence of being denied to eat pork in Lent, without paying the church, which he was not then disposed to do; and without it he understood he was to be damned, which startled him; upon this, he inquired, why he might not as well eat the flesh as fish fried in pork fat, which all the Christians in Macao were allowed to do? He, therefore, told the Padre, that if his salvation depended on so nice a point as the difference between fat and lean, he should no longer be of that religion, and so returned to paganism. He often asked why the English did not send Padres, who worshipped no images, and teach their religion, for it would be better approved."

FIRMNESS OF A HINDOO WOMAN UNDER PERSECUTION.

The Rev. Mr. Sutton, a Baptist missionary, related the following account at a public meeting in New York.

A Hindoo woman, who professed to have been converted, applied to him for Christian baptism. He had tried her state of feeling, by representing to her the sufferings which must necessarily follow a renunciation of her heathenish creed; he set before her the loss of caste, the wrath of her husband, the disgrace, misery, and persecution, she would probably be called to endure. "I know all this," she replied. "I considered about that before I came to you. I am ready and willing to bear it all: I am ready to sacrifice all to my Lord. Surely, Sir, I cannot endure any thing in comparison to what he suffered for me."

Such was converting grace in Hindoostan, and such the pure spirit of martyrdom it could infuse into the bosom of a despised Gentoo woman.

She was baptized; her husband swore to destroy her; she applied to the judge to get her child restored to her, but the judge decided against her; her child was torn from her; she was stripped of all her clothing in open court; her husband went to the high priest of Juggernaut, who performed her funeral rites, as though she were dead; and she was considered by the law and by all her former friends as a dead woman. But she endured it all, and endured it patiently, for the love she bore to Jesus of Nazareth, who had had mercy upon her.

THE HINDOO'S SACRIFICE.

By the native law of India, the renunciation of idolatry involves the loss of all hereditary property; hence many who sport with its absurdities, and practically disregard its rites, keep hold of their possessions, and retain the badge of Hindooism to their dying day. But the conscience of a Christian will not sanction such a compromise, and if he has patrimonial riches to relinquish, he must renounce them, and become poor. This was exemplified in the case of a Hindoo convert, who for some years has laboured as an evangelist, and who sacrificed an income of about £800 per annum, rather than conceal his principles. And where a convert has no sacrifice of wealth to make, the dearer *treasures of the heart* must be relinquished. His dishonoured father will disown him, his frantic mother will curse the hour that gave her such a son; by the wife of his bosom he will be despised and forsaken, and even his children, around whom his lacerated heart still lingered as the last earthly objects of interest and hope, will often be torn from his embrace.

PERSECUTIONS IN GREENLAND.

The Moravian missionaries in Greenland endured much mockery and opposition from the rude inhabitants, when communicating to them the knowledge of divine truth. When the missionaries told them they meant to instruct them

about the will of God, they were met by the taunt, "Fine fellows, indeed, to be our teachers! We know very well you yourselves are ignorant, and must be taught by others!" If they tarried more than one night with them, they used all their endeavours to entice them to participate in their wanton and dissolute sports: and when they failed in this, they mocked and mimicked their reading, singing, and praying, practising every kind of droll antic; or they accompanied their devotions by drumming or howling hideously. Nor did the poverty of the brethren escape their keenest ridicule, or most cutting sarcasms. They even pelted them with stones, climbed upon their shoulders, destroyed their goods, and maliciously tried to spoil their boat, or drive it out to sea.

EARLY BAPTIST MISSIONARIES' TRIALS.

"I have generally," says one of the Baptist missionaries in India, "been three or four hours every day in actual contact with the people. Frequently I go and return in good spirits, but sometimes I am low enough. Good spirits are commonly necessary to dealing with my poor people, for there is generally a great deal among them that is very provoking. I frequently tell them that it is a regard to their welfare that leads me to do as I do; and the declaration is received with a sneer. On two or three occasions, a number of little children have been officiously seated before me, as an intimation that I say nothing worthy the attention of men. The people often call after me as I go about: one cries, "Juggernaut! Juggernaut!" another, perhaps, says with a contemptuous smile, 'Won't you give me a book?' Soon after, perhaps a third says, 'Sahib! I will worship Jesus Christ!' and a fourth exclaims, 'victory to Juggernaut the Ruler!' Among these infatuated people, I fear that the utmost propriety in spirit and demeanour would be no protection from very frequent insults. In spite of the most affectionate addresses

of which I am capable, and in the midst of them, the people, in malicious derision, shout, 'Juggernaut! Juggernaut!' and seem determined, as it were, with one heart and voice, to support their idols, and resist Jesus Christ. I hope he will, ere long, act for himself; and then floods of pious sorrow will stream from the haughtiest eyes, and the grace now scorned will be sought with successful earnestness."

MISSION HOUSE ASSAILED.

The mission house at Lahaina, one of the Sandwich Islands, was assailed by English seamen. The Rev. Mr. Stewart writes thus from the scene of this outrage:—

"How great was my astonishment, at the peculiar circumstances in which I found our inestimable and beloved friends Mr. and Mrs. Richards! How was I surprised to meet, at my first approach to the house, the presented bayonet, and to hear the stern challenge of the watchful sentry, 'who goes there?'—and when I assured him that I was a friend, how inexplicable to my mind was the fact of receiving the cordial embraces of my brother, not in the peaceful cottage of the missionary, but in the midst of a garrison, apparently in the momentary expectation of the attack of a foe, and to find the very couch on which was reclining one, who, to us, has been most emphatically a sister, surrounded by the muskets and the spears of those, known to the world only by the name of savages! My first thoughts were that a revolt of the island against the general government had taken place, in which our friends had been seized, and were guarded as captives—or that some formidable party of unfriendly natives had risen with the determination of destroying them, and that they were protected by the higher chiefs—but as soon as an explanation could be given, I learned that their peril was from false brethren, if the outcasts of a civilized and Christian country can be designated by such terms. The seamen of a large ship, at

anchor at Lahaina, exasperated at the restraints laid on their licentiousness through the influence of the mission, had carried their menaces and open acts of violence against Mr. and Mrs. R. to such an extent as to cause the chiefs to arm a body of men to defend them at the hazard of life. At that very hour, three boats' crews, amounting to near forty men, were on shore with the sworn purpose of firing their houses and taking their lives. But as every thing, when I left them, was in a posture to secure their safety, it is unnecessary for me to go further into particulars."

SUFFERINGS OF DR. JUDSON.

The sufferings of Dr. Judson, missionary to Burmah, while imprisoned, during the war between Burmah and Bengal, are thus described by himself, in a letter dated Feb. 25, 1826:—

"I was seized on the 8th of June, 1824,—and in company with Dr. Price, three Englishmen, one Armenian, and one Greek, was thrown into the 'death prison' at Ava, where we lay eleven months—nine months in three pair, and two months in five pair of fetters. The scenes we witnessed and the sufferings we underwent, during that period, I would fain consign to oblivion. From the death prison at Ava, we were removed to a country prison at Oung-ben-lay, ten miles distant, under circumstances of such severe treatment, that one of our number, the Greek, expired on the road; and some of the rest, among whom was myself, were scarcely able to move for several days. It was the intention of the government, in removing us from Ava, to have us sacrificed, in order to ensure victory over the foreigners; but the sudden disgrace and death of the adviser of the measure prevented its execution. I remained in the Oung-ben-lay prison for six months, in one pair of fetters; at the expiration of which period I was taken out of irons, and sent under a strict guard to the Burmese head-quarters at Mah-looan, to act as interpreter and translator. Two months more elapsed,

when, on my return to Ava, I was released, at the instance of Moungh-shaw-loo, the north governor of the palace, and put under his charge. During the six weeks that I resided with him, the affairs of government became desperate, the British troops making steady advances on the capital: and after Dr. Price had been twice despatched to negotiate for peace, (a business which I declined as long as possible,) I was taken by force and associated with him. We found the British above Pahgan: and on returning to Ava with their final terms, I had the happiness of procuring the release of the very last of my fellow prisoners; and on the 21st inst. obtained the reluctant consent of government to my own final departure from Ava with Mrs. Judson.

"On my first imprisonment, the small house which I had just erected, was plundered, and every thing valuable confiscated. Mrs. J., however, was allowed to occupy the place, which she did until my removal to Oung-ben-lay, whither she followed. Subsequently to that period, she was twice brought to the gates of the grave; the last time with the spotted fever, while I was absent at Mah-looan. She had been senseless and motionless several days, when the providential release of Dr. Price, at the very last extremity, gave an opportunity for such applications as were blest to her relief. Even little Maria, who came into the world a few months after my imprisonment, to aggravate her parents' woes, and who has been, from very instinct, it would seem, a poor, sad, crying thing, begins to brighten up her little face, and to be somewhat sensible of our happy deliverance."

Some conceptions can be formed of the sufferings of Dr. Judson during his imprisonment at Ava, from the following statement:—

"The white prisoners were all put inside of the common prison, in five pairs of irons each; and where they were so crowded with Burman thieves

and robbers, that they had not sufficient room to lie down. There were at the time near one hundred prisoners, all in one room, without a window or a hole for the admittance of air, and the door half closed. This, too, was after the severe hot season had commenced."

NARROW ESCAPE OF L. C. DEHNE,
MORAVIAN MISSIONARY TO
SOUTH AMERICA.

In Nov. 1757, the Carribee Indians set out with the intention of executing their resolution, long since determined upon, of murdering me. One day, while I sat at my dinner table, I saw fifty men approaching in their canoes, who presently after surrounded my cabin. Some were armed with iron hoes and mattocks; others carried swords and such like instruments. Going out, I spoke to them in the Arawak language, and bade them welcome in a friendly manner. They answered roughly that I should speak the Carribee tongue. In the meantime, I took care to observe which of them was their commander. Perceiving that I did not understand the Carribee, after some consultation in this language, they ordered their interpreter to step forth and ask me in Arawak, "Who gave you permission to build and to live here?" Ans. "The governor." "Why have you come upon our land?" I now stepped up to the chief and thus frankly addressed him: "I have brethren living on the other side of the ocean, who, when they heard that Indians lived here who were ignorant of their Creator, have sent me to you in love, that I should first learn your language, and then tell you about the true God. At some future time, you may expect to see more of my brethren come here on the same errand." "I suppose you are a Spaniard?" "No." "Or a Frenchman?" "No." "Are you a Dutchman, then?" "Yes, I came from Holland, and a good way further off. In short, I am one of the Brethren that love you, and live on the other side of the ocean." "Well, didn't you hear that the Indians were going

to kill you?" "Yes, but I did not believe it, and you have those among you, who have been to see me, and know that I love them." "That is true; and they have also told me that you were a Christian, very different from other white people." "Well, if you knew that I loved you, how could you think of killing me?" He replied, laughing, "Well, indeed, I never thought of that." Upon this, all changed their savage natures and walked off. In this manner the Saviour helped me on from day to day, insomuch, that at the close of the year, I found much cause for praise and thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. During this period, I suffered much outward distress, and often I rose in the morning without knowing what I should eat, or where I should procure food; yet whenever I was perfectly destitute, undoubtedly according to the direction of Him who fed Elijah by the brook Cherith, Warans or other Indians came and shared their "Casavi" with me.

NARROW ESCAPE OF COUNT
ZINZENDORF.

This zealous friend of missions visited the Indians along the course of the Susquehannah river, to promote among them the establishment of Moravian missions. In one of these visits, he had occasion to encamp several days, with a few Moravian brethren, among the Shawanese, a very depraved and cruel tribe. Conrad Weisser, a man well acquainted with the customs and manners of the Indians, had accompanied the Count to this spot, and had left him for a short time, promising to return. The Shawanese thought that, as Europeans, the Count and his companions had come either to trade or buy land; and, though he endeavoured to explain the true aim of his coming, they were not satisfied that his intentions were such as he described.

It appeared afterwards that the savages had conspired to murder him and his whole company. But the design

was mercifully frustrated. Conrad Weisser, who was absent, and who could know nothing of the plot, became so uneasy that he could not prolong his stay. He was thus brought back providentially, to the party marked out for destruction, just in time to discover the treacherous plan, and by his influence and dexterity to prevent its execution. Thus, while Count Zinzendorf, unconscious of danger, retired frequently to his tent, to pray for the savages around him, and while he enjoyed no security except such as the entrance of his tent, fastened by a pin, furnished, the shield of Providence extended over him its ample protection.

ROMANCE OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

Mr. Hinsdale, writing from Mosul, under date of January 4th, 1842, gives the following picture of what must be a missionary life in that country.

Earnestly as I long to greet more labourers in this field, yet I feel constrained to repeat the sentiment, long since expressed by my esteemed associate, Dr. Grant. I should regret to see any one come to labour here, who cannot cheerfully and even joyfully make up his mind to endure toils, and hardships, and weariness, and hunger, and self-denial, and peril in almost every form, for these must be the portion of the first missionaries here, and especially of those who may be stationed among the mountains. It is no small step to come down from the refined circles, to which our young brethren in the ministry have been accustomed, and relinquish the conveniences, not to say luxuries, by which they have been surrounded, to sleep in a mud hut, or in the stable with his horses, with a quilt or rug spread upon the clay floor for his bed and covering, surrounded, perhaps, with six or eight natives with even fewer accommodations than himself; to exchange the well arranged table for the simple sheep-skin spread upon the floor, or rather ground; to dip his large wooden spoon into one common dish with half a dozen hungry Koords or

Yezi-dees, or Nestorians; to drink the pure and often impure mountain water from a simple gourd-shell; to sit on the clay floor, with a fire in the centre of the room, and neither fire-place nor chimney; to come down to these and various attendant inconveniences, is no small step, and requires no ordinary degree of self-denial.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY AT FEJEE.

When the Wesleyan Missionaries ventured among the cannibal Fejeeans, they found them sunk to the lowest depths of degradation. Soon after Mr. Hunt had settled on Somasoma, the heathen party brought several dead bodies and laid them opposite to Mr. Hunt's house; there they baked them, and there they ate them. The missionary, shocked at these proceeding, closed his door and blinds. One of the heathen chiefs went to Mr. Hunt, and insisted upon his opening them again, and intimated that if he thought proper to reside in their country, he must put up with their customs; if he insulted them in any way, he might expect a place in the oven. An American ship of war was at anchor at a neighbouring island. When the captain heard of this circumstance, he took up his anchor and sailed to Somasoma, with a view of removing Mr. Hunt and family to some other island, where they would not be exposed to such imminent danger. Mr. Hunt thanked the captain for his kind and humane conduct in thus coming to remove him, but begged respectfully to decline accepting his kind offer, stating that he was willing still to hazard his life in the cause of Christ. He considered the circumstance of their being so exceedingly depraved as an additional reason for remaining to diffuse that gospel which, accompanied with the divine blessing, would soon improve their condition.

THE COLOURED WOMAN'S EXAMPLE.

In one of the eastern counties of New York there lived a coloured female, who was born a slave, but she was

made free by the act gradually abolishing slavery in that state. She had no resources except such as she obtained by her own labour. On one occasion she carried to her pastor *forty dollars*; she told him that she wished him, with two dollars of this sum, to procure for her a seat in his church; eighteen dollars she desired to be given to the American Board; and the remaining twenty dollars she requested him to divide among other benevolent societies according to his discretion. With such a spirit pervading the church, how soon would the gospel be carried to every creature!

HOW TO GIVE.

At a missionary meeting held among the negroes in the West Indies, these three resolutions were agreed upon:—

1. We will all give something.
2. We will all give as God has enabled us.
3. We will all give willingly.

As soon as the meeting was over, a leading negro took his seat at a table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came forward and gave, some more and some less. Amongst those that came was a rich old negro, almost as rich as all the others put together, and threw down upon the table a small silver coin. "Take dat back again," said the negro that received the money, "Dat may be according to de first resolution, but it not according to de second." The rich old man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back to his seat again in a great rage. One after another came forward, and as almost all gave more than himself, he was fairly ashamed of himself, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying, "Dare! take dat!" It was a valuable piece of gold; but it was given so ill-temperedly, that the negro answered again, "No! dat won't do yet! It may be according to de first and second resolution, but it not according to de last:" and he was obliged to take up his coin again. Still angry at himself and all

the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all were gone, and then came up to the table, and with a smile on his face, and very willingly, gave a large sum to the treasurer. "Very well," said the negro, "dat will do; dat according to all de resolutions."

AN ADMONITION FROM A HEATHEN.

A Chinese, says Rev. Mr. Dean, who one year ago was a worshipper of idols, and had then never heard of the gospel, has joined us for the last seven months in observing the monthly concert of prayer at Hong Kong, and has given, monthly, one dollar to the cause of missions. He commenced giving the sum when he was a day labourer, and when his entire income amounted to less than twenty-five cents a-day; out of which he purchased his food and clothing.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

A little girl sent about ten shillings to a gentleman, for the purchase of some missionary tracts; and in her letter she says, "She who takes this freedom to ask so much of a stranger, began this letter with a trembling hand. She is, indeed, young in years and in knowledge too, and is not able to talk much with a gentleman on religion; but her mother has taught her, almost eleven years, to say, '*Thy kingdom come*;' and she believes she cannot be saying it sincerely if she does nothing to help it on among the heathen. This thought emboldens her to write to a stranger, almost as though he were a friend."

GIFT OF A POOR BLIND GIRL.

A poor blind girl, in England, brought to a clergyman thirty shillings for the missionary cause. He objected, "You are a poor blind girl, and cannot afford to give so much." "I am indeed blind," said she, "but can afford to give these thirty shillings better, perhaps, than you suppose." "How so?" "I am, Sir, by trade a basket maker, and can work as well in the dark as in the

light. Now, I am sure in the last winter, it must have cost those girls who have eyes, more than thirty shillings for candles to work by, which I have saved; and therefore hope you will take it for the missionaries."

THE NEGRO'S OFFERING.

The following pleasing circumstance is related in a letter from the Rev. E. Davies, of New Amsterdam. It is delightful to witness such proofs of Christian devotedness among the negroes of the West Indies, whose temporal condition was once so unfavourable to their spiritual interests:—

There has been a considerable increase in the income of the station during the past year. That increase has been chiefly owing to a great effort which the people are now making towards a new chapel. In many instances I was obliged to restrain their liberality. One incident occurred which I shall never forget. In calling over the names, to ascertain how much they could give, I happened to call the name of "Fitzgerald Matthew." "I am here, sir," he instantly replied; and at the same time, I saw him hobbling with his wooden leg out of the crowd, to come up to the table-pew, where I was standing. I wondered what he meant, for the others answered to their names without moving from their places. I was, however, forcibly struck with his apparent earnestness. On coming up, he put his hand into one pocket and took out a handful of silver wrapped in paper, and said, with a lovely kind of abruptness, "That's for *me*, massa." "Oh," I said, "keep your money at present, I don't want it *now*; I only wanted to know how much you could afford to give; I will come for the money another time." "Ah, massa," he replied, "God's work must be done, and I may be dead;" and with that he plunged his hand into another pocket and took out another handful of silver, and said, "That's for my *wife*, massa." Then he put his hand into a third pocket, and took out a somewhat

smaller parcel, and said, "That's for my *child* massa;" at the same time giving me a slip of paper, which somebody had written for him, to say how much the whole was. It was altogether near £3 sterling—a large sum for a poor field negro with a wooden leg. But his expression was to me worth more than all the money in the world. I have heard eloquent preachers in England, and felt, and felt deeply under their ministrations, but never have I been so impressed with any thing they have said, as with the simple expression of this poor negro. Let me never forget it; let it be engraved on my heart; let it be my motto in all that I take in hand for the cause of Christ—"God's work must be done, and I may be dead."

ONE STICK OF WOOD PER MONTH.

Mr. Hitchcock, a missionary at Kalnaaha, a little town on Molaki, one of the Sandwich Islands, describing his monthly concerts in 1834, reports that there were seldom less than 100 persons present. "Most of those who attend," he added, "have, during the past year, been in the habit of contributing, for benevolent purposes, *one stick of wood each per month*. And I can assure you that it is no uninteresting sight to see men, women, and sometimes children, bringing their humble offerings on their shoulders from the distance of one, two, or more miles. The men go into the mountains, and get the sticks, both for themselves and their wives; but the latter bring and present their own. Though the people are superlatively poor, yet their contributions in one year in this way will amount to not far from twenty dollars."

A WIDOW AND HER TWO SONS.

The Rev. Mr. James of Birmingham, stated at an anniversary of the London Missionary Society, that an association was formed for missionary purposes among his people several years before, and that on this occasion, among the other contributors, a youth of sixteen

years of age came forward to enroll his name. When he was requested to state how much he wished to subscribe, he replied with some diffidence, "myself." He was the eldest son of an unfortunate widow, to whom seven other children looked for support. The proffer of the young man could not be received without the mother's consent. It was scarcely to be expected that her oldest son would be yielded up for the missionary service, when his exertions might soon prove useful to his widowed parent, in her indigent circumstances. The inquiry was made, whether the son could be allowed to give himself to the missionary cause? "Let him go," was the prompt reply of the devoted mother. "God will provide for me and my babes, and who am I, that I should be thus honoured to have a son a missionary to the heathen?"

The young man, after obtaining an education, repaired to India, where he laboured successfully and died.

THE MOTHER OF A MISSIONARY.

When the Lord's Supper was first administered in the Bengalee language, at Union Chapel, Calcutta, a missionary, Rev. J. B. Warden, spoke of the advantages of a religious education. After speaking farther of his departure, he said:—

"A pious and affectionate mother, who I trust still survives, may perhaps be with us in spirit. Among the sweetest ingredients which are mingled in her present cup of consolation, stands this the foremost, that she has a son, an oldest son, employed as a missionary to the heathen.

"When I was about to quit my country and home, for these distant lands, she told me in accents never to be forgotten, that as I should not be present at her dying hour to share her parting blessing, and divide with my dear brothers and sisters the small patrimony which Providence might enable her to divide to her offspring, as a pledge that her affectionate sympathies and tender concern would follow me to

the distant scene of my missionary labours, she said, I have a silver cup, which has been handed down to each other by generations now no more, and produced at the annual festivals of the domestic circle, and this I give you to employ for a very different purpose. When God shall graciously crown your labours, or those of your dear companions with success among the heathen, let this cup be employed as the sacramental cup, from which the first convert may drink the emblem of the Saviour's blood." He presented the cup to the infant church.

REV. MR. COX GOING TO AFRICA.

A short time before Mr. Cox, an American Missionary, sailed to Africa, he visited the University at Middletown. In conversation with one of the students, he said, "If I die in Africa, you must come after me and write my epitaph." To which the other replied, "I will; but what shall I write?" "Let a thousand missionaries die before Africa be given up," was the reply. In this spirit he died.

ZEAL OF ELLIOT.

Soon after the settlement of the Non-conformists in New England, Mr. Elliot felt himself strongly disposed to attempt the conversion of the native Indians. He was affected with that sentiment which is expressed on the seal of the Massachusetts colony—a poor Indian, having a label from his mouth, with these words: "Come over and help us." He was farther induced to enter upon this work by the following sentence in the royal charter: "To win and incite the natives to the knowledge and obedience of the only true God and Saviour of mankind, and the Christian faith, is our royal intention, the adventurers' free professions, and the principal end of the plantation."

In the prosecution of his efforts to evangelize the Indians, he endured many hardships. In a letter to a friend he says: "I have not been dry night nor day, from the third day of the week

to the sixth, but so travelled; and at night pull off my boots, wring my stockings and on with them again, and so continue. But God steps in and helps."

After having formed, with the greatest difficulty, a **grammar** of the Indian language, he wrote, in a letter to a friend, "Prayers and pains through faith in Christ Jesus will do any thing."

Such was the perseverance of Elliot in his great work, that on the day of his death, in his 80th year, the "Apostle of the Indians" was found teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside. "Why not rest from your labours, now?" said a friend. "Because," said the venerable man, "I have prayed to God to render me useful in my sphere; and now that I can no longer preach, he leaves me strength enough to teach this poor child his alphabet."

MISSIONARY ZEAL OF A POOR WOMAN.

Rev. W. S. Plumer addressing the Virginia Bap. Ed. Society, related the following fact:—

A poor woman had attended a missionary meeting a few years since. Her heart was moved with pity. She looked around on her house and furniture to see what she could spare for the mission. She could think of nothing that would be of any use. At length she thought of her five children, three daughters and two sons. She entered her closet, and consecrated them to the mission. Two of her daughters are now in heathen lands, and the other is preparing to go. Of her sons, one is on his way to India, and the other is preparing for the ministry, and inquiring on the subject of a missionary life.

A KING A NURSING FATHER.

When Messrs. Tyerman and Bennett, in their visit to the southern islands, held a large missionary meeting previously to their departure for the Marquesas Islands, at which several persons offered to accompany them as missionaries, to introduce the gospel where it was at present unknown; after some

offers of this kind had been accepted, Hautia, the regent of the island, who was virtually king, and held valuable hereditary possessions upon it, and received large contributions to support his royal state, both from chiefs and people, rose; his noble countenance betrayed much agitation of spirit, and he hesitated for a while to unburden his mind in words. At length with an air of meekness and humility, which gave inexpressible grace to the dignity of the high-born highland chief, he said, "I have a little speech, because a thought has grown up in my heart, and it has grown up also in the heart of Hautia Vahine (his wife.) But, perhaps, it is not a good thought; yet I must speak it; and this is our thought: If the missionaries, and the deputation, and the church of Huahine, think that I and my wife would be fit companions for Auna and his wife, to teach the good word of God to those idolatrous people, who are as we *were*, and cause them to become as we *are* here; and in Tahiti, and Eimeo, and Raiatea, and Borabora, we should be rejoiced to go; but, perhaps, we are not worthy, and others may be better suited for the blessed work; yet we should love to go."

This declaration produced a most extraordinary sensation throughout the whole assembly, as the speaker had given good evidence of his true Christianity. When, however, it was represented to him that his usefulness where he was in the church, as the superintendent of the schools, and in the exertion of his influence among his subjects, was far more extensive than that of any other person could be; and that, though it was well that this thought was in his heart, yet he could not on these accounts be sent, he was deeply affected, and replied, "Since you say so, perhaps it is the Lord's will that we should not go to the Marquesas, but stay in Huahine; perhaps we may serve him better here. Be it so; and yet I wish that it had fallen to me and my wife to go." Oh, what a lesson is this to Christians!

CONSCIENTIOUS ZEAL OF CONVERTED PAGANS.

Missionary associations were formed among the converted islanders of the South Seas, to aid the London Missionary Society. The contributions consisted of oil, cotton, arrow-root, and swine. Such articles were subscribed "to buy money."

When an auxiliary association was formed at Huahine, the people were cautioned against making donations merely from a sense of constraint. Still, a native brought a pig to the treasurer, Hautia, and throwing the animal down at his feet, said, in an angry tone, "Here is a pig for your society." "Take it back again," replied Hautia, calmly, "God does not accept angry pigs." He then explained the objects of the society, and urged upon the consideration of the native the fact, that "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." The man was deeply chagrined at the unyielding refusal of the treasurer. In Tahiti, on a similar occasion, a person brought a quantity of cocca-nut oil to Pomare, in a like bad spirit, exclaiming, "Here are five bamboos of oil, take them for your society." "No," said the king, "I will not mix your angry bamboos with the missionary oil, take them away."

Are no dollars thrown into the treasury of the Lord with a wrong spirit?

DR. CAREY'S LABOURS.

Dr. Carey completed the translation of the entire Scriptures, in seven of the principal languages of India, viz., the Sungskit, the Bengalee, the Hindu, the Ooria, the Mahratta, the Panjabee, and the Assamese. In addition, he completed the translation of the New Testament in twenty-two more, and portions of both Testaments in several others, besides superintending the printing of the translations in other languages still. These early translations, made in the first stages of acquaintance with the languages of the East, were necessarily very imperfect; but they show what a

single individual may accomplish in very difficult circumstances, under the influence of the love of souls, when it becomes the master passion.

CAREY, MARSHMAN, AND WARD'S DONATIONS.

Those who are most intimately acquainted with missions, set the highest estimate on their importance. Missionaries, as all must admit, are best qualified to form a correct judgment in reference to the value of the means employed, to bless and save the heathen around them. And they are willing to sacrifice the enjoyments of refined society—to live an exile from kindred, and friends, and home—to suffer poverty, shame, imprisonment, and even death, in order to carry forward the work in which they are engaged. If their situation is such that they can acquire property in connection with their labours, they are ready to lay it out in behalf of the mission to which they are attached. For instance, the Rev. Messrs. Carey, Marshman, and Ward, (missionaries at Calcutta and Serampore,) each of them gave about £1500, in all about £4,500 a-year, which they acquired by their printing establishment, to be expended in efforts for the spiritual welfare of the pagans around them.

JOHN WESLEY'S REPLY TO THE UNBELIEVER.

When John Wesley was about going to Georgia as a missionary to the Indians, an unbeliever said to him, "What is this, Sir? are you one of the knights-errant? How, pray, got Quixotism into your head? You want nothing: you have a good provision for life, and in a way of preferment; and must you leave all to fight windmills—to convert savages in America?" He answered willingly and calmly, "Sir, if the Bible be not true, I am as very a fool and madman as you can conceive; but, if it is of God, I am sober-minded. For he has declared, 'There is no man who hath left house, or friends, or breth-

ren, for the kingdom of God's sake, | the present time, and in the world to
 who shall not receive manifold more in | come everlasting life.' ”

INFLUENCE OF PIOUS MOTHERS.

ALFRED THE GREAT AND HIS ALPHABET.

Alfred the Great had reached his twelfth year before he had even learned his alphabet. An interesting anecdote is told of the occasion on which he was first prompted to apply himself to books. His mother had shown him and his brothers a small volume, illuminated in different places with coloured letters, and such other embellishments as were then in fashion. Seeing that it excited the admiration of her children, she promised that she would give it to the boy who should first learn to read it. Alfred, though the youngest, was the only one who had spirit enough to attempt obtaining it on such a condition. He immediately went and procured a teacher, and in a very short time was able to claim the promised reward. When he came to the throne, notwithstanding his manifold duties, and a tormenting disease, which seldom allowed him an hour's rest, he employed his leisure time either in reading or hearing the best books. His high regard for the best interests of the people he was called to govern, and the benevolence of his conduct, are well known.

DODDRIDGE AND THE DUTCH TILES.

It is related of Mrs. Doddridge, that, when her son Philip was quite a little boy, she used to teach him Scripture history from the Dutch tiles of the fireplace, on which there were pictures of subjects taken from the Bible. Philip never forgot those early instructions, and probably to them under God, his future usefulness may be traced.

PIOUS MOTHER'S PRODIGAL SON.

A pious mother had a prodigal son. He was about to leave her and go to sea. As a last resource, she placed a Bible in his chest, with a prayer to

God for his blessing upon it. Year after year passed away, and nothing was heard of the wanderer. But the eye of his mother's God was upon him. A long time after, a clergyman was called to visit a dying sailor. He found him penitent and prepared to die. He had in his possession a Bible, which he said, was given to him by a dying shipmate, who, expiring in the hope of the glory of God, gave it to him with his parting blessing. On the blank leaf was found written the name of John Marshall, the pious mother's prodigal son. He was the brother of Mrs. Isabella Graham, whose interesting memoirs have profited many readers.

THE SAILOR'S DYING MOTHER.

During the last illness of a pious mother, when she was near death, her only remaining child, the subject of many agonizing and believing prayers, who had been roving on the sea, returned to pay his parent a visit.

After a very affecting meeting, "You are near port, mother," said the hardy-looking sailor, "and I hope you will have an abundant entrance."

"Yes my child, the fair haven is in sight, and soon, very soon I shall be landed

'On that peaceful shore,
 Where pilgrims meet to part no more.' ”

"You have weathered many a storm in your passage, mother; but now God is dealing very graciously with you, by causing the winds to cease, and by giving you a calm at the end of your voyage."

"God has always dealt graciously with me, my son; but this last expression of his kindness, in permitting me to see you before I die, is so unexpected, that it is like a miracle wrought in answer to prayer."

"O mother!" replied the sailor,

weeping as he spoke, "your prayers have been the means of my salvation, and I am thankful that your life has been spared till I could tell you of it."

She listened with devout composure to the account of his conversion, and at last, taking his hand, she pressed it to her dying lips, and said, "Yes, thou art a faithful God! and as it hath pleased thee to bring back my long-lost child, and adopt him into thy family, I will say, 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'"

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

A venerable minister, in New Hampshire, lodging at the house of a pious friend, observed the mother teach some short prayers and hymns to her children. "Madam," said he, "your instructions may be of far more importance than you are aware: my mother taught me a little hymn when a child, and it is of use to me to this day, I never close my eyes to rest, without first saying,

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take.'

THE SICK SAILOR AND HIS MOTHER.

A clergyman, at a public religious meeting, related the following anecdote, illustrative of the power of practical maternal faith:—

He was at the time the seamen's chaplain, at a southern port. In the course of duty, he was called to the sick-bed of a sailor, apparently at the gates of death, from the effects of his licentiousness. He addressed him affectionately upon the state of his soul. With an oath, the sick man bid him begone, and not harass his dying bed. The chaplain, however, told him plainly he would speak, and he must hear, for his soul was in danger of eternal death. The man, however, remained sullen and silent, and even pretended to sleep, during his faithful address and prayer. Again and again the visit was repeated with similar ill success. One day, however, the sick

man made use of an expression, by which the chaplain suspected he was a Scotchman. To ascertain the fact, the chaplain repeated a verse of that version of the Psalms, still in use among the churches in Scotland:—

"Such pity as a father hath
Unto his children dear,
Like pity shows the Lord to such
As worship him in fear."

The chords of his heart vibrated to the well known language. Tears came into his eyes. The chaplain improved his advantage. Knowing the universality of religious instruction among the Scotch, he ventured an allusion to his mother. The poor prodigal burst into tears. He admitted himself to be the child of a praying mother, who had often commended him to God. He had left her long before, to become a wanderer on the face of the great deep. No longer he repelled the kind attentions of the chaplain; and after his recovery, his instructor had the satisfaction of seeing him give evidence that he was a humble, penitent child of God.

SPOT WHERE MY MOTHER KNEELED.

Every one who has thought on the subject, must know how great is the influence of the female character, especially in the sacred relations of wife and mother. I have a vivid recollection, says the Rev. R. Knill, in his "Memoir of Mrs. Loveless," of the effects of maternal influence. My honoured mother was a religious woman, and she watched over and instructed me as pious mothers are accustomed to do. Alas! I often forgot her admonitions; but, in my most thoughtless days I never lost the impressions which her holy example had made on my mind. After spending a large portion of my life in foreign lands, I returned again to visit my native village. Both my parents died while I was in Russia, and their house is now occupied by my brother. The furniture remains just the same as when I was a boy, and at night I was accommodated with the same bed in which I had often slept before; but my busy

thoughts would not let me sleep. I was thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last, the light of the morning darted through the little window, and then my eye caught a sight of the spot where my sainted mother, forty years before, took my hand and said, "Come, my dear, kneel down with me, and I will go to prayer." This completely overcame me. I seemed to hear the very tones of her voice. I recollected some of her expressions, and I burst into tears, and arose from my bed, and fell upon my knees just on the spot where my mother kneeled, and thanked God that I had once a praying mother. And, oh! if every parent could feel what I felt then, I am sure they would pray with their children as well as pray for them.

RANDOLPH SAVED FROM ATHEISM.

John Randolph, the eccentric but influential statesman, once addressed himself to an intimate friend in terms something like the following:—"I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics; and though this was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, "Our Father which art in heaven.'"

GREAT TRUTHS EARLY COMMUNICATED.

The mother of Dr. Samuel Johnson was a woman of great good sense and piety: and she was the means of early impressing religious principles on the mind of her son. He used to say, that he distinctly remembered having had the first notice of heaven, "a place to which good people go," and hell, "a place to which bad people go," communicated

to him by her, when a little child in bed with her; and that it might be the better fixed in his memory, she sent him to repeat it to her man-servant. The servant being out of the way, this was not done; but there was no occasion for any artificial aid for its preservation. When the doctor related this circumstance, he added, "that children should be always encouraged to tell what they hear, that is particularly striking, to some brother, sister, or servant, immediately before the impression is erased by the intervention of new occurrences."

THE YOUNG INFIDEL AND HIS MOTHER.

"Where parental influence does not convert," says Richard Cecil, "it hampers—it hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious mother, who dropped things in my way—I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel; but then I liked to be an infidel in company, rather than when alone—I was wretched when by myself. These principles and maxims spoiled my pleasure. With my companions I would sometimes stifle them; like embers, we kept one another warm. Besides, I was a sort of hero; I had beguiled several of my associates into my opinions, and I had to maintain a character before them; but *I could not divest myself* of my better principles. I went with one of my companions to see ——; he could laugh heartily, but I could not: the ridicule on regeneration was high sport to him—to me it was none; it could not move my features. He knew no difference between regeneration and transubstantiation—I did. I knew there was such a thing. I was afraid and ashamed to laugh at it. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man—it harasses him—it throws itself constantly in his way."

MURDERERS.

REV. E. ERSKINE AND THE MURDERER.

The Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, after travelling, at one time, toward the end

of the week, from Portmoak to the banks of the Forth, on his way to Edinburgh, was, with several others,

prevented by a storm from crossing that frith. Thus obliged to remain in Fife during the Sabbath, he was employed to preach, it is believed, in Kinghorn. Conformably to his usual practice, he prayed earnestly in the morning for the divine countenance and aid in the work of the day; but suddenly missing his note-book, he knew not what to do. His thoughts, however, were directed to the command, "Thou shalt not kill;" and having studied the subject with as much care as the time would permit, he delivered a short sermon on it in the forenoon. Having returned to his lodging, he gave strict injunctions to the servant that no one should be allowed to see him during the interval of worship. A stranger, however, who was also one of the persons detained by the state of the weather, expressed an earnest desire to see the minister; and having with difficulty obtained admittance, appeared much agitated, and asked him, with great eagerness, whether he knew him, or had ever seen or heard of him. On receiving assurance that he was totally unacquainted with his face, character, and history, the gentleman proceeded to state, that his sermon on the sixth commandment had reached his conscience; that he was a *murderer*; that being the second son of a Highland laird, he had some time before, from base and selfish motives, cruelly suffocated his elder brother, who slept in the same bed with him; and that now he had no peace of mind, and wished to surrender himself to justice, to suffer the punishment due to his horrid and unnatural crime. Mr. Erskine asked him if any other person knew any thing of his guilt. His answer was, that so far as he was aware, not a single individual had the least suspicion of it; on which the good man exhorted him to be deeply affected with a sense of his atrocious sin, to make an immediate application to the blood of sprinkling, and to bring forth fruits meet for repentance; but at the same time, since, in providence, his crime had hitherto

remained a secret, not to disclose it, or give himself up to public justice. The unhappy gentleman embraced this well intended counsel in all its parts, became truly pious, and maintained a friendly correspondence with Mr. Erskine in future life.

THE MURDERER AND HIS SINGULAR WOUND.

A gentleman who was very ill, sending for Dr. Lake, told him that he found he must die, and gave him the following account of his death. He had, about a fortnight before, been riding over Hounslow-heath, where several boys were playing at cricket. One of them, striking the ball, hit him just on the toe with it, looked him in the face, and ran away. His toe pained him extremely. As soon as he came to Brentford, he sent for a surgeon, who was for cutting it off. But unwilling to suffer that, he went on to London. When he arrived there, he immediately called another surgeon to examine it, who told him his *foot* must be cut off, But neither would he hear of this; and so, before the next day, the mortification seized his *leg*, and in a day or two more struck up into his *body*. Dr. Lake asked him, whether he knew the boy that struck the ball? He answered, "About ten years ago, I was riding over Hounslow-heath, where an old man ran by my horse's side, begged me to relieve him, and said he was almost famished. I bade him begone. He kept up with me still; upon which I threatened to beat him. Finding that he took no notice of this, I drew my sword, and with one blow killed him. A boy about four years old, who was with him, screamed out, "His father was killed!" His face I perfectly remember. *That boy it was who struck the ball against me, which is the cause of my death.*"

MURDER REVEALED BY A NAIL.

When Dr. Donne, afterwards dean of St. Paul's, took possession of the first living he ever had, he walked into the

churchyard as the sexton was digging a grave; and on his throwing up a skull, the doctor took it into his hands to indulge in serious contemplation. On looking at it, he found a headless nail sticking in the temple, which he secretly drew out, and wrapped it in the corner of his handkerchief. He then asked the grave-digger whether he knew whose skull it was? He said he did; adding, it had been a man's who had kept a brandy shop; a drunken fellow, who, one night, having taken two quarts of ardent spirits, was found dead in his bed the next morning. "Had he a wife?" "Yes." "Is she living?" "Yes." "What character does she bear?" "A very good one; only her neighbours reflect on her because she married the day after her husband was buried." This was enough for the doctor, who, in the course of visiting his parishioners, called on her: he asked her several questions, and, among others, of what sickness her husband died. She giving him the same account, he suddenly opened the handkerchief, and cried, in an authoritative voice, "Woman do you know this nail?" She was struck with horror at this unexpected question, instantly acknowledged that she had murdered her husband, and was afterwards tried and executed.

MURDERER DETECTED BY HIS OWN REMARK.

How many murders have been disclosed after the lapse of years, and the perpetrators of them brought to condign punishment! Of this, the case of Eugene Aram, of Knaresborough, is a remarkable instance. Descended from an ancient Yorkshire family, he had cultivated his talents with so much care, that he acquired a knowledge of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Chaldee, and was conversant with history, antiquity, botany, and poetry; but he associated with low and depraved company, and in conjunction with Daniel Clark, a shoemaker, and Richard Housman, a flax-dresser, it was agreed to

make use of Clark's credit to borrow a quantity of silver plate and other valuables from their neighbours, and then to abscond. Having accomplished their object, they met on the evening of February 7, 1744, to make a division; and either to prevent detection, or to increase their own share of the plunder, Aram and Housman murdered Clark, and concealed his body in St. Robert's Cave. No trace of the perpetrators of the deed occurred till fourteen years afterwards, when a skeleton was discovered at Thistle Hill, near Knaresborough, which was at first supposed to be Clark's. Housman, who was then living, rejected the supposition, and taking up one of the bones, said, "This is no more one of Daniel Clark's bones than it is mine." Suspicion was immediately excited against Housman, who at length confessed his participation in the murder, but that Aram was the perpetrator. Aram, who at that time resided at Lynn, in Norfolk, was forthwith apprehended, tried, and executed. What an illustration of the text, "Be sure thy sin will find thee out!"

A DOG AND THE MURDERER OF HIS MASTER.

The fame of an English dog has been deservedly transmitted to posterity by a monument in basso relievo, which still remains on the chimney piece of the grand hall at the castle of Montargis, in France; the sculpture represents a dog fighting with a champion, and was occasioned by the following circumstances:—

Anbri de Mondidier, a gentleman of family and fortune, travelling alone through the forest of Bondi, was murdered and buried under a tree. His dog, an English bloodhound, would not leave his master's grave for several days, till at length compelled by hunger, he went to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubri's at Paris, and by his melancholy howling seemed desirous of expressing the loss they had both sustained. He repeated

his cries, ran to the door, then looked back to see if any one followed him, returned to his master's friend, pulled him by the sleeve, and with dumb eloquence entreated him to go with him.

The singularity of all the actions of the dog; his coming there without his master, whose faithful companion he always had been; the sudden disappearance of his master; and, perhaps, that divine dispensation of justice and events which will not permit the guilty to remain long undetected, made the company resolve to follow the dog, who conducted them to the tree, where he renewed his howl, scratching the earth with his feet, to signify that that was the spot they should search. Accordingly, on digging, the body of the unfortunate Aubri was found.

Some time after the dog accidentally met the assassin, who is styled, by all historians that relate this fact, the Chevalier Macaire; when, instantly seizing him by the throat, it was with great difficulty he was made to leave his prey.

Whenever he saw him after, the dog pursued and attacked him with equal fury. Such obstinate virulence in the animal, confined only to Macaire, appeared extraordinary to those persons who recollected the dog's fondness for his master, and at the same time several instances wherein Macaire had displayed his envy and hatred to Aubri de Mondidier.

Additional circumstances increased suspicion, which at length reached the royal ears. The king (Louis VIII.) sent for the dog. He appeared extremely gentle, till, perceiving Macaire

in the midst of twenty noblemen, he ran directly towards him, growled, and flew at him as usual.

In those times, when no positive proof of a crime could be procured, an order was issued for a combat between the accuser and accused. These were denominated the judgment of God, from a persuasion that Heaven would sooner work a miracle than suffer innocence to perish with infamy.

The king, struck with such a collection of circumstantial evidence against Macaire, determined to refer the decision to the chance of war; or, in other words, he gave orders for a combat between the chevalier and the dog. The lists were appointed in the aisle of Notre Dame, then an unenclosed, uninhabited place; Macaire's weapon was a great cudgel.

The dog had an empty cask allowed for his retreat, to recover breath. The combatants being ready, the dog no sooner found himself at liberty than he ran round his adversary, avoiding his blows, menacing him on every side, till his strength was exhausted; then springing forward; he griped him by the throat, threw him on the ground, and forced him to confess his crime before the king and the whole court. In consequence of which the chevalier, after a few days, was convicted on his own acknowledgment, and beheaded on a scaffold in the aisle of Notre Dame.

The above curious recital is translated from the *Memoirs sur les Duels*, and is confirmed by many judicious critical writers, particularly Julius Scaliger and Montfaucon, neither of them relators of fabulous stories.

MUSIC.

THE SOLDIER UNPREPARED TO SING.

Mr. Cooper, a missionary in the East Indies, had been on one occasion preaching on Justification, at a military station on the Malabar coast; and on giving out the hymn at the end of the service, which was the 109th of the first book of Watts, he paused and

remarked, that if any one who did not come to Christ for the bestowment of this righteousness, joined in the singing of this hymn, he was only insulting God. One of the soldiers who was hearing him said, he was as if thunder-struck: "What a wretch must I be," said he, "that I am prohibited from

joining in the praises of God!" He went to the barracks under this impression and found that, without an interest in Christ, he was a wretch indeed; and now, to all human appearance, he has fled for refuge to that atonement he had formerly neglected.

CHEERFUL CHURCH MUSIC.

When the poet Carpani inquired of his friend Haydn, how it happened that his church music was always so cheerful, the great composer made a most beautiful reply. "I cannot," said he, "make it otherwise, I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

THE PIRATE AND THE ZENAIDA DOVES.

The following interesting fact is related by Audubon in his Ornithological Biography. In speaking of the Zenaida dove, he says:—"A man who was once a pirate assured me, that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning shelly sands of the well known Key, which must be here nameless, the soft and melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings that had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind, which he only who compares the wretchedness of guilt with the happiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated as he was, although I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the Florida coast. So deeply moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially by those of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through these plaintive notes, and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring

his absence. After paying a parting visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in humble supplication for mercy, and once more became what one has said to be "the noblest work of God," an honest man. His escape was effected amidst difficulties and dangers; but no danger seemed to him comparable with the danger of one living in the violation of human and divine laws; and now he lives in peace in the midst of all his friends.

LUTHER'S OPINION OF MUSIC.

"Music," says Luther, "is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline; it refines the passions and improves the understanding. Even the dissonance of unskilful fiddlers serves to set off the charms of true melody, as white is made more conspicuous by the opposition of black. Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music," adds Luther, "and would not, for a great matter, be without the little skill which I possess in the art."

WRATH OF AMURATH SUBDUED.

Sultan Amurath, a prince notorious for his cruelty, laid siege to Bagdad; and, on taking it, gave orders for putting thirty thousand Persians to death, notwithstanding they had submitted and laid down their arms. Among the number of the victims was a musician, who entreated the officer to whom the execution of the sultan's order was intrusted, to spare him for a moment, that he might speak to the author of the dreadful decree. The officer consented, and he was brought before Amurath, who permitted him to exhibit a specimen of his art. Like the musician in Homer, he took up a kind of psaltery which resembles a lyre, and has six strings on each side, and accompanied it with his voice. He sung

the capture of Bagdad and the triumph of Amurath. The pathetic tones and exulting sounds which he drew from the instrument, joined to the alternative plaintiveness and boldness of his strains, rendered the prince unable to restrain the softer emotions of his soul. He even suffered him to proceed, until, overpowered with harmony, he melted into tears of pity, and repented of his cruelty. In consideration of the musician's abilities, he not only directed his people to spare those among the prisoners who yet remained alive, but also to give them instant liberty.

EFFECTS OF MUSIC ON BISHOP BEVERIDGE.

Bishop Beveridge observes, that, of all recreations, he found music to be the best, and especially when he played himself. "It calls in my spirits," says he, "composes my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after business, but fills

my heart at the present with pure and useful thoughts."

THE CLERGYMAN'S FAMILY.

An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, "When any thing disturbs their temper, I say to them *sing*, and if I hear them speaking against any person, I call them to sing to me; and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal." Such a use of this accomplishment might serve to fit a family for the company of angels. Young voices around the domestic altar, breathing sacred music at the hour of morning and evening devotion, are a sweet and touching accompaniment.

NOBILITY.

A SIGNIFICANT QUESTION.

At the commencement of the first revolution in France, a gentleman of Danphenay, anxious to support the interests of the aristocracy, said, "Think of all the blood the nobles of France have shed in battle!" A commoner replied, "And what of the blood of the people poured forth at the same time? Was that water?"

SCHILLER'S ESTIMATE.

Schiller, the German poet, had a

patent of nobility conferred upon him by the Emperor of Germany, which he never used. Turning over a heap of papers one day, in the presence of a friend, he came to his patent, and showed it carelessly to his friend with this observation, I suppose you did not know I was a noble? and then buried it again in the mass of miscellaneous papers in which it had long lain undisturbed.

SAFETY AND OTHER BENEFITS OF NON-RESISTANCE.*

RAYMOND THE TRAVELLER.

Raymond, a celebrated European traveller, bears the following testimony:—

Speaking of the Spanish smugglers, he says: "These smugglers are as

adroit as they are determined, are familiarized at all times with peril, and much in the very face of death. Their first movement is a never-failing shot, and certainly would be an object of dread to most passengers; for where

* By the use of this word we do not mean to have it understood that we take the ground of those technically called "Non-resistants" in our time. On the extent of Christ's precept, "Resist not evil," there is much differ-

ence of opinion. But on that precept all will find the following facts an interesting comment. Alas, that our Master's precept is so little regarded!

are they to be dreaded more than in deserts, where crime has nothing to witness it, and the feeble no assistance? As for myself, *alone and unarmed*, I have met them without anxiety, and have accompanied them without fear. We have little to apprehend from men whom we inspire with no distrust or envy, and every thing to expect in those from whom we claim only what is due from man to man. The laws of nature still exist for those who have long shaken off the laws of civil government. At war with society, they are sometimes at peace with their fellows. The assassin has been my guide in the defiles of the boundaries of Italy; the smuggler of the Pyrenees has received me with a welcome in his secret paths. Armed, I should have been the enemy of both; unarmed they have alike respected me. In such expectation, I have long since laid aside all menacing apparatus whatever."

A CHILD'S PLEA FOR LIFE.

At the close of a battle, a soldier of the victorious army, more ferocious and reckless from the bloody work of the day, chanced to find a small boy on the field, and, very much from the habit of assailing whatever came in his way, lifted his sword to cleave him down, when the little fellow, looking up in his face, exclaimed, "O sir, don't kill me, I'm so little." That simple appeal went to the warrior's heart; and returning his sword into its scabbard, he galloped away without harming the child. Some men there possibly may be who would have killed him, but scarce one man in a million would so outrage his own nature.

ROBERT BARCLAY AND THE ROBBERS.

Robert Barclay, the celebrated apologist of the Quakers, and Leonard Fell, a member of the same Society, were severally attacked by highwaymen in England, at different times. Both faithfully adhered to their non-resistance principles, and both signally triumphed. The pistol was levelled at

Barclay, and a determined demand made for his purse. Calm and self-possessed, he looked the robber in the face, with a firm but meek benignity, assured him he was *his* and every man's friend, that he was willing and ready to relieve his wants, that he was free from the fear of death through a divine hope in immortality, and, therefore, was not to be intimidated by a deadly weapon; and then appealed to him, whether he could have the heart to shed the blood of one who had no other feeling or purpose but to do him good. The robber was confounded; his eye melted, his brawny arm trembled, his pistol fell to his side, and he fled from the presence of the non-resistant hero whom he could no longer confront.

INDIAN AND THE QUAKER MEETING.

A little before the revolutionary war, there were a few families of Friends, who had removed from Dutchess county and settled at Easton, then in Saratoga county, New York. These requested the favour of holding a religious meeting, which was granted. The section of country proved to be one which was so much distressed by scouting parties from both the British and American armies, that the American government, unable to protect the inhabitants, issued a proclamation, directing them to leave their country: and they did generally go.

The Friends requested to be permitted to exercise their own judgment, (saying, "You are clear of us in that you have warned us,") remained at their homes, and kept up their meeting.

Robert Nisbet, who lived at that time at East Hoosack, about thirty miles distant, felt a desire to walk through the then wilderness country, and sit with the Friends at their week-day meeting. As they were sitting in meeting, with their door open, they discovered an Indian peeping round the door post. When he saw the Friends sitting without word or deed, he stepped forward and took a full view of what was in the house: then he and his company, placing their arms in a corner of the room, took seats

with the Friends, and so remained till the meeting closed.

Zebulon Hoxie, one of the Friends present, then invited them to his house, put a cheese and what bread he had on the table, and invited them to help themselves: they did so, and went quietly and harmlessly away.

Before their departure, however, Robert Nisbet, who could speak and understand the French language, had a conversation with their leaders in French. He told Robert, that they surrounded the house, intending to destroy all that were in it; "but," said he, "when we saw you sitting with your door open, and without weapons of defence, we had no disposition to hurt you—we would have fought for you." This party had human scalps with them.

WHITE FEATHER OF PEACE.

A family of Quakers from Pennsylvania, settled at the west in a remote place, then exposed to savage incursions. They had not been there long before a party of Indians, panting for blood, started on one of their terrible excursions against the whites, and passed in the direction of the Quaker's abode; but, though disposed at first to assail him and his family as enemies, they were received with such open-hearted confidence, and treated with such cordiality and kindness, as completely disarmed them of their purpose. They came forth, not against such persons, but against their enemies. They thirsted for the blood of those who had injured them; but these children of peace, unarmed, and entirely defenceless, met them only with accents of love, and deeds of kindness. It was not in the heart even of a savage to harm them; and, on leaving the Quaker's house, the Indians took a white feather and stuck it over the door, to designate the place as a sanctuary not to be harmed by their brethren in arms. Nor was it harmed. The war raged all around it; the forest echoed often to the Indian's yell, and

many a white man's hearth was drenched in his own blood, but over the Quaker's humble abode gently waved the white feather of peace, and beneath it his family slept without harm or fear.

INDIANS AND THE SHAKERS.

About the year 1812, Indiana was the scene of Indian hostilities; but the Shakers, though without forts or arms, lived in perfect safety, while the work of blood and fire was going on all around them. "Why," said the whites afterwards to one of the Indian chiefs, "why did you not attack the Shakers as well as others?" "What!" exclaimed the savage, "we warriors attack a peaceable people! We fight those who won't fight us! Never; it would be a disgrace to hurt such a people."

CHRISTIANS WHO WOULD NOT FIGHT

"I have read," says Mrs. Chapman, "of a certain regiment ordered to march into a small town, (in the Tyrol I think,) and take it. It chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the gospel of Christ and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighbouring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, 'if they will take it, they must.' Soldiers soon came, riding in with colours flying and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning wheels. Babies crowded to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, 'the harlequins of the nineteenth century.' Of course none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. 'Where are your soldiers?' they asked. 'We have none,' was the brief reply. 'But we have come to take the town.' 'Well, my friends, it lies before you.' 'But is there nobody here to fight?' 'No, we are all Christians.' Here was an

emergency altogether unprovided for by the military schools. This was a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit; a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed. 'If there is nobody to fight with, of course we can't fight,' said he. 'It is impossible to take such a town as this.' So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village, as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser. This experiment on a small scale indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe."

INHABITANTS OF THE LOCHOO ISLANDS.

These islands are in the neighbourhood of the Chinese Sea. They have been visited by several navigators, and, among others, by Captain Basil Hall. He states that they have neither forts, men-of-war, garrisons, arms, nor soldiers, and appear to be quite ignorant of the art of war. They are kind, hospitable, courteous, and honest, and acquainted with some of the mechanical arts. Well, what has been their fate? Reasoning on the rash premises of the opponents of peace principles, we should predicate their utter destruction. But have they been destroyed? Quite the contrary. They have been preserved in peace, safety, and happiness. "The olive branch" is planted on their shores, and they sit beneath it, "no man daring to make them afraid."

QUAKERS IN THE IRISH REBELLION.

Perhaps the severest test to which the peace principles were ever put, was in Ireland, during the memorable rebellion of 1798. During that terrible conflict, the Irish Quakers were continually between two fires. The Protestant party viewed them with suspicion and dislike, because they refused to fight or to pay military taxes; and the fierce multitude of insurgents deemed it sufficient cause of death, that they

would neither profess belief in the Catholic religion nor help them to fight for Irish freedom. Victory alternated between the two contending parties, and, as usual in civil war, the victors made almost indiscriminate havoc of those who did not march under their banners. It was a perilous time for all men; but the Quakers alone were liable to a raking fire from both sides. Foreseeing calamity, they had nearly two years before the war broke out, publicly destroyed all their guns, and other weapons used for game. But this pledge of pacific intentions was not sufficient to satisfy the government, which required warlike assistance at their hands. Threats and insults were heaped upon them from all quarters; but they steadfastly adhered to their resolution of doing good to both parties and harm to neither. Their houses were filled with widows and orphans, with the sick, the wounded, and the dying, belonging both to the loyalists and the rebels. Sometimes when the Catholic insurgents were victorious, they would be greatly enraged to find Quakers' houses filled with Protestant families. They would point their pistols and threaten death, if their enemies were not immediately turned into the street to be massacred. But the pistols dropped when the Christian mildly replied, "Friend, do what thou wilt, I will not harm thee, or any other human being." Not even amid the savage fierceness of civil war, could men fix at one who spoke such words as these. They saw that this was not cowardice, but bravery very much higher than their own.

On one occasion, an insurgent threatened to burn down a Quaker house unless the owner expelled the Protestant women and children who had taken refuge there. "I cannot help it," replied the Friend; "so long as I have a house, I will keep it open to succour the helpless and distressed, whether they belong to thy ranks, or to those of thy enemies! If my house is burned I must be turned out with them,

and share their affliction." The fighter turned away and did the Christian no harm.

Whichever party marched into a village victorious, the cry was, "Spare the Quakers! They have done good to all and harm to none." While flames were raging, and blood flowing in every direction, the houses of the peacemakers stood uninjured.

It is a circumstance worthy to be recorded, that during the fierce and terrible struggle, even in counties where Quakers were most numerous, but one of their society fell a sacrifice.

That one was a young man, who, being afraid to trust peace principles, put on a military uniform, and went to the garrison for protection. The garrison was taken by the insurgents, and he was killed. "His dress and arms spoke the language of hostility," says the historian, "and therefore invited it."

THE BISHOP AND DUKE.

Luther gives an account of a duke of Saxony, who made war unnecessarily upon a bishop of Germany. At that period ecclesiastics could command military resources, as well as the secular nobility. But the weapons of the good bishop were not carnal. The duke thought proper, in a very artful way, to send a spy into the company of the bishop, to ascertain his plan of carrying on the contest. On his return, the spy was eagerly interrogated by the duke. "O, sir," replied he, "you may surprise him without fear, he is doing nothing, and making no preparation." "How is that," asked the duke; "what does he say?" "He says he will feed his flock, preach the word, visit the sick; and that, as for this war, he should commit the weight of it to God himself." "Is it so?" said the duke; "then let the devil wage war against him; I will not."

QUAKER'S HOUSE PRESERVED.

A most remarkable case occurred at the siege of Copenhagen under Lord

Nelson. An officer in the fleet says:—"I was particularly impressed with an object which I saw three or four days after the terrific bombardment of that place. For several nights before the surrender, the darkness was ushered in with a tremendous roar of guns and mortars, accompanied by the whizzing of those destructive and burning engines of warfare, Congreve's rockets. The dreadful effects were soon visible in the brilliant lights through the city. The blazing houses of the rich, and the burning cottages of the poor, illuminated the heavens; and the widespreading flames, reflecting on the water, showed a forest of ships assembled round the city for its destruction. This work of conflagration went on for several nights; but the Danes at length surrendered; and on walking some days after among the ruins, consisting of the cottages of the poor, houses of the rich, manufactories, lofty steeples, and humble meeting-houses, I descried, amid this barren field of desolation, a solitary house unharmed; all around it a burnt mass, this alone untouched by the fire, a monument of mercy. 'Whose house is that?' I asked. 'That,' said the interpreter, 'belongs to a Quaker. He would neither fight, nor leave his house, but remained in prayer, with his family during the whole bombardment.' Surely, thought I, it is well with the righteous. God has been a shield to thee in battle, a wall of fire round about thee, a very present help in time of need."

PACIFIC POLICY OF PENN.

The case of William Penn, is perhaps the fullest and fairest illustration of pacific principles in their bearing on the intercourse of nations. His colony, though an appendage to England, was to the Indians an independent State. They knew no power above or beyond that of Penn himself; and they treated his colony as another tribe or nation. Their king had himself expressly abandoned these Quakers entirely to their own resources. "What!" said Charles

II. to Penn, on the eve of his departure, "venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle within two hours after setting your foot on their shores?" "The best security in the world," replied the man of peace. "I doubt that, friend William; I have no idea of any security against those cannibals, but a regiment of good soldiers with their muskets and bayonets; and I tell you beforehand that, with all my good will to you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you." "I want none of thy soldiers; I depend on something better." "Better! on what?" "On the Indians themselves, on their moral sense, and the promised protection of God."

Such was the course of William Penn; and what was the result? In the midst of the most warlike tribes on this continent, the Quakers lived in safety, while all the other colonies, acting on the war-policy of armed defence, were involved almost incessantly in bloody conflicts with the Indians. Shall we ascribe this to the personal tact of William Penn? Shrewd he doubtless was; but the success of his policy was owing mainly, if not entirely, to its pacific character. Penn was only an embodiment of his principles, and the efficacy of these is strikingly exhibited in the fact that Pennsylvania, during all the seventy years of her peace policy, remained without harm from the Indians, but suffered as soon as she changed that policy, the same calamities with the other colonies.

OBERLIN AND THE CONSPIRATORS.

M. Oberlin was appointed minister of the Ban de la Roche, France, in the year 1767; he was then twenty-seven years of age. His parish was a very rude and ignorant district, secluded from the rest of the province. His predecessor, an excellent individual, had commenced the execution of several

plans which were likely to improve the moral and religious state of his parish. M. Oberlin determined to carry on and extend these measures as far as he could, to the great satisfaction of those who had approved them; but the greater part of the inhabitants were resolved to oppose the designs of their excellent pastor, and laid a plan to waylay him, and treat him with such severity as might effectually deter him from continuing his admonitions. Their pastor was informed of this intention, and that an approaching Lord's day was fixed for the perpetration of their wicked design. On that day he took for his text the words of our Lord, Matt. v. 39, "Resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also." In the course of his sermon he spoke of the Christian patience with which we ought to suffer injuries. After service the conspirators assembled at the house of one of their number, and were probably amusing themselves with the idea that their minister would himself soon have to put in practice the lesson he had just given. While conferring upon the execution of their plan, the door suddenly opened, and to their great astonishment, M. Oberlin himself stood in the midst of the assembly. "Here am I, my friends," said he, with a calmness which inspired even the most violent with respect; "I am aware of your intentions with regard to me. You intend to beat me, and to chastise me for acting in a manner which you disapprove. If I have broken the rules of conduct which I have laid down for you to follow, then punish me. I would much rather give myself up to you, than to have you guilty of the baseness of lying in wait for me." This simple address produced an immediate effect. The peasants, ashamed of themselves, entreated his pardon, and promised that they would not again doubt his affection for them. From that period he was enabled to pursue his benevolent designs, and, eventually, a most pleasing change was effected.

CITY OF REFUGE.

During the rebellion in Ireland, in 1798, the rebels had long meditated an attack on the Moravian settlement at Grace-Hill, Wexford county. At length they put their threat in execution, and a large body of them marched to the town. When they arrived there, they saw no one in the streets nor in the houses. The brethren had long expected this attack, but true to their Christian profession, they would not have recourse to arms for their defence, but assembled in their chapel, and in solemn prayer besought Him, in whom they trusted, to be their shield in the hour of danger. The ruffian band, hitherto breathing nothing but destruction and slaughter, were struck with astonishment at this novel sight. Where they expected an armed hand, they saw it clasped in prayer—where they expected weapon to weapon, and

the body armed for the fight, they saw the bended knee and humble head, before the altar of the Prince of Peace. They heard the prayer for protection; they heard the intended victims asking mercy for their murderers: they heard the song of praise, and the hymn of confidence, in the "sure promise of the Lord." They beheld in silence this little band of Christians; they felt unable to raise their hand against them; and, after lingering in the streets, which they filled for a night and a day, with one consent they turned and marched away from the place, without having injured an individual, or purloined a single loaf of bread. In consequence of this signal mark of protection from heaven, the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages brought their goods, and asked for shelter in Grace-Hill, which they called the City of Refuge.

NOVELS.

NOVEL WRITER'S TESTIMONY.

Dr. Goldsmith, who had himself written a novel, in writing to his brother, respecting the education of his son uses this strong language:—"Above all things, never let your son touch a novel or romance. How delusive, how destructive are those features of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness that never existed; to despise the little good that fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and in general—take the word of a man who has seen the world, and studied it more by experience than by precept—take my word for it, I say, that such books teach us very little of the world."

HALL'S OPINION OF MISS EDGEWORTH.

"Miss Edgeworth," says Robert Hall, "is the most irreligious writer I ever read; not so much from any direct attacks she makes on religion, as from a universal and studied omission of the subject. In her writings you meet a

high strain of morality. She delineates the most virtuous characters, and represents them in the most affecting circumstances in life; in distress, in sickness, and even in the immediate prospect of eternity, and finally sends them off the stage with their virtue unimpaired; and all this without the remotest allusion to religion. She does not directly oppose religion, but makes it appear unnecessary, by exhibiting a perfect virtue without it. No works ever produced so bad an effect on my own mind. I did not expect to find any irreligion in Miss Edgeworth's writings. I was off my guard; their moral character disarmed me. I read nine volumes of them at once; but I could not preach with any comfort for six weeks after reading them. I never felt so little ardour in my profession, or so little interest in religion. She was once called to account for the character of her works, and asked her reasons for representing a mere ideal morality, without attributing any influence to religion. She said, that if she had written for the lower

classes, she should have recommended religion, but that she had written for a class for whom it was less necessary. How absurd! She seemed to think that the virtues of the higher orders of society stand in no need of religion, and that it was only designed as a curb and a muzzle for the brute."

HANNAH MORE'S OPINION.

Many works of fiction, says Hannah More, may be read with safety, some

even with profit; but the constant familiarity even with such as are not exceptionable in themselves, relaxes the mind that wants hardening, dissolves the heart that wants fortifying, stirs the imagination which wants quieting, irritates the passions which want calming, and above all, disinclines and disqualifies for active virtues, and for spiritual exercises. The habitual indulgence in such reading, is a silent mining mischief.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

CECIL'S OBEDIENCE.

When the Rev. Richard Cecil was but a little boy, his father had occasion to go to the India House, and took his son with him. While he was transacting business, the little fellow was dismissed, and told to wait for his father at one of the doors. His father on finishing his business went out at another door, and entirely forgot his son. In the evening, his mother, missing the child, inquired where he was; on which his father, suddenly recollecting that he had directed him to wait at a certain door, said, "You may depend upon it, he is still waiting where I appointed him." He immediately returned to the India House and found his dear boy on the very spot he had ordered

him to remain. He knew that his father expected him to wait, and therefore he would not disappoint him.

FIRST STEP TOWARDS RUIN.

It was stated, at a meeting of the American Prison Discipline Society, as the result of the examinations made by that institution into the history and career of the various criminals confined in the prisons of the United States, that in almost all cases their course of ruin began in disobedience to parents. This was followed by intemperance, and that made way for all other crimes. The statement was made by the secretary of the society, the Rev. Louis Dwight, whose opportunity for observation had certainly been very great.

OMNIPRESENCE AND OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.

GOD IS PRESENT.

The celebrated Linnæus testified, in his conversation, writings, and actions, the greatest sense of God's omniscience; yea, he was so strongly impressed with the idea, that he wrote over the door of his library, *Innocui vivite, Numen ædest*;—Live innocently, God is present.

THIEF FORGETTING TO LOOK UP.

A man who was in the habit of going to a neighbour's corn-field to steal the grain, one day took his son with him, a boy eight years of age. The father told him to hold the bag, while he looked if any one was near to see

him. After standing on the fence, and peeping through all the corn-rows, he returned to take the bag from the child, and began his sinful work. "Father," said the boy, "you forgot to look somewhere else." The man dropped the bag in a fright, and said, "which way, child?" supposing he had seen some one. "You forgot to look up to the sky, to see if God was noticing you." The father felt this reproof of the child so much, that he left the corn, returned home, and never again ventured to steal; remembering the truth his child had taught him, that the eye of God always beholds us.

WHERE AND WHERE NOT IS GOD.

A child, six years of age, being introduced into company, was asked by a clergyman where God was, with the offer of an orange. "Tell me," replied the boy, "where he is not, and I will give you two."

THOUGHT FOR A FREETHINKER.

Collins, the freethinker, or deist, met a plain countryman going to church. He asked him where he was going.

"To church, Sir." "What to do there?" "To worship God." "Pray, whether is your God a great or a little God?" "He is both, Sir." "How can he be both?" "He is so great, Sir, that the heaven of heavens cannot contain him; and so little that he can dwell in my heart." Collins declared, that this simple answer from the countryman had more effect upon his mind than all the volumes which learned doctors had written against him.

PAPACY.

BONNER'S TREATMENT OF CRANMER.

After Archbishop Cranmer had been condemned, in the beginning of Queen Mary's reign, to suffer death, they proceeded afterwards to degrade him. To make this appear as ridiculous as possible, they put on him an episcopal habit made of canvas and old rags; Bonner, in the meantime, by way of insult and mockery, called him *Mr. Canterbury*, and such like. He bore all with his wonted fortitude and patience; telling them, the degradation gave him no concern, for he had long despised these ornaments. When they had stript him of all his habits, they put upon his jacket an old gown, threadbare and ill-shaped, and a townsman's cap, and so delivered him to the secular power, to be carried back to prison, where he was kept entirely destitute of money, and totally secluded from his friends. Such was the iniquity of the times, that a gentleman who gave him a little money to buy some provisions, narrowly escaped being brought to trial for it.

DON PEDRO'S CONFESSION.

Don Pedro, one of the Spanish captains taken by Sir F. Drake, being examined before the Lords of the Privy Council as to what was their design of invading us, replied, "To subdue the nation and root it out." "And what meant you," said the lords, "to do with the Catholics?" "To send them, good men," says he, "directly to heaven,

and you heretics to hell." "For what end were your whips of cord and wire?" "To whip you heretics to death." "What would you have done with the young children?" "Those above seven years old should have gone the way their fathers went: the rest should have lived in perpetual bondage, branded in the forehead with the letter L. for Lutheran."

DECLARATION OF FRANCIS I.

Francis I., king of France, used to declare, "that if he thought the blood in his arm was tainted with the Lutheran heresy, he would have it cut off; and that he would not spare even his own children if they entertained sentiments contrary to the Catholic church."

WORKING ON A SAINT'S DAY.

A historian who lived at the period of the Norman conquest, in mentioning some kings of England before Alfred, was apprehended for working on a saint's day; and, being asked why he gave such offence to religion, his reply was, "I am a poor man and have nothing but my labour to depend upon; necessity requires that I should be industrious, and my conscience tells me there is no day but the Sabbath which I ought to keep sacred from labour." Having thus expressed himself, he was committed to prison, and being brought to trial, was, by his iniquitous judges, condemned to be burnt.

THE INDIAN'S DISLIKE OF HEAVEN.

The Spaniards, by their cruelty to the natives of the island of Cuba, rendered themselves odious, and excited in the minds of the inhabitants the strongest prejudices against their religion. A chief, who had been condemned to be burnt, when brought to the stake was exhorted to embrace Christianity, assured that thereby he would be admitted to heaven. The chief asked if there were any Spaniards in heaven. "Yes," said the priest who attended him, "but they are all good ones." The chief replied, "I cannot bring myself to go to a place where I should meet with but one; therefore, do not speak to me any more of your religion, but let me die."

DRUNK WITH THE BLOOD OF THE SAINTS.

According to the calculation of some, about two hundred thousand suffered death in seven years, under Pope Julian; no less than a hundred thousand were massacred by the French in the space of three months; the Waldenses who perished amounted to one million; within thirty years, the Jesuits destroyed nine hundred thousand; under the Duke of Alva, thirty-six thousand were executed by the common hangman; a hundred and fifty thousand perished in the inquisition; and a hundred and fifty thousand by the Irish massacre; besides the vast multitude of whom the world could never be particularly informed, who were proscribed, banished, burned, starved, buried alive, smothered, suffocated, drowned, assassinated, chained to the galleys for life, or immured within the horrid walls of the Bastille, or others of their church or state prisons. According to some, the whole number of persons massacred since the rise of Papacy, amounts to fifty millions!

KILL THEM ALL.

The Albigensian war, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, commenced with the storming of Beziers,

and a massacre in which fifteen thousand persons, or, according to some accounts, sixty thousand, were put to the sword. Not a living soul escaped, as witnesses assure us. It was here that a Cistercian monk, who led on the Crusaders, being asked if the Catholics were to be distinguished from heretics, answered, "Kill them all! God will know his own."

ADVICE OF THE BOHEMIAN BISHOPS.

It is stated, in the life of Ridley the reformer, that, in October, 1553, a closet council of Roman Bishops was held at Bononia, to advise the pope as to the best means of checking the progress of the reformation. After making many very curious concessions, the bishops of Termulæ, Capralæ, and Thessalonica, thus concluded their address to Pope Julius III. :—"But we have reserved the most considerable advice, which we could at this time give your highness, to the last. And here you must be awake, and exert all your force to hinder, as much as you possibly can, the gospel from being read, (especially in the vulgar tongue,) in all the cities that are under your dominion. Let that little taste of it which they have in the mass serve their turn, nor suffer any mortal to read any thing more; for as long as men were contented with that little, things went to your mind, but grew worse and worse from the time that they commonly read more. This, in short, is the book that has, beyond all others, raised these storms and tempests, in which we are almost driven to destruction. And really, whosoever shall diligently weigh the Scripture, and then consider all the things that are usually done in our churches, will find that there is a great difference between them; and that this doctrine of ours is very unlike, and in many things quite repugnant to it."

PRIEST BURNING THE BIBLE.

In the year 1833, a poor family in Ireland, of the name of M'Gernis, was greatly distressed by the painful illness

of a young girl, who, after lingering some time, gave signs of approaching dissolution. She was attended by the priests of the Romish church, to which the family belonged, one of whom discovered, shortly before her decease, that she had repaired for support and comfort in her affliction to a forbidden source. In the wretched hut was a Bible, which the sufferer had received as a reward at a Protestant minister's free school; and the priest commanded that it should be instantly destroyed. The dying girl shuddered; the aged parent entreated that the book might be spared; but he was inexorable, and demanded that it should be burned in his presence. The father now declared that it should not be done under his roof; and the incensed priest, rushing from the hut with the Bible in his hand, placed it upon a fire of turf, kindled in the open air, and thus deliberately destroyed it in the day-time, in the presence of numbers, and in the high road! Nor is this a solitary case.

VIRGIN OF GAUDALOUPE.

About ten years after what the Spaniards call "The Conquest," the celebrated apparition of the Virgin de Gaudaloupe, made its appearance in the following manner. Adjacent to the city of Mexico is a hill entirely barren; an Indian accidentally passing heard sounds of music, and, at the same time, saw an aerial female figure in a praying attitude. The Indian, alarmed at the vision, fled; but passing near the hill a few days afterwards, the same strange occurrence again took place. The figure called him by name, and told him to repair to the spot on a certain day, and he would find her picture buried under a heap of roses; he did so, and met with it as directed. The Indian carried this mysterious figure to the Bishop of Mexico, who was, of course, in the secret. A solemn conclave of the clergy took place, and the Bishop, with the most profound reverence, knelt before the picture and nam-

ed it *Neuestra Senora de Gaudaloupe*. A magnificent church was built for her reception, and she received the exalted title of "Patroness of Mexico," which she enjoys to the present day. This is the origin of the *Virgin de Gaudaloupe*, conformably to the records of the church now existing at Mexico. The original picture is still exhibited in the *Virgin's Church*; it is painted on a cloth of linen manufacture called "*Uangochi*," composed of coarse threads spun from the fibres of the aloe, (*Algava Americana*.) and woven very wide apart. The Indians and the Creoles say, that the picture is miraculous, because, as you approach it, the painting becomes less visible, and when quite close all traces of the picture disappear; their blind superstition not permitting them to discover that the open texture of the material upon which it is painted, is the cause of this disappearance.

A priest told the writer of the above, another circumstance respecting the *Virgin*, respecting another part of the miracle, viz., that the picture was found under a heap of roses in the winter season, and on a spot where those flowers had never bloomed. It never occurred to the priest that, a few leagues from this barren hill the climate was quite different, and where roses grow throughout the year. Consequently the persons who painted the picture of the *Virgin* did not require any celestial aid to procure a bed of roses.

In such veneration do the Indians and lower order of Creoles, (and indeed many of the middling and higher classes,) hold their patroness, that they have paintings of her in all their houses, invoke her in all their prayers, and implore her assistance in all their difficulties.

ST. PETER'S TOE.

I have seen people, says a traveller, of all ranks and ages prostrate themselves before the statue of *St. Peter* at Rome, and after saying a short prayer most humbly kiss his toe. To such an extent is this carried, that the great toe

of the image, (it is so wretched a thing I can hardly call it a statue,) is from time to time worn away, and the brazier is called in to supply another, that the toe-worshippers may not miss the object of their adoration. But a letter would not suffice to tell of half the instances that I have seen acted before my eyes of the most degrading superstition and image worship.

“IT IS NOT MY FAULT.”

In Lisbon the priests once found, or pretended to have found, an image, dug up from the earth, and proclaimed it to be the effigy of an eminent saint; it was accordingly set up in one of the churches, where crowds of devotees assembled to offer their devotions. To his saintship was also referred the decision of the disputed point, “who was the legitimate monarch of Portugal.” The officiating priest put the question in an audible voice, “Is Don Pedro the lawful sovereign of these realms?” The saint shook his head as a negative indication. “Is Don Miguel the sovereign?” The image nodded assent. This was repeated on various occasions to increased congregations, and was considered by the multitude as an astonishing miracle. At one time in the presence of our informant, the first inquiry had been replied to as usual; to the second no answer was returned; upon which the priest several times repeated the question, and at length assumed great vehemence of manner, when a boy popped out his head from behind the curtain, and exclaimed, “It is not my fault, Sir, *the string is broken!*”

ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

Pope Julius II. began the building of the magnificent church at Rome, but left it unfinished. His successor, Leo X., was desirous to complete this superb edifice, but being involved in debt, and finding the apostolic treasury exhausted, he had recourse to the selling of indulgences, a gainful traffic, for the procuring a sufficient sum of money. Accord-

ingly, in 1517 he published general indulgences throughout all Europe, to such as would contribute to the building of St. Peter's. The sum of ten shillings was sufficient to purchase the pardon of sins, and the ransom of a soul from purgatory!

ABSOLUTION IN ADVANCE.

When Tetzel was at Leipsic, in the sixteenth century, and had collected a great deal of money from all ranks of the people, a nobleman, who suspected imposition, put the question to him, “Can you grant absolution for a sin which a man shall intend to commit in future?” “Yes,” replied the frontless commissioner; “but on condition that a proper sum of money be actually paid down.” The noble instantly produced the sum demanded; and in return received a diploma, sealed and signed by Tetzel, absolving him from the unexplained crime which he secretly intended to commit. Not long after, when Tetzel was about to leave Leipsic, the nobleman made inquiry respecting the road he would probably travel, waited for him in ambush at a convenient place, attacked and robbed him; then beat him soundly with a stick, sent him back to Leipsic with his chest empty, and at parting, said, “This is the fault I intended to commit, and for which I have your absolution.”

CROSS IN SWITZERLAND.

In Switzerland, says Bishop Wilson, we actually saw on a cross, by the road side, this notice:—“The archbishop of Chambery and the bishop of Geneva, grant forty days' indulgence to all those who shall say before this cross a Pater and an Ave-Maria, with an act of contrition, 1819.”

BLACKAMoor VIRGIN.

At Dijon, as I walked along, wrote the Rev. Dr. Wilson, bishop of Calcutta, in 1825, I observed on all the churenes an immense placard. I stopped, from mere curiosity, to see what it was. It was an advertisement of a new edition

of the History of the Miraculous Image of Notre Dame, at Dijon. I hurried to the church, and looked all around: I saw a gaudily embellished building, filled with altars, and pictures, and statues, but no image that I could discover. I went out and inquired of an elderly woman. She took me up to an altar on which was the statue of the Virgin, resembling that of a blackamoor, and decked out with tawdry ornaments. I afterwards bought the book; it positively asserts that various miracles have been performed by this wretched figure! Nay more, indulgences are granted to all who worship this image, and a society is formed to celebrate feasts to her honour. As the image is black, the author attempts to prove, very gravely, that the Virgin Mary was of a swarthy complexion!

WHITE AND HIS MOTHER.

Blanco White remarks, "Believe a man, who has spent the best years of his life where Roman Catholicism is professed, without the check of dissenting opinions, where it luxuriates on the soil which fire and sword have cleared of whatever might stint its natural and genuine growth; a growth incessantly watched over by the head of the church, and his authorized representatives, the inquisitors."

He then states, "I had a mother remarkable for the powers of her mind, and the goodness of her heart. No woman could love her children more ardently, and none of those children was more vehemently loved than myself. But the Roman Catholic creed had poisoned in her the purest source of affection. I saw her during a long period unable to restrain her tears in my presence. I perceived that she shunned my conversation, especially when my university friends drew me into topics above those of domestic talk. I loved her, and this behaviour cut me to the heart. In my distress I applied to a friend to whom she used to communicate all her sorrows: and to my utter horror, I learned, that suspecting

me of anti-catholic principles, my mother was distracted by the fear that she might be obliged to accuse me to the Inquisition, if I incautiously uttered some condemned proposition in her presence! To avoid the barbarous necessity of being the instrument of my ruin, she could find no other means but that of shunning my presence! Did this unfortunate mother overrate or mistake the nature of her Roman Catholic duties? By no means. The Inquisition was established by the supreme authority of her church, and under that authority she was enjoined to accuse any person whatever, whom she might overhear uttering heretical opinions. No exception was made in favour of fathers, children, husbands, wives; to conceal was to abet their errors, and thus doom two souls to eternal perdition! A sentence of excommunication, to be incurred by the fact of having thus acted, was annually published against all persons, who having heard a proposition, directly or indirectly, contrary to the Roman Catholic faith, omitted to inform the inquisitors of it. Could any sincere Roman Catholic slight such a command?" Protestants, what think ye of such a system?

ADMIRAL PYE AND THE INQUISITORS.

Admiral Pye having been on a visit to Southampton, and the gentleman under whose roof he resided, observing an unusual intimacy between him and his secretary, inquired into the degree of their relationship, as he wished to pay him suitable attention. The admiral informed him that they were not related, but their intimacy arose from a singular circumstance, which, by his permission, he would relate. The admiral said, when he was a captain, he was cruising in the Mediterranean. While on that station he received a letter from shore, stating that the unhappy author of the letter was by birth an Englishman; that, having been a voyage to Spain, he was enticed, while there, to become a Papist, and, in process of time, was

made a member of the Inquisition; that there he beheld the abominable wickedness and barbarities of the inquisitors. His heart recoiled at having embraced a religion so horribly cruel, and so repugnant to the nature of God; that he was stung with remorse, to think that, if his parents knew *what* and *where* he was, their hearts would break with grief; that he was resolved to escape if he (the captain) would send a boat on shore at such a time and place; but begged secrecy, since, if his intentions were discovered, he should be immediately assassinated. The captain returned for answer that he could not with propriety send a boat, but if he could devise any means to come on board, he would receive him as a British subject and protect him. He did so; but, being missed, there was soon raised a hue and cry, and he was followed to the ship.

A holy inquisitor demanded him, but he was refused. Another, in the name of his *holiness the pope*, claimed him, but the captain did not know him or any other master but his own sovereign, King George. At length a third *holy brother* approached. The young man recognized him at a distance, and, in terror, ran to the captain, entreating him not to be deceived by him, for he was the most *false, wicked, and cruel* monster in all the Inquisition. He was introduced, the young man being present; and, to obtain his object, began with the bitterest accusations against him; then he turned to the most fulsome flatteries of the captain; and, lastly, offered him a sum of money to resign him. The captain treated him with apparent attention; said his offer was very handsome, and, if what he affirmed were true, the person in question was unworthy of the English name or of his protection. The holy brother was elated; he thought his errand was accomplished. While drawing his purse-strings, the captain inquired what punishment would be inflicted upon him. He replied that it was uncertain; but as his offences were atrocious, it was

likely that his punishment would be exemplary. The captain asked if he thought he would be burned in a *dry pan*. He replied, that must be determined by the *holy Inquisition*, but it was not improbable.

The captain then ordered the great copper to be heated, but no water to be put in. All this while the young man stood trembling; his cheeks resembling death; he expected to become an unhappy victim to avarice and superstition. The cook soon announced that the orders were executed. "Then I command you to take this fellow," pointing to the inquisitor, "and *fry him alive* in the copper." This unexpected command thunderstruck the holy father. Alarmed for himself, he rose to be gone. The cook began to bundle him away. "Oh, good captain! good captain! spare, spare me, spare me!" "Have him away!" replied the captain. "Oh, no, my good captain!" "Have him away! I'll teach him to attempt to bribe a *British commander* to sacrifice the life of an *Englishman* to gratify a herd of bloody men." Down the inquisitor fell upon his knees, offering him all his money, and promising never to return if he would let him begone. When the captain had sufficiently alarmed him, he dismissed him, warning him never to come again on such an errand. What must have been the reverse of feelings in the young man, to find himself thus happily delivered! He fell upon his knees in a flood of tears before the captain, and poured out a thousand blessings upon his brave and noble deliverer. "This," said the admiral to the gentleman, "is the circumstance that began our acquaintance. I took him to be my servant; he served me from affection; mutual attachment ensued; and it has inviolably subsisted and increased to this day."

BUONAVANTURA'S BEATIFICATION.

When Dr. Moore was at Rome, in 1775, a new saint, called St. Buonavantura, was added to the list. Dr. M.

was present at the first part of the ceremony usual on these occasions, which is called the beatification of a saint, and has given a full account of the particulars. For several days previously, a very large picture of the proposed saint was hung up in front of St. Peter's church, and printed papers announcing the ceremony were distributed, particularly by the Franciscan monks, of whose order he had been a member. On the day fixed for the solemnity, the pope with many cardinals and other ecclesiastics attended; a long discourse was pronounced by a Franciscan friar, setting forth the devotions, penances, and charitable actions of the saint, and enumerating the miracles he had performed when alive, and those effected after his death by his bones. The most remarkable among these, was his replenishing a lady's cupboard with bread, after her house-keeper had, by the saint's desire, given to the poor all the loaves she had in the family.

This orator was opposed as usual by another, who is called the advocate for the devil, and objects to the miracles of the saint, his life and conduct, &c. This controversy was drawn out to a great length; but at length the claimant was admitted to the privileges of beatification, which, Dr. M. says, the church of Rome considers "as entitling the saint to more distinction in heaven than before; but he has not the power of freeing souls from purgatory till he has been canonized, and therefore is not addressed in prayer till he has obtained the second honour." We may here observe, that the pope decrees who are to be considered as saints, and thus professes to know who are in heaven.

SHRINE OF THOMAS-A-BECKET.

The shrine of Thomas-a-Becket, at Canterbury, was once profitable. It was valued abundantly more than the shrine of the Virgin Mary, or of Christ; for, in one year, there was offered at Christ's altar, £3 2s. 6d., at the Virgin's, £63 5s. 6., but at St. Thomas's,

£832 12s. 3d. And the next year was offered at Christ's, *nothing!* at the Virgin's, £4 1s. 8d., but at Becket's £954 6s. 3d. A jubilee of fifteen days was ordained for Becket, at Rome, every fiftieth year, and indulgence was granted to all that would visit his shrine. In the sixth jubilee, in 1420, 100,000 strangers visited his tomb; and brought with them immense wealth.

THE AUTOMATON JESUS.

In the monastery at Isenach, (says Luther,) stands an image which I have seen. When a wealthy person came hither to pray to it, (it was Mary with her child,) the child turned away his face from the sinner to the mother; but if the sinner gave liberally to that monastery, then the child turned to him again; and if he promised to give more, then the child showed itself very friendly and loving, and stretched out its arms over him in the form of a cross. But this picture and image was made hollow within, and prepared with locks, lines, and screws, and behind it stood a knave to move them,—and so were the people mocked and deceived, who took it to be a miracle!

GIVING SIGHT TO THE BLIND.

In the Life of Mary Queen of Scots, by Henry Glassford Bell, Esq., we find the following account of a pretended miracle upon a blind boy. The author was certainly not induced to give this account from any partiality to the Scottish Reformers, of whom he speaks in no friendly terms. The miracle is in good keeping with many related in the Roman Breviary, and is a fulfilment of the prophecy of Paul the apostle concerning "lying wonders," 2 Thess. ii. 9.

"There was a chapel in the neighbourhood of Musselburgh, dedicated to the Lady of Loretto, which, from the character of superior sanctity it had acquired, had long been the favourite resort of religious devotees. In this chapel a body of the Catholic priests undertook to put their religion to test

by performing a miracle. They fixed upon a young man who was well known as a common beggar in the streets of Edinburgh, and engaged to restore to him, in the presence of the assembled people, the perfect use of his eyesight. A day was named on which they calculated they might depend on this wonderful interposition of divine power in their behalf. From motives of curiosity, a great crowd was attracted at the appointed time to the chapel. The blind man made his appearance on the scaffold erected for the occasion. The priests approached the altar, and after praying very devoutly, and performing other religious ceremonies, he who had previously been stone blind, opened his eyes and declared he saw all things plainly. Having humbly and gratefully thanked his benefactors, the priests, he was permitted to mingle among the astonished people, and receive their charity. Unfortunately, however, for the success of this deception, a gentleman from Fife, of the name of Colville, determined to penetrate, if possible, a little further into the mystery. He prevailed upon the subject of the recent experiment to accompany him to his lodgings in Edinburgh. As soon as they were alone, he locked the chamber door, and either by bribes or threats contrived to win from him the whole secret. It turned out that in his boyhood this tool in the hands of the designing, had been employed as a herd by the nuns of the convent of Sciennes, then in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. It was remarked by the sisterhood that he had an extraordinary facility in 'flipping up the lid of his eyes, and casting up the white.' Some of the neighbouring priests, hearing accidentally of this talent, imagined that it might be applied to good account. They accordingly took him from Sciennes to the monastery near Musselburgh, where they kept him till he had made himself an adept in this mode of counterfeiting blindness, and till his personal appearance was so much changed, that the few who had been acquainted with him

before, would not be able to recognize him. They then sent him to Edinburgh to beg publicly, and make himself familiarly known to the inhabitants as a common blind mendicant. So far every thing had gone smoothly, and the scene at the chapel of Loretto might have had effect on the minds of the vulgar, had Colville's activity not discovered the gross imposture. Colville, who belonged to the congregation, instantly took the most effectual means to make known the deceit. He insisted upon the blind man's appearing with him next day at the cross of Edinburgh, where the latter repeated all he had told Colville, and confessed the iniquity of his own conduct, as well as that of the priests. To shelter him from their revenge, Colville immediately afterward carried him off to Fife, and the story, with all its details, being speedily disseminated, exposed the Catholic clergy to more contempt than ever."

GETTING A WORLD OF MERIT.

An anecdote was related by the celebrated Mr. Maclaurin, professor of mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, which most impressively illustrates the implicit confidence of the Roman Catholics in the dogmas of their creed, however opposed to reason they may appear.

When Mr. Maclaurin was travelling in France, he accidentally fell into the company of a learned Jesuit, with whom he travelled several leagues. After some mathematical conversation, the Jesuit discovered and lamented his heretical principles, and kindly offered his assistance to bring him into the Roman Catholic faith. Mr. Maclaurin embraced his offer, and the conversation turned upon transubstantiation. After a lengthened discussion of some hours, the Jesuit embraced him, and said, "My dear Mr. Maclaurin, you are the best, the truest friend I ever met with. How happy am I in this blessed opportunity of your conversation! I shall never forget the obligation under which I am laid to you, above all men

living!" Mr. Maclaurin was surprised, and began to hope that he had convinced the Jesuit of his errors, and requested him to tell him in what the obligation consisted. "Why, really," replied the Roman Catholic, "you have made this doctrine of transubstantiation so very absurd and ridiculous, that for the future I shall have a world of merit in believing it."

BELIEVING IN AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

"Do you believe in transubstantiation?" said a Protestant to a Papist. "Yes, I do," was the reply.—"Why," said the other, "the thing is impossible." "And I," said the Papist, "believe it *because* it is impossible!"

LADY JANE GREY'S SARCASM.

It is related of Lady Jane Grey, that being, when very young, at Newhall, in Essex, the seat of Mary, afterwards queen, and walking near the chapel with Lady Anne Wharton, she observed her companion, as they passed, bow to the elements on the altar. Affecting surprise at the motion of her friend, she asked, "Is the Lady Mary in the chapel?" "No," replied her companion, "I bend to him who made us all." "How is that?" retorted Jane, "can he be there who made us all, and yet the baker made him?" It is asserted that this sarcastic remark laid the foundation of Mary's hatred to this lovely woman.

"I'LL TAKE BACK MY MONEY."

An Italian noble being at church one day, and finding a priest who begged for the souls in purgatory, gave him a piece of gold. "Ah! my lord," said the good father, "you have now delivered a soul." The count threw upon the plate another piece. "Here is another soul delivered," said the priest. "Are you positive of it?" replied the count. "Yes, my lord," replied the priest, "I am certain they are now in heaven." "Then," said the count, "I'll take back my money, for it signifies nothing to you now; seeing the

souls are already got to heaven, there can be no danger of their returning to purgatory."

HABEAS ANIMAM FOR PURGATORY.

The Rev. Blanco White relates, that, in Spain, besides masses, bulls, prayers, and penances, the pope has established eight or ten days in the year, on which every Spaniard, (for the grant is confined to Spain,) by kneeling at five different altars, and there praying for the extirpation of heresy, is entitled to send a species of *habeas animam* writ to any of his friends in purgatory; that is, to require their deliverance, as a reward for what he has done.

INSCRIPTION AT MENTZ.

In the year 1738, Mr. John Wesley travelled in Germany, and spent a night or two at Mentz. While there, he went into the great church, and spent an hour, and copied the following from a paper on the door:—

"A full release for the poor souls in purgatory."

"His Papal Holiness, Clement XII. hath this year, 1738, on the 7th of August, most graciously privileged the Cathedral Church of St. Christopher, in Mentz, so that every priest, as well secular as regular, who will read mass at an altar for the soul of a Christian departed on any holiday, or any day within the octave thereof, or on two extraordinary days, to be appointed by the ordinary, of any week in the year, may each time deliver a soul out of the fire of purgatory."

RELICS AT HALLE.

Halle, in Saxony, so remarkable for the hospital erected by the celebrated Francke, seems to have been, in the dark ages of Popery, like Athens of old, a "city full of idols," Acts xvii. 16, (marginal reading.) The churches contained forty-two entire bodies of Romish saints, and more than 8,000 smaller relics! A work, published by the authority of the archbishop, contains engravings of more than 200 vases in

which these relics were kept. Some of them are particularly specified, as earth from a field at Damascus, where Adam was formed from the dust of the ground! Several bones and part of the standard of St. George; pieces of Noah's ark; portions of the bodies of several patriarchs and prophets; the rods of Moses and Aaron; clothing which had belonged to the Virgin; and a piece of the skin of Bartholomew! Among the entire bodies was one of the infants slain by Herod; also seventeen bodies of the companions of St. Ursula, who were, by mistake, said to have been 11,000 in number, instead of one named Undecimilla; also the glass or mirror used by these virgin martyrs, with much more of the like trumpery. On the Sunday next after the eighth of September, in every year, these relics were carried in solemn procession, and exhibited to the people. To all such as beheld them with devotion upon this occasion, offering prayers, and giving money to the collegiate church, indulgences, or pardon of sins, were promised for 29,245,120 years and 220 days. We are not told by what process of calculation this extraordinary number was ascertained; but the authorized writer might well boast that a great treasure was to be obtained at a small price, had not the treasure, even if obtained, been utterly worthless. There was, however, a qualifying clause; the indulgences were only to be obtained by those who were "sinited to deserve them;" an expression which, as Seckendorf observes, would be as unintelligible to the people, as the millions and hundreds of thousands spoken of in the calculation. Into what fearful delusions do mankind fall, when they forsake the simple truths of the Bible!

SINGULAR RELICS.

We are sometimes told of the harmless character of Popery, and are assured that the Roman Catholic system is, in reality, little different from that of Protestantism. Let our readers, however, be assured of the following facts:—

When the monasteries were suppressed at the time of the reformation, there were found in one of them as many relics as could be named in several sheets of paper. Among others, there was an angel with one wing, that brought over the spear's head which pierced the Redeemer's side. There were also some of the coals that roasted St. Lawrence, the parings of St. Edmund's toes, St. Thomas-à-Becket's pen-knife and boots, with as many pieces of the Saviour's cross as would make a large whole one, a piece of St. Andrew's finger, set in an ounce of silver, with many others of equal veracity. Some of the images were broken; among which was one, that, by means of springs, was made to move the head, hands, and feet: this had proved very profitable. Some of the blood of a duck was found in a phial, which was thick on one side, and thin on the other: the people were taught to believe this was the blood of Christ; and on their paying a considerable sum, the thin side of the phial was turned towards them, and they were permitted to see the blood.

RELICS AT AIX LA CHAPELLE.

Dr. Raffles, in his tour through Europe, in 1817, visited the church of the Minorites, in Aix La Chapelle. After describing sundry antiquities, among which were "the remains of one of the children whom Herod killed in the hope of destroying Christ," he proceeds:—

"All this was interesting, but the cream of the antiquities yet remained. We were conducted to the vestry, or robing place of the priest, where a young man whose province it is to expose these wonders to the gaze of the credulous, threw open the curiously painted doors of an immense recess, where in an instant we were dazzled with a profusion of gold and precious stones, wrought into various forms, to contain or emblazon the precious and sacred relics.

"* * * * * We were shown, 1. The girdle of Jesus Christ, brought

from Jerusalem, by Charlemagne, and with that monarch's seal annexed to it. 2. Girdle of the Virgin Mary, derived from the same quarter. 3. A bone of the Virgin Mary's father. 4. A bit of the cord with which Jesus was bound when he was scourged. 5. A prickle from the crown of thorns. 6. A bit of the sponge with which they supplied the vinegar. 7. A bit of one of the nails by which he was fastened to the cross. 8. And lastly, some *sweat* which fell from him in the Garden of Gethsemane. To this may be added a link of the chain with which Peter was chained at Rome! a bit of the bone of Simeon's arm, with which he embraced the infant Jesus!! a rib of St. Stephen!!! and a tooth of St. Thomas!!!!"

A PHIAL OF DARKNESS.

A traveller on the continent visiting a celebrated cathedral, was shown by the Sacristan, among other marvels, a dirty opaque phial. After eyeing it some time, the traveller said, "Do you call this a relic?" "Sir," said the Sacristan indignantly, "it contains some of the darkness that was spread over the land of Egypt."

DYING WORDS OF POPE PIUS V.

It is said of Pius Quintus, that when dying he cried out in despair: "When I was in low condition, I had some hopes of salvation; but when I was advanced to be a cardinal, I greatly doubted it; but since I came to the popedom, I have no hope at all."

SURPRISE AT THE TRUE VERSION.

The Rev. Mr. Temple, one of the American missionaries at Malta, has related the following fact:—My teacher, a native of Italy, came into my room one morning, and took up a tract, then lying on my table, and immediately cast his eyes upon the ten commandments, which I had inserted at the end. As soon as he had read the second commandment, he expressed much astonishment, and asked whether this

was part of the decalogue. I immediately showed him this commandment in Archbishop Martini's "Italian translation of the Latin Vulgate." He could not suppress his feeling of surprise on reading this in the Italian Bible, and in a version, too, authorized by the Pope. "I have lived," said he, "fifty years; have been publicly educated in Italy; have had the command of a regiment of men, and fought in many campaigns; but, till this hour, I never knew that such a commandment as this was written in the pages of the Bible."

ST. JANARIUS AND THE HORSES.

We were present to-day, says the author of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," written in 1818, at one of the most ridiculous scenes I ever witnessed, even in this country. It was St. Anthony's blessing of the horses; which began on that saint's day, and, I understand, lasts for a week. We drove to the church of the saint, near Santa Maria Maggiore, and could scarcely make our way through the streets, from the multitude of horses, mules, asses, cows, sheep, goats, and dogs, which were journeying along to the place of benediction; their tails, heads, and necks, decorated with bits of coloured ribbon and other finery, on this, their unconscious gala day. The saint's benediction, though nominally confined to horses, is equally efficacious, and equally bestowed upon all quadrupeds; and I believe there is scarcely a brute in Rome, or in the neighbourhood, that has not participated in it. An immense crowd were assembled in the wide open space in front of the church: and from the number of beasts and men, it looked exactly like a cattle fair. At the door stood the blessing priest, dressed in his robes, and wielding a brush in his hand, which he continually dipped into a huge bucket of holy water that stood near him, and spirted at the animals as they came up, in unremitting succession, taking off his little skull-cap, and muttering every time in Latin, "By the intercession of blessed Anthony the

abbot, these animals are freed from evil, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Amen." The poor priest had such hard work in blessing, that he was quite exhausted and panting, and his round face looked fiery-red with his exertions. The rider, or driver of the creature, always gave some piece of money, larger or smaller, in proportion to his means or generosity; and received an engraving of the saint, and a little metallic cross: however, all animals might be blessed gratis. Several well-dressed people, in very handsome equipages, attended with out-riders, in splendid liveries, drove up while we were there; and sat uncovered till the benediction was given. Then, having paid what they thought fit, they drove

off, and made way for others. One adventure happened, which afforded some amusement. A countryman having got a blessing on his beast, and therefore putting his whole trust in its power, set off from the church-door at full gallop; and had scarcely gone a hundred yards, before the ungainly animal tumbled down with him, and he rolled over his head into the dirt. He soon got up, however, and shook himself, and so did the horse, without either seeming to be much the worse. The priest seemed not a whit out of countenance at this catastrophe; and some of the standers-by exclaimed, with entire steadfastness of faith, that, "but for the blessing, they might both have broken their necks!"

PATIENCE.

TRIBULATION WORKETH PATIENCE.

There was a little boy who was so crippled that he could not open his Bible, which he had always before him. A gentleman asked him why he was so fond of reading it. "I like to read the Bible," said he, "because it tells me of Jesus Christ." "Do you think you have believed on Jesus Christ?" "Yes, I do." "What makes you think so?" "Because he enables me to suffer my afflictions patiently."

SUFFERING PATIENTLY FOR CHRIST.

Negrino and Paschali exercised their ministry in Calabria, in comforting the persecuted Waldenseians among the woods and mountains. But when the sufferers were closely hunted, the preachers were not likely to escape. At the instance of the inquisitor, they were both apprehended. Negrino was starved to death in prison at Cosenza. At this place Paschali was detained in confinement eight months, whence he was sent prisoner to Naples, with a view of being conducted to Rome. The patience with which he endured the cross, appears from the sensible and ardent letters which he addressed to the persecuted church of Calabria, to his afflicted

spouse Camilla, and to the church of Geneva. In one of these he thus describes his journey from Cosenza to Naples:—

"Two of our companions had been prevailed on to recant; but they were no better treated on that account, and we know not what they will suffer at Rome whither they are to be conveyed, as well as Marquet and myself. The Spaniard, our conductor, wished us to give him money to be relieved from the chain by which we were bound to one another; yet, in addition to this, he put on me a pair of handcuffs, so strait that they entered into the flesh, and deprived me of all sleep; and I found that, if at all, he would not remove them until he had drawn from me all the money I had, amounting only to two ducats, which I needed for my support. At night, the beasts were better treated than we, for their litter was spread for them, while we were obliged to lie on the hard ground, without any covering; and in this condition we remained for nine nights. On our arrival at Naples we were thrust into a cell, noisome in the highest degree, from the damp, and the putrid breath of the prisoners."

He was next sent in bonds to Rome, at which place his brother arrived from Coni, with letters of recommendation, to ask his liberty. With difficulty this brother obtained an interview with him, in the presence of a judge of the Inquisition. He gives the following description of this first interview:—

“It was hideous to see him, with his bare head, and his hands and arms lacerated with the small cords with which he was bound, like one to be led to the gibbet. On advancing to embrace him, I sunk to the ground. ‘My brother,’ said he, ‘if you are a Christian, why

do you distress yourself thus? Do you know that a leaf cannot fall to the ground without the will of God? Comfort yourself in Christ Jesus, for the present troubles are not to be compared with the glory to come.’”

At last, on the 8th of September, 1560, he was led to the conventual church of Minerva, to hear his process publicly read; and the next day, the 9th September, he appeared, with the greatest fortitude, in the court adjoining the Castle of St. Angelo, where he was burnt in the presence of the Pope and a party of cardinals.

PATRIOTISM.

THE ROMAN AMBASSADORS.

Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, having sent to desire the friendship of the Roman people, an embassy was despatched from Rome the following year, in return for the civilities of Ptolemy. The ambassadors were Q. Fabius Gargus, Cn. Fabius Pictor, with Numerius his brother, and Q. Ogallnius. The disinterested air with which they appeared sufficiently indicated the greatness of their souls. Ptolemy gave them a splendid entertainment, and took that opportunity to present to each of them a crown of gold, which they received because they were unwilling to disoblige him by declining the honour he intended them; but they went the next morning and placed them on the heads of the king's statues erected in the public places of the city. The king likewise having tendered them very considerable presents at their audience of leave, they received them as they had the crowns; but, on their arrival at Rome, before giving the Senate an account of their embassy, they deposited all those presents in the public treasury, and made it evident, by so noble a conduct, that in serving the republic they had proposed no other advantage to themselves than the honour of having well done their duty. The republic, however, would not suffer itself to be exceeded in generosity of sentiments.

The Senate and people came to a resolution, that the ambassadors, in consideration of the services they had rendered the state, should receive a sum of money equivalent to that they had deposited in the public treasury. This indeed was an amiable contest; and one is at a loss to know to which of the antagonists to ascribe the victory. Where shall we now find men who devote themselves in a similar manner to the public good, without any interested expectations of selfish advantage?

THE CORSICAN AND HIS UNCLE.

A striking display of the character of the legislator and of the subject, was related by Paoli to Mr. Boswell, when he visited Corsica. “A criminal,” saith he, “was condemned to die. His nephew came to me with a lady of distinction, that she might solicit his pardon. The nephew's anxiety made him think that the lady did not speak with sufficient force and earnestness. He therefore advanced, and addressed himself to me, ‘Sir, is it proper for me to speak?’ as if he felt that it was unlawful to make such an application. I bade him go on. ‘Sir,’ said he, with the deepest concern, ‘may I beg the life of my uncle? If it is granted, his relations will make a gift to the state of a thousand zechins. We will furnish fifty soldiers in pay during the

siege of Furiana. We will agree that my uncle shall be banished, and will engage that he shall never return to the island.' I knew the nephew to be a man of worth, and I answered him, 'You are acquainted with the circumstances of this case: such is my confidence in you, that if you will say, that giving your uncle a pardon would be just, useful, or honourable for Corsica, I promise you it shall be granted.' He turned about, burst into tears, and left me, saying in his native language, 'I would not have the honour of our country sold for a thousand zechins.' His uncle suffered."

PATRIOTIC MOTHER.

History furnishes many examples of mothers, led away by the seductive attractions of honour, riches, and grandeur, to sacrifice the true happiness of their children, in the hope of securing the future fortune and rank of their posterity. Russia, however, furnishes one instance of a mother who opposed the elevation of her child to the highest dignity, with the utmost anxiety. During the interregnum that succeeded the unfortunate reign of Chowski, in 1610, the Russian nobles agreed to give the crown to a near relation, on the maternal side, of the Czar Fedor Iwanovitch. They accordingly invited young Michael Romanof and his mother to Moscow, but they both refused to attend; the mother even went further; she wrote to her brother Cheremetef, to beg of him to oppose the elevation of his nephew to a throne, since his extreme youth rendered him incapable of undertaking so important a charge. The election, however, proceeded, and Michael Romanof was chosen Emperor. When the deputies repaired to Kostroma, to announce to the new sovereign the choice they had made of him, his mother begged a private interview with the plenipotentiaries, before she introduced them to her son. They consented, and met her in the church, where, with tears, she renewed her entreaties, and begged of them to choose some person

more able to govern the people than her son. She was informed that, having decided, the nobles would not revoke their choice. "Well, then," said she, "I must content myself with soliciting you to take my child under your guardianship; he has not been educated in the difficult art of governing mankind; but you have elected him—you insist on him for your monarch, and if he does not fulfil your expectations, you alone will be answerable to God for the events of which your choice may be the cause; but as for me, I have done my duty to my God, my country, and my child."

WASHINGTON AND HIS FRIENDS.

An anecdote is told of the great Washington, which exhibits, in a fine light, the distinction between public duty, and private friendship. During his administration as President of the United States, a gentleman, the friend and the companion of the general throughout the whole course of the revolutionary war, applied for a lucrative and very responsible office. The gentleman was at all times welcome to Washington's table; he had been, to a certain degree, necessary to the domestic repose of a man, who had for seven years fought the battles of his country, and who had now undertaken the task of wielding her political energies. At all times, and in all places, Washington regarded his revolutionary associate with an eye of evident partiality and kindness. He was a jovial, pleasant, and unobtrusive companion. In applying for this office, it was accordingly in the full confidence of success; and his friends already cheered him on the prospect of his arrival at competency and ease. The opponent of this gentleman, was known to be decidedly hostile to the politics of Washington; he had even made himself conspicuous among the ranks of opposition. He had, however, the temerity to stand as candidate for the office to which the friend and the favourite of Washington aspired. He had nothing to urge in favour of

his pretensions, but strong integrity, promptitude, and fidelity in business, and every quality which, if called into exercise, would render service to the state. Every one considered the application of this man hopeless; no glittering testimonial of merit had he to present to the eye of Washington; he was known to be his political enemy; he was opposed by a favourite of the general's; and yet, with such fearful odds, he dared to stand candidate. What was the result? The enemy of Washington was appointed to the office, and his table companion was left destitute and dejected. A mutual friend,

who interested himself in the affair, ventured to remonstrate with the president on the injustice of his appointment. "My friend," said he, "I receive with a cordial welcome; he is welcome to my house, and welcome to my heart; but, with all his good qualities, he is not a man of business. His opponent is, with all his political hostility to me, a man of business; my private feelings have nothing to do in this case. I am not George Washington, but President of the United States; as George Washington, I would do this man any kindness in my power; but as President of the United States, I can do nothing."

PEACE-MAKERS.

TRUE PEACE-MAKER.

When Mr. Welch accepted of the call to Ayr, he found the wickedness of the people, and their hatred to religion so great, that no one would let him a house, till Mr. John Stewart, an eminent Christian, and sometime provost of Ayr, accommodated him with an apartment in his house, and became his lasting friend. Mr. Welch first addressed himself to the arduous task of healing their divisions, uniting their factious parties, and putting an end to their daily battles, which were so desperate, that no one could walk in the streets even in the day-time, without the most imminent danger of being wounded. His method was this: after he had put a helmet on his head, he would go between the parties of fighting men, already covered with blood; but he never took a sword, which convinced them that he came not to fight, but to make peace. When he had brought them, by little and little, to hear him speak, and to listen to his arguments against such inhuman proceedings, he would order a table to be spread in the street, and, beginning with prayer, persuade them to profess themselves friends, and to sit down, and to eat and drink together; which, when done, he would finish this labour of love with singing a psalm. Thus, by de-

grees, labouring among them in word and doctrine, for he preached every day, and setting them a good example, he brought them to be a peaceable and happy people; and he grew, at length, in such esteem among them, that they made him their counsellor, to settle all their differences and misunderstandings, and would take no step of importance in civil affairs without his advice.

ENVIABLE REPUTATION.

John Dickinson, Esq., of Birmingham, was often called, by way of distinction, "The Peace-maker;" and such was his anxiety to keep the bonds of peace from being broken—such was his solicitude to heal the breach when made, that he would stoop to any act but that of meanness—make any sacrifice but that of principle—and endure any mode of treatment, not excepting even insult and reproach. From the high estimate in which his character was held, he was often called upon to act as umpire in cases of arbitration, and it was but rarely, if ever, that the equity of his decisions was impeached. On one occasion, two men were disputing in a public-house about the result of an arbitration, when a third said, "Had John Dickinson any thing to do with it?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then all was right, I am

sure;" and in this opinion the whole party concurred, and the disputation ceased.

PACIFIC MINISTER.

George Wishart, one of the first Scottish martyrs at the time of the reformation, being desired to preach on the Lord's day in the church of Mauchline, went thither with that design; but the sheriff of Ayr had, in the night time, put a garrison of soldiers into the church to keep him out. Hugh Campbell, of Kinzcanleugh, with others in the parish, were exceedingly offended at this impiety, and would have entered the church by force; but Wishart would not suffer it, saying, "Brethren, it is the word of peace which I preach unto you; the blood of no man shall be shed

for it this day. Jesus Christ is as mighty in the fields as in the church, and he himself, while he lived in the flesh, preached oftener in the desert and on the sea-side, than in the temple of Jerusalem." Upon this the people were appeased, and went with him to the edge of a moor, on the south-west of Mauchline, where, having placed himself upon a mound of earth, he preached to a great multitude. He continued speaking for more than three hours, God working wondrously by him, insomuch that Laurence Ranken, the Laird of Shield, a very profane person, was converted by his discourse. The tears ran from his eyes, to the astonishment of all present; and the whole of his after life witnessed that his profession was without hypocrisy.

PERSECUTION.

THE HIGHEST HONOUR.

One of the witnesses of the truth when imprisoned for conscience' sake in Queen Mary's persecution of the church, is said to have thus written to a friend: "A prisoner for Christ! What, is this for a poor worm? Such honour have not all the saints. Both the degrees which I took in the University have not set me so high as the honour of becoming a prisoner of the Lord."

DIOCLESIAN'S CONFESSION.

Dioclesian, the last and the worst of the Roman persecuting emperors, observed, that the more he sought to blot out the name of Christ, the more legible it became; and that whatever of Christ he thought to eradicate, it took the deeper root, and rose the higher in the hearts and lives of men.

END OF PERSECUTORS.

END OF HEROD THE GREAT.

The disease of which Herod the Great died, and the misery which he suffered under it, plainly showed that the hand of God was then in a signal manner upon him; for not long after the murders at Bethlehem, his distemper, as Josephus informs us, daily increased in an unheard-of manner. He had a lingering and wasting fever, and grievous ulcers in his entrails and bowels; a violent colic, and insatiable appetite; a venomous swelling in his feet; convulsions in his nerves; a perpetual asthma, and offensive breath; rottenness in his joints and other mem-

bers, accompanied with prodigious itchings, crawling worms, and intolerable smell: so that he was a perfect hospital of incurable distempers.

DEATH OF JULIAN.

The Roman Emperor Julian, a determined enemy of Christianity, was mortally wounded in a war with the Persians. In this condition, we are told that he filled his hand with blood, and casting it into the air, said, "O Galilean! thou hast conquered." During this expedition, one of Julian's followers asked a Christian of Antioch, "What the carpenter's son was doing?"

“The maker of the world,” replied the Christian, “whom you call the carpenter’s son, is employed in making a coffin for the emperor.” In a few days after, news came to Antioch of Julian’s death.

NERO, DOMITIAN, AND OTHERS.

Persecutors, and others who have unjustly shed the blood of their fellow-creatures, have often, in the righteous providence of God, met with a violent death, or been visited by signal judgments. Nero was driven from his throne, and perceiving his life in danger, became his own executioner; Domitian was killed by his own servants; Hadrian died of a distressing disease, which was accompanied with great mental agony; Severus never prospered in his affairs after he persecuted the church, and was killed by the treachery of his son; Maximinus reigned but three years, and died a violent death; Decius was drowned in a marsh, and his body never found; Valerian was taken prisoner by the Persians, and, after enduring the horrors of captivity for several years, was flayed alive; Dioclesian was compelled to resign his empire, and became insane; Maximianus Hercules was deprived of his government, and strangled; Maximianus Galerius was suddenly and awfully removed by death; and Severus committed suicide.

END OF BISHOP GARDINER.

On the day of the martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer, Gardiner waited with impatience for the account of their burning, having arranged that messengers should be despatched to inform him as soon as the pile should be set on fire. He delayed sitting down to his dinner till he received the desired intelligence, which arrived about four o’clock. He now sat down to his dinner, and, as Fox remarks, “He was not disappointed of his lust, but while the meat was yet in his mouth the heavy wrath of

God came upon him.” While at table he felt the first attacks of a mortal disease, the effect of vices in which he had long indulged; and though, for some days afterwards, he was able to go out and attend the parliament, his illness rapidly increased, until, as was stated by one of his contemporaries, he became so offensive, “that it was scarcely possible to get any one to come near him.” The sufferings of his mind were not less painful than those of his body. He frequently exclaimed, “I have sinned like Peter, but I have not wept like him.” He endured these protracted pains longer than Ridley and Latimer had suffered, lingering in this state till the 13th of November, during which time, it is recorded, that “he spake little but blasphemy and filthiness, and gave up the ghost with curses in his mouth, in terrible and inexpressible torments.” What were the sufferings of the martyrs compared with these?

DEATH OF CHARLES IX.

Charles IX. of France was a cruel and persecuting monarch, (witness the massacre at Paris in 1575,) and died in a very wretched state. He expired bathed in his own blood, which burst from his veins, and in his last moments he exclaimed, “What blood!—what murders!—I know not where I am!—how will all this end?—what shall I do?—I am lost for ever!—I know it!”

THE EARL’S BOAST.

Felix, Earl of Wurtemberg, one of the captains of the Emperor Charles V., being at supper at Augsburg, in company with many who were threatening the sorest punishments on the persons of the pious Christians of that day, swore, before them all, that before he died he would ride up to his spurs in the blood of the Lutherans. That same night he was choked, probably by the bursting of a blood-vessel, which filled his throat, and at once removed him from the world.

PHYSICIANS.

HUMANITY OF WALKER.

The following anecdote of Dr. Walker, well known as the director of the London Jennerian and Vaccine Institutions, is extracted from his memoir:—

While our troops were using the weapons of destruction, Dr. Walker was busily employed in saving life. His work of vaccination being completed, he attended the sick of the British navy, and of the Turkish army. The sense of weariness while engaged in these works of mercy, he seems hardly to have known; being assisted by his friend General Sir John Doyle, in prosecuting these labours of goodness. The following extract of a letter from that worthy officer speaks volumes. "The general can never forget the impression made upon him by the extraordinary situation in which he first made an acquaintance with that amiable and benevolent individual, Dr. Walker. The day after the action, near Alexandria, where the brave Abercrombie fell, the general was riding over the field of battle, attended by two orderly dragoons, to see if there were any wounded, French or English, who had escaped notice the evening before; when, on turning round a wall near the sea-side, he was struck with an appalling sight of more than a hundred French soldiers, with their officers, huddled together, desperately wounded by grape and cannon shot from an English brig of war. From being collected in the recess of the wall, they had escaped notice on the previous day of search, and were exposed to the night air, and with undressed wounds. Here the general saw a man, evidently English, in the garb of a Quaker, actively employed in the heavenly task of giving his humane assistance to those poor brave sufferers; giving water to some, dressing the wounds of others, and affording consolation to all. Upon inquiry he found the benevolent individual to be Dr. John Walker, who was himself almost exhausted, having

been thus nobly employed from day-break, without any assistance."

FOTHERGILL'S GENEROSITY.

A worthy clergyman, a friend of Dr. Fothergill, was, in the early part of his life, settled in London upon a curacy of £50 per annum. An epidemical disease seized upon his wife and five of his children. In this state of distress he earnestly desired the doctor's advice, but dared not apply for it, from a consciousness of being unable to reward him for his attendance. A friend kindly offered to accompany him to the doctor's, and give him his fee. They took advantage of his hour of audience; and, after a description of the several cases, the fee was offered and rejected, but a note was taken of his place of residence. The doctor assiduously called from day to day, till his attendance was no longer necessary. The curate, anxious to return some grateful mark of the sense he entertained of his services, strained every nerve to accomplish it; but his astonishment was great, when the doctor, instead of receiving the money he offered, put ten guineas into his hand, desiring him to apply to him without hesitation in future difficulties.

THE SURGEON'S REPLY.

M. Boudon, an eminent surgeon, was one day sent for by the Cardinal Du Bois, Prime Minister of France, to perform a very serious operation upon him. The cardinal, on seeing him enter the room, said to him, "You must not expect to treat me in the same rough manner, as you treat your poor miserable wretches at your hospital, of the Hôtel Dieu." "My lord," replied M. Boudon with great dignity, "every one of those miserable wretches, as your eminence is pleased to call them, is a prime minister in my eyes."

DR. SMITH'S METHOD.

The benevolent and eccentric Dr.

Smith when established in a practice equal to that of any physician in London, did what few physicians perhaps in great practice would have done. He set apart *two days for the poor in each week*. From those who were really poor, he never took a fee; and from those who were of the middling ranks of life, he never would take above half a guinea! yet so great was the resort to him, that he has in one day received fifty guineas, at half-a-guinea only from each patient!

EXAMPLE OF SALTER.

"The functions of a simple, earnest, and skilful country surgeon," says Coleridge, "living in a small town or village, and circulating in a radius of ten miles, are, and might always be made, superior in real, urgent, and fitting relief, to the Lady Bountiful. I often think with pleasure of the active, *practical* benevolence of Salter. His rides were often sixty, averaging more than thirty miles every day over bad roads and in dark nights: yet not once has he been known to refuse a summons, though quite sure that he would receive no remuneration, nay, not sure that it would not be necessary to supply wine or cordials, which in the absence of the landlord of his village, must be at his own expense. This man was generally pitied by the affluent and idle, on the score of his constant labours, and the drudgery which he almost seemed to court. Yet with little reason; for I never knew the man more to be envied, or more cheerful, more *invariably* kind, or more patient; always kind from real

kindness and delicacy of feeling; never even for a moment angry.

"WILL YOU TRUST MY FATHER?"

An aged Christian who had long been an invalid and was dependent on Christian charity for her support, on sending for a new physician who had just come into the place, and united with the same church of which she was a member, said to him, "Doctor, I wish to put myself under your care, but I cannot do it unless you will *trust my father*." "Well, ma'am," replied the physician, "I believe your Father is rich; *I may safely trust Him*."

GOLDSMITH'S PATIENT.

A poor woman understanding that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good natured poet waited on her instantly, and, after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking in sickness and poverty. The doctor told him they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send them some pills which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label; "These must be used as necessities require, be patient, and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his tribe could administer.

CORRUPTING INFLUENCE OF ARBITRARY POWER.

CATO, THE MODEL AND THE MONSTER.

No man has ever lived who was more celebrated for his scrupulous observance of the most exact justice, and for the illustration furnished in his life of the noblest natural virtues, than the Roman Cato. His strict adherence to the nicest rules of equity—his integrity, honour, and incorruptible faith—his

jealous watchfulness over the rights of his fellow citizens, and his generous devotion to their interest, procured for him, the sublime appellation of "the Just." Towards *freemen* his life was a model of every thing just and noble: but to his slaves he was a monster. At his meals, when the dishes were not done to his liking, or when his slaves

were careless or inattentive in serving, he would seize a thong and violently beat them, in presence of his guests. When they grew old or diseased, and were no longer serviceable, however long and faithfully they might have served him, he either turned them adrift and left them to perish, or starved them to death in his own family. No facts in his history are better authenticated than these. And what so vitiated his feelings and conduct towards these slaves, but the fact that over *them* he exercised arbitrary power?

EFFECTS OF POWER ON NERO.

The beginning of Nero's reign was marked by acts of the greatest kindness and condescension; by affability, complaisance, and popularity. The object of his administration seemed to be the good of his people; and, when he was desired to sign his name to a list of malefactors that were to be executed, he exclaimed, "I wish to heaven I could not write!" He was an enemy to flattery; and when the Senate had liberally commended the wisdom of his government, Nero desired them to keep their praises till he deserved them. But mark the corresponding tendency of arbitrary power! This was the

wretch who afterwards assassinated his mother, who set fire to Rome, and destroyed multitudes of men, women, and children, and threw the odium of that dreadful action on the Christians. The cruelties he exercised towards them were beyond description, while he seemed to be the only one who enjoyed the tragical spectacle. "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; who can know it?" Arbitrary power is dangerous, and who shall be trusted with it?

XERXES ANGRY WITH THE HELLES-PONT.

When the force of the current had carried away the temporary bridge which Xerxes had caused to be thrown over the Hellespont, on his grand expedition into Greece, he was so enraged, that he not only ordered the heads of the workmen to be struck off, but, like a madman, inflicted lashes upon the sea, to punish it for its insolence; he, moreover, affected to hold it in future under his control, by throwing fetters into it! "A striking proof," adds the historian, "how much the possession of despotic power tends not only to corrupt the heart, but even to weaken and blind the understanding."

VANITY OF POWER.

CYRUS' CROWN.

Cyrus, the Persian king, was accustomed to say, that did men but know the cares he had to sustain, he thought no man would wish to wear his crown.

ALEXANDER'S TEARS.

The conquests of Alexander the Great could not satisfy him; for when he had conquered the whole of one known world, he sat down and wept because he knew of no other world to conquer.

GILIMEX VICTORIOUS.

Gilimex, king of the Vandals, when he was led in triumph by Belisarius, cried out, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

WORDS OF CHARLES V.

Charles V., emperor of Germany, whom of all men the world judged most happy, cried out in reference to whatever is generally considered good and great, "Get you hence, let me hear no more of you."

PRAYER.

BOLINGBROKE AND LADY HUNTINGDON.

Lord Bolingbroke once asked Lady

Huntingdon, how she reconciled prayer to God for particular blessings, with absolute resignation to the Divine will.

"Very easily," answered her ladyship; "just as if I were to offer a petition to a monarch, of whose kindness and wisdom I had the highest opinion. In such a case, my language would be, I wish you to bestow on me such or such a favour; but your majesty knows better than I, how far it would be agreeable to you, or right in itself to grant my desire. I therefore content myself with humbly presenting my petition, and leave the event of it entirely to you."

WHITFIELD'S PRAYER FOR HIS BROTHER.

One Lord's-day morning, Mr. Whitfield, with his usual fervour, exhorted his hearers to give up the use of the means for the spiritual good of their relations and friends *only with their lives*; remarking that he had had a brother, for whose spiritual welfare he had used every means. He had warned him and prayed for him; and apparently to no purpose, till a few weeks ago, when his brother, to his astonishment and joy, came to his house, and with many tears declared, that he had come up from the country, to testify to him the great change that divine grace had wrought upon his heart; and to acknowledge with gratitude his obligation to the man whom God had made the instrument of it. Mr. Whitfield added, that he had that morning received a letter which informed him, that on his brother's return to Gloucestershire, where he resided, he dropped down dead as he was getting out of the stage coach, but that he had previously given the most unequivocal evidence of his being a new man in Christ Jesus—"Therefore," said Mr. Whitfield, "let us pray always for ourselves and for those who are dear to us, and never faint."

PHILIP HENRY'S PROMISE.

The following remark of Rev. Philip Henry, after he had been engaged in ardent prayer for two of his children, that were dangerously ill, is so expressive of the *simplicity* and *tenderness* of

Christian faith and love, as to recommend itself to the hearts of those who walk with God:—"If the Lord will be pleased to grant me this my request concerning my children, I will not say as the beggars at our door used to do, 'I'll never ask any thing of him again;' but, on the contrary, he shall hear oftener from me than ever; and I will love God the better, and love prayer the better as long as I live."

PRAYER WITHOUT EFFORT.

At a boarding school in the vicinity of London, a Miss —, one of the scholars, was remarked for repeating her lessons well; a school-fellow rather idly inclined, said to her one day, "How is it that you always say your lessons so perfectly?" She replied, "I always pray that I may say my lessons well." "Do you?" said the other; "well, then, I will pray too:" but, alas! the next morning she could not even repeat a word of her usual task. Very much confounded, she ran to her friend, and reproached her as deceitful: "I prayed," said she, "but I could not say a single word of my lesson." "Perhaps," rejoined the other, "you took no pains to learn it!" "Learn it! learn it!" answered the first, "I did not learn it at all. I thought I had no occasion to learn it, when I prayed that I might say it."

PRAYERS TOO SELFISH.

A man once complained to his minister, that he had prayed for a whole year that he might enjoy the comforts of religion, but found no answer to his prayers. The minister replied, "Go home now, and pray, Father, glorify thyself." Reader, are you one of those who find no profit in calling upon God? Ask yourself if your prayers are not all selfish.

ABUSE IN PRAYER.

Mr. John Kilpin, father of the Rev. Samuel Kilpin, of Exeter, having from some cause displeased a member of the church; at a prayer meeting, his offended

brother used most unbecoming expressions respecting him in prayer. On his family's offering their sympathy and expressing resentment, he said, with a mind unruffled, "I was not the least hurt on my own account; such *talking* never goes any higher than the ceiling; the God of love never admits it as *prayer*."

MELANCTHON'S EXPERIENCE.

When Melancthon was entreated by his friends to lay aside the natural anxiety and timidity of his temper, he replied, "If I had no anxieties, I should lose a power incentive to prayer; but when the cares of life impel to devotion, the best means of consolation, a religious mind can do without them. This trouble compels me to prayer, and prayer drives away trouble."

EXAMPLE OF MASON.

It is a fact which deserves the attention of all, that many of the most eminent men of the world have left behind them the most decisive testimony to the importance and value of true religion. Sir John Mason, who had been a privy counsellor to four successive monarchs, and was connected with the most important transactions of the state for thirty years, in the evening of his life declared, "Were I to live again, I would exchange the court for retirement, and the whole life I have lived in the palace for one hour's enjoyment of God in my closet. All things now forsake me, except my God, my duty, and my prayers."

It is said further of this eminent man, that at the close of life he observed, that the result of his observation and experience might be comprised in three short sentences:—"Seriousness is the greatest wisdom; temperance the best physic; and a good conscience the best estate."

OBJECTS OF PRAYER.

A gentleman conversing with his friend respecting the exercises of his own mind, before and after conversion,

observed that there was a great difference as to the *objects* of prayer. "When I was," said he, "only a nominal Christian, I used to pray *to my family*, if any strangers were present I prayed *to them*, when I was alone I prayed *to myself*—but since I have been renewed by divine grace, in all my prayers I pray to God!"

PHILIP HENRY'S PRACTICE.

In the life of Philip Henry, it is said, "He and his wife constantly prayed together, morning and evening." He made conscience of closet worship, and abounded in it. It was the caution and advice which he frequently gave to his children and friends, "Be sure you look to your secret duty; keep that up, whatever you do; the soul cannot prosper in the neglect of it. Apostasy generally begins at the closet door."

GRIMSTONE'S HABIT.

Sir Harbottle Grimstone, master of the rolls, an eminent lawyer, a just judge, and a person of large fortune, who lived in the 17th century, was a very pious and devout man, and spent, every morning and evening, at least an hour in meditation and prayer. And even in winter, when he was obliged to be very early on the bench, he took care to rise soon enough to have the time he usually devoted to these exercises.

A SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Edward Lee, of Manchester, Massachusetts, was for several years a sailor, and apparently hardened in sin, but he became converted, and then all his energies were devoted to the service of Jesus Christ. Quitting the sea for the sake of being more useful, he took up his residence in his native village; and the time which could be spared from his labours on the farm, he employed in behalf of God's glory, and the salvation of souls. For thirty years he kept up a weekly prayer meeting every Thursday afternoon in his own house. It was his rule to visit all the families

in the village once in the year, to inquire after their spiritual welfare. The houses of affliction and sorrow were always sure of his visits and his prayers. In his own house, in the field, and on his journeys, wherever he could warn and plead with the impenitent, he was sure to do so. One night, putting up at an inn where a country ball had commenced, he got permission to enter the room, and addressed the company with such moral power and energy, that dancing was abandoned, and the evening, begun in mirth and folly, was spent in holy exhortation, and closed with prayer.

Mr. Lee gave away one eighth of his income, yet left enough to support his widow for thirty years after his death. Wonderful example of piety! What was the secret of his high attainments? He was a man of prayer! A few days before he died, he pointed his Christian friends to a spot on the floor, and observed that for more than thirty years, with the exception of ten days' illness, he had risen from his bed at night, and prayed for a dying world's salvation. His minister used to say, "I am but a babe to brother Lee: I prize his prayers more than gold."

THE THREE METHODS.

The celebrated Haydn was in company with some distinguished persons. The conversation turned on the best means of restoring their mental energies, when exhausted with long and difficult studies. One said, he had recourse in such a case, to a bottle of wine—another that he went into company. Haydn being asked what he would do, or did do, said that he retired to his closet and engaged in prayer—that nothing exerted on his mind a more happy and efficacious influence than prayer. Haydn was no enthusiast.

A SHEEPCOT FOR A CLOSET.

Dr. Milne, a laborious and useful Missionary in China, in his early years attended a Sabbath evening school, which was taught in the neighbourhood

of his residence. Here his knowledge of evangelical truth increased, and considerable impressions of its importance were made upon his mind. Sometimes he used to walk home from the school alone, about a mile over the brow of a hill, praying all the way. At this time he began the worship of God in his mother's family; and also held some meetings for prayer, with his sisters and other children, in a barn that belonged to the premises.

When removed from the immediate care of his mother, the providence of God placed him near to the spot where one of those persons lived, who, though poor in this world, are rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom. He used sometimes to go to his house, at the hour of prayer, when he and his family bowed the knee and worshipped God, at the foot of their domestic altar. After reading a chapter in the Bible, he was accustomed to make some remarks upon it, both for the instruction of his children, and as a preparation for the solemn exercise of prayer; these remarks interested young Milne very much, and showed him a beauty in the word of God, which he never saw before. From this time, more particularly, he began to discover an excellence in religion, which led him to choose it as the only object deserving the supreme attention of an immortal creature. As the family in which he lived were strangers to religion themselves, and derided all others who made it their concern, he was very unpleasantly situated. The only place he found for retirement, where he could be quiet and unnoticed, was a sheepcot, in which the sheep were kept in winter. Here, surrounded with his fleecy companions, he often bowed the knee on a piece of turf, which he carried with him for the purpose. Many hours did he spend there, in the winter evenings, with a pleasure to which before he was a stranger; and, while some of the members of the family were plotting how to put him to shame, he was eating in secret of that bread "which the world knoweth not of."

FAMILY WORSHIP IN CEYLON.

At the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in 1826, the Rev. W. B. Fox, a Missionary from Ceylon, said, that as he was travelling in a jungle, in the dead of the night, which is the usual time for journeying, he heard a voice reading. He drew near to the cottage, and found that the party was reading the word of God. He put aside the leaves, of which the cottage was composed, and saw the whole group, consisting of three or four generations, sitting on the ground, while a youth was reading the 14th of St. John. He waited in silence, to see the result: and, at the conclusion, the boy began to invoke the Divine blessing on what he had read; and one of the petitions was very remarkable: he prayed that God would make larger the ears of his grandmother. Mr. F. supposed, from this circumstance, that his poor relative was so deaf that she could not hear those truths which he admired himself. He added, that these instances were formerly rare, but they were now spreading over the whole land; and though he was no prophet, yet he would venture to predict, that nothing like half a century would pass ere it would be said, that there were no heathen temples, and no idols remaining in Ceylon.

AN INFIDEL CONVERTED.

Mr. Abbott states, in his "Mother at Home," that a gentleman from England brought a letter of introduction to a gentleman in America. The stranger was of accomplished mind and manners, but an infidel. The gentleman, to whom he had brought letters of introduction, and his lady, were active Christian philanthropists. They invited the stranger to make their house his home, and treated him with every possible attention. Upon the evening of his arrival, just before the usual hour for retiring, the gentleman, knowing the peculiarity of his friend's sentiments, observed to him, that the hour had arrived in which they usually at-

tended family prayers; that he should be happy to have him remain and unite with them, or, if he preferred, he could retire. The gentleman intimated that it would give him pleasure to remain. A chapter of the Bible was read, and the family all knelt in prayer, the stranger with the rest. In a few days the stranger left this hospitable dwelling, and embarked on board a ship for a foreign land. In the course of three or four years, however, the providence of God again led the stranger to the same dwelling. But, oh, how changed! He came the happy Christian, the humble man of piety and prayer. In the course of the evening's conversation he remarked, that when he, on the first evening of his previous visit, knelt with them in family prayer, it was the first time for many years that he had bowed the knee to his Maker. This act brought to his mind such a crowd of recollections, it so vividly reminded him of a parent's prayers, which he had heard at home, that he was entirely bewildered. His emotion was so great, that he did not hear one syllable of the prayer which was uttered, from its commencement to its close. But God made this the instrument of leading him from the dreary wilds of infidelity to the peace and the joy of piety. His parents had long before gone home to their eternal rest; but the prayers they had offered for and with their son, had left an influence which could not die. They might have prayed ever so fervently for him, but if they had not prayed with him, if they had not knelt by his side, and caused his listening ear to hear their earnest supplications, their child might have continued through life an infidel.

RYLAND AND THE INNKEEPER'S FAMILY.

The Rev. John Ryland, of Northampton, being on a journey, was overtaken by a violent storm, and compelled to take shelter in the first inn he came to. The people of the house treated him with great kindness and

hospitality. They would fain have showed him into the parlour, but being very wet and cold, he begged permission rather to take a seat by the fireside with the family. The good old man was friendly, cheerful, and well stored with entertaining anecdotes, and the family did their utmost to make him comfortable: they all supped together, and both the residents and the guest seemed mutually pleased with each other. At length, when the house was cleared, and the hour of rest approached, the stranger appeared uneasy, and looked up every time a door opened, as if expecting the appearance of something essential to his comfort. His host informed him, that his chamber was prepared whenever he chose to retire. "But," said he, "you have not had your family together." "Had my family together! for what purpose? I don't know what you mean;" said the landlord. "To read the Scriptures, and to pray with them," replied the guest: "surely you do not retire to rest in the omission of so necessary a duty." The landlord confessed that he had never thought of doing such a thing. "Then, sir," said Mr. R., "I must beg you to order my horse immediately." The landlord and family entreated him not to expose himself to the inclemency of the weather at that late hour of the night; observing, that the storm was as violent as when he first came in. "May be so," replied Mr. R., "but I had rather brave the storm than venture to sleep in a house where there is no prayer. Who can tell what may befall us before morning? No, sir, I dare not stay." The landlord still remonstrated, and expressing great regret that he should offend so agreeable a gentleman, at last said, he should have no objection to "call his family together," but he should not know what to do when they came. Mr. R. then proposed to conduct family worship, to which all readily consented. The family was immediately assembled, and then Mr. R. called for a Bible; but no such book could be produced. How-

ever, he was enabled to supply the deficiency, as he always carried a small Bible or Testament in his pocket. He read a portion of Scripture, and then prayed with much fervour and solemnity, especially acknowledging the preserving goodness of God, that none present had been struck dead by the storm, and imploring protection through the night. He earnestly prayed that the attention of all might be awakened to the things belonging to their everlasting peace, and that the family might never again meet in the morning, or separate at night, without prayer. When he rose from his knees, almost every individual present was bathed in tears, and the inquiry was awakened in several hearts—"Sir, what must we do to be saved?" Much interesting and profitable conversation ensued. The following morning, Mr. R. again conducted family worship, and obtained from the landlord a promise, that however feebly performed, it should not in future be omitted. This day was indeed the beginning of days to that family; most, if not all of them, became decided and devout followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and were the means of diffusing a knowledge of the gospel in a neighbourhood which had before been proverbially dark and destitute.

HOWARD'S PRACTICE.

Mr. Howard, the philanthropist, never neglected the duty of family prayer, even though there was but one, and that one his domestic, to join in it; always declaring, that where he had a tent, God should have an altar. This was the case, not only in England, but in every part of Europe which they visited together, it being the invariable practice, wherever, and with whomsoever he might be, to tell Tomasson to come to him at a certain hour, at which, well knowing what the direction meant, he would be sure to find him in his room, the doors of which he would order him to fasten; when, let who would come, nobody was admitted till this devotional exercise was over.

"Very few," says the humble narrator, "knew the goodness of this man's heart."

LUTHER'S PRAYER FOR MELANCTHON.

At a certain time Luther received an express, stating that his bosom friend and co-worker in the reformation, Philip Melancthon, was lying at the point of death; upon which information he immediately set out upon the journey of some 150 miles, to visit him, and upon his arrival, he actually found all the distinctive features of death; such as the glazed eye, the cold clammy sweat, and insensible lethargy, upon him. Upon witnessing these sure indications of a speedy dissolution, as he mournfully bent over him, he exclaimed with great emotion, "Oh, how awful is the change wrought upon the visage of my dear brother!" On hearing this voice, to the astonishment of all present, Melancthon opened his eyes, and looking up into Luther's face, remarked, "Oh, Luther, is this you? Why don't you let me depart in peace?" Upon which Luther replied, "O no, Philip, we cannot spare you yet." Luther then turned away from the bed, and fell upon his knees, with his face towards the window, and began to wrestle with God in prayer, and to plead with great fervency, for more than an hour, the many proofs recorded in Scripture of his being a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God; and also how much he stood in need of the services of Melancthon, in furthering that cause, in which the honour and glory, of God's great name, and the eternal welfare of unnumbered millions of immortal souls, were so deeply interested; and that God should not deny him this one request, to restore him the aid of his well-tryed brother Melancthon. He then rose up from prayer, and went to the bedside again, and took Melancthon by the hand. Upon which Melancthon again remarked, "Oh, dear Luther, why don't you let me depart in peace?" To which Luther again answered, "No, no,

Philip, we cannot possibly spare you from the field of labour yet." Luther then requested the nurse to go and make him a dish of soup, according to his instructions. Which being prepared, was brought to Luther, who requested his friend Melancthon to eat of it. Melancthon again asked him, "Oh, Luther, why will you not let me go home, and be at rest?" To which Luther replied as before, "Philip, we cannot spare you yet." Melancthon then exhibited a disinclination to partake of the nourishment prepared for him. Upon which Luther remarked, "Philip, eat, or I will excommunicate you." Melancthon then partook of the food prepared, and immediately grew better, and was speedily restored to his wonted health and strength again, and laboured for years afterwards with his coadjutors in the blessed cause of the reformation.

Upon Luther's arrival at home, he narrated to his beloved wife Catherine the above circumstances, and added, "God gave me my brother Melancthon back in direct answer to prayer;" and added further, with patriarchal simplicity, "God on a former occasion gave me, also, you back, Kata, in answer to my prayer."

PRAYER FOR FAIR WEATHER.

In the life of the Rev. Robert Blair, a Scottish minister of the seventeenth century, the following passage occurs:—

"There having been incessant rain for a month in harvest, the corn was growing a finger length in the sheaves, and the whole crop was in hazard of perishing. In this deplorable situation, the people resolved solemnly, by humiliation and fasting, to beseech the Lord to avert the threatened famine. When the day came it rained heavily from morning till night; so that the Lord seemed to be thrusting out their prayers from him. But that same night he sent a mighty wind, which did fully dry the corn and check the growing; and this wind continuing to blow fair for two days, the people ceased, neither night

nor day, till the whole corn was got in. During these two days, I and two neighbouring ministers were continuing our supplications and thanksgivings to the Lord for his great mercy."

PRAYING FOR A LUNATIC.

Richard Cook, a pious man, during Mr. Baxter's residence at Kidderminster, went to live in the next house to him. After some time he was seized with melancholy, which ended in madness. The most skillful help was obtained, but all in vain. While he was in this state, some pious persons wished to meet to fast and pray in behalf of the sufferer; but Mr. Baxter, in this instance, dissuaded them from it, as he apprehended the case to be hopeless, and thought they would expose prayer to contempt in the eyes of worldly persons, when they saw it unsuccessful. When ten or a dozen years of affliction had passed over Richard Cook, some of the pious men referred to would no longer be dissuaded, but fasted and prayed at his house. They continued this practice once a fortnight for several months; at length the sufferer began to amend, his health and reason returned, and, adds Mr. Baxter, "he is now as well almost as ever he was, and so hath continued for a considerable time."

TWO CHRISTIANS IN AVA.

The Rev. Eugenio Kincaid states, that among the first converts in Ava, were two men who had held respectable offices about the palace. Some time after they had been baptized, a neighbour determined to report them to government, and drew up a paper setting forth that these two men had forsaken the customs and religion of their fathers, were worshipping the foreigner's God, and went every Sunday to the teacher's house, &c. He presented the paper to the neighbours of the two disciples, taking their names as witnesses, and saying that he should go and present the accusation on the next day. The two Christians heard of it, and went to K. in great alarm, to con-

sult as to what they should do. They said if they were accused to government, the mildest sentence they could expect would be imprisonment for life at hard labour, and perhaps they would be killed. K. told them that they could not flee from Ava, if they would; that he saw nothing he could do for them, and all that they could do was to trust in God. He then knelt with them, and besought God to protect them, and deliver them from the power of their enemies. They also prayed, and soon left K., saying that they felt more calm, and could leave the matter with God. That night the persecutor was attacked by a dreadful disease in the bowels, which so distressed him, that he roared like a madman; and his friends, as is too often the case with the heathen, left him to suffer and die alone. The two Christians whom he would have ruined, then went and took care of him till he died, two or three days after his attack. The whole affair was well known in the neighbourhood, and from that time not a dog dare move his tongue against the Christians of Ava. Is there no evidence in this of a special providence, and that God listens to the prayers of his persecuted and distressed children?

GOOD EXAMPLE OF A MAYOR.

Sir Thomas Abney was the beloved friend of the celebrated Dr. Watts, who found in his house an asylum for more than thirty-six years. This knight was not more distinguished by his hospitality than his piety. Neither business nor pleasure interrupted his observance of public and domestic worship. Of this a remarkable instance is recorded: upon the evening of the day that he entered on his office as lord mayor of London, without any notice, he withdrew from the public assembly at Guildhall, after supper, went to his house, there performed family worship, and then returned to the company.

ELLIOT'S PRAYER FOR FOSTER.

Among many remarkable instances of the prevalence of prayer, which Dr.

Mather in his *Magnalia*, mentions, the following anecdote of the celebrated Elliot deserves notice, which I give in Dr. Mather's own words. There was a godly gentleman of Charleston, one Mr. Foster, who, with his son, was taken captive by the Turks. Much prayer was employed, both publicly and privately, by the good people here, for the redemption of that gentleman, but we were at last informed, that the Bloody prince in whose dominion he was now a slave, was resolved, that in his lifetime, no prisoner should be released, and so the distressed friends of this prisoner now concluded, "*our hope is lost.*" Upon this, Mr. Elliot in some of his next prayers before a very solemn congregation, broadly begged, "*Heavenly Father, work for the redemption of thy poor servant, Foster; and if the prince who detains him, will not, as they say, dismiss him, as long as himself lives; Lord, we pray thee to kill that cruel prince; kill him and glorify thyself upon him.*" And now behold the answer: the poor captive gentleman quickly returns to us, that had been mourning for him as a lost man, and brings us news that the prince was come to an untimely death, by which means he was now set at liberty.

THE COVENANTER'S PRAYER.

Mr. Alexander Peden, a Scotch Covenanter, with some others, had been, at one time, pursued both by horse and foot, for a considerable way. At last, getting some little height between them and their persecutors, he stood still and said, "Let us pray here, for if the Lord hear not our prayer, and save us, we are all dead men." He then prayed, saying, "O Lord, this is the hour and the power of thine enemies, they may not be idle. But hast thou no other work for them than to send them after us? Send them after them to whom thou wilt give strength to flee, for our strength is gane. Twine them about the hill, O Lord, and cast the lap of thy cleak over pair auld Sanders, and

thir pair things, and save us this ae time, and we will keep it in remembrance, and tell to the commendation of thy guidness, thy pity and compassion, what thou didst for us at sic a time." And in this he was heard, for a cloud of mist immediately intervened between them and their persecutors; and in the meantime, orders came to go in quest of James Renwick, and a great company with him.

THE FRENCH ARMAMENT.

The destruction of the French armament, under the Duke D'Anville, in the year 1746, ought to be remembered with gratitude and admiration by every inhabitant of this country. This fleet consisted of forty ships of war; was destined for the destruction of New England, was of sufficient force to render that destruction, in the ordinary progress of things, certain; and sailed from Chebucto, in Nova Scotia for this purpose.

In the meantime, our pious fathers, apprised of their danger, and feeling that their only safety was in God, had appointed a season of fasting and prayer to be observed in all their churches. While Mr. Prince was officiating in this church (Old South Church) on this fast day, and praying most fervently to God, to avert the dreaded calamity, a sudden gust of wind arose, (the day had till now been perfectly clear and calm,) so violent as to cause a loud clattering of the windows. The Rev. 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 God to cause that wind to frustrate the object of our enemies, and save the country from conquest and popery. A tempest ensued in which the greater part of the French fleet was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia. The Duke D'Anville the principal general, and the second in command, both committed suicide. Many died with disease, and thousands were consigned to a watery grave.

The small number that remained alive, returned to France without health and without spirits. And the enterprise was abandoned, and never again resumed.

THE GUARDED HOUSE.

When the year 1814 began, troops of Swedes, Cossacks, Germans, and Russians, were within half an hour's march of the town of Sleswick; and new and fearful reports of the behaviour of the soldiers were brought from the country every day. There had been a truce, which was to come to an end at midnight of the 5th of January, which was now drawing near.

On the outskirts of the town, on the side where the enemy lay, there was a house standing alone, and in it there was an old pious woman, who was earnestly praying, in the words of an ancient hymn, that God would raise up a wall around them, so that the enemy might fear to attack them.

In the same house dwelt her daughter, a widow, and her grandson, a youth of twenty years. He heard the prayer of his grandmother, and could not restrain himself from saying, that he did not understand how she could ask for any thing so impossible, as that a wall should be built around them, which could keep the enemy away from their house. The old woman, who was now deaf, caused what her grandson said to be explained to her, but only answered that she had but prayed in general for protection for themselves and their town people. "However," she added, "do you think that if it were the will of God to build a wall around us, it would be impossible to him?"

And now came the dreaded night of the 5th of January; and about midnight the troops began to enter on all sides. The house we were speaking of lay close by the road, and was larger than the dwellings near it, which were only very small cottages. Its inhabitants looked out with anxious fear, as parties of the soldiers entered one after another, and even went to the neigh-

bouring houses to ask for what they wanted; but all rode past their dwelling. Throughout the whole day there had been a heavy fall of snow—the first that winter—and towards evening the storm became violent to a degree seldom known. At length came four parties of Cossacks, who had been hindered by the snow from entering the town by another road. This part of the outskirts was at some distance from the town itself, and therefore they would not go further; so that all the houses around that where the old woman lived, were filled with these soldiers, who quartered themselves in them; in several houses there were fifty or sixty of these half-savage men. It was a terrible night for those who dwelt in this part of the town, filled to overflowing with the troops of the enemy.

But not a single soldier came into the grandmother's house; and amidst the loud noises and wild sounds all around, not even a knock at the door was heard, to the great wonder of the family within. The next morning, as it grew light, they saw the cause. The storm had drifted a mass of snow to such a height, between the roadside and the house, that to approach it was impossible. "Do you not now see, my son," said the old grandmother, "that it was possible for God to raise a wall around us?"

Does not this story remind us of the words—"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them!" Does it not seem as if the snow had been gathered together as by angels' hands to form a defence for that house where one dwelt who thus feared God and trusted in him?

THE TIDE RETARDED.

"In the number of providential interpositions in answer to prayer," says Le Clère, "may be placed what happened on the coast of Holland, in the year 1672. The Dutch expected an attack from their enemies by sea, and public prayers were ordered for

their deliverance. It came to pass, that when their enemies waited for the tide, in order to land, the tide was retarded, contrary to its usual course, for twelve hours; so that their enemies were obliged to defer the attempt to another opportunity, which they never found, because a storm arose afterwards, and drove them from the coast."

SLAVE'S PRAYER.

A missionary in India, passing one day through the school-room, observed a little boy engaged in prayer, and overheard him say, "O Lord Jesus, I thank thee for sending big ship into my country, and wicked men to steal me, and bring me here that I might hear about thee, and love thee; and now, Lord Jesus, I have one great favour to ask thee, please to send wicked men with another big ship, and let them catch my father and my mother, and bring them to this country, that they may hear the missionaries preach, and love thee." The missionary in a few days after saw him standing on the sea shore, looking very intently as the ships came in. "What are you looking at, Tom?" "I am looking to see if Jesus Christ answer prayer." For two years he was to be seen day after day, watching the arrival of every ship. One day, as the missionary was viewing him, he observed him capering about, and exhibiting the liveliest joy. "Well, Tom, what occasions so much joy?" "O, Jesus Christ answer prayer—father and mother come in that ship;" which was actually the case.

FRANCKE'S SCHOOL AT HALLE.

The conduct of the eminent and justly celebrated Francke, in the establishment of the hospital and school for the poor, at Halle, near Glancha, in Saxony, is well known. Having no permanent funds to meet the expenses, it may be easily supposed that the good man would frequently be reduced to great difficulties; at such times the interpositions of the providence of God were truly remarkable. About Easter

1696, he knew not where to obtain money for the expenses of the ensuing week; but when their food was reduced to the very last morsel, one thousand crowns were contributed by some entirely unknown person. At another time, all their provisions were exhausted, and the good minister wisely presented his request to the God of mercy, who careth even for the ravens when they cry. When prayer was over, just as he was taking his seat, a friend from a distance arrived with fifty crowns, which was shortly followed by twenty more. At another period, the workmen wanted thirty crowns, when he remarked that he had no money, but that he trusted in God; scarcely had he uttered the sentence, when, in this moment of necessity, the precise sum arrived.

"Another time," says Francke, "all our provision was spent; but in addressing myself to the Lord, I found myself deeply affected with the fourth petition of the Lord's prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread;' and my thoughts were fixed in a more especial manner upon the words 'this day,' because on the very same day we had great occasion for it. While I was yet praying, a friend of mine came before my door in a coach, and brought the sum of four hundred crowns!"

AN INFIDEL CONVERTED.

A writer in the *Christian Witness* speaking of the conversion of some of Äbner Kneeland's followers, says:—"One is so remarkable that we cannot forbear relating it to our readers. The subject of it is a young man, engaged in a public establishment, and in the employ of a pious individual. His former efforts to introduce his baneful doctrines into the establishment, were a source of great annoyance to his employer. He embraced every opportunity to expose to visitors his utter contempt of all the sacred things of the gospel. His bold blasphemies, and his scornful sneers, were alike shocking to decency and religion. The vile print

which weekly disseminates its moral poison through our community, he contrived as frequently as possible to bring under the notice of the visitors of the establishment, though his employers as vigilantly sought to destroy it, whenever introduced there. Withal, he was given to occasional fits of intemperance, in which his treatment to his family rendered him a terror, where he ought to have been a comfort and support. His great usefulness in the establishment, alone reconciled his employer to the utterance of his wicked principles, and his vicious conduct. To manifest his contempt for the ordinances of religion, and his open defiance of the God of the Bible, he laid a wager with his profane companions, that he would attend a Methodist prayer meeting in his neighbourhood, and go forward to be *prayed for*. And now mark how God brings good out of evil. He went—and his hardihood carried him through the accomplishment of his wicked purpose. But perhaps his conscience was not so much at ease as his demeanour indicated; perhaps the rude impertinence of his blasphemy startled even his own proud heart, and awakened his attention to the things he was endeavouring to ridicule; perhaps his character and purposes were known to ‘the sons of God,’ so that they adapted their supplications to the dreadful enormity of his sins. Whatever may have been the immediate influence by which he was moved, certain it is that the Spirit of God strove with him, and subdued the stubborn rebellion of his heart. Conscience arose in its intended and outraged majesty; and like Esau, when he had lost his birthright, he ‘lifted up a great and bitter cry.’ He went forth from the house of prayer, his spirit bowed within him, and his very frame sympathizing in its strong commotion. He has found peace in believing. The influence of his change wrought upon her with whose happiness his principles had hardly less to do than with his own; and they both entered on probation as candidates for full communion

in the denomination by whose pious instrumentality the husband was first called to the knowledge of the truth.”

THE PRAYING SISTERS.

Two young men, members of a family the greater number of whom were devoted to God, left the house of their widowed mother, to reside in a distant state. After a little while they imbibed exceedingly erroneous views of religion, and were thus exposed to the utmost danger. Their sisters heard of their errors, and resolved to seek their deliverance from them by earnest prayer. They agreed separately to spend half an hour at sunset every Saturday evening in fervent supplication for their brothers. The hearer of prayer was not unmindful of their requests. The two brothers were awakened to a sense of their danger, and hopefully converted to God.

THE BEGGAR'S PRAYER.

A wealthy merchant in this country once gave the following account:—As he was standing at his door, a venerable grey-headed man approached him and asked an alms. He answered him with severity, and demanded why he lived so useless a life. The beggar answered that “age disabled him for labour, and he had committed himself to the providence of God, and the kindness of good people.” The rich man was at this time an infidel. He ordered the old man to depart, at the same time casting some reflections on the providence of God. The venerable beggar descended the steps, and kneeling at the bottom offered up the following prayer:—“O my gracious God, I thank thee that my bread and water are sure; but I pray thee, in thy intercession above, to remember this man; he hath reflected on thy providence. Father! forgive him, he knows not what he saith.” Thus the present scene ended. The words, “Father! forgive him, he knows not what he saith,” constantly rung in the ears of the rich man. He was much disconcerted the following

night. The next day, being called on business to a neighbouring town, he overtook the old man on the road. As he afterwards confessed, the sight almost petrified him with guilt and fear. He dismounted, when an interesting conversation ensued. At the close of it the old man remarked:—"Yesterday, I was hungry, and called at the door of a rich man. He was angry, and told me he did not believe in the providence of God, and bid me depart; but at the next house I had a plentiful meal. And this, mark ye! was at the house of a *poor woman*." The wealthy man confessed, that at this moment he was pierced with a sense of guilt. He then gave some money to the poor man, of whom he never could hear afterwards; yet the sound of these words being impressed on his mind by the last interview—"He knows not what he saith,"—never left him, till he was brought to Christian repentance.

PRAYING AN HOUR DAILY EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

A poor woman, at Berwick St. John, in Wiltshire, the wife of a day labourer, being called by the grace of God, her husband became a bitter persecutor; and, because his wife would not relinquish the service of God, he frequently turned her out of doors in the night, and during the winter season. The wife, being a prudent woman, did not expose this cruelty to her neighbours, but, on the contrary, to avoid their observations, she went into the adjacent fields, and betook herself to prayer. Greatly distressed, but not in despair, her only encouragement was, that with God all things are possible; she therefore resolved to set apart one hour every day, to pray for the conversion of her persecuting husband. This she was enabled to do, without missing a single day, for a whole year. Seeing no change in her husband, she formed a second resolution to persevere six months longer, which she did up to the last day, when she retired at about twelve o'clock as usual, and, as she

thought, for the last time. Fearing that her wishes, in this instance, might be contrary to the will of God, she resolved to call no more upon him; her desire not being granted, her expectation appeared to be cut off. That same day her husband returned from his labour in a state of deep dejection, and, instead of sitting down as usual to his dinner, he proceeded directly to his chamber. His wife followed, and heard, to her grateful astonishment, that he who used to mock, had returned to pray.

He came down stairs, but refused to eat, and returned again to his labour until the evening. When he came home, his wife affectionately asked him, "What is the matter?"

"Matter enough," said he, "I am a lost sinner. About twelve o'clock this morning," continued he, "I was at my work, and a passage of Scripture was deeply impressed upon my mind, which I cannot get rid of, and I am sure I am lost."

His wife encouraged him to pray, but he replied, "O wife, it is of no use, there is no forgiveness for me!" Smitten with remorse at the recollection of his former conduct, he said to her, "Will you forgive me?" She replied, "O yes." "Will you pray for me?" "Oh yes, that I will." "Will you pray for me *now*?" "That I will, with all my heart." They instantly fell on their knees and wept, and made supplication. His tears of penitence mingled with her tears of gratitude and joy. He became decidedly pious, and afterwards greatly exerted himself to make his neighbours acquainted with the way of salvation by Christ Jesus.

A WRITTEN PRAYER ANSWERED.

Captain Mitchell K. was from early life accustomed to the sea. He commanded a merchant ship that sailed from Philadelphia. After his marriage, he again went to sea, and one day committed to writing, while in a highly devotional frame of mind, a

prayer for the temporal and eternal happiness of his beloved wife and unborn babe. This prayer, nearly filling a sheet of paper, was deposited, with his other writings, at the bottom of an old oak chest. The captain died before the completion of the voyage, in the year 1757, and his instruments, papers, &c., were returned to his wife. Finding they were generally what she could not understand, she locked up the chest for the inspection and use of her babe, (who proved to be a son,) at some future period. At eighteen, this son entered the army, and in 1775 marched for Boston. He gave the reins to his lusts, and for many years yielded to almost every temptation to sin. At last, he was called to the death-bed of his mother, who gave him the key of his father's chest, which, however, he did not open, lest he should meet with something of a religious kind, that would reprove his sins and harass his feelings. At length, in 1814, when in his fifty-sixth year, he determined to examine its contents. When he reached the bottom, he discovered a paper neatly folded, and endorsed—"The prayer of Mitchell K. for blessings on his wife and child. August 23, 1757." He read it. The scene, the time, the place and circumstances under which it was written and put there, all rushed upon his mind, and overwhelmed him; for often had his widowed mother led him to the beach, and pointed to him the direction on the horizon, where she had traced the last glimpse of flowing canvas that bore his father from her, never to return. He threw the contents back into the chest, folded up the prayer, and put it in the case with his father's quadrant, locked up the chest, and determined never again to unlock it. But his father's prayer still haunted his imagination, and he could not forget it. His distress then became extreme, and a woman with whom he sinfully lived entreated to know the cause. He looked on her with wildness, and replied, "I cannot tell you." This only increased her solicitude; he entreated

her to withdraw; as she left the room, she cast an anxious and expressive look on him, and he instantly called her back. He then, with all the feelings which an awakened guilty conscience could endure, told her the cause of his agonies—his father's prayer found in the old oak chest. She thought him deranged, his neighbours were called in to comfort him, but in vain. The prayer had inflicted a wound which the great Physician of souls only could heal. From that period he became an altered man. He married this woman, whom he had formerly seduced; united himself to the church of Christ, manumitted his slaves, and lived and died a humble, exemplary Christian.

THE WIFE'S LAST PRAYER.

In a revival that occurred some years ago in New England, several hardened men, past the meridian of life, became as little children, and were admitted to the church. The case of one excited peculiar attention. He had been moral, indeed, but ignorant of religion, while most of his family had become members of the church. He had withstood the gospel so long that Christians seemed to regard his case as hopeless, and forgot him in their efforts and supplications. But his wife had long been faithful in entreating him, and for years had made him the subject of many prayers. And now she felt moved once more to enter her closet in his behalf and submit his case, with an agonizing effort, fully and finally to God's disposal, and there lay down for ever the burden of her anxiety on his account. After long wrestling, she came at length from the place of her intercessions, and finding him at the door engaged with his axe, she begged him in a *farewell* entreaty, for *her* sake if not for his own, to go immediately and pray for the salvation of his soul. He seemed amazed, like Saul of Tarsus when the voice came from Heaven. He stood a moment trembling—the axe fell from his hand—and he replied, "*I will.*" He went to a retired place,

remained till some time in the evening, and when he returned he was under deep convictions. He began from this time to attend all the meetings for prayer and worship. But his feelings were unknown to Christians, and at the close of the solemn meetings, he would linger behind, standing apart, neglected, and gazing at the group of happy converts, a lame old man waiting beside the pool and none to help him into the healing waters. His wife watched his course, and said but little. At length the light broke gradually in upon his soul. His life exhibited a marvellous change. He attended every meeting, old as he was, with the zeal of a young convert; he confessed Christ before men, and resolved to erect a family altar. After knowing such a fact what wife could cease praying for her husband's conversion?

PRAYER FOR AN ABSENT BROTHER.

A lady in New York was one day called on by her pastor, who found her earnestly telling her newly converted husband, of the assurance she felt that the Lord had heard her prayer for the conversion of an absent brother, who was engaged in mercantile business at the South. The husband, though recently brought to Christ in answer to her prayers, smiled incredulously at what he considered her enthusiasm. The pastor pointed out some passages of Scripture which warranted the pious woman, as he thought, in exercising such feelings and expectations, though he himself was but half convinced that the sequel would confirm her sanguine hopes. Her own confidence, however, was strengthened; she felt more than ever assured that God had heard her supplications.

This lady had previously done all she could by writing to awaken her brother to a sense of his condition as a sinner, and then had besieged the throne of grace in his behalf. The result was that as soon as a letter could come from the South, she received a letter from him, informing her that on that same

afternoon, at the same time she was bowing her knees in his behalf in her closet, and her soul set at rest concerning him, he, thousands of miles away from his sister, entered into his chamber grieving over his sins. There he made a full surrender—there he knelt in sorrow, but arose rejoicing in Christ.

ASSURANCE OF A REVIVAL'S APPROACH.

There was a woman in New Jersey, in a place where there had been a revival. She was very positive there was going to be another. She insisted upon it, that they had had the former rain, and were now going to have the latter rain. She wanted to have conference meetings appointed. But the minister and elders saw nothing to encourage it, and would do nothing. She saw they were blind, and so she went forward and got a carpenter to make seats for her, for she said she would have meetings in her own house. There was certainly going to be a revival. She had scarcely opened her door for meetings, before the Spirit of God came down in great power. And these sleepy church members found themselves surrounded all at once with convicted sinners. And they could only say, "Surely the Lord was in this place and I knew it not." The reason why such persons understand the indication of God's will, is not because of the superior wisdom that is in them, but because the Spirit of God leads them to see the signs of the times. And this not by revelation, but they are led to see that converging of providences to a single point, which produces in them a confident expectation of a certain result.

THE POOR BLACKSMITH'S POWER WITH GOD.

In a certain town, says Mr. Finney, there had been no revival for many years; the church was nearly run out, the youth were all unconverted, and desolation reigned unbroken. There lived in a retired part of the town, an aged man, a blacksmith by trade, and

of so stammering a tongue that it was painful to hear him speak. On one Friday, as he was at work in his shop, alone, his mind became greatly exercised about the state of the church, and of the impenitent. His agony became so great that he was induced to lay aside his work, lock the shop door, and spend the afternoon in prayer.

He prevailed, and on the Sabbath, called on the minister and desired him to appoint a conference meeting. After some hesitation the minister consented, observing, however, that he feared but few would attend. He appointed it the same evening, at a large private house. When evening came, more assembled than could be accommodated in the house. All was silent for a time, until one sinner broke out in tears, and said, if any one could pray, he begged him to pray for *him*. Another followed, and another, and still another, until it was found that persons from every quarter of the town were under deep convictions. And what was remarkable, was, that they all dated their conviction at the hour when the old man was praying in his shop. A powerful revival followed. Thus this old stammering man prevailed, and, as a prince, had power with God.

REVIVAL WITHOUT A MINISTER.

The following facts were stated by Rev. Mr. Crane, at a missionary meeting in New York city.

Not four miles from my residence, said Mr. Crane, in the western part of this state, there was to be found, a few years since, a most abandoned and profligate set of men, who disregarded religion and despised its power. In the course of Providence, a professor of religion from Connecticut happened to come amongst them. He mourned over their state, and wet his couch with his tears. He prayed incessantly that he might see the souls of those around him saved. One was finally brought to a knowledge of the truth, and with him joined in prayer. A revival of religion followed; and soon there were to be

numbered fifteen professing Christians. In answer to their prayers another increase was experienced; a proposal was then made to send for a missionary that should labour amongst them. To this the aged father of the colony objected, trusting that He who had helped them thus far, would not permit them to fail. No minister came among them until their number amounted to fifty-four, and they were able to build a church, and settle one with a salary adequate to his support. All this without any preaching, other than the example and prayers of a single Christian.

DR. MASON AND THE DYING UNITARIAN.

The Rev. Dr. Mason, of New York, was once requested to visit a lady in dying circumstances, who, together with her husband, openly avowed infidel principles, though they attended on his ministry. On approaching her bedside, he asked her if she felt herself a sinner, and perceived the need of a Saviour. She frankly told him she did not; and that she wholly disbelieved the doctrine of a Mediator. "Then," said the doctor, "I have no consolation for you, not one word of comfort. There is not a single passage in the Bible that warrants me to speak peace to any one who rejects the Mediator provided for lost sinners. You must abide the consequences of your infidelity." Saying that, he was on the point of leaving the room, when some one said, "Well, but, doctor, if you cannot speak consolation to her, you can pray for her." To this he assented, and kneeling down by the bedside, prayed for her as a guilty sinner, just sinking into hell; and then arising from his knees, he left the house. A day or two after, he received a letter from the lady herself, earnestly desiring that he would come and see her without delay. He immediately obeyed the summons; but what was his amazement, when, on entering the room, she held out her hand to him, and said, with a benignant smile, "It is all true; all that you said on Sunday is true. I have seen myself the wretched sinner

which you described me to be in prayer. I have seen Christ that all-sufficient Saviour you said he was; and God has mercifully snatched me from the abyss of infidelity in which I was sunk, and placed me on the rock of ages. There I am secure; there I shall remain. I know in whom I have believed!" All this was like a dream to him; but she proceeded, and displayed as accurate a knowledge of the way of salvation revealed in the gospel, and as firm a reliance on it, as if she had been a disciple of Christ for many years. Yet there was nothing like boasting or presumption—all was humility, resignation and confidence. She charged her husband to educate their daughter in the fear of God; and, above all, to keep from her those novels and books of infidel sentimentality, by which she had been nearly brought to ruin. On the evening of the same day, she expired in fullness of joy and peace in believing.

THE MURDERERS OVERAWED.

Maree, a Polynesian, was a man of fine natural talents, and was not destitute of acquired ones; being able to read and write well, and acquainted with some of the first rules of arithmetic. He was possessed of a surprising memory, a quick perception, and a good understanding, with a sound and penetrating judgment; while, to crown all, he was a man of genuine piety and ardent zeal in the Saviour's cause. He was one of the first who publicly embraced Christianity among these islanders, and, before it became general, his life was often in jeopardy, through his profession of it. More than one attempt was made, by a number of wicked men, to shoot him, and a little praying company who used to meet with him, that they might together worship the true God. On one occasion, these men having found him and his little party at prayer in a place appropriated for the purpose, levelled their muskets at them, with a view to execute their cruel design, when, as though withheld by an unseen hand,

their attention was arrested by the prayers offering up by the intended victims of their fury. The effect was instantaneous and powerful. Abandoning their murderous purpose they went in and sat down with Maree and his company, confessed what their intention had been, and told them not to be afraid, as they should not molest them any more; which promise they kept.

A DUEL BROKEN UP.

A pious young man in the army, not having a place in the barracks in which he was quartered, wherein he could pour out his soul unto God in secret, went for this purpose one dark night into a large field adjoining. Here he thought that no human being could see or hear him. But that God whose thoughts and ways are superior to ours, ordained otherwise. Two wicked men belonging to the same regiment, in whose hearts enmity had long existed against each other, were resolved, as they said, to end it that night in a battle. They chose the same field to fight in, where the other had gone to pray. The field, however, was large, and they might have taken different ways; but they were led by Providence to the same spot where the young man was engaged in his delightful exercise. They were surprised at hearing, as they thought, a voice in the field at that time of night; and much more so when they drew nearer, and heard a man at prayer. They halted, and gave attention; and the effect of the prayer was to turn their mutual aversion into love. They took each other instantly by the hand, and cordially confessed that there remained no longer in either of their breasts hatred against each other.

SCHOOLMASTER PREPARING TO PRAY.

A minister relates a very extraordinary fact, which he had from a gentleman of respectability. In one of the Southern cities of America, an instructor was wanted to take charge of a school. A gentleman well qualified by talents, made application for the situation, and

was appointed. On becoming acquainted with the duties which he must perform, he found, to his surprise, that one of the requisitions which were made on the instructor was, that he must daily open the school by prayer. As he was an infidel in his opinions, this was to him an appalling condition. How could he, with his peculiar views, attempt to pray to a God, in whose existence and attributes he did not believe? Here was a mortal struggle. As, however, he greatly coveted the situation, to which at his own request he had been appointed, he came to the conclusion he would endeavour to surmount the difficulty, by learning in some way a form of prayer. The time drawing near when he must open the school, he retired to a forest of woods in the vicinity, where he might be perfectly free in expressing himself audibly and without interruption, resolving to do so as if it were the first day of opening the school. He commenced, but before leaving the woods, light darted on his mind, and conviction arrested his conscience. He became deeply sensible of the being and perfections of Almighty God, against whom he had transgressed in denying his existence; and when the season arrived for commencing his duties as a teacher, he had become a true Christian, and he prayed with the unction and penitence of the publican. He became the instrument of the conversion of a number of his pupils, and was afterwards an acceptable and highly popular preacher of the gospel.

MASSA, YOU NO UNDERSTAND IT.

There once lived in one of our large cities a poor coloured woman, named Betty, who had been confined by sickness for nearly twenty years. By the few friends that knew her she was familiarly called poor Betty. Betty had seen comfortable days. She had long been blind, and was said to be 105 years old.

Mr. B. was a man of wealth and business in the same city. His signa-

ture was better than silver on the exchange, because it was more easily transferred. His sails whitened the ocean, his charity gladdened many hearts, and his family gave impulse to many benevolent operations. Notwithstanding the pressure of business, Mr. B. often found time to drop in and see what became of poor Betty. His voice, and even his step had become familiar to her, and always lighted up a smile on her dark wrinkled face. He would often say some pleasant things to cheer this lonely pilgrim on her way to Zion.

One day Mr. B. took a friend from the country to see Betty. As he stopped and entered the cottage door, he said, "Ah, Betty, you are alive yet." "Yes, tank God," said Betty. "Betty," said he, "why do you suppose God keeps you so long in this world, poor, and sick, and blind, when you might go to heaven and enjoy so much?"

While Mr. B.'s tone and manner were half sportive, he yet uttered a serious thought which had more than once come over his mind. *Now comes the sermon.*

Betty assumed her most serious and animated tone and replied, "Ah, massa, you no understand it. Dare be two great things to do for de church; *one be to pray for it, toder be to act for it.* Now, massa, God keep me alive to pray for de church, and he keep you alive to act for it. Your great gifts no do much good, massa, without poor Betty's prayers."

For a few moments Mr. B. and his friend stood silent, thrilled, and astonished. They felt the knowledge, the dignity, the moral sublimity of this short sermon. It seemed to draw aside the veil a little, and let them into heaven's mysteries. "Yes, Betty," replied Mr. B., in the most serious and subdued tones, "your prayers are of more importance to the church than my alms." This short sermon preached by poor Betty, was never forgotten by Mr. B. or his friend. It made them more prayerful, more submissive in afflictions.

GOD LESS CRITICAL THAN MEN.

"My grandfather," says Mr. Orton, "once solicited a very excellent but modest minister to pray in his family when there were several others present; he desired to be excused, alleging that

he had not thought of it, and there were so many other ministers present." My grandfather replied, "Sir, you are to speak to your master, and not to them, and my Bible tells me, he is not so critical and censorious as men are."

PRIDE.

HOWARD AND THE COUNTESS.

The eminently great and good Howard, the philanthropist, neither wanted courage or talent to administer reproof where he thought it was needed. A German count, governor of Upper Austria, with his countess, called one day on the man who had excited so large a share of the public attention. The count asked him the state of the prisons within his department. Mr. Howard replied, "The worst in all Germany;" and advised that the countess should visit the female prisoners. "I," said she, haughtily; "I go into prisons!" and rapidly hastened down stairs in great anger. Howard, indignant at her proud and unfeeling disposition, loudly called after her, "Madam, remember that you are a woman yourself, and you must soon, like the most miserable female prisoner in a dungeon, inhabit but a small space of that earth from which you equally originated."

THE CHIEF'S INQUIRY.

A petty African prince who was visited in his cell by an English traveller, folded his arms with an air of imperial consequence, as he sat upon the floor, and demanded of his guest, "What do they think of me in Europe?"

THE CONQUEROR CONQUERED.

Tigranes, an ancient monarch of Pontus, furnishes a striking instance of the uncertainty of worldly possessions. At the beginning of his reign his dominions were small; but he overthrew many cities of Parthia and Greece, conquered the whole of Syria and Palestine, and gave laws to the Scenites of Arabia: he acquired an

authority which was respected by all the princes of Asia, and was honoured by the people almost with adoration. His pride was inflamed and supported by the immense riches he possessed, by the excessive and continual praises of his flatterers, and by a prosperity which had never known an interruption. He knew no law but his own will, and assumed the title of king of kings! So far did he carry his pride as to be waited on by crowned heads. He never appeared in public without the attendance of four kings on foot, two on each side of his horse; these persons performed for him the meanest services, especially when he gave audience to foreign ambassadors. On such occasions they were compelled to appear in the habits and posture of slaves. Such pride is universally hateful, and is sure to be ultimately punished. Tigranes was compelled to resign his dominions to Pompey, who only restored to him a small part of his power.

THE ANGRY MONK.

"I remember," says a keen writer, "when at Tivoli, near Rome, conversing with a monk, who with a face of much sorrow told me that he was a great rascal and the chiefest of sinners, worse than Judas Iscariot, and altogether vile. I said to him in reply, 'Alas, my poor friend, it is but too true,' and then the man got very angry, and would not talk with me any more!"

SOCRATES AND ALCIBIADES.

One day, when Alcibiades was boasting of his wealth and the great estates he had in possession, which generally feed the pride of young people of high rank, Socrates carried him to a geo-

graphical map, and asked him to find Attica. It could scarcely be perceived upon the draught; he found it, however, though with much difficulty; but upon being desired to point out his own estate there, "It is too small," said he, "to be distinguished in so little a space." "See, then," replied the philosopher, "how much you are affected about an imperceptible point of land!"

AFFECTED HUMILITY AND REAL PRIDE.

Thomas-à-Becket, who was afterwards primate of England, was a strange compound of affected humility and real pride. While he performed the lowly office of washing the feet of thirteen beggars every morning, his supercilious, obstinate, and turbulent spirit assumed a proud, overbearing, spiritual authority over his sovereign, whom he was in the habit of treating with all the insolence of a licensed censor.

THE BOASTER BECOMING AN IDIOT.

Simon Tournay affords a memorable and affecting proof of the truth of that scripture, "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools." In 1201, after he had excelled all Oxford in learning, and had become so eminent at Paris as to be made chief doctor of the Sorbonne, he was so puffed up with foolish pride as to hold Aristotle superior to Moses and Christ, and yet but equal to himself. In his latter days, however, he grew such an idiot as not to know one letter in a book, or to remember one thing he had ever done.

TRIUMPHING BEFORE THE BATTLE.

"Nothing," says Bishop Horne, "can be got, but much may be lost, by

triumphing before a battle. When Charles V. invaded France, he lost his generals and a great part of his army by famine and disease; and returned baffled and thoroughly mortified from an enterprise which he began with such confidence of its happy issue, that he desired Paul Jovius, the historian, to make a large provision of paper sufficient to record the victories which he was going to acquire."

FINE CLOTHES AND THE DEATH-BED.

A young lady, about twenty years of age, had been born to a rich inheritance, and was the only child of parents who were exceedingly fond of her. Nothing was spared to complete her education, as a lady of fashion. As she grew up she answered all her mother's hopes in making a display in the fashionable world. But the hour of sickness came—it was a dreadful hour, for it was the termination of all her hopes. The minister was called in. He talked of death, judgment, and eternity. She had never heard such language addressed to her, and she trembled. In her dying hour, she called for some of her fine clothes. When they were brought, she looked up to her mother, and said, "These have ruined me. You never told me I must die. You taught me that my errand into this world was to be gay and dressy, and to enjoy the vanities of life. What could you mean? You knew I must die and go to judgment. You never told me to read the Bible, or to go to church, unless to make a display of some new finery. Mother, you have ruined me. Take them away, and keep them as a remembrance of your sin, and my sad end." She died in a few moments after.

PROFANITY.

SWEARING AT A CHILD FOR SWEARING.

A profane father in one of the New England States, one day learned that his little son had uttered some blasphemous expressions—doubtless a second

edition of his own. But the father had no fancy for having his child coming forward so fast in his own footsteps. He called the child to account for his vicious conduct—reproved him

severely for his profanity, and then commenced whipping him and scolding him at the time. While whipping his son for his profanity, he swore several profane oaths himself!

THE PEASANT'S QUERY.

An elector of Cologne (who was likewise an archbishop) one day swearing profanely, asked a peasant, who seemed to wonder, what he was so surprised at. "To hear an archbishop swear," answered the peasant. "I swear," replied the elector, "not as an archbishop, but as a prince." "But, my lord," said the peasant, "when the prince goes to the devil, what will become of the archbishop?"

HOWARD'S OPINION.

As he was standing one day near the door of a printing office, he heard some dreadful volleys of oaths and curses from a public house opposite, and buttoning his pocket up before he went into the street, he said to the workmen near him, "I always do this whenever I hear men swear, as I think that any one who can take God's name in vain can also steal, or do any thing else that is bad."

ROMAINE'S REPROOF.

The Rev. William Romaine, of London, in crossing Blackfriar's bridge, came up with a man who, in a style of unusual and fearful impiety, called upon God "to damn his soul for Christ's sake!" Mr. Romaine laying his hand upon the blasphemer's shoulder, said:—"My friend God has done many things for Christ's sake, and perhaps he will do THAT too;" and passed on. The reproof, quite as original as the imprecation, went to the wretch's heart; and was the occasion of his "turning from the power of Satan unto God," and becoming an exemplary follower of that Redeemer whom he had been in the habit of insulting. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" The power of Jesus to save, how mighty! His grace, how free!

ROWLAND HILL AND THE CAPTAIN.

Once when I was returning from Ireland, says Rowland Hill, I found myself much annoyed by the reprobate conduct of the captain and mate, who were both sadly given to the scandalous habit of swearing. First, the captain swore at the mate—then the mate swore at the captain—then they both swore at the wind—when I called to them with a strong voice for fair play. "Stop! stop!" said I, "if you please, gentlemen, let us have fair play: it's my turn now." "At what is it your turn, pray?" said the captain. "At swearing," I replied. Well, they waited and waited until their patience was exhausted, and then wanted me to make haste and take my turn. I told them, however, that I had a right to take my own time, and swear at my own convenience. To this the captain replied, with a laugh, "Perhaps you don't mean to take your turn?" "Pardon me, captain," I answered, "but I do, as soon as I can find the good of doing so." My friends, I did not hear another oath on the voyage.

MR. CLARK AND HIS WORKMEN.

Mr. A. Clark of Edinburgh, was accustomed, previous to engaging a workman, to put this question directly to him, "Are you a swearer in common conversation? for if you are, you shall not work with me. I am determined to permit none in my shop to take the sacred name of God in vain, before whose presence angels bow down and adore."

THE MERCHANT AND HIS CAPTAIN.

A merchant in one of our seaports, on fitting out a ship for India, told the captain, at the time of making the contract for the voyage, that there must be no swearing among the crew; that he (the captain) must engage not to swear himself nor permit others to be profane; that he must do as he pleased, with respect to taking command of the ship on these terms: but

if he accepted the employment, it would be expected that he should rigidly adhere to the stipulation, and that it should be known as the law of the ship, that no profaneness should be indulged. The captain seemed to have no objection to reforming, but inquired, "How can I suddenly break off an inveterate habit?" "I will take care that you be reminded of your duty," said the owner. "Wear the ring that I will give you, and let the law of the vessel be explicitly known." Accordingly he procured a ring for the captain, with this motto engraved upon it, "SWEAR NOT AT ALL." The vessel soon sailed, and after performing the voyage returned to the seaport from whence he sailed. On being inquired of respecting the subject, the supercargo declared, that there had been no profaneness on board excepting a little within the first twenty days after sailing. At the close of this short period, the old habit was entirely destroyed; and during the remainder of the voyage, both in sea and in port, the success of the experiment was complete.

This single fact is of inestimable value, and it shows how groundless are the palliations of profaneness, and how easy it is to do good, when a person is seriously engaged in it, is influenced by principle, and acts with decision.

THE CAPTAIN'S REQUEST.

"My lads," said a captain, when about to take command of a ship, reading his orders to the crew on the quarter-deck, "there is one law I am determined to make, and I shall insist on its being kept. It is a favour, indeed, I will ask of you, and which, as a British officer, I expect will be granted by a crew of British seamen. What say you, my lads? are you willing to grant your new captain one favour?" "Ay, ay," cried all hands, "let's know what it is, Sir." "Well, my lads, it is this: that you must allow me to swear the first oath in this ship. No man on board must swear an oath before I do: I am determined to swear the first oath

on board. What say you, my lads, will you grant me this favour?" The men stared, and stood for a moment quite at a loss what to say. "They were taken," one said, "all aback." "They were brought up," said another. "all standing." The appeal seemed so reasonable, and the manner of the captain so kind and prepossessing, that a general burst from the ship's company answered, "Ay, ay, Sir," with their usual three cheers. Swearing was thus wholly abolished in the ship.

COLONEL GARDINER PUTTING DOWN PROFANITY.

During Colonel Gardiner's residence at Bankton, the Commander of the King's forces, with several colonels and gentlemen of rank, one day dined with him. When the company assembled, he addressed them with a great deal of respect, and yet with a very frank and determined air, and told them that he had the honour in that district to be a Justice of the Peace, and, consequently, that he was sworn to put the laws in execution, and, among the rest, those against swearing; that he could not execute upon others with any confidence, or approve himself as a man of impartiality and integrity to his own heart, if he suffered them to be broken in his presence by persons of any rank whatever; and that, therefore, he entertained all the gentlemen who then honoured him with their company, that they would please to be on their guard; and that if any oath or curse should escape them, he hoped they would consider his legal animadversion upon it as a regard to the duties of his office, and dictates of his conscience, and not as any want of deference to them. The commanding officer immediately supported him in this declaration, as entirely becoming the station in which he was, assuring him he would be ready to pay the penalty if he inadvertently transgressed; and when Colonel Gardiner on any occasion stepped out of the room, he himself undertook to be the guardian of the law in his absence;

and, as one of the inferior officers offended during this time, he informed the colonel, so that the fine was exacted and given to the poor, with the approbation of the company.

AN OLD MAN'S REBUKE.

A good old man was once in company with a gentleman who occasionally introduced into conversation the words "devil, deuce," &c., and who, at last, took the name of God in vain. "Stop, Sir," said the old man, "I said nothing while you only used freedoms with the name of your own master, but I insist upon it that you shall use no freedoms with the name of mine."

SLAVE CURING HIS MASTER.

An American planter had a favourite domestic negro, who was ordered to stand opposite to him and to wait at table. His master was a profane person, and often took the name of God in vain. Whenever he did so the negro made a low and solemn bow. On being asked why he did this, he replied, that he never heard this great name mentioned, but it filled his whole soul with reverence and awe. His master took the hint without offence, and was reclaimed from a very sinful and pernicious practice by his pious slave. The poorest Christians may thus be encouraged in the faithful discharge of duty. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"

GEORGE III. AND THE ARCHITECT.

A pious architect, having some business with his majesty George III., attended at one of his palaces, and was shown into a room where a nobleman afterwards came, and used much impious and blasphemous language, for which the gentleman felt it his duty to rebuke him. The peer became very angry, so that the king came into the room to inquire the cause of the noise, when the nobleman informed him that he had been insulted by the other person; but upon the architect explaining that he only rebuked him for profane-

ness and blasphemy, his majesty said, he had his approbation for what he had done, as he did not allow blasphemy in his dwelling. He afterwards desired the architect to sit down, to forget his royalty, and freely tell him the ground of his hope of salvation, which he stated to be the sacrifice and work of the Lord Jesus Christ. The king said, that also was the ground of his dependence.

WASHINGTON'S OPINION.

"Many and pointed orders have been issued against the unmeaning and abominable custom of swearing; notwithstanding which, with much regret, the general observes that it prevails, if possible, more than ever. His feelings are continually wounded by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers, whenever he is in hearing of them. The name of that Being, from whose bountiful goodness we are permitted to exist and enjoy the comforts of life is incessantly imprecated and profaned, in a manner as wanton as it is shocking. For the sake, therefore, of religion, decency, and order, the general hopes and trusts that officers of every rank will use their influence and authority to check a vice which is as unprofitable as wicked and shameful. If officers would make it an inviolable rule to reprimand, and (if that won't do) to punish soldiers for offences of this kind, it would not fail of having the desired effect."

WREN AND HIS WORKMEN.

When this eminent architect was building St. Paul's Cathedral, he caused the following notice to be affixed to several parts of the structure:—"Whereas among labourers and others, that ungodly custom of swearing is so frequently heard, to the dishonour of God and contempt of his authority; and to the end that such impiety may be utterly banished from these works, which are intended for the service of God, and the honour of religion; it is ordered that profane swearing shall be

a sufficient crime to dismiss any labourer that comes to the call; and the clerk of the works, upon a sufficient proof, shall dismiss him accordingly: and if any master, working by task, shall not, upon admonition, reform the profanation among his apprentices, servants, and labourers, it shall be construed his fault, and he shall be liable to be censured by the commissioners."

CHRYSOSTOM'S DIRECTION.

Chrysostom proposes a singular method to facilitate the leaving off of customary swearing. "Would'st thou know," says the father, "by what means thou may'st be rid of this wicked custom of swearing, I'll tell thee a way, which, if thou'lt take, will certainly prove successful. Every time, whenever thou shalt find thyself to have let slip an oath, punish thyself for it by missing the next meal. Such a course as this, though troublesome to the flesh, will be profitable to the spirit, and cause a quick amendment; for the tongue will need no other monitor to make it take heed of swearing another time, if it has been thus punished with hunger and thirst for its former transgression, and knows it shall be so punished again if ever it commits the like crime hereafter."

SUDDEN VENGEANCE.

There was, in a populous Swiss village, a pious and excellent clergyman, who preached and lived with such holy zeal and exemplary piety, that many were converted under his ministry. But there lived in the same place a wicked and abandoned man, who not only slighted all the means of grace, but turned the most serious matters into ridicule, and made a laughing-stock of the preacher's expressions. One morn-

ing he went early to the public house, and began to intoxicate himself with liquor, profaning the name and word of God, and ridiculing the term conversion. "Now," said he, "I myself will become a convert," turning himself from one side to the other, and dancing about the room with a variety of foolish gestures. He quickly went out, and falling down the stairs, broke his neck, and expired, exhibiting an awful monument of God's most righteous vengeance, which sometimes, even in this life, overtakes those that profane his holy name.

THE LAST OATH.

Two soldiers at Clatham once laid a trifling wager which could swear most oaths. After one of them had uttered many shocking ones, he hesitated a short time, and said, he could think of one more, which should be his last, but was instantly struck speechless, and so remained for about three hours, when he died. His body was, by order of his officers, made a public spectacle to the populace, soldiers, and sailors, as a warning to them.

DEATH FROM PROFANITY AND ANGER.

A person of considerable property and eminence in the city of N—, who lived in habits of impiety and profaneness, was seized by an indisposition, which induced him to call a medical gentleman; but being disappointed for a time, by his absence from home, he fell into a violent agitation, which was vented in horrid imprecations. As soon as the medical gentleman arrived, he was saluted with a volley of oaths. The violence of his agitation broke a blood vessel; so that oaths and blood continued to flow from his mouth, till he could speak no longer, and in this situation he expired.

PROVIDENCE.

PREACHING DURING A PLAGUE.

The great plague in London, in the year 1665, gave occasion for the display of the piety and zeal of several of the ejected ministers, and of the providence of God in preserving them from the

contagion, when prosecuting their ministerial labours in the midst of it. The Rev. Thomas Vincent was at this period tutor of an academy at Islington, but determined to leave his situation and devote himself to the spiritual instruction of the people in London, where many of the pulpits were deserted. His friends vainly endeavoured to dissuade him from the dangerous enterprise. He agreed, however, to follow the advice of his reverend brethren in and about the city. When they were assembled he told them his resolution, and assured them that it had been the result of much serious thought. He had carefully examined the state of his own soul, and could look death in the face with comfort. He thought it absolutely necessary that the vast numbers of people then dying should have some spiritual assistance, and that he could never again have such a prospect of ministerial usefulness as now presented itself. He added, that he had solemnly devoted himself to God and souls upon this occasion; and that, therefore, he hoped none of them would endeavour to weaken his hands in this work. Encouraged by the ministers, who prayed for his protection and success, he entered on his labours with fortitude and diligence. During all the time of the plague he preached every Sabbath in some of the parish churches. He chose the most moving and important subjects, and treated them in the most pathetic and searching manner. The awfulness of the judgment then before the eyes of all, gave great force to his addresses, and a very general inquiry was always made where he would preach the next Sabbath. Many learned from him the necessity of salvation, and the way to heaven through the blood of Christ. He visited all who sent for him, and it pleased God to take especial care of his life; for though in this year there died in London, of the plague, 68,596, including seven persons in the family in which he lived, he continued in perfect health all the time, and was a useful minister to a numerous congregation at Hoxton for upwards of

twelve years afterwards. Thus were the promises in the ninety-first psalm fulfilled to this servant of God.

ESCAPE FROM AN EARTHQUAKE.

The following epitaph is said to have been copied from a tomb, in the vicinity of Port Royal, Jamaica:—

“Here lieth the body of **LOUIS GALDY**, Esq., a native of Montpelier, in France, which country he left on account of the revocation. He was swallowed up by the earthquake which occurred at this place in 1692, but by the great providence of God, was, by a second shock, flung into the sea, where he continued swimming till rescued by a boat, and lived forty years afterwards.”

How wonderful are the judgments of God, and his ways “past finding out.”

REV. T. RABAN'S ESCAPES.

During the life of this worthy man, who was a christian minister for many years at Yardley Hastings, he was several times preserved from threatened death. On one occasion, being in an unfinished building two storeys high, his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground upon an axe, the edge of which stood upright; it cut his hat but not his head, and he suffered but little injury. At another time, a large piece of timber, on which he had set his foot, heaved up, and fell with him into a saw-pit, and an anvil of a hundred pounds weight connected with it, fell upon him, but it only slightly bruised his leg. A still more remarkable preservation was afforded him. As he was assisting in raising a beam in a mill, the rope slipped, and the beam under which he stood fell with him the height of four storeys, and yet he was saved. And, once more: he was driving a team with a load of hay down a narrow lane, when, attempting to pass on to the other side of the waggon, he fell, and was thrown under one of the wheels; but, calling out to the horses, they instantly stopped.

But while God thus preserves the lives of his servants, that they may

accomplish his designs, he often removes them in a way not expected, when those designs are accomplished. Mr. Raban was to learn by experience the truth of his friend Cowper's statement:—

“ Safety consists not in escape
From dangers of a frightful shape;
An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangled by a hair.”

After preaching one Lord's day, and walking home, his foot slipped over a pebble, and he broke his leg, which in a few weeks brought on his death.

THE LOST AND FOUND.

A youth, sixteen years of age, the son of a respectable christian minister, was bathing some years ago in the river Mersey. The tide was returning, and having ventured too far into the water for the purpose of swimming, he was carried down the current to the distance of three or four miles. All hope of reaching the shore vanished; and, at the moment he was about to give up the struggle, he was providentially perceived by the crew of a vessel, bound from Liverpool to Dublin. When brought on board, every means was kindly used to restore nature: the youth recovered, and was carried to the port of the Irish capital. In the mean time, a person to whom he was known, and who had seen him go into the water, returning, and finding his clothes on the shore, but seeing nothing of his person, concluded he was drowned, and carried the afflictive intelligence to his parents. A reward was offered for the body, and suitable mourning was ordered.

On the arrival of the vessel at Dublin, the youth was humanely furnished, by the crew, with such articles of clothing as they could spare; and the captain gave him a piece of silver and put him on shore. The singularity of his dress restrained him from making known his situation to those who, from respect to his father, would gladly have rendered him assistance. He therefore inquired for a vessel bound to Liverpool, and having providentially met with one, was received on board and reached the place of his

destination on the very day of the following week that he was supposed to be lost. No sooner did he get on shore than he hastened to his father's house. Nothing could have been more unexpected to the sorrowing parents than the appearance of their son. The mourning which they had ordered was that evening to be brought home, and worn on the following day. The children, at the sight of their brother, shrieked with fear: the surprise was too great for the delicate frame of his affectionate mother; before she could embrace her son she fainted away; and the father, more collected and composed, wept tears of joy.

THE WALDENSES AND THE WHEAT.

It is well known that, in the year 1686, the Duke of Savoy was prevailed on by Louis XIV. to expel the Waldensian Christians from their native valleys. In 1689, eight or nine hundred of these persons, through great difficulties, returned. Dr. Calamy, in his “Life and Times,” relates, that M. Arnauld, their minister and leader, told him that when they had nearly reached their houses, pursued by a number of their enemies, they were in great danger of dying from want of provisions. Such, however, was the kindness of God to them, that a sudden thaw removed in one night a mass of snow from the fields, when they discovered a considerable quantity of wheat, standing in the earth, ready for the sickle, that had been suddenly covered with snow, and which now as unexpectedly left it. On this corn they lived till other sources supplied them with food.

MISSIONARY AND THE SEAL.

Nathaniel, an assistant to the Moravian missionaries in Greenland, when engaged in the seal-fishery, being in company with another brother, who was yet inexperienced in the management of a kayak, (a Greenland boat,) he met a Neitsersoak, the largest kind of seal, which he killed. He then discovered his companion on a flake of ice, endeavouring to kill another of the same

species, and in danger; he, therefore, left his dead seal, kept buoyant by the bladder, and hastened to help his brother. They succeeded in killing the seal; but suddenly a strong north wind arose, and carried off both the kayaks to sea; nor could they discover any kayaks in the neighbourhood. They cried aloud for help, but in vain. Meanwhile the wind rose in strength, and carried both the kayaks, and also the piece of ice, swiftly along with the waves. Having lost sight of the kayaks, they now saw themselves without the least hope of deliverance. Nathaniel continued praying to his Saviour, and thought with great grief of the situation of his poor family, but felt a small degree of hope arising in his breast. Unexpectedly he saw his dead seal floating towards him, and was exceedingly surprised at its approaching against the wind, till it came so near the flake of ice, that they could secure it. But how should a dead seal become the means of their deliverance? and what was now to be done? All at once, Nathaniel resolved, at a venture, to seat himself upon the dead floating seal, and by the help of his paddle, which he had happily kept in his hand when he joined his brother on the ice, to go in quest of the kayaks. Though the sea and waves continually overflowed him, yet he kept his seat, made after the kayaks and succeeded in overtaking his own, into which he crept and went in quest of that of his companion, which he likewise found. He also kept possession of the seal; and now hastened in search of the flake of ice, on which his companion was most anxiously looking out for him; having reached it, he brought him his kayak, and enabled him to secure the other seal, when both returned home in safety. When relating his dangerous adventure, he ascribed his preservation, not to his own contrivance, but to the mercy of God alone.

WESLEY'S ESCAPE FROM FIRE.

Mr. Wesley, father of the Rev. John Wesley, was roused from sleep by the cry

of fire from the street; but little imagining that the fire was in his own house, he opened the bed-room door, and found the place full of smoke, and that the roof was already burned through. Directing his wife and two girls to rise and flee for their lives, he burst open the nursery door, where the maid was sleeping with five children. She snatched up the youngest, and bade the others follow her: the three eldest did so; but John, who was then six years old, was not awakened, and in the alarm, was forgotten. The rest of the family escaped—some through the windows, others by the garden door; and Mrs. Wesley, to use her own expression, “waded through the fire.” At this time John, who had not been remembered till that moment, was heard crying in the nursery. The father ran to the stairs, but they were so nearly consumed that they could not bear his weight; and being utterly in despair, he fell upon his knees in the hall, and, in agony, commended the soul of the child to God. John had been awakend by the light, and finding it impossible to escape by the door, climbed up a chest that stood near the window, and he was then seen from the yard. There was no time for procuring a ladder; but one man was hoisted on the shoulders of another, and thus he was taken out. A moment after the roof fell in. When the child was carried out to the house where his parents were, the father cried out, “Come neighbours, let us kneel down—let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children: let the house go, I am rich enough.” Mr. Wesley remembered this providential deliverance through life with the deepest gratitude.

THE WIDOW AND THE TURK.

During the struggle of the Greeks to regain their liberty, a body of Turks were, in 1824, encamped in a part of Greece, and committed every kind of outrage upon the inhabitants. One of these barbarians, an officer, had pursued a Greek girl, who took refuge in the house of a widow. The widow met him at

the door, and mildly attempted to dissuade him from forcing his way in to seize the girl. Enraged, he drew his sabre; but when in the act of attempting to cut down the widow, it snapped in two pieces before it reached the victim. The wretch paused, yet drew a pistol to accomplish his purpose, but it missed fire; and when in the act of drawing a second, he was forcibly dragged away by one of his companions, who exclaimed, "Let her alone. Do not you see that her time is not yet come?" Resolved, however, on taking some revenge, he carried off her infant child to the camp; but, as though Providence designed to frustrate all his designs on this occasion, whilst he was asleep, the child was carried back to the widow by one of his own men.

THE MARTYR SAVED.

It is related, in the memoirs of the celebrated William Whiston, that a Protestant, in the days of Queen Mary, of the name of Barbar, was sentenced to be burned. He walked to Smithfield, was bound to the stake, the faggots were piled around him, and the executioner only waited the word of command to apply the torch. At this crisis, tidings came of the Queen's death; the officers were compelled to stay proceedings till the pleasure of Elizabeth should be known; and thus the life of the good man was spared, to labour, with some of his descendants, successfully in the service of the Lord Jesus and his church.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

When the Spaniards, on the defeat of their Invincible Armada, stung with disappointment, and wishing to detract from the honour which our brave defenders had acquired, exclaimed that the English had little reason to boast; for if the elements had not fought against them, they would certainly have conquered us; the enlarged and vivid mind of Queen Elizabeth improved the hint. She commanded a medal to be struck, representing the Armada scattered and

sinking in the back ground, and in the front the British fleet riding triumphant, with the following passage as a motto round the medal: "Thou didst blow with thy wind, and the sea covered them." It becomes us to say in reference to this, as well as many other national deliverances, "Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth."

JOACHIM AND THE WALDENSES.

Maximilian, the emperor of Germany, conversing one day in his coach with Johannes Crato, who was his principal physician, and a learned Protestant, was lamenting the divisions of Christians, and asked Crato which party, in his opinion, approached the nearest to apostolic simplicity. Crato replied, that he thought that honour belonged to the brethren called Picards (these were also called Waldenses and Albigenses). The emperor said, "I think so too." This being reported to them, afforded them much encouragement, and induced them to dedicate to him a book of their devotions; for, during the preceding year, God had marvelously preserved him from the guilt of their blood. Joachim, a Novo Domo, chancellor of Bohemia, went to Vienna, and would give the emperor no rest until he procured for him a mandate for the revival of a former persecuting ordinance against them. Having obtained his commission, as he was leaving Vienna, and passing a bridge over the Danube, the bridge gave way and fell, when Joachim and all his retinue were plunged into that great river; and all were drowned except six horsemen and one young nobleman, who perceiving his lord in the water, caught hold of his gold chain, and held him up till some fishermen came to their assistance; but they found Joachim dead, and his box containing the persecuting mandate had sunk beyond recovery. The young nobleman was so affected by the hand of God in this affair, that he joined the brethren in their religion, and the persecution dropped.

GILPIN'S FALL.

When this zealous minister was on his way to London, to be tried before the popish party, he broke his leg by a fall, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The person in whose custody he was, took occasion from this circumstance to retort upon him an observation he used frequently to make, "That nothing happens to the people of God but what is intended for their good;" asking him, "whether he thought his broken leg was so." He answered meekly, "I make no question but it is." And so it proved; for before he was able to travel Queen Mary died. Being thus providentially preserved from probable death, he returned to Houghton through crowds of people, who expressed the utmost joy, and blessed God for his deliverance.

THE CHILD AND THE LION.

The Rev. John Campbell relates a singular escape of a Bushman child from being devoured by a lion. The child was only four years of age, and was sleeping beside its parents in a half open hut. About midnight the child awoke, and sat by a dull fire. The father happening to awake about the same time, looked at his child, and while looking a lion came to the opposite side of the fire. The child, ignorant of its danger, was not afraid, but spoke to it, and sportingly threw live cinders at it, on which the lion snarled, and approached nearer, when the child seized a burning stick, and playfully thrust it into its mouth, when the lion scampered off as fast as it could run. The father witnessed all this, but was afraid to interfere, lest he, as well as his child, should have been torn to pieces by the ferocious animal.

THE CZAR AND THE NOBLEMAN'S DINNER.

Alexander Menzikoff, who rose to the highest offices of state in Russia, during the reign of Peter the Great, was born of parents so excessively poor, that they could not afford to have him

taught to read and write. After their death, he went to Moscow to seek for employment, where he found an asylum with a pastry-cook. He had a very fine voice, and soon became known in that great city, from the musical tone of his cry when vending his master's pastry in the street. His voice also gained him admission into the houses of many noblemen; and he was fortunate enough one day to be in the kitchen of a great lord with whom the emperor was to dine. While Menzikoff was there, the nobleman came into the kitchen, and gave directions about a particular dish, to which he said the emperor was very partial; into this dish he dropped (as he thought unperceived) a powder. Menzikoff observed it, but taking no notice, immediately left the house; and when he saw the emperor's carriage coming, he began to sing very loud. Peter, attracted by his voice, called him, and bought all the pies he had in his basket. He asked some questions of Menzikoff, and was so much pleased with his answers, that he commanded him to follow him to the nobleman's house, and wait behind his chair. The servants were surprised at this order, but it proved of the greatest importance to Peter; for when the nobleman pressed his royal guest to take of this favourite dish, his new servant gently pulled him by the sleeve, and begged he would not touch it till he had spoken to him. The emperor immediately withdrew with Menzikoff, who informed his imperial master of his suspicions. The czar returned to the company, and suddenly turning to his host, pressed him to partake of the favourite dish. Terrified at this command, he said, "It did not become the servant to eat before his master." The emperor then offered it to a dog, who greedily devoured its contents, and shortly afterwards expired in the greatest torments!

DU MOULIN AND THE SPIDER.

During the awful massacre at Paris, by which so many Christians were

removed from the present world, the celebrated Monlin crept into an oven, over the mouth of which a spider instantly wove its web; so that when the enemies of the Christians inspected the premises, they passed by the oven, with the remark, that no one could have been there for some days. So easily can the blessed God devise means for the safety of his servants!

The memoirs of the late Rev. E. White of Chester, by the Rev. Dr. Fletcher, of Stepney, relate a similar anecdote of one of the ancestors of that pious and useful minister.

A HEN SUPPORTING A CHAPLAIN.

In the melancholy Bartholomew massacre in France, for three days every Protestant who could be found was put to death. By order of the king, Admiral de Coligny was murdered in his own house, but Merlin, his chaplain, concealed himself in a hay-loft. It is recorded in the acts of the next synod, of which he was a moderator, that though many in similar circumstances died of hunger, he was supported by a hen regularly laying an egg near his place of refuge.

THE EAGLE'S NEST AND THE CHILD.

Sir Robert Sibbald relates, that a woman in the Orkney Islands, having left her child of about one year old, in a field, while she went to some distance, an eagle passing by took up the infant by its clothes, and carried it to her nest on a neighbouring rock; which being observed by some fishermen, they instantly pursued the eagle, attacked her nest, and brought back the child unhurt.

GRESHAM AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

Sir Thomas Gresham, who built the Royal Exchange in London, was the son of a poor woman, who, while he was an infant, abandoned him in a field. By the providence of God, however, the chirping of a grasshopper attracted a boy to the spot where the child lay; and his life was, by this means, preserved. After Sir Thomas

had, by his unparalleled success as a merchant, risen to the pinnacle of commercial wealth and greatness, he chose a grasshopper for his crest; and becoming, under Queen Elizabeth, the founder of the Royal Exchange, his crest was placed on the walls of the building in several parts, and a vane, or weathercock in the figure of a grasshopper, was fixed on the summit of the tower.

THE HOTTENTOT AND THE LION.

In the year 1829, a Hottentot, in South Africa, went out on a hunting excursion, accompanied by several other natives. Arriving on an extensive plain, where there was abundance of game, they discovered a number of lions, also, which appeared to be disturbed by their approach. A prodigiously large male immediately separated himself from the troop, and began slowly to advance towards the party, the majority of whom were young, and altogether unaccustomed to rencontres of so formidable a nature; the very appearance of the lion made them tremble. While the animal was yet at a distance, they all dismounted to prepare for firing; and, according to the custom on such occasions, began tying their horses together by means of the bridles, with the view of keeping the latter between them and the lion, to attract his attention, until they were able to take deliberate aim. His movements, however, were too swift for them. Before the horses were properly fastened to each other, the monster made a tremendous bound or two, and suddenly pounced upon the hind parts of one of them; which, in its fright, plunged forward, and knocked down the poor man who was holding the reins in his hand. His comrades instantly took flight, and ran off with all their speed; and he of course rose as quickly as possible, in order to follow them. But no sooner had he regained his feet, than the lion, with a seeming consciousness of his superior might, stretched forth his paw, and striking him just

behind the neck, immediately brought him to the ground again. He then rolled on his back, when the lion set his foot upon his breast, and lay down upon him. The poor man now became almost breathless, partly from fear, but principally from the intolerable pressure of his terrific load. He endeavoured to move a little to one side, in order to breathe; but feeling this, the lion seized his left arm, close to the elbow, and continued to amuse himself with the limb for some time, biting it in different places down to the hand, the thick part of which seemed to have been pierced entirely through. All this time the lion did not appear to be angry, but merely caught at his prey, like a cat sporting with a mouse that is not quite dead; so that there was not a single bone fractured, as would in all probability have been the case had the creature been hungry or irritated. Whilst writhing in agony, gasping for breath, and expecting every moment to be torn limb from limb, the sufferer cried to his companions for assistance, but cried in vain. On raising his head a little, the beast opened his dreadful jaws to receive it, but providentially the hat slipped off, so that the points of the teeth only just grazed the surface of the skull. The lion now set his foot upon the arm from which the blood was freely flowing; his fearful paw was soon covered with it, and he again and again licked it clean! But this was not the worst; for the animal then steadily fixed his flaming eyes upon those of the man; smelt on one side, and then on the other, of his face; and, having tasted the blood, he appeared half inclined to devour his helpless victim. "At this critical moment," said the poor man, "I recollected having heard that there was a God in the heavens, who was able to deliver at the very last extremity, and I began to pray that he would save me, and not allow the lion to eat my flesh and drink my blood." Whilst thus engaged in calling upon God, the beast turned himself completely round. On

perceiving this, the Hottentot made an effort to get from under him; but no sooner did the creature observe his movement than he took fast hold of his right thigh. This wound was dreadfully deep and occasioned the sufferer most excruciating pain. He again sent up his cry to God for help; nor were his prayers in vain. The huge animal soon afterwards quietly relinquished his prey, though he had not been in the least interrupted. Having risen from his seat, he walked majestically off to the distance of thirty or forty paces, and then lay down in the grass, as if for the purpose of watching the man. The latter being happily relieved of his load, ventured to sit up, which circumstance immediately attracted the lion's attention; nevertheless it did not induce another attack, as the poor fellow naturally expected; but, as if bereft of power, and unable to do any thing more, the lion again rose, took his departure, and was seen no more. The man seeing this took up his gun, and hastened away to his terrified companions, who had given him up for dead. Being in a state of extreme exhaustion, from loss of blood, he was immediately set upon his horse, carried away, and by the use of suitable means, soon recovered.

THE SAILOR AND THE CROCODILE.

Campbell, the sailor, being at sea, felt, one evening when near the shore, a disposition to bathe. His companions would have dissuaded him from it, as they had recently seen several sharks; but being partly intoxicated, he would not listen to their persuasions. Nearly as soon as he was in the water, his companions saw an alligator directing his course towards him, and considered his escape from death totally impossible. They fired at the alligator, but in vain. Campbell became aware of his danger, and immediately made for the shore. On approaching within a short distance of some canes and shrubs that covered the bank, and while closely pursued by the alligator, a ferocious tiger sprung

towards him, at the very instant he was about being devoured by his first enemy. At this awful moment he was preserved. The eager tiger overleaped him, fell into the grasp of the alligator, and, after a long struggle, was killed by him. Campbell was conveyed to his vessel, gratefully returned thanks to Providence which had preserved him, and from that period a marked change was observed in his character.

RUGGLES AND THE INDIANS.

This worthy man, who was an American minister, had a remarkable preservation from death. While he was once preaching, a party of Indians came suddenly upon the congregation, scattered them, and carried him away into the forest. At night, he was left under the charge of two women, while the men went to rest; but his female keepers, as well as the dogs, falling asleep, he took the opportunity to make his escape. He had not gone far before he heard the alarm cry, and the crashing of the bushes behind warned him that the enemy were already in close pursuit of him. In his distress he crept, with little hope of safety, into a hollow tree, at whose foot there happened to be an opening, through which he could squeeze his body, and stand upright within. The Indians soon rushed by in full chase, without stopping to search his retreat; and, what is more extraordinary, their dogs had previously smelled about the root of the tree, and ran forward without barking, as though they had discovered nothing.

ESCAPE FROM BUFFALOES AND A PANTHER.

Mr. Hunter, in the narrative of his life among the western Indians, says, "In one of my excursions, while seated in the shade of a large tree, situated on a gentle declivity, with a view to procure some mitigation from the oppressive heat of the noonday sun, I was surprised by a tremendous rushing noise. I sprang up, and discovered a herd I believe of a thousand buffaloes, run-

ing at full speed directly towards me; as I supposed to beat off the flies, which at this season, inconceivably trouble some of those animals.

"I placed myself behind the tree, so as not to be seen, not apprehending any danger, because they ran with too great rapidity and too closely together, to afford any one of them any opportunity of injuring me while protected in this manner. The buffaloes passed so near me on both sides that I could have touched several merely by extending my arm. In the rear of the herd was one on which a huge panther had fixed, and was voraciously engaged in cutting off the muscles of its neck. I did not discover this circumstance till it had nearly passed beyond rifle shot distance, when I discharged my piece and wounded the panther. It instantly left its hold on the buffalo, and bounded with great rapidity towards me. On witnessing the result of my shot, the apprehensions I suffered can hardly be imagined. I had, however, sufficient presence of mind to retreat, and secrete myself behind the trunk of the tree, opposite to its approaching direction. Here, solicitous for what possibly might be the result of my unfortunate shot, I prepared both my knife and tomahawk, for what I supposed a dreadful conflict with this terrible animal. In a few moments, however, I had the satisfaction to hear it in the branches of the tree over my head. My rifle had just been discharged, and I entertained fears that I could not reload it, without discovery, and yet exposing myself to the fury of its destructive rage. I looked into the tree with the utmost caution, but could not perceive it, though its groans and vengeance-breathing growls, told me that it was not far off, and also what I had to expect, in case it should discover me. In this situation, with my eyes almost constantly upwards to observe its motions, I silently loaded my rifle, and then creeping softly round the tree, saw my formidable enemy resting on a considerable branch, about thirty feet from the ground, with his

side fairly exposed. I was unobserved, took deliberate aim, and shot it through the heart. It made a single bound from the tree to the earth, and died in a moment afterwards."

A CHILD CARRIED AWAY BY AN EAGLE.

A peasant, with his wife and three children, had taken up his summer quarters in a chalet, and was pasturing his flock on one of the rich Alps which overhang the Durance. The oldest boy was an idiot, about eight years of age; the second was five years old, and dumb; and the youngest was an infant. It so happened, that the infant was left one morning in charge of his brothers, and the three had rambled to some distance from the chalet before they were missed. When the mother went in search of the little wanderers, she found the two elder, but could discover no traces of the babe. The idiot boy seemed to be in a transport of joy, while the dumb child displayed every symptom of alarm and terror. In vain did the terrified parent endeavour to collect what had become of the lost infant. The antics of the one and the fright of the other explained nothing. The dumb boy was almost bereft of his senses, while the idiot appeared to have acquired an unusual degree of mirth and expression. He danced about, laughed, and made gesticulations as if he were imitating the action of one who had caught up something of which he was fond, and hugged to his heart. This, however, was some slight comfort to the poor woman; for she imagined that some acquaintance had fallen in with the children, and had taken away the infant. But the day and night wore away, and no tidings came of the lost child. On the morrow, when the parents were pursuing their search, an eagle flew over their heads, at the sight of which the idiot renewed his antics, and the dumb boy clung to his father, with shrieks of anguish and affright. The horrible truth then burst upon their minds, that the miserable infant had been carried off in the talons of a bird

of prey, and that the half-witted elder brother was delighted at his riddance of an object of whom he was jealous.

On the morning on which the accident happened, an Alpine yager,

"Whose joy was in the wilderness — to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,"

had been watching near an eagle's seat, under the hope of shooting the bird upon her return to her nest. The yager, waiting in all the anxious perseverance of a true sportsman, beheld the eagle slowly winging her way toward the rock, behind which he was concealed. Imagine his horror, when, upon her nearer approach, he heard the cries and distinguished the figure of an infant in her fatal grasp. In an instant his resolution was formed—to fire at the bird at all hazards, the moment she should alight upon her nest, and rather to kill the child, than leave it to be torn to pieces by the horrid devourer. With a silent prayer, and a steady aim, the mountaineer poised his rifle. The ball went directly through the head or heart of the eagle, and in a minute afterward, the gallant hunter of the Alps had the unutterable delight of snatching the child from the nest, and bearing it away in triumph. It was dreadfully wounded by the eagle in one of its arms and sides, but not mortally; and, within twenty-four hours after it was first missed, he had the satisfaction of restoring it to its mother's arms.

KICHERER AND THE ASSASSIN.

This name will remind the reader of the first Missionary to the African Hottentots. During his early residence among them, he was visited by a man who had been sentenced at the Cape of Good Hope to death, but had effected his escape; and who, making great pretensions to religion, imposed on Mr. K. and induced him to receive him into his house. He slept in a room immediately adjoining that of the missionary, and rose during the night with the design of murdering him, and of making his

escape, with the property on the premises, to a distant place. At the moment he was proceeding to the bedside of this good man, Mr. K. was suddenly awoken in a fit of terror, and unconsciously cried out, as though aware of the design of this wicked man, who, in consequence, became alarmed, and fled.

DREAM OF THE SERVANT.

Mr. Williams, an eminently pious man, who lived at Kidderminster in the last century, records in his diary a remarkable interposition of the providence of God, in preserving his family and property from devouring flames. One of his servants dreamed that a neighbour's house was on fire, and through the agitation which the dream occasioned, she made a little noise, which awoke Mrs. W. who was sleeping in a room below. On awaking, she found her room filled with smoke; and when Mr. Williams arose and examined the house, he found part of one of the lower rooms on fire; which, but for the singular manner in which they had been disturbed, would have speedily placed the whole family in danger; and, as the house was not that year insured, have deprived the good man of nearly all he possessed.

THE MISSIONARIES AND THE MURDERERS.

Soon after the Moravian brethren had commenced their zealous and disinterested labours in Greenland, a number of murderers, excited by the *angekoks*, or sorcerers, threatened to kill the missionaries, and entered their house for that purpose, at a time when all were absent, excepting one, named Matthew Stach. When they arrived, they found him engaged in the work of translation, in which he went on, without showing any marks of fear, though uncertain as to their intention. After they had sat awhile their leader said, "We are come to hear good." "I am glad of it," replied the missionary, and silence being obtained, he sang, prayed, and then proceeded:—"I will not say much to

you of the Creator of all things—you know there is a Creator"—to this they all assented except one. "You also know that you are a wicked people." "Yes!" was the unanimous reply. "Now, then," resumed the missionary, "I will tell you what is most necessary to know." He then proceeded to declare the incarnation and death of Jesus; spoke of his resurrection from the dead, and assured them that he would be the final judge of all men. He then solemnly appealed to the leader of the banditti, as to the account he would render of his murders and other crimes at the last day, and entreated him immediately to accept the mercy offered him by the Lord Jesus. After he had done, a woman, whose brother they had murdered, spoke of the efficacy of the Saviour's atonement, told them she felt it, and exhorted them no longer to resist the truth. They heard all this with attention, walked for some time before the house with their hands folded, and towards evening retired, without offering either violence or insult.

HILL AND HIS GARDENER.

The Rev. Rowland Hill had great reason to rejoice in the consistent lives, and zealous devotion to God, of many his people at Wotton. There was amongst them a person of the name of Rugg, of a piety so deep, and of a life so useful and unblemished, that even his enemies admired and were awed by his character. Mr. Hill's gardener at Wotton, who had always passed for an honest, quiet sort of man, was at length discovered to have been the perpetrator of several burglaries, and other daring robberies in the neighbourhood, though he had, till caught in the fact, never been even suspected. He was tried at Gloucester, condemned, and executed. It need scarcely be said that his master visited him in jail. During his interview with him there, he confessed the many crimes of which he had been guilty. "How was it, William," he inquired, "that you never robbed me, when you had such abundant oppor-

tunity?" "Sir," replied he, "do you recollect the juniper bush on the border against the dining-room? I have many times hid under it at night, intending, which I could easily have done, to get into the house and plunder it; but, Sir, I was afraid: something said to me, He is a man of God: it is a house of prayer; if I break in I shall surely be found out: so I never could pluck up courage to attempt it." In another conversation he told him, "Sir, I well knew that old Mr. Rugg was in the habit of carrying a deal of money in his pocket; times and times have I hid behind the hedge of the lane leading to his house—he has passed within a yard of me, when going home from the prayer meeting, again and again; I could not stir; I durst not touch so holy a man. I was afraid. I always began to tremble as soon as he came near me, and gave up the thought altogether, for I knew he was a holy man."

BUNYAN AND THE JAILER.

The respectability of Bunyan's character and the propriety of his conduct, while in prison at Bedford, appear to have operated very powerfully on the mind of the jailer, who showed him much kindness, in permitting him to go out and visit his friends occasionally, and once to take a journey to London.

The following anecdote is told respecting the jailer and Mr. Bunyan:—It became known to some of his persecutors in London that he was often out of prison; they set an officer to talk with the jailer on the subject; and in order to discover the fact, he was to get there in the middle of the night. Bunyan was at home with his family, but so restless that he could not sleep; he therefore acquainted his wife that, though the jailer had given him liberty to stay till the morning, yet, from his uneasiness, he must immediately return. He did so, and the jailer blamed him for coming in at such an unseasonable hour. Early in the morning the messenger came, and interrogating the jailer, said, "Are all the prisoners safe?" "Yes." "Is

John Bunyan safe?" "Yes." "Let me see him." He was called, and appeared, and all was well. After the messenger was gone, the jailer, addressing Mr. Bunyan, said, "Well, you may go in and out again just when you think proper, for you know when to return better than I can tell you."

WISHART AND THE FORGERY.

The name of this eminent man is well known in Scotland, where he acted a distinguished part in the reformation of religion, which rendered him a constant object of the hatred of the popish party. Cardinal Beaton frequently formed plans to take away his life. At one time he procured a letter to be sent to him as from an intimate friend, the laird of Kinnier, in which he was requested to come to him without delay, as he had been seized with sudden illness. In the meantime, the cardinal had provided sixty men to waylay him, and deprive him of life.

The letter having been delivered by a boy, who also brought a horse to convey him on his journey, Wishart set out, but suddenly stopping by the way, avowed to the friends who had accompanied him, his strong conviction that God did not will that he should proceed; for that there was treachery in this business. They went forward without him, and discovered the whole plot, by which means his life was preserved.

DOD'S SINGULAR VISIT.

It is recorded of Mr. Dod, one of the Puritan ministers, that being one evening late in his study, his mind was strongly inclined, though he could assign no reason for it, to visit a gentleman of his acquaintance, at a very unseasonable hour. Not knowing the design of Providence, he obeyed and went. When he came to the house, after knocking a few times at the door, the gentleman himself came, and inquired if he wanted him upon any particular business. Mr. Dod having answered in the negative, and signified that he could not rest till he had seen

him, the gentleman replied, "O, Sir, you are sent of God at this very hour, for I was just now going to destroy myself!" and immediately pulled the halter out of his pocket, by which he had intended to commit the horrid deed, which was thus prevented.

KNOX AND THE ASSASSIN.

The celebrated Scotch reformer had many surprising escapes from the malicious designs of his enemies. He was accustomed to sit at the head of the table in his own house, with his back to the window; on one particular evening, however, he would neither himself sit in his chair, nor allow any one else to do so. That very night a bullet was shot in at the window purposely to kill him; it grazed the chair in which he usually sat, and made a hole in the foot of the candlestick.

THE SOLDIER'S SHIELD.

Samuel Proctor was trained up in the use of religious ordinances, and in early life felt some religious impressions. He afterwards enlisted as a soldier in the first regiment of foot guards, and was made a grenadier. Notwithstanding this, the impressions made upon his mind continued; and the fear of the Lord, as a guardian angel, attended him through the changing scenes of life. There were a few in the regiment who met for pious and devotional exercises; he cast in his lot among them, and always carried a small pocket Bible in one pocket and his hymn book in the other. He took part in the struggle on the plains of Waterloo in 1815. In the evening of June 16, in the tremendous conflict on that day, his regiment was ordered to dislodge the French from a wood of which they had taken possession, and from which they annoyed the allied army. While thus engaged, he was thrown a distance of four or five yards by a force on his hip, for which he could not account at the time; but, when he came to examine his Bible, he saw, with overwhelming gratitude to the Preserver of his life, what it was

that had thus driven him. A musket-ball had struck his hip where his Bible rested in his pocket, and penetrated nearly half through that sacred book. All who saw the ball said that it would undoubtedly have killed him, had it not been for the Bible, which served as a shield. The Bible was kept as a sacred treasure, and laid up in his house, like the sword of Goliath in the tabernacle. "That Bible," said Proctor, "has twice saved me instrumentally—first, from death in battle, and second from death eternal."

ESCAPE OF GEN. WASHINGTON.

Major Ferguson, who commanded a rifle corps in advance of the hussars under Kniphause, during some skirmishing a day or two previous to the battle of Brandywine, was the hero of a very singular incident, which he thus relates in a letter to a friend. It illustrates, in a most forcible manner, the overruling hand of Providence in directing the operations of a man's mind in moments when he is least of all aware of it.

"We had not lain long, when a rebel officer, remarkable by a hussar dress, pressed towards our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another, dressed in dark green and blue, mounted on a bay horse, with a remarkably high cocked hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near to them, and fire at them; but the idea disgusting me, I recalled the order. The hussar, in returning, made a circuit, but the other passed within a hundred yards of us, upon which I advanced from the wood towards him. Upon my calling, he stopped; but after looking at me, he proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made signs to him to stop, levelling my piece at him; but he slowly cantered away. As I was within that distance at which, in the quickest firing, I could have lodged half a dozen balls in or about him, before he was out of my reach, I had only to determine; but it was not pleasant to fire at the

back of an unoffending individual, who was acquitting himself very coolly of his duty; so I let him alone.

“The day after, I had been telling this story to some wounded officers who lay in the same room with me, when one of the surgeons, who had been dressing the wounded rebel officers, came in, and told us that they had been informing him that general Washington was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in a hussar dress, he himself dressed and mounted in every point as above described. I am not sorry that I did not know at the time who it was.”

AUGUSTINE'S MISTAKE.

Posidonius, in his life of Augustine, relates that the good man, going on one occasion to preach at a distant town, took with him a guide to direct him in the way. This man, by some unaccountable means mistook the usual road, and fell into a bye-path. It afterwards proved, that in this way the preacher's life had been saved, as his enemies, aware of his journey, had placed themselves in the proper road with a design to kill him.

THE SADDLE-BAG IN THE WRONG BOAT.

The Rev. T. Charles, who was well known as a holy and useful minister in Wales, had once a remarkable escape from death. In one of his journeys to Liverpool, his saddle-bag was, by mistake, put into a boat different from that in which he intended to go, which made it necessary to change his boat, even after he had taken his seat. By this change, so contrary to his intentions, he was graciously preserved; for the boat in which he meant to sail was lost, and all its passengers were drowned.

DR. COLE'S COMMISSION.

It is related, in the papers of Richard, Earl of Cork, that towards the conclusion of Queen Mary's reign, a commission was signed for the persecution of

the Irish Protestants; and, to give greater weight to this important affair, Dr. Cole was nominated one of the commission. The doctor in his way to Dublin, stopped at Chester, where he was waited upon by the mayor; to whom, in the course of conversation, he imparted the object of his mission, and exhibited the leather box which contained his credentials. The mistress of the inn, where this interview took place, being a Protestant, and having overheard the conversation, seized the opportunity, while the doctor was attending the mayor to the bottom of the stairs, of exchanging the commission for a dirty pack of cards, on the top of which she facetiously turned up the knave of clubs. The doctor, little suspecting the trick, secured his box, pursued his journey, and arrived in Dublin on the 7th of October, 1558. He then lost no time in presenting himself before lord Fitzwalter and the privy council; to whom, after an explanatory speech, the box was presented, which to the astonishment of all present, was found to contain only a pack of cards! The doctor, greatly chagrined, returned instantly to London to have his commission renewed: but while waiting a second time on the coast for a favourable wind, the news reached him of the queen's decease, which prevented the persecution, that would have otherwise proved so awful a calamity. Queen Elizabeth was so much gratified with these facts, which were related to her by Lord Fitzwalter on his return to England, that she sent for the woman, whose name was Elizabeth Edwards, and gave her a pension of forty pounds a-year during her life.

HOWARD AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.

John Howard, Esq., the eminent philanthropist, always set a very high value on the Sabbaths he spent in England; and, during his absence on the continent, he deeply deplored the want of Christian privileges. That he might not increase the labour of his servants, nor prevent their attendance on divine

worship, he usually walked to the chapel, where he attended, at Bedford, though at a distance of nearly three miles from his residence. So regularly did he pursue this practice, that an idle and dissolute man, whom he had reformed for his sins, determined to avail himself of this opportunity to waylay and murder him. But Divine Providence remarkably interposed to preserve so valuable a life, by inclining him that morning to go on horseback a different road, by which means his valuable life was prolonged.

WISHART AND THE PSALM.

The Covenanters, in the time of the civil wars, were exceedingly fond of singing psalms. When the great Montrose was taken prisoner, his chaplain, Wishart, the elegant historian of his deeds, shared the same fate with his patron, and was condemned to the same punishment. Being desired on the scaffold to name what psalm he wished to have sung, he selected the 119th, consisting of twenty-four parts. In this he was guided by God; for before two thirds of the psalm was sung a pardon arrived.

GREENLAND MISSIONARIES FED.

When the Moravian missionaries first went, in the last century, to labour in Greenland, they were called to endure the most painful and distressing trials, both in reference to the indifference of the heathen, and the want of food. Famine, of the most afflictive kind, almost constantly threatened them. But in the darkest hours, God always appeared in some way or other for their help. On one occasion, he disposed a Greenlander, a perfect stranger to them, to travel forty leagues to sell them some seals, the flesh of which, with oatmeal and train oil, was a delicacy to them compared with the old tallow candles on which they sometimes lived. At another time, when they had just returned from a toilsome excursion, in which they could obtain no food, a Greenlander brought them word that

a Dutch ship was lying at some distance to the south, the captain of which had letters for them. On sending to the ship, they found a cask of provisions sent them by a kind friend at Amsterdam, with the proposal to send more if they needed. At another period, they were returning home empty in their frail boat, when a contrary wind forced them on a desolate island, where they were compelled to remain all night. Here they shot an eagle, and thus obtained food, and also quills for writing.

“THERE IS THAT SCATTERETH,” &c.

During the siege of the Protestant city of Rochelle, under Louis XIII. and Cardinal Richelieu, the inhabitants endured great miseries before they yielded to an honourable capitulation, the terms of which were, however, far from being kept by their enemies. One of the many touching incidents of the siege is recorded by Merivault. “He gives the names of the parties chiefly concerned,” says Smedley; “and the narrative is marked by an air of truth, which renders its authenticity undoubted. During the height of calamity among the Rochellois, some charitable individuals, who had previously formed secret magazines, relieved their starving brethren without blazoning their good deed. The relict of a merchant, named Prosni, who was left in charge of four orphan children, had liberally distributed her stores, while any thing remained, among her less fortunate neighbours; and whenever she was reproached with profusion and want of foresight by a rich sister-in-law of less benevolent temper, she was in the habit of replying, ‘The Lord will provide for us.’ At length when her stock of food was utterly exhausted, and she was spurned with taunts from the door of her relative, she returned home destitute, broken-hearted, and prepared to die, together with her children. But it seemed as if the mercies once displayed at Zarephath were again to be manifested; and that there was still a barrel and a cruse in reserve for the widow,

who, humbly confident in the bounty of Heaven, had shared her last morsel with the supplicant in affliction. Her little ones met her at the threshold with cries of joy. During her short absence, a stranger, visiting the house, had deposited in it a sack of flour; and the single bushel which it contained was so husbanded as to preserve their lives till the close of the siege. Their unknown benefactor was never revealed; but the pious mother was able to reply to her unbelieving kinswoman, 'The Lord hath provided for us.'"

ANDERSON AND THE MERCHANT.

This worthy man, formerly minister at Walton-upon-Thames, being the subject of persecution in England, in the year 1662, and apprehensive of the ascendancy of Popery, removed to Middleburgh, in Zealand. The little money he took with him was soon expended, and he was reduced with his family to very great want, which his modesty would not allow him to make known. In this perplexity, after he had been at prayer one morning with his family, his children asked for some bread for their breakfast; but he having none, nor money to buy any, they all burst into tears. While they were thus sorrowing together, the door bell was rung; Mrs. Anderson went to the door, where she was met by a man who presented a small parcel, saying it had been sent by a gentleman, and that some provisions would be sent in shortly. When they opened the paper, they found it to contain forty pieces of gold. Soon afterwards a countryman arrived, with a horse-load of whatever could contribute to their comfort. These supplies were continued at intervals to his dying day, without his knowing where they came from. It afterwards appeared, that these kindnesses were shown by a pious merchant at Middleburgh; who observing a grave English minister frequently walk the streets with a dejected countenance, inquired privately into his circumstances, and sent him the gold by his apprentice, and the provisions by

his country servant, saying, "God forbid that any of Christ's ambassadors should be strangers, and we not visit them; or in distress, and we not assist them;" at the same time expressly charging them to conceal his name.

KNOLLYS' DELIVERANCE.

The Rev. Hanserd Knollys suffered much persecution for his conscientious attachment to the truth. In the early part of his ministry, he emigrated from England to America, the common asylum at that time, for all who wished to enjoy liberty of conscience. There he sojourned four years, but returned in 1641, at the earnest request of an aged father. On his arrival in England he was reduced to great straits, but experienced the goodness of Providence in a peculiar manner. The following particulars are extracted from his own account. "I was still poor and sojourned in a lodging till I had but sixpence left, and knew not how to provide for my wife and child. Having prayed to God and encouraged my wife to trust in him, and to remember former experiences, and especially that word of promise, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' I paid for my lodging and went out, not knowing whither God's good hand would lead me to receive something towards my present subsistence. About seven or eight doors from my lodgings, a woman met me in the street, and told me she came to seek me, and her husband had sent her to tell me that there was a lodging provided and prepared in his house by some Christian friends for me and my wife. I told her my present condition, and went along with her to the house. There she gave me twenty shillings which Dr. Bastock, a late sufferer, had given her for me, and some linen for my wife, which I received, and told her husband I would fetch my wife and child and lodge there. I returned with great joy, and my wife was greatly affected with this seasonable and suitable supply. After we had returned praises to God, we went to our new

lodgings, where we found all things necessary provided for us, and all charges paid for fifteen weeks." When the time was expired, he undertook a school, and by the blessing of God was successful in bringing up a large family creditably; and though several times imprisoned for religion, continued the laborious and esteemed pastor of a poor church for fifty years, till he went to his reward, Sept. 19th, 1691, aged ninety-two years.

THE BUTCHER AND THE REDEMPTIONER.

A person in Holland, who made a considerable fortune in Philadelphia, as a butcher, went on board a ship from Amsterdam, which carried a number of German Redemptioners,* for the purpose of purchasing one to assist him in his business.

After examining the countenances of several of the passengers, without being able to please himself, his attention was arrested by the tranquil and composed countenance of a man advanced in years, but with much appearance of strength and activity.

Not less pleased with the tenor of the conversation of his fellow countryman, than with his exterior, he described the purpose for which he wanted a servant, and obtained the man's consent to purchase his indentures, providing he would also purchase those of his wife, who had accompanied him.

The parties then went ashore to complete the business, attended by the captain; and upon the names of the persons being mentioned, to insert them in the writings, they were found to be the name of the purchaser's father and mother: and upon further inquiries, he ascertained them to be, in fact, his father and mother, the latter declaring, that if he was their son, he had a re-

markable mole upon his left arm, which proved to be the case.

Nothing could surpass the joy of all parties. The providence of God had snatched the venerable pair from poverty and servitude, and conducted them to plenty and independence, under the protection of an affectionate son.

He, it appeared, had run away from his parents when quite a boy, and from the continual wars in Europe, neither party had heard of the other since that period.

ERSKINE'S DELIVERANCES.

Rev. Henry Erskine was often in great straits and difficulties. Once when he and his family had supped at night, there remained neither bread, meal, flesh, nor money, in the house. In the morning the young children cried for their breakfast, and their father endeavoured to divert them, and did what he could at the same time to encourage himself and wife to depend upon that Providence that hears the young ravens when they cry. While thus engaged, a countryman knocked hard at the door, and called for some one to help him off with his load. Being asked whence he came, and what he would have, he told them he came from Lady Reburn with some provisions for Mr. Erskine. They told him he must be mistaken, and that it was more likely to be for another Mr. Erskine in the same town. He replied no, he knew what he said, he was sent to Mr. Henry Erskine, and cried "Come, help me off with my load, or else I will throw it down at the door." Whereupon they took the sack from him, and on opening it, found it well stored with fish and meat.

At another time, being at Edinburgh, he was so reduced that he had but three halfpence in his pocket. When he was walking about the streets, not knowing what course to steer, one came to him in a countryman's habit, presented him with a letter in which were enclosed several Scotch ducatoons, with these words written, "Sir, receive this from a sympathizing friend. Farewell." Mr.

* A redemptioner is a person who engages to article himself, by indenture, for an agreed number of years, to some one who may want him, on his arrival in America: and the captain receives the sum paid for the services of the individual so articulated, as passage and subsistence money.

Erskine never could find out whence the money came.

At another time, being on a journey on foot, his money fell short and he was in danger of being reduced to distress. Having occasion to fix his walking stick in some marshy ground, among the rushes, he heard something tinkle at the end of it; it proved to be two half crowns, which greatly assisted in bearing his charges home. In days of persecution and poverty God wonderfully interposes for his people.

MR. NEWTON'S HABIT.

"Nothing was more remarkable," says the biographer of Mr. Newton, "than his constant habit of regarding the hand of God in every event, however trivial it might appear to others. In walking to his church, 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 half an hour later, I had not been here, as the exchange of the crew was then making. A man made a smoke on the sea-shore, at the time a ship passed, which was thereby brought to, and afterwards brought me to England.'"

AN OLD PERSON.

The Rev. Dr. Bedell relates, that while Bishop Chase, of Ohio, was at the house of a Mr. Beck, in Philadelphia, he received a package from Dr. Ward, the Bishop of Sodor and Man, making inquiries relating to certain property in America, of which some old person in his diocese was the heir. The letter had gone to Ohio, followed him to Washington, then to Philadelphia, and found him at Mr. Beck's: when he read it to Mr. B., the latter was in amazement, and said, "Bishop Chase, I am the *only* man in the world who can give you

information. I have the deeds in my possession, and have had them forty-three years, not knowing what to do with them, or where any heirs were to be found." How wonderful, that the application should have been made to Bishop Chase, and he not in Ohio, but a guest in the house of the only man who possessed any information on the subject!

THE LORD WAS THEIR BANKER.

Mr. Philip Henry, one of the non-conformist ministers, when silenced from preaching by the act of uniformity, took comfort himself, and administered comfort to others, from the passage, "Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab." "God's people," he observed, "may be an outcast people, cast out of men's love, their synagogues, their country; but God will own his people when men cast them out; they are *outcasts*, but they are *his*, and some way or other he will provide a *dwelling* for them." Shortly before his death, the same pious man observed, that, though many of the ejected ministers were brought very low, had many children, were greatly harassed by persecution, and their friends generally poor and unable to support them; yet, in all his acquaintance, he never knew, nor could remember to have heard of, any non-conformist minister in prison for debt.

HAPPY MEETING.

After the battle of Talavera, among the prisoners sent to France was an interesting child, about seven years old, concerning whom one of the English officers received an account, that he was the son of a sergeant M'Callum, who had served in the 42d Highland regiment, under Sir John Moore, in the Peninsula, and was killed in the battle of Corunna. The child's engaging manners had greatly won upon several persons, one of whom, as he passed through Toboso, immediately took him under his protection, and obtained leave to bring him to England, having a recommendation to the Duke of York.

His royal highness, from what he had heard, felt such an interest in the boy, that, when brought into his presence, he took him on his knee, conversed with him in the French and German languages, which the child knew, and made arrangements promptly for his admission into the Military Asylum, at Chelsea. It being necessary to obtain the signature of Lord Huntly before the boy could be admitted, the officer and his little protégé were proceeding to Richmond House for that purpose, when, on reaching Charing Cross, he perceived a soldier, in the Highland uniform, walking before him: he quickened his pace, and soon overtook this man, who happened to belong to the 42d regiment. On inquiring of him if he had been acquainted with sergeant McCallum, who was killed the year before at Cornna, he replied, "Sir, I did not know any man of that name who was killed; but will you be so good, Sir, as to tell me why you have asked that question?" "Because," said the officer, pointing to the boy, "that is his child, whom I found in Spain." "O Sir," said he, rushing over to the boy, "he is my child! Jamie, don't you know me?" The scene, as may be supposed, was truly affecting. The feelings depicted in the soldier's countenance, on the sudden discovery of his long-lost child, together with the rush of thought upon the past scenes of the boy abroad, so overcame the officer, that he was obliged to retire into an adjoining shop, to give vent to his emotions.

THE CAPTIVE AND HER FAVOURITE HYMN.

In the year 1754, a dreadful war broke out in Canada, between the French and the English. The Indians took part with the French, and made excursions as far as Pennsylvania, where they plundered and burned all the houses they came to, and murdered the people. In 1755, they reached the dwelling of a poor family from Wirtemberg, while the wife and one of the sons were gone to a mill, four miles distant, to get some corn

ground. The husband, the eldest son, and two little girls, named Barbara and Regina, were at home. The father and his son were instantly killed by the savages, but they carried the two little girls away into captivity, with a great many other children, who were taken in the same manner. They were led many miles through woods and thorny bushes, that nobody might follow them. In this condition they were brought to the habitations of the Indians, who divided among themselves all the children whom they had taken captive.

Barbara was at this time ten years old, and Regina nine. It was never known what become of Barbara; but Regina, with a little girl of two years old, whom she had never seen before, were given to an old widow, who was to them very cruel. In this melancholy state of slavery these children remained nine long years, till Regina reached the age of nineteen, and her little companion was eleven years old. While captives, their hearts seemed to have been drawn towards what was good. Regina continually repeated the verses from the Bible, and the hymns which she had learnt when at home, and she taught them to the little girl. They often used to cheer each other with one hymn from the hymn book used at Halle, in Germany:—

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear."

They constantly hoped that the Lord Jesus would, some time, bring them back to their Christian friends.

In 1764, the hope of these children was realized. The merciful providence of God brought the English Colonel Bouquet to the place where they were in captivity. He conquered the Indians, and forced them to ask for peace. The first condition he made was, that they should restore all the prisoners they had taken. Thus the two poor girls were released. More than 400 captives were brought to Colonel Bouquet. It was an affecting sight to see so many young people wretched and distressed. The

colonel and his soldiers gave them food and clothes, brought them to the town of Carlisle, and published in the Pennsylvania newspapers, that all parents who had lost their children might come to this place, and in case of their finding them, they should be restored. Poor Regina's sorrowing mother came, among many other bereaved parents, to Carlisle; but, alas! her child had become a stranger to her; Regina had acquired the appearance and manner, as well as the language of the natives. The poor mother went up and down amongst the young persons assembled, but by no efforts could she discover her daughters. She wept in bitter grief and disappointment. Colonel Bouquet said, "Do you recollect nothing by which your children might be discovered?" She answered that she recollected nothing but a hymn, which she used to sing with them, and which was as follows:—

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

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

THE CAPTIVE'S RELEASE.

"In the war called Braddock's war," says a writer in the *Christian's Advocate*, "my father was an officer in the British Navy. One night as they were

running close to the coast of Barbary, the officer on deck heard some person singing. A moment convinced them that he was singing the Old Hundred psalm tune. They immediately conjectured that the singer was a Christian captive, and determined to attempt his rescue. Twenty stout sailors, armed with pistols and cutlasses, manned the ship's boats and approached the shore. Directed by the voice of singing and prayer, they soon reached the abode of the Christian captive. It was a little hut at the bottom of his master's garden on a small river. They burst open the door, and took him from his knees, and in a few moments he was on the ship's deck frantic with joy. The account he gave of himself was, that his name was M'Donald; that he was a native of Scotland; and had been a captive eighteen years, he had obtained the confidence of his master, was his chief gardener, and had the privilege of living by himself. He said he was not at all surprised when they burst open his door, for the Turks had often done so, and whipped him when on his knees."

THE INFIDEL CONVERTED.

The conversion of Dr. Vanderkemp was preceded by a very remarkable interposition of the providence of God, in the preservation of his life. He was sailing on the river near Dort, in company with his wife and daughter, when a violent storm arose, and a water-spout broke on the boat, by which it was instantly overset. Mrs. and Miss Vanderkemp were immediately drowned and the survivor, clinging to the boat, was carried down the stream nearly a mile; no one daring, in so dreadful a storm, to venture from the shore to his assistance. A vessel then lying in the port of Dort, was by the violence of the storm driven from her moorings, and floated towards the part of the river in which he was, just ready to perish; and the sailors took him from the wreck. Thus remarkably was a life preserved, which was afterwards to be employed for the advantage of mankind, and for

the propagation of that faith which he had laboured to destroy. The sudden loss of his earthly comforts, and his long struggle against a painful death, softened his hard heart, shook the infidel principles he had hitherto cherished, and ended in the consecration of his life to the cause of God.

INTENDED MURDERER AND THE SERMON.

Mr. Bradbury possessed an ardent zeal in the cause of civil and religious liberty, and had many admirers. This exposed him to the hatred of the popish faction, whose designs in respect of the Jacobitish succession he had often exposed. They once employed a person to take away his life. To make himself fully acquainted with Mr. Bradbury's person, the man frequently attended at places of worship where he preached, placed himself in front of the gallery, with his countenance steadfastly fixed on the preacher. It was scarcely possible, in such circumstances, wholly to avoid listening to what was said. Mr. Bradbury's forcible way of presenting divine truth awakened the man's attention; the truth entered his understanding, and became the means of changing his heart. He came to the preacher with trembling and confusion, told his affecting tale, gave evidence of his conversion, became a member of Mr. Bradbury's church, and was, to his death, an ornament to the gospel which he professed.

WHITFIELD'S PERSECUTORS.

When this distinguished minister was once at Plymouth, four gentlemen came to the house of one of his particular friends, kindly inquiring after him, and desiring to know where he lodged. Soon afterwards Mr. Whitfield received a letter, informing him that the writer was a nephew of Mr. S——, an attorney at New York; that he had the pleasure of supping with Mr. Whitfield at his uncle's house, and desired his company to sup with him and a few friends at a tavern. Mr. Whitfield sent him word,

that it was not customary for him to sup abroad at taverns; but he should be glad of the gentleman's company to eat a morsel with him at his lodging: he accordingly came and supped, but was observed frequently to look around him, and to be very absent in mind. At last he took his leave, and returned to his companions in the tavern; and on being asked by them what he had done, he answered, that he had been used so civilly, that he had not the heart to touch him. Upon which another of the company, a lieutenant of a man-of-war, laid a wager of ten guineas that he would do his business for him. His companions, however, had the precaution to take away his sword. It was now about midnight, and Mr. Whitfield, having that day preached to a large congregation, and visited the French prisons, had gone to bed, when the landlady came and told him that a well-dressed gentleman desired to speak with him. Mr. Whitfield imagining it was somebody under conviction, desired him to be brought up. He came, and sat down by the bed-side, congratulated him upon the success of his ministry, and expressed much concern at being detained from hearing him. Soon after, he broke out into the most abusive language, and in a cruel and cowardly manner beat him in his bed. The landlady and her daughter, hearing the noise, rushed into the room and laid hold of him; but he soon disengaged himself from them and repeated his blows upon Mr. Whitfield, who being apprehensive that he intended to shoot or stab him, underwent all the surprise of a sudden and violent death. Afterwards a second came into the house, and cried out, from the bottom of the stairs, "Take courage, I am ready to help you!" But, by the repeated cry of "murder!" the alarm was now so great, that they both made off. "The next morning," says Mr. Whitfield, "I was to expound at a private house, and then set out for Bideford. Some urged me to stay and prosecute; but, being better employed,

I went on my intended journey, was greatly blessed in preaching the everlasting gospel, and, upon my return, was well paid for what I had suffered, curiosity having led, perhaps, two thousand more than ordinary to see and hear a man that had like to have been murdered in his bed. And I trust, in the five weeks that I waited for the convoy, hundreds were awakened and turned unto the Lord."

THE POINTED SERMON.

In the year 1743, the Rev. George Whitfield had resolved to go to America, and engaged his passage in a ship that was to sail from Portsmouth; but as the captain afterwards refused to take him, "for fear of his spoiling the sailors," he was obliged to go to Plymouth. While staying there, he frequently preached, and an attempt having recently been made to murder him in his bed, much attention was excited, and many thousands flocked to hear him. While he was one day preaching, Mr. Tanner, who was at work as a ship-builder, at a distance, heard his voice, and resolved, with five or six of his companions, to go and drive him from the place where he stood; and for this purpose they filled their pockets with stones. When, however, Mr. T. drew near, and heard Mr. Whitfield earnestly inviting sinners to Christ, he was filled with astonishment, his resolution failed him, and he went home with his mind deeply impressed. On the following evening, he again attended, and heard Mr. Whitfield on the sin of those who crucified the Redeemer. After he had expatiated on their guilt, he appeared to look intently on Mr. Tanner, as he exclaimed with energy, "Thou art the man!" These words powerfully affected Mr. T.; he felt his iniquities to be awfully great, and in the agony of his soul he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The preacher then proceeded to proclaim the free and abundant grace of Jesus, which he commanded to be preached among the very people who had mur-

dered him; on hearing which, Mr. T. was encouraged to hope for mercy, and he surrendered himself to Christ. This sermon was made eminently useful to many other persons.

MR. WHITFIELD AND THE TRUMPETER.

On one occasion during Whitfield's residence in America, a black trumpeter, belonging to an English regiment, resolved to interrupt him during a discourse which he was expected to deliver in the open air. At the hour appointed for the sermon, he repaired to the field where it was to be preached, carrying his trumpet with him on purpose to blow it with all his might about the middle of the sermon. He took his stand in front of the minister, and at no great distance. The concourse that attended became very great, and those who were towards the extremity of the crowd pressed forward, in order to hear more distinctly, which caused such a pressure at the place where the trumpeter stood, that he found it impossible to raise up the arm which held the trumpet at the time he intended to blow it. He attempted to extricate himself from the crowd, but found this equally impossible, so that he was kept within hearing of the gospel as securely as if he had been chained to the spot. In a short time, his attention was arrested, and he became so powerfully affected by what the preacher presented to his mind, that he was seized with an agony of despair, and was carried to a house in the neighbourhood. When the service was over he was visited by Mr. Whitfield, who tendered some reasonable counsels; and the poor trumpeter from that time became an altered man.

"THE HELL-FIRE CLUB."

The Rev. John Cooke, of Maidenhead, was once called on to preach at the opening of a chapel. Six years afterwards, a man came to him after preaching at Bristol, and told him that, at the period first referred to, he belonged to an awful wicked society,

called "The hell-fire club," the members of which always endeavoured to coin a new oath for each evening on which they met, the chairman deciding who had the preference. As this man was walking towards his club, he was asking himself what sin he had not committed, resolving he would commit it before he went to bed. His attention was arrested by the lights of the chapel, and the voice of the preacher. After some hesitation, whether he should enter the chapel for sport now, or as he returned from the club, he determined on the former. He entered as the preacher was repeating his text, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: and whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." He described the nature of the sin; the reason why it was unpardonable; showed who had not committed it, and proved that their sins might be pardoned. The man went home, locked himself in his bedroom, fell on his knees, thanked God he was out of hell, and prayed for the pardon which he was delighted to know he might yet receive, though he had often wished to die, that he might know the worst of hell. He read, prayed, heard the gospel, looked by faith to Christ, and soon enjoyed a sense of pardon, and the privilege of friendship with God. In his case he considered,

"Jehovah here resolved to show
What his Almighty grace could do."

WHITFIELD AND THE FIDDLER.

John Skinner, of Houndscroft, in Gloucestershire, was a strolling fiddler, going from fair to fair, and supplying music to any party that would hire him. Having determined to interrupt that great and successful minister of Christ, Mr. Whitfield, he obtained a standing on a ladder raised to a window near the pulpit; he remained a quiet, if not an attentive hearer, till the text

was named, when he intended to begin his annoying exercise on the violin. It pleased God, however, while he was putting his instrument in tune, to convey the word spoken with irresistible power to his soul; his attention was diverted from his original purpose, he heard the whole sermon, and became altogether a new man.

THE SCOFFER CONVERTED.

When the Rev. G. Whitfield and J. Wesley commenced their zealous and successful labours, there was a very prevalent disposition to oppose and misrepresent them. Many of the public houses became places where their doctrines and zeal were talked of and ridiculed. Mr. Thorpe, and several other young men in Yorkshire, undertook at one of these parties to mimic the preaching of these good men. The proposition met with applause; one after another stood on a table to perform his part, and it devolved on Mr. T. to close this very irreverent scene. Much elated, and confident of success, he exclaimed, as he ascended the table, "I shall beat you all." Who would have supposed that the mercy of God was now about to be extended to this transgressor of his law! The Bible was handed to him; and, by the guidance of unerring providence, it opened at Luke xiii. 3, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." The moment he read the text his mind was impressed in a most extraordinary manner; he saw clearly the nature and importance of the subject; and as he afterwards said, if he ever preached with the assistance of the Holy Spirit, it was at that time. His address produced a feeling of depression in his auditors; and, when he had finished, he instantly retired to weep over his sins: he associated with the people of God and became a useful minister of the New Testament, and died at Masborough, in 1776.

TAKING OFF THE METHODIST.

The Rev. Mr. Madan was educated for the bar. His conversion to God

arose from the following circumstances. Some of his companions, when assembled one evening at a coffee-house, requested him to go and hear the Rev. John Wesley, who, they were informed, was to preach in the neighbourhood, and then to return and exhibit his manner and discourse for their entertainment. With that intention he went to the house of God. Just as he entered the place, Mr. Wesley read as his text, "Prepare to meet thy God," Amos iv. 12, with a solemnity of accent which excited his attention, and produced a seriousness which increased as the good man proceeded in exhorting his hearers to repentance. Mr. Madan returned to the coffee-room, and was asked by his companions if he had taken off the old Methodist. He replied, "No, gentlemen, but he has taken me off;" and from that time forsook their company, associated with true Christians, and became an eminently good man.

DRUNKARD SAVED FROM SUICIDE.

An aged Christian in Berwick upon the Tweed, gave a visiter of the poor the following account of his conversion. He said, that previous to the Lord's meeting with him, he was a notoriously wicked character, and, among many other vices, he was much addicted to drinking to excess. On a certain occasion, he had, what he termed, *broke out*, and had been in a state of intoxication for, I think he said, a fortnight. When the effects of the liquor left him, and he began to come to himself, his spirits sunk unusually low, and guilt and remorse preyed on his mind so much, that he was driven to despair, and felt himself so miserable, that he determined on the rash act of putting an end to his existence; he accordingly procured a rope to hang himself. At that time, his wife, who was a truly pious woman, was at Spawfields chapel. A thought came into his mind, that he should like his wife to know his fate soon after he was dead; this induced him to go round the back of the chapel, to seek for a convenient place to commit the fatal deed, expect-

ing that when the congregation came out he should be found dead, and that his wife would be informed. When passing the back of the chapel, with the rope in his pocket, the sound of the minister's voice caught his ear, and induced him to go and look in at the door. At the instant, the minister was preaching in a very animated manner on the efficacy of the blood of Christ to cleanse the guilty conscience, stated that the Saviour was able and willing to save the vilest rebels, and then gave a most pressing invitation to the chief of sinners, saying,

"Come and welcome, come and welcome,
All that feel your need of him."

These and similar sentences so penetrated his heart, that they produced feelings which are easier conceived than described.

When the service was over, he went home, fell on his knees and cried for mercy. His wife was, at first, astonished at the wonderful change; but, on inquiry, she found the Lord had answered her prayer in behalf of her husband.

A SINGULAR MOTIVE FOR ATTENDING CHURCH.

A young man of the city of Norwich, about eighteen years of age, was walking one morning with several companions, who had agreed on that day to take their pleasure. The first object that attracted attention was an old woman, who pretended to tell fortunes. They immediately employed her to tell theirs, and that they might qualify her for the undertaking, first made her thoroughly intoxicated. The young man, of whom mention was first made, was informed, among other things, that he would live to a very old age, and see his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren growing up around him. Though he had assisted in intoxicating the old woman, he had credulity enough to be struck with those parts of the prediction which related to himself. "And so," said he, when alone, "I am to see children, grandchildren, and great-

grandchildren! At this age, I must be a burden to the young people. What shall I do? There is no way for an old man to render himself more agreeable to youth, than by sitting and telling them pleasant and profitable stories. I will then," thought he, "during my youth, endeavour to store my mind with all kinds of knowledge. I will see and hear, and note down every thing that is rare and wonderful, that I may sit, when incapable of other employments, and entertain my descendants. Thus shall my company be rendered pleasant, and I shall be respected, rather than neglected, in old age. Let me see, what can I acquire first? Oh! here is the famous methodist preacher, Whitfield; he is to preach, they say, to-night—I will go and hear him."

From these strange motives the young man declared he went to hear Mr. Whitfield. He preached that evening from Matthew iii. 7,—“But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?” “Mr. Whitfield,” said the young man, “described the Sadducees’ character; this did not touch me; I thought myself as good a Christian as any man in England. From this he went to that of the Pharisees. He described their exterior decency, but observed, that the poison of the viper rankled in their hearts. This rather shook me. At length, in the course of his sermon, he abruptly broke off; paused for a few moments; then burst into a flood of tears; lifted up his hands and eyes, and exclaimed, ‘Oh, my hearers! the wrath to come! the wrath to come!’ These words sunk into my heart, like lead in the waters; I wept, and, when the sermon was ended, retired alone. For days and weeks I could think of little else. Those awful words would follow me wherever I went, ‘The wrath to come! the wrath to come!’ The issue was, that the young man soon after made a public profession of religion, in a little time became an eminent

preacher, and he himself related these circumstances to the late Rev. Andrew Fuller of Kettering.

THE THREE SCOFFERS.

In a seaport town on the west coast of England, notice was once given of a sermon to be preached there one Sunday evening. The preacher was a man of great celebrity; and that circumstance, together with the object of the discourse being to enforce the duty of strict observance of the Sabbath, attracted an overflowing audience. After the usual prayers and praises, the preacher read his text, and was about to proceed with his sermon, when he suddenly paused, leaning his head on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined that he had become indisposed; but he soon recovered himself, and, addressing the congregation, said, that before entering upon his discourse, he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote. “It is now exactly fifteen years,” said he, “since I was last within this place of worship; and the occasion was, as many here may probably remember, the very same as that which has now brought us together. Amongst those who came hither that evening, were three dissolute young men, who came not only with the intention of insulting and mocking the venerable pastor, but even with stones in their pockets to throw at him as he stood in the pulpit. Accordingly, they had not attended long to the discourse, when one of them said impatiently, ‘Why need we listen any longer to the blockhead?—throw!’ But the second stopped him, saying, ‘Let us first see what he makes of this point.’ The curiosity of the latter was no sooner satisfied, than he, too, said. ‘Ay, confound him, it is only as I expected—throw now!’ But here the third interposed, and said, ‘It would be better altogether to give up the design which has brought us here.’ At this remark his two associates took offence, and left the place, while he himself remained to the end. Now mark, my brethren,” continued the preacher,

with much emotion, "what were afterwards the several fates of these young men! The first was hanged, many years ago, at Tyburn, for the crime of forgery; the second is now lying under the sentence of death, for murder, in the jail of this city. The third, my brethren"—and the speaker's agitation here became excessive, while he paused, and wiped the large drops from his brow—"the third, my brethren, is he who is now about to address you!—listen to him."

THE INFIDEL'S SERMON TO THE PIRATES.

A native of Sweden, residing in the South of France, had occasion to go from one port to another in the Baltic Sea. When he came to the place whence he expected to sail, the vessel was gone. On inquiring, he found a fishing boat going the same way, in which he embarked. After being for some time out to sea, the men observing that he had several trunks and chests on board, concluded he must be very rich, and therefore agreed among themselves to throw him overboard. This he heard them express, which gave him great uneasiness. However, he took occasion to open one of his trunks which contained some books. Observing this, they remarked among themselves that it was not worth while to throw him into the sea, as they did not want any books, which they supposed was all the trunks contained. They asked him if he were a priest. Hardly knowing what reply to make, he told them he was; at which they seemed much pleased, and said they would have a sermon on the next day, as it was the Sabbath.

This increased the anxiety and distress of his mind, for he knew himself to be as incapable of such an undertaking, as it was possible for any one to be, as he knew very little of the Scriptures; neither did he believe in the inspiration of the Bible.

At length they came to a small rocky island, perhaps a quarter of a mile in circumference, where was a company of

pirates, who had chosen this little sequestered spot to deposit their treasures. He was taken to a cave, and introduced to an old woman, to whom they remarked, that they were to have a sermon preached the next day. She said she was very glad of it, for she had not heard the word of God for a great while. His was a trying case, for preach he must, still he knew nothing about preaching. If he refused, or undertook to preach and did not please, he expected it would be his death. With these thoughts he passed a sleepless night. In the morning his mind was not settled upon any thing. To call upon God, whom he believed to be inaccessible, was altogether vain. He could devise no way whereby he might be saved. He walked to and fro, still shut up in darkness, striving to collect something to say to them, but could not think of even a single sentence.

When the appointed time for the evening arrived, he entered the cave where he found the men assembled. There was a seat prepared for him, and a table with a Bible on it. They sat for the space of half an hour, in profound silence; and even then, the anguish of his soul was as great as human nature was capable of enduring. At length these words came to his mind,—“Verily, there is a reward for the righteous: verily, there is a God that judgeth in the earth.” He arose and delivered them: then other words presented themselves, and so on till his understanding became opened—his heart enlarged in a manner astonishing to himself. He spoke upon subjects suited to their condition; the rewards of the righteous—the judgments of the wicked—the necessity of repentance, and the importance of a change of life. The matchless love of God to the children of men, had such a powerful effect upon the minds of these wretched beings, that they were melted into tears. Nor was he less astonished at the unbounded goodness of Almighty God, in thus interposing to save his spiritual as well as his natural life, and well might he

exclaim,—“This is the Lord’s doings, and marvellous in our eyes.” Under a deep sense of God’s goodness, his heart became filled with such thankfulness, that it was out of his power to express. What marvellous change was thus suddenly brought about by Divine interposition! He who a little before disbelieved in communion with God and the soul, became as humble as a little child. And they who were so lately meditating on his death, now are filled with love and good-will towards each other, particularly towards him; manifesting affectionate kindness, and willing to render him all the assistance in their power.

The next morning they fitted out one of their vessels, and conveyed him where he desired. From that time he became a changed man. From sentiments of infidelity he became a sincere believer in the power and efficacy of the truth as it is in Jesus.

HILL’S REPLY TO THE CONVERT.

A candidate for admission to church membership under the Rev. Rowland Hill being required to give some account of his first impressions as to the evil of sin, and the need of the gospel, related a *dream* by which he had been affected and led to serious inquiry, to the hearing of sermons, &c. When he had ended, Mr. Hill said, We do not wish to despise a good man’s dreams by any means; but we will tell you what we think of the dream, *after we have seen how you go on when you are awake.*

GUTHRIE AND THE PAPIST.

Mr. Guthrie, an eminent minister in Scotland, was one evening travelling home very late. Having lost his way on a moor, he laid the reins on the neck of his horse, and committed himself to the direction of Providence. After long travelling over ditches and fields, the horse brought him to a farmer’s house, into which he went, and requested permission to sit by the fire till morning, which was granted. A popish priest was administering ex-

treme unction to the mistress of the house, who was dying. Mr. Guthrie said nothing till the priest had retired: then he went forward to the dying woman, and asked her if she enjoyed peace in the prospect of death, in consequence of what the priest had said and done to her. She answered that she did not; on which he spoke to her of salvation through the atoning blood of the Redeemer. The Lord taught her to understand, and enabled her to believe the message of mercy, and she died triumphing in Jesus Christ her Saviour. After witnessing this astonishing scene, Mr. Guthrie mounted his horse, and rode home. On his arrival, he told Mrs. Guthrie he had seen a great wonder during the night. “I came,” said he, “to a farm-house, where I found a woman in a state of nature; I saw her in a state of grace; and left her in a state of glory.”

THE DYING MINISTER’S DISSOLUTE SON.

Mr. Nathan Davies, the eldest son of a respectable Christian minister in Wales, was a youth of wild and dissolute conduct, and thereby occasioned much grief to his pious parents. Neither the mild nor the severe methods used to reclaim him had the desired effect. At length, a period arrived when the aged and venerable father must die; and, like Jacob, he desired that his children should be called to his bedside, to receive his dying admonitions. Having addressed them all, one by one, except the profligate son, in a very affectionate and solemn manner, he concluded by warning them to shun the bad example and wicked ways of their eldest brother, and advised them to act towards him with caution and forbearance, adding, that he feared they would experience from him nothing but sorrow and trouble. He then dismissed them, and soon after died.

The circumstance of the father’s silence made a deeper impression on the mind of Nathan than all the reproofs and exhortations he had before received; and, to use his own expres-

sion, he thought at the time that his heart would have burst. He was then about twenty-seven years of age; and, through the Divine blessing, a great change became visible in him; he abandoned his former ways and companions, became a serious hearer of the word, and, in a short time, a member of the church over which his late father had been pastor. A few years afterwards he was called to the ministry, succeeded his father in the pastoral office, and was blessed in it with eminent success until the day of his death, which took place in the year 1726.

HOWE AND HIS ENEMY.

When the melancholy state of the times compelled this excellent man to quit the public charge of his beloved congregation at Torrington, in Devonshire, impressed with a sense of duty, he embraced every opportunity of preaching the word of life. He and Mr. Flavel used frequently to conduct their secret ministrations at midnight in different houses in the north of Devonshire. One of the principal of these was Hudscott, an ancient mansion belonging to the family of Rolle, between Torrington and Southmolton. Yet, even here, the observant eye of malevolence was upon them. Mr. Howe had been officiating there, in a dark and tempestuous wintry night, when an alarm was made that information had been given, and a warrant granted to apprehend him. It was judged prudent for him to quit the house; but in riding over a large common, he and his servant missed their way. After several fruitless efforts to recover it, the attendant went forward to seek for a habitation, where they might either find directions or a lodging. He soon discovered a mansion, and received a cheerful invitation to rest there for the night. But how great was Mr. Howe's surprise, to find, on his arrival, that the house belonged to his most inveterate enemy, a country magistrate, who had often breathed the most implacable vengeance against him, and, as he had

reason to believe, was well acquainted with the occasion of his travelling at such an hour. However, he put the best face he could upon it, and even mentioned his name and residence to the gentleman, trusting to Providence for the result. His host ordered supper to be provided, and entered into a lengthened conversation with his guest; and was so delighted with his company, that it was a very late hour before he could permit him to retire to his chamber. In the morning, Mr. Howe expected to be accosted with a commitment, and sent to Exeter, but, on the contrary, he was received by the family at breakfast with a very hospitable welcome. After mutual civilities, he departed to his own abode, greatly wondering to himself at the kindness of a man from whom he had before dreaded so much.

Not long after, the gentleman sent for Mr. Howe, who found him confined to his bed by sickness, and still more deeply wounded with the sense of sin. He acknowledged that, when Mr. Howe came first to his door he inwardly rejoiced that he had an opportunity of exercising his malice upon him, but that his conversation and his manner insensibly awed him into respect. He had long ruminated on the observations which had fallen from the man of God, and was become a penitent, earnestly anxious for the blessings of eternal life. From that sickness he recovered, became an eminent Christian, a friend to the conscientious, and an intimate companion of the man whom he had threatened with vengeance.

THE DUMB SERMON EFFECTUAL.

The Rev. William Tennant once took much pains to prepare a sermon, to convince a celebrated infidel of the truth of Christianity. But, in attempting to deliver this laboured discourse, he was so confused, as to be compelled to stop, and close the service by prayer. This unexpected failure, in one who had so often astonished the unbeliever with the force of his eloquence, led the

infidel to reflect that Mr. T. had been, at other times, aided by a Divine power. This reflection proved the means of his conversion. Thus God accomplished by silence what his servant wished to effect by persuasive preaching. Mr. Tennant used afterwards to say, his dumb sermon was one of the most profitable sermons that he had ever delivered.

THE DRUNKARD'S CONVERSION.

In a regiment of soldiers stationed at Edinburgh, there was a sergeant named Forbes, a very abandoned man, who got in debt for liquor wherever he could. His wife washed for the regiment, and thus obtained a little money. She was a pious woman; but all her attempts to reclaim him were long unsuccessful. During one of Mr. Whitfield's visits to that city, she offered her husband a sum of money if he would for once go and hear him. This was a strong inducement, and he engaged to go. The sermon was in a field, as no building could have contained the audience. The sergeant was rather early, and placed himself in the middle of the field, that he might file off when Mr. Whitfield ascended the pulpit; as he only wished to be able to say that he had seen him. The crowd, however, increased; and when Mr. Whitfield appeared, they pressed forward, and he found it impossible to get away. The prayer produced some impression on his mind, but the sermon most deeply convinced him of his sinfulness and danger. He became an altered man, and proved the reality of his conversion, by living for many years with the strictest economy, in order to liquidate the claims of every one of his creditors.

THE MERCHANT TURNED PREACHER.

Peter Waldo was a citizen and opulent merchant of Lyons, and at one period a believer of the errors of popery. Being in company, however, with some friends, one of whom suddenly fell dead to the ground, he was aroused to the importance of religious truth, and led to inquire seriously after it. So deeply

was he impressed with the superior value of eternal things, that he gave up his mercantile occupations, distributed his wealth to the poor, exhorted his neighbours to seek the bread of life, and became a most eminent minister in the Waldensian churches, who are thus designated from him.

SAY YOUR PRAYERS IN FAIR WEATHER.

A sea captain of a profligate character, who commanded a vessel trading between Liverpool and America, during the last war, once took on board a man as a common sailor, to serve during the voyage, just as he was leaving port. The new comer was soon found to be of a most quarrelsome, untractable disposition, a furious blasphemer, and, when an opportunity offered, a drunkard. Besides all these disqualifications, he was wholly ignorant of nautical affairs, or counterfeited ignorance to escape duty. In short, he was the bane and plague of the vessel, and refused obstinately to give any account of himself, or his family, or past life.

At length a violent storm arose, all hands were piped upon deck, and all, as the captain thought, were too few to save the ship. When the men were mustered to their quarters, the sturdy blasphemer was missing, and my friend went below to seek for him; great was his surprise at finding him on his knees, repeating the Lord's prayer with wonderful rapidity, over and over again, as if he had bound himself to countless reiterations. Vexed at what he deemed hypocrisy or cowardice, he shook him roughly by the collar, exclaiming, "*say your prayers in fair weather.*" The man rose up, observing in a low voice, "God grant I may ever see fair weather to say them."

In a few hours the storm happily abated, a week more brought them to harbour, and an incident so trivial passed quickly away from the memory of the captain; the more easily, as the man in question was paid off the day after landing, and appeared not again.

Four years more had elapsed, during

which, though the captain had twice been shipwrecked, and was grievously hurt by the falling of a spar, he pursued without amendment a life of profligacy and contempt of God. At the end of this period, he arrived in the port of New York, after a very tedious and dangerous voyage from England.

It was on a Sabbath morning, and the streets were thronged with persons proceeding to the several houses of worship, with which that city abounds—but the captain was bent on far other occupation, designing to drown the recollection of perils and deliverances, in a celebrated tavern which he had too long, and too often frequented.

As he walked leisurely towards this goal, he encountered a very dear friend, a quondam associate of many a thoughtless hour. Salutations over, the captain seized him by the arm, declaring that he should accompany him to the hotel. "I will do so," replied the other, with great calmness, "on condition that you come with me first for a single hour into this house, (a church,) and thank God for his mercies to you on the deep." The captain was ashamed to refuse, so the two friends entered the temple together. Already all the seats were occupied, and a dense crowd filled the aisle; and by dint of personal exertion, they succeeded in reaching a position right in front of the pulpit, at about five yards distance. The preacher, one of the most popular of the day, riveted the attention of the entire congregation, including the captain himself, to whom his features and voice, though he could not assign any time or place of previous meeting, seemed not wholly unknown, particularly when he spoke with animation. At length the preacher's eye fell upon the spot where the two friends stood. He suddenly paused—still gazing upon the captain, as if to make himself sure that he laboured under no optical delusion—and after a silence of more than a minute, pronounced with a voice that shook the building, "say your prayers in fair weather."

The audience were lost in amazement, nor was it until a considerable time had elapsed, that the preacher recovered sufficient self-possession to recount the incident with which the reader is already acquainted, adding, with deep emotion, that the words which his captain uttered in the storm, had clung to him by day and by night after his landing, as if an angel had been charged with the duty of repeating them in his ears—that he felt the holy call as coming direct from above, to do the work of his crucified Master—that he had studied at college for the ministry, and was now, through grace, such as they saw and heard.

At the conclusion of this affecting address, he called on the audience to join in prayer with himself, that the same words might be blessed in turn to him who first had used them. But God had outrun their petitions—the captain was already His child, before his former shipmate had ceased to tell his story. The power of the Spirit had wrought effectually upon him, and subdued every lofty imagination. And so, when the people dispersed, he exchanged the hotel for the house of the preacher, with whom he tarried six weeks, and parted from him to pursue his profession, with a heart devoted to the service of his Saviour, and with holy and happy assurances which advancing years hallowed, strengthened, and sanctified.

CONVERSION OF THE HALDANES.

The Rev. James Haldane, pastor of one of the Baptist churches in Edinburgh, says Rev. Mr. Turnbull, was a junior member of a highly respectable and wealthy family. In his youth, he became connected with the British navy, and rose to the post of captain, in one of his majesty's war ships. On one occasion, being engaged in a warmly contested battle, he saw the whole of his men on deck swept off by a tremendous broadside from the enemy. He ordered another company to be "piped up" from below, to take the

place of their lost companions. On coming up, they saw their mangled remains strewn upon the deck, and were seized with a sudden and irresistible panic. On seeing this, the captain jumped up, and swore a horrid oath, imprecating the vengeance of Almighty God upon the whole of them, and wishing that they might all sink to hell. An old marine, who was a pious man, stepped up to him, and respectfully touching his hat, said: "Captain, I believe God hears prayer; and if God had heard your prayer just now, what would have become us?" Having spoken this, he made a respectful bow, and retired to his place. After the engagement, the captain calmly reflected upon the words of the old marine, and was so deeply affected by them, that he devoted his attention to the claims of religion, and was subsequently converted to God.

Of course he informed his brother Robert of his change of views, but instead of being gratified by it, his brother was greatly offended, and requested him never to enter his house till he had changed his views. "Very well, Robert," said James, "but I have one comfort in the case, and that is, you cannot prevent my praying for you;" and holding out his hand, he bade him good-bye. His brother Robert was much affected by this; he could not get rid of the idea that his brother was constantly praying for him. He saw the error of his ways, and after much investigation and reflection, became a decided Christian.

Some years afterwards, Robert Haldane made a journey to the Continent, and settled for some time in Geneva. He was much affected with the low spiritual condition of the Protestant church there, which had become infected with the rationalistic and neological views prevalent in Germany. Indeed, the clergy themselves, had so far departed from the faith of the Reformation, as to reject almost all the fundamental doctrines of the gospel, particularly the divinity of Christ, and the doctrine of

atonement. Mr. Haldane made himself acquainted with the students attending the divinity school in Geneva, and invited a number of them to his house, and, by free conversation, endeavoured to teach them the gospel, and the nature of spiritual religion. This he frequently repeated, till at last, God blessed his efforts to the conversion of ten or twelve of them. Among them were *Felix Neff*, subsequently pastor in the high Alps, and one of the purest and most devoted men that ever lived; *Henry Pyt*, another well-known and truly pious man; and *Henry Merle D'Aubigné*, well known throughout the literary and religious world, as the author of the History of the Reformation, and President of the New Evangelical School of Theology in Geneva.

THE PERSECUTED WOMAN FED.

A pious woman in the days of persecution, used to say, she should never want, because her God would supply her every need. She was taken before an unjust judge for attending the worship of God. The judge, on seeing her, tauntingly said, "I have often wished to have you in my power, and now I shall send you to prison, and then how will you be fed?" She replied, "If it be my heavenly Father's pleasure, I shall be fed from your table." And that was literally the case; for the judge's wife, being present at her examination, was greatly surprised with the good woman's firmness, and took care to send her victuals from her table, so that she was comfortably supplied all the time she was in confinement; and the other found her reward, for the Lord was pleased to convert her soul, and give her the blessings of his salvation.

THE FARMER AND THE SOLDIERS.

Soon after the surrender of Copenhagen to the English, in the year 1807, detachments of soldiers were, for a time, stationed in the surrounding villages. It happened one day that three soldiers, belonging to a Highland

regiment, were sent to forage among the neighbouring farm-houses. They went to several, but found them stripped and deserted. At length they came to a large garden, or orchard, full of apple trees, bending under the weight of fruit. They entered by a gate, and followed a path which brought them to a neat farm-house. Every thing without bespoke quietness and security; but as they entered by the front door, the mistress of the house and her children ran screaming out by the back. The interior of the house presented an appearance of order and comfort superior to what might be expected from people in that station, and from the habits of the country. A watch hung by the side of the fireplace, and a neat book-case, well filled, attracted the attention of the elder soldier. He took down a book: it was written in a language unknown to him, but the name of Jesus Christ was legible on every page. At this moment the master of the house entered by the door through which his wife and children had just fled.

One of the soldiers, by threatening signs, demanded provisions: the man stood firm and undaunted, but shook his head. The soldier who held the book approached him, and pointing to the name of Jesus Christ, laid his hand upon his heart, and looked up to heaven. Instantly the farmer grasped his hand, shook it vehemently, and then ran out of the room. He soon returned with his wife and children laden with milk, eggs, bacon, &c., which were freely tendered; and when money was offered in return, it was at first refused. But as two of the soldiers were pious men, they, much to the chagrin of their companion, insisted upon paying for all they received. When taking leave, the pious soldiers intimated to the farmer that it would be well for him to secrete his watch: but, by the most significant signs, he gave them to understand that he feared no evil, for his trust was in God; and that though his neighbours, on the right hand and on the left, had fled

from their habitations, and by foraging parties had lost what they could not remove, not a hair of his head had been injured, nor had he even lost an apple from his trees.

“The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.”

INCIDENTS IN STILLING'S LIFE.

In youth, Stilling was extremely poor, destitute of the common comforts and necessaries of life. After a long season of anxiety and prayer, he felt satisfied that it was the will of God that he should go to a university, and prepare himself for the medical profession. He did not at first make choice of a university, but waited for an intimation from his heavenly Father; for as he intended to study simply from faith, he would not allow his own will in any thing. Three weeks after he had come to this determination, a friend asked him whither he intended to go. He replied he did not know. “O,” said she, “our neighbour, Mr. T., is going to Strashburg, to spend the winter there, go with him.”

This touched Stilling's heart; he felt that this was the intimation he had waited for. Meanwhile, Mr. T. entered the room, and was heartily pleased with the proposition. The whole of his welfare now depended on his becoming a physician; and for this a thousand dols. at least, were requisite, of which he could not tell, in the whole world, where to raise a hundred. He nevertheless fixed his confidence firmly on God, and reasoned as follows:—

“God begins nothing without terminating it gloriously. Now, it is most certainly true, that he alone has ordered my present circumstances, entirely without my co-operation. Consequently, it is also most certainly true, that he will accomplish every thing regarding me in a manner worthy of himself.”

He smilingly said to his friends, who were as poor as himself—“I wonder from what quarter my heavenly Father will provide me with money?” When

they expressed anxiety, he said—"Believe assuredly that he who was able to feed a thousand people with a little bread lives still, and to him I commend myself. He will certainly find out means. Do not be anxious, the Lord will provide."

Forty-six dollars was all that he could raise for his journey. He met unavoidable delay on the way; and while at Frankfort, three days' ride from Strasburg, he had but a single dollar left. He said nothing of it to any one, but waited for the assistance of his heavenly Father. As he was walking the streets and praying inwardly to God, he met Mr. L., a merchant from the place of his residence, who says to him, "Stilling, what brought you here?"

"I am going to Strasburg, to study medicine."

"Where do you get your money to study with?"

"I have a rich Father in heaven."

Mr. L. looked steadily at him, and inquired—"How much money have you on hand?"

"One dollar," said Stilling.

"So," said Mr. L. "Well, I'm one of your Father's stewards," and handed him thirty-three dollars.

Stilling felt warm tears in his eyes; says he—"I am now rich enough, I want no more."

This first trial made him so courageous, that he no longer doubted that God would help him through every thing.

He had been but a short time in Strasburg, when his thirty-three dollars had again been reduced to one, on which account he began again to pray very earnestly. Just at this time, one morning, his room-mate, Mr. T., says to him, "Stilling, I believe you did not bring much money with you," and offered him thirty dollars in gold, which he gladly accepted, as an answer to his prayers.

In a few months after this, the time arrived when he must pay the lecturer's fee, or have his name struck from the

list of students. The money was to be paid by six o'clock on Thursday evening. Thursday morning came, and he had no money, and no means of getting any. The day was spent in prayer. Five o'clock in the evening came, and yet there was no money. His faith began almost to fail; he broke out into a perspiration; his face was wet with tears. Some one knocked at the door. "Come in," said he. It was Mr. R., the gentleman of whom he had rented the room.

"I called," said Mr. R., "to see how you like your room."

"Thank you," said Stilling, "I like it very much."

Says Mr. R.—"I thought I would ask you one other question; have you brought any money with you?"

Stilling says he now felt like Habakkuk, when the angel took him by the hair of the head to carry him to Babylon. He answered "No; I have no money."

Mr. R. looked at him with surprise, and at length said, "I see how it is; God has sent me to help you."

He immediately left the room, and soon returned with forty dollars in gold.

Stilling says he then felt like Daniel in the lion's den, when Habakkuk brought him his food. He threw himself on the floor, and thanked God with tears. He then went to the college, and paid his fee as well as the best.

THE SUFFERER AT SIGATEA.

During the 17th century, while the Rev. John Cotton was minister of Boston, intelligence reached that town of the distress of the poor Christians at Sigatea, where a small church existed, the members of which were reduced to great extremity of suffering by persecution. Mr. Cotton immediately began to collect for them, and sent the sum of £700 for their relief. It is remarkable, that this relief arrived the very day after they had divided their last portion of meal, without any prospect than that of dying a lingering death, and immediately after their pastor, Mr. White, had

preached to them from Psalm xxiii. 1, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

A BIRD'S FLIGHT DECIDING THE SPREAD OF MOHAMMEDANISM.

The great drama of a nation's politics, and the most mighty changes in the history and character of mankind, may hinge on circumstances of the most trivial nature. One of the most remarkable instances of this sort is found in the history of Mohammed. When his pursuers followed hard upon him to take his life, they were turned away from the mouth of the cave in which he had the moment before taken shelter, by the flight of a bird from one of the shrubs

that grew at its entry! For they inferred that if he had recently passed that way, the bird must previously have been frightened away, and would not now have made its appearance. It is a striking remark of the historian, that this bird, by its flight on this occasion, changed the destiny of the world—instrumental as it was in perpetuating the life of the false Prophet, and with him the reign of that superstition which to this day hath a wider ascendancy over our species than Christianity itself. Such are the links and concatenations of all history. It is well that God has the management, and that what to man is chaos, in the hands of God is a sure and unerring mechanism.

PUNCTUALITY.

WASTING OTHERS' TIME.

A committee of eight ladies, in the neighbourhood of London, was appointed to meet on a certain day at twelve o'clock. Seven of them were punctual; but the eighth came hurrying in, with many apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind time. The time had passed away without her being aware of it; she had no idea of its being so late, &c. A Quaker lady present, said, "Friend, I am not so clear that we should admit thine apology. It were matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own quarter of an hour; but here are seven besides thyself, whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and seven-eighths of it was not thine own property."

MELANCTHON'S EXAMPLE.

It is said of Melancthon, the celebrated reformer and colleague of Martin Luther, that when he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute to be fixed, that the day might not run out in the idleness of suspense.

WILLIAM PENN'S EXAMPLE.

Few men have been more distinguished for vigorous exertions of various

kinds, than the worthy and well-known William Penn. If we consider the number of books which he wrote and published, the number of difficult and active engagements in which he was occupied, and the almost incessant troubles and interruptions to which he was subject, we shall wonder how it was possible for him to accomplish what he did. He who reads attentively the life of this eminent man, written by Mr. Clarkson, will find that the secret of his extraordinary despatch in study, writing and business, was his punctuality.

BLACKSTONE'S EXAMPLE.

Of Sir William Blackstone we are informed, that in reading his lectures, it could not be remembered that he ever made his audience wait, even for a few minutes, beyond the time appointed. Indeed punctuality, in his opinion, was so much a virtue, that he could not bring himself to think perfectly well of any who was notoriously defective in this practice.

WAY TO PROMOTE PUNCTUALITY.

The residence of the Rev. David Brown in Calcutta was at a considerable distance from the Mission Church, where he preached; but no weather ever

deterred him from meeting the people at the stated periods of Divine service. And when on any occasion, and even in cases of indisposition, he was urged to postpone the service, he would not consent; for, he would observe, "If the hearers once find a minister to be irregular in his attendance on them, they will become irregular in attending him; but when my congregation sees that no inconvenience whatever makes me neglect them, they will be ashamed to keep away on any frivolous pretext."

EXAMPLE OF WASHINGTON.

When General Washington assigned to meet Congress at noon, he never failed to be passing the door of the hall while the clock was striking twelve.—Whether his guests were present or not, he always dined at four. Not unfrequently new members of Congress, who were invited to dine with him, delayed until dinner was half over, and he would then remark, "Gentlemen, we are punctual here." When he visited Boston in 1788, he appointed eight A.M. as the hour when he should set out for Salem, and while the Old South church clock was striking eight, he was mounting his horse. The company of cavalry, which volunteered to escort him, were parading in Tremont-Street, after his departure, and it was not until the President reached Charles River Bridge, that they overtook him. On the arrival of the corps, the President, with perfect good nature, said, "Major, I thought you had been too long in my family, not to know when it was eight o'clock." Captain Pease, the father of the stage establishment in the United States, had a beautiful pair of horses which he wished to dispose

of to the President, whom he knew to be an excellent judge of horses. The President appointed five o'clock in the morning to examine them. But the captain did not arrive with the horses until a quarter after five, when he was told by the groom that the President was there at five, and was then fulfilling other engagements. Pease, much mortified, was obliged to wait a week for another opportunity, merely for delaying the first *quarter of an hour*.

CURING A CONGREGATION.

A punctual minister once had the misfortune to succeed a tardy man who had had the congregation in charge for some years. He despaired of reforming them in great matters if he could not reform them in small. He found them in the habit of meeting at twelve o'clock, though the hour appointed and agreed upon was eleven. The preacher knew his duty, and begun at the minute. The first day after his settlement his sermon was well nigh closed before most of his congregation arrived. Some actually arrived just at the benediction. They were confounded. He made no apology. He only asked the seniors if they would prefer any other time than eleven o'clock, and he would be sure to attend. A few weeks passed and the house was regularly full and waiting for the minute. The preacher never failed in twenty years, except in a few cases of indisposition, to commence at the hour appointed. His congregation became as punctual and circumspect in other matters as in their attendance at church; for it is almost impossible to be habitually punctual in one class of duties, and to be remiss in all others.

PUNISHMENT OF THE WICKED, NOT IN THIS LIFE.

THE TWO GREEK PIRATES.

Two Greeks, notorious for their piracies and other crimes, were, in 1829, tried and condemned, and three days after executed at Malta. In the course of the trial, it appeared that the

beef and anchovies, on board one of the English vessels which they pirated, were left untouched, and the circumstances under which they were left appeared to the court so peculiar, that the culprits were asked the cause of it.

They promptly answered, that it was at the time of the great fast, when their church ate neither meat nor fish. They appeared to be most hardened and abandoned wretches, enemies alike to their own and every other nation, and yet rigidly maintaining their religious character: and while they were robbing, plundering, and murdering and stealing the women and children of their countrymen, and selling them to the Turks, and committing other atrocious deeds, they would have us understand that they were not so wicked as to taste meat or fish, when prohibited by the canons of their church! Had a single drop of the blood of the murdered been, by means of the blows inflicted, spattered on their lips, and thus by chance passed into their mouth, they would probably have felt in continual danger of the fire that shall never be quenched, until they could have visited some church, confessed, and done penance for having tasted something of an animal nature in the season of a fast. I do not know, indeed, says Mr. Goodell, that they would have manifested such ignorance and superstition, but it would have given me no surprise to hear that they did; and, moreover, that they derived their principal hopes of success, in their villanous and horrid traffic, from a strict attention to the requirements of their religion.

THE PIRATE GIBBS.

This man, whose name was for many years a terror to commerce with the West Indies and South America, was at last taken captive, tried, condemned, and executed in the city of New York. He acknowledged before his death that when he committed the first murder, and plundered the first ship, his compunctions were severe, conscience was on the rack, and made a hell within his bosom. But after he had sailed for years under the black flag, his conscience became so hardened and blunted, that he could rob a vessel, and murder all its crew, and then lie down and sleep

as sweetly at night, as an infant in its cradle. His remorse diminished as his crimes increased. So it is generally. If, therefore, remorse in this life is God's way of punishing crimes, the more they sin the less he punishes them! How absurd!

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PRIEST.

A Neapolitan shepherd came in anguish to his priest, saying, "Father, have mercy on a miserable sinner! It is the holy season of Lent; and while I was busy at work, some whey spurted from the cheese-press flew into my mouth, and, wretched man, I swallowed it. Free my distressed conscience from its agonies by absolving me from my guilt!" "Have you no other sins to confess?" said his spiritual guide. "No; I do not know that I have committed any other." "There are," said the priest, "many robberies and murders from time to time committed on your mountains, and I have reason to believe that you are one of the persons concerned in them." "Yes," he replied, "I am, but these are never accounted as a crime; it is a thing practised by us all, and there needs no confession on that account." Was not this straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel with a witness?

KILPIN'S THEFT OF A PENNY.

The Rev. Samuel Kilpin, a minister of Exeter, says, in his life:—When seven years old, I was left in charge of my father's shop. A man passed, crying, "Little lambs, all white and clean, at one penny each." In my eagerness to get one, I lost all self-command, and taking a penny from the drawer, I made the purchase. My keen-eyed mother inquired how I came by the money. I evaded the question with something like a lie. In God's sight it was a lie, as I kept back the truth.

The lamb was placed on the chimney shelf, and was much admired. To me it was a source of inexpressible anguish; continually there sounded in my ears and heart. "Thou shalt not

steal; thou shalt not lie." Guilt and darkness overcame my mind; and in sore agony of soul I went to a hay-loft, the place is now perfectly in my recollection, and there prayed and pleaded, with groanings that could not be uttered, for mercy and pardon. I entreated for Jesus' sake. With joy and transport I left the loft from a believing application of the text, "Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven." I went to my mother, told her what I had done, and sought her forgiveness, and burned the lamb, while she wept over her young penitent.

If such was young Kilpin's misery and remorse in stealing a penny, then, in justice, he who steals a pound should suffer more, provided remorse of conscience in this life gives every sinner his due punishment. But thieves and robbers, who have for years pursued their path of crime, can and do steal hundreds of pounds, and have no such sense of guilt and sorrow for it as young Kilpin had for his theft of a penny.

THE BLASPHEMOUS THANKSGIVING.

One of the most horrid circumstances attending the dreadful massacres of the Protestants under Charles IX. of France, was, that when the news of this event reached Rome, Pope Gregory XIII. instituted the most solemn rejoicing, giving thanks to Almighty God for this glorious victory over the heretics!

BONAPARTE'S DELIGHT IN MASSACRE.

"Bonaparte," says Sir Robert Wilson, "having carried the town of Jaffa by assault, many of the garrison were put to the sword, but the greater part flying into the mosques, and imploring mercy from their pursuers, were granted their lives. Three days afterwards, Bonaparte, who had expressed much resentment at the compassion manifested by his troops, and determined to relieve himself from the maintenance and care of 3,800 prisoners, ordered them to be marched to a rising ground near Jaffa, where a division of French

infantry formed against them. When the Turks had entered into their fatal alignment, and the mournful preparations were completed, the signal gun fired. Volleys of musketry and grape instantly played against them, and Bonaparte, who had been regarding the scene through a telescope, when he saw the smoke ascending, could not contain his joy."

DYING WHILE BLASPHEMING.

A minister in a small seaport town in Scotland, once furnished an account of a man, who for many years was master of a coasting vessel, and an inhabitant of that place. In his younger days he made a profession of religion; and, among the small but respectable body to which he belonged, he was deemed an eminent Christian. He afterwards became a deist!—nay, a professed atheist, and made the existence of the Deity and a future state the subjects of his ridicule and profane mockery. For horrid swearing and lewdness he had perhaps few equals in Scotland. One night, in a public house, when swearing awfully in a rage, he was summoned into eternity in a moment, by the rupture of a blood-vessel.

Was he punished for his blasphemy before his death? If not, then he was punished afterwards.

FUTURE FEELINGS OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

The pious mother of an unworthy son, whose misconduct had brought upon her that species of decline familiarly termed a broken heart, sent for him before her death, and addressed him in this remarkable language:—"My dear Charles, how tenderly I have loved you, is but too evident from the state to which you now see me reduced; and so long as I remain in this body, I shall not cease to love you, and to pray for you, with all a mother's anxiety; but the period is approaching when I shall hear the sentence of even your eternal destruction with a majestic composure and an entire complacency.

arising from a feeling identified only with perfect purity and infinite rectitude." The impression this appeal made, was never effaced; it was the means of effecting a permanent change of character.

QUARRELS.

ARISTIPPUS AND ÆSCHINES.

Aristippus and Æschines having quarrelled, Aristippus came to his opponent and said:—"Æschines, shall we be friends?" "Yes," he replied, "with all my heart." "But remember," said Aristippus, "that I being older than you, do make the first motion." "Yes," replied Æschines, "and therefore I conclude that you are the worthiest man; for I began the strife, and you began the peace."

THE WORTHIEST MAN.

Rev. John Clark, of Frome, was a man of peace. He was asked one day, by a friend, how he kept himself from being involved in quarrels. He answered, "By letting the angry person always have the quarrel to himself." This saying seems to have had some influence on some of the inhabitants of that town; for, when a quarrel has been likely to ensue, they have said, "Come, let us remember old Mr. Clark, and leave the angry man to quarrel by

himself." If this maxim were followed, it would be a vast saving of expense, of comfort, and of honour to thousands of the human race.

PEACE PRESERVED BY PRAYER.

Mr. Johnston of West Africa, in one of his journals, relates the following very pleasing and instructive incident:—"In visiting a sick communicant, his wife, who was formerly in our school, was present. I asked several questions, viz. if they prayed together, read a part of the Scriptures, (the woman can read,) constantly attended public worship, and lived in peace with their neighbours. All these questions were answered in the affirmative. I then asked if they lived in peace together. The man answered, 'sometimes I say a word my wife no like, or my wife talk or do what I no like; but when we want to quarrel we shake hands together, shut the door, and go to prayer, and so we get peace again.' This method of keeping peace quite delighted me."

INSUFFICIENCY OF REASON.

PAINE'S REGRET.

When Thomas Paine resided in Bordentown, in the state of New Jersey, he was one day passing the residence of Dr. Staughton, when the latter was sitting at the door. Paine stopped, and after some remarks of a general character, observed, "Mr. Staughton, what a pity it is that a man has not some comprehensive and perfect rule for the government of his life." The doctor replied, "Mr. Paine, there is such a rule." "What is that?" Paine inquired. Dr. S. repeated the passage, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself." Abashed and confounded,

Paine replied, "Oh, that's in your Bible," and immediately walked away.

"WHAT IS GOD?"

Simonides, a heathen poet, being asked by Hiero, king of Syracuse, *What is God?* desired a day to think upon it; and when that was ended, he desired two; and when these were past, he desired four days; thus he continued to double the number of days in which he desired to think of God, before he would give an answer. Upon which the king expressed his surprise at his behaviour, and asked him, *What he meant by this?* To which the poet answered, "The more I think of God,

he is still the more dark and unknown to me."

THE DEIST CONFOUNDED.

A deist, on a visit to his friends, among other topics of conversation, enlarged considerably on the sufficiency of reason, separate from Divine assistance, to guide us to happiness. To whom the relative present, who was a farmer, made the following reply:—"Cousin, when you were about fourteen years of age, you were bound apprentice to your trade, and having served the appointed time, you soon became a master, and have now continued in business about twelve years. I wish to know whether you could not prosecute your trade at this time to greater advantage than when you first embarked in it as a master?" The tradesman admitted that his experience in business was of considerable value to him; but asked, what relation that had to the present topic of discourse. The farmer answered, "You were come to the perfect use of your reason, and had been for a long time taught how to manage your trade; and if, therefore, your reason without experience was insufficient to preserve you from many errors, in so plain and easy a business as yours, how can you imagine that it should be sufficient, without Divine assistance, to guide you to heaven?" The deist was confounded.

ETHICS ASIDE FROM THE BIBLE.

De Luc, speaking of the superior efficacy of positive laws, compared with the mere precepts of any system of moral philosophy, gives us the following narrative:—"Some time ago I was conversing upon this subject with a very celebrated man, (the late Sir John

Pringle,) who had been professor of *moral philosophy* in the University of Edinburgh; he was advanced in years, and had lived much in the world. At that time I was still rather a friend to teaching *rational morality*, thinking it was useful to bring men acquainted with their duty in every possible way. I had just read a work of this nature, entitled '*Of an Universal Moral, or Man's Duties founded upon Nature;*' and as he had not read it, I offered to lend it to him. I cannot express the tone in which he refused this offer, but you will have some idea of it when you come to know the motives upon which he did it. 'I have been,' said he, 'for many years professor of this pretended science; I have ransacked the libraries and my own brain to discover the foundation of it; but the more I sought to persuade and convince my pupils, the less confidence I began to have myself in what I was teaching them; so that at length I gave up my profession and turned to medicine, which had been the first object of my studies. I have nevertheless continued from that time to examine every thing that appeared upon the subject, which, as I have told you, I could never explain or teach so as to produce conviction; but at length I have given up the point, most thoroughly assured, that without an express divine sanction attached to the laws of morality, and without positive laws, accompanied with determinate and urgent motives, men will never be convinced that they ought to submit to any such code, nor agreement among themselves concerning it. From that time I have never read any book upon morality but the *Bible*, and I return to that always with fresh delight.'"

REFORMING POWER OF RELIGION.

THE DISCHARGED SOLDIER.

Wherever religion has spread its banners and enrolled its armies, order, discipline, and efficiency have characterized its followers. A discharged soldier

had been a notorious Sabbath-breaker. He was often met on that day, ragged and barefoot, accompanied with one or two of his children, in a similar condition, strolling with a gun or a fishing pole to

his accustomed employment of the day. His house was the picture of wretchedness. After the lapse of a few years, a gentleman in the town where he lived, noticed, one Sabbath morning, a decent waggon proceeding to church with a well-dressed family. He thought he knew the driver, who appeared to be the head of the family, and accosted him. He was not mistaken. It was the identical Sabbath-breaker and idler. He had become a religious man, which his appearance evinced, while his tongue confessed it. His house was found to exhibit economy and industry. Its windows, which were once stuffed with rags, were now glazed. His children attended the Sunday school. He was himself respectable, clean, and thriving; at peace with his own mind, and living peaceably with his neighbours. Such are some of the trophies of religion, showing itself, as indeed it is, profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

METHODISTS ACCUSED AND ACQUITTED.

In an early period of the ministry of the Rev. John Wesley, he visited Epworth, in Lincolnshire, where his father had formerly been minister, but found the people greatly opposed to what they considered his new notions. He tells us, in his journal, that many persons were convinced of the importance of the truths he delivered from the tombstone of his father, some of whom were conveyed in a waggon to a neighbouring justice of the peace, to answer for the heresy with which they were charged. Mr. Wesley rode over also: when the magistrate asked what these persons had done, there was a deep silence; for that was a point their conductors had forgotten. At length, one of them said, "Why, they pretend to be better than other people; and, besides, they pray from morning to night." He asked, "But have they done any thing besides?" "Yes, Sir," said an old man, "An't please your worship, they have converted my wife. Till she went

among them, she had such a tongue: and now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back, carry them back," replied the justice, "and let them convert all the scolds in the town."

SAVAGE WARRIOR CONVERTED.

It is related in Abbott's American Religious Magazine, that as Dr. Cornelius was riding through the wilderness of the west, he met a party of Indian warriors, just returning from one of their excursions of fire and blood. One of these warriors, of fierce and fiend-like aspect, led a child of five years of age, whom they had taken captive.

"Where are the parents of the child?" said Dr. Cornelius.

"Here they are," replied the savage warrior, as with one hand he exhibited the bloody scalps of a man and a woman, and with the other brandished his tomahawk in all the exultation of gratified revenge.

That same warrior became a disciple of Jesus Christ, a humble man of piety and of prayer. His tomahawk was laid aside, and was never again crimsoned with the blood of his fellow men. His wife became a member of the same church with himself, and their united prayers ascended, morning and evening, from the family altar. Their daughters were amiable and humble, and devoted followers of the blessed Redeemer, trained up under the influence of a father's and a mother's prayers, for the society of angels and saints.

LION CHANGED TO A LAMB.

"Do you remember," said an Indian convert to a Missionary, "that a few years ago, a party of warriors came to the vicinity of the tribe to whom you preach, and pretending friendship, invited the chief of the tribe to hold a talk with them?"

"Yes," replied the Missionary, "I remember it very well."

"Do you remember," continued the Indian, "that the chief, fearing treachery, instead of going himself, sent one of his warriors to hold the talk?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And do you remember," proceeded the Indian, "that warrior never returned, but that he was murdered by those who, with promises of friendship, had led him into their snare?"

"I remember it all very well," replied the Missionary.

"Well," the Indian continued, weeping with emotion, "I was one of that band of warriors. As soon as our victim was in the midst of us, we fell upon him with our tomahawks, and cut him to pieces."

This man became one of the most influential members of the christian church, and reflected with horror upon those scenes in which he formerly exulted. He gave his influence and his prayers, that there might be glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good-will among men.

RELIGION ON SHIP-BOARD.

"I have lately had the honour," said Captain Parry, at a public meeting in 1826, "and I may truly say the happiness, of commanding British seamen under circumstances requiring the utmost activity, implicit and immediate obedience, and the most rigid attention to discipline and good order; and I am sure, that the maintenance of all these was, in a great measure, owing to the blessing of God

upon our humble endeavours to improve the religious and moral character of our men. In the schools established on board our ships in the winter, religion was made the primary object, and the result was every way gratifying and satisfactory. It has convinced me, that true religion is so far from being a hinderance to the arduous duties of that station in which it has pleased Providence to cast the seaman's lot, that, on the contrary, it will always incite him to their performance, from the highest and most powerful of motives; and I will venture to predict, that in proportion as this spring of action is more and more introduced among our seamen, they would become such as every Englishman would wish to see them. To this fact at least, I can, on a small scale, bear the most decided testimony; and the friends of religion will feel a pleasure in having the fact announced, that *the very best seamen* on board the Hecla—such, I mean, as were always called upon in any case of extraordinary emergency—were, *without exception*, those who had thought the most seriously on religious subjects; and if a still more scrupulous selection were to be made out of that number, the choice would fall, *without hesitation*, on two or three individuals possessing dispositions and sentiments *eminently Christian*."

REMORSE.

A MODERN JUDAS.

John Diazius, a native of Spain, having embraced the Protestant faith, came afterwards to Germany, where he visited Malvinda, the Pope's agent there. Having attempted in vain to bring him back to the church of Rome, Malvinda sent to Rome for his brother Alphonsus Diazius, who, hearing that his brother was become a Protestant, came into Germany with an assassin, resolving either to draw him back to Popery, or to destroy him. Alphonsus finding his brother so steadfast in his belief of the truths of the gospel, that

neither the promises nor threats of the Pope's agent, nor his own pretensions of brotherly love, could prevail on him to return to Popery, feigned to take a most friendly and affectionate farewell, and then departed. Having soon returned, he sent in the ruffians who accompanied him, with letters to his brother, himself following behind, and while his brother was reading them, the assassin cleft his head with a hatchet which they purchased on the way from a carpenter; and, taking horse, they both rode off. Alphonsus, though highly applauded by the Papists, be-

came the prey of a guilty conscience. His horror and dread of mind were so insupportable, that, being at Trent during the general council, like another Judas, he put an end to his life by hanging himself.

JUDGED AND CONDEMNED.

The venerable Bede tells us of a certain great man, who was exhorted to repent of his sins, during a season of illness: he answered that he would not repent yet; for, should he recover, his companions would laugh at him on account of his religion. Getting worse, the subject was again pressed on his attention, when he replied, "It is too late now, for I am judged and condemned."

SABAT'S WRETCHEDNESS.

After poor Sabat, an Arabian, who had professed faith in Christ by means of the labours of the Rev. Henry Martyn, had apostatized from Christianity, and written a book in favour of Moham-medanism, he was met at Malacca, by the Rev. Dr. Milne, who proposed to him some very pointed questions; in reply to which he said, "I am unhappy! I have a mountain of burning sand on

my head! When I go about, I know not what I am doing." It is indeed "an evil thing and bitter to forsake the Lord our God."

A MARTYR'S CROWN LOST.

James Le Fevre, of Etables, did not outwardly depart from the Church of Rome, yet at the bottom of his heart he was a Protestant. He was protected by the Queen of Navarre, sister to Francis I.; and, dining with her in company with some other learned men, whose conversation pleased the queen, he began to weep: and when the queen asked him the reason of it, he answered, "the enormity of his sins threw him into that grief! It was not the remembrance of any lewdness he had been guilty of; and with regard to other vices, he felt his conscience easy enough; but he was pricked in his conscience, that, having known the truth, and taught it to several persons who had sealed it with their blood, he had the weakness to keep himself in an asylum far from the places where crowns of martyrdom were distributed." He went to bed, where he was found dead a few hours after.

REPENTANCE.

LITTLE BOY'S FALSEHOOD.

"A man," says the Rev. J. Todd, "who is now a minister of the Gospel, gave me the following account. I tell it to you in order to show you what repentance is. 'I had one of the kindest and best of fathers; and when I was a little white-headed boy about six years old, he used to carry me to school before him on his horse, to help me in my little plans, and always seemed trying to make me happy; and he never seemed so happy himself, as when making me happy. When I was six years old, he came home one day, very sick. My mother, too, was sick, and thus nobody but my two sisters could take care of my father. In a few days he was worse, very sick, and all the physicians in the region were called in to see him. The

next Sabbath morning early, he was evidently much worse. As I went into his room he stretched out his hand to me and said, 'My little boy, I am very sick. I wish you to take that paper on the stand, and run to Mr. C.'s, and get me the medicine written on that paper.' I took the paper and went to the apothecary's shop, as I had often done before. It was about half a mile off; but when I got there, I found it shut, and as Mr. C. lived a quarter of a mile further off, I concluded not to go to find him. I then set out for home. On my way back I contrived what to say. I knew how wicked it was to tell a lie, but one sin always leads to another. On going in to my father, I saw that he was in great pain; and though pale and weak, I could see great drops of sweat standing

on his forehead, forced out by the pain. Oh, then I was sorry I had not gone and found the apothecary. At length he said to me, 'My son has got the medicine, I hope, for I am in great pain.' I hung my head and muttered, for my conscience smote me, 'No, Sir, Mr. Carter says he has got none!' 'Has got none! Is this possible?' He then cast a keen eye upon me, and seeing my head hang, and probably suspecting my falsehood, said, in the mildest, kindest tone, '*My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for the want of that medicine!*' I went out of the room, and alone, and cried. I was soon called back. My brothers had come, and were standing—all the children were standing round his bed, and he was committing my poor mother to their care, and giving them his last advice. I was the youngest, and when he laid his hand on my head and told me 'that in a few hours I should have no father; that he would in a day or two be buried up;—that I must now make God my father, love him, obey him, and always do right and *speak the truth*, because the eye of God is always upon me'—it seemed as if I should sink; and when he laid his hand upon my head again and prayed for the blessing of God the Redeemer to rest upon me, 'soon to be a fatherless orphan,' I dared not look at him, I felt so guilty. Sobbing, I rushed from his bed-side, and thought I wished I could die. They soon told me he could not speak. Oh, how much would I have given to go in and tell him that I had told a lie, and ask him once more to lay his hand on my head and forgive me! I crept in once more and heard the minister pray for 'the dying man.' Oh, how my heart ached! I snatched my hat and ran to the apothecary's house and got the medicine. I ran home with all my might, and ran in, and ran up to my father's bed-side to confess my sin, crying out, 'Oh, here father,'—but I was hushed: and I then saw that he was pale, and that all in the room were weeping. *My dear father was dead!* And the last thing I ever

spoke to him was *to tell a lie!* I sobbed as if my heart would break; for his kindnesses, his tender looks, and my own sin, all rushed upon my own mind. And as I gazed upon his cold, pale face, and saw his eyes shut, and his lips closed, could I help thinking of his last words,—'My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for the want of that medicine;' I could not know but he died for the want of it.

"In a day or two he was put into the ground and buried up. There were several ministers at the funeral, and each spoke kindly to me, but could not comfort me. Alas! they knew not what a load of sorrow lay on my heart. They could not comfort me. My father was buried, and the children all scattered abroad, for my mother was too feeble to take care of them.

"It was twelve years after this, while in college, that I went alone to the grave of my father. It took me a good while to find it; but there it was, with its humble tomb-stone, and as I stood over it, I seemed to be back at his bed-side, to see his pale face, and hear his voice. Oh! the thought of that sin and wickedness cut me to the heart. It seemed as if worlds would not be too much to give, could I then only have called loud enough to have him hear me ask his forgiveness. But it was too late. He had been in the grave twelve years, and I must live and die, weeping over the ungrateful falsehood. May God forgive me."

KILPIN'S PENITENT SON.

Rev. Samuel Kilpin gives the following account of his son:—On one occasion, when he had offended me, I deemed it right to manifest displeasure, and when he asked a question about the business of the day, I was short and reserved in my answers to him. An hour or more elapsed. The time was nearly arrived when he was to repeat his lessons. He came into my study, and said, "Papa, I cannot learn my lessons except you are reconciled. I am very sorry I have offended you, I hope

you will forgive me: I think I shall never offend again."

I replied, "All I want is to make you sensible of your fault; when you acknowledge it, you know all is easily reconciled with me."

"Then, papa," said he "give me the token of reconciliation, and seal it with a kiss." The hand was given, and the seal most heartily exchanged on each side.

"Now," exclaimed the dear boy, "I will learn Greek and Latin with any body;" and was hastening to his study.

"Stop, stop," I called after him, "have you not a heavenly Father? If what you have done has been evil, he is displeased, and you must apply to him for forgiveness."

With tears starting in his eyes, he said, "Papa, I went to him first: I knew that except he was reconciled, I could do nothing;" and with tears fast rolling down his cheeks, he added, "I hope, I hope he has forgiven me, and now I am happy!" I never had again occasion to look at him with a shade of disapprobation.

MOST DELIGHTFUL EMOTION.

"Which is the most delightful emotion?" said an instructor of the deaf and dumb to his pupils, after teaching them the names of our various feelings. The pupils turned instinctively to their slates, to write an answer; and one with a smiling countenance wrote *Joy*. It would seem as if none could write any thing else; but another with a look of more thoughtfulness, put down *Hope*. A third with beaming countenance wrote *Gratitude*. A fourth wrote *Love*, and other feelings still, claimed

the superiority on other minds. One turned back with a countenance full of peace, and yet a tearful eye, and the teacher was surprised to find on her slate, "*Repentance* is the most delightful emotion." He returned to her with marks of wonder, in which her companions doubtless participated, and asked, "Why?" "Oh," said she, in the expressive language of looks and gestures, which marks these mutes—"It is so delightful to be humbled before God!"

MR. BOOTH'S TESTIMONY.

"I pay more attention," says Mr. Booth, "to people's lives than to their deaths. In all the visits I have paid to the sick during the course of a long ministry, I never met with *one*, who was not previously serious, that ever recovered from what he supposed the brink of death, who afterwards performed his vows, and became religious, notwithstanding the very great appearance there was in their favour when they thought they could not recover."

TESTIMONY OF AN ENGLISH PHYSICIAN.

A pious English physician once stated that he had known some three hundred sick persons who, soon expecting to die, had been led, as they supposed, to repentance of their sins, and saving faith in Christ, but had eventually been restored to health again. Only ten of all this number, so far as he knew, gave any evidence of being really regenerated. Soon after their recovery, they plunged, as a general thing, into the follies and vices of the world. Who would trust, then, in such a conversion?

REPROOF OF SIN.

LATIMER'S REPROOF.

Latimer was obliged to attend the parliament and the convocation, but he always avoided meddling in state affairs, and never stayed in London longer than he could help. Once he was in town on new-year's day, at

which season it was customary for the bishops and nobility, then at court, to make presents to the king: some of the former gave considerable sums of money, in proportion to their expectations; but Latimer's gift was more simple, and highly characteristic of himself. It was

a New Testament, with a leaf doubled down at Hebrews xiii. 4: "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge!" Henry the Eighth, forcibly as he must have felt this rebuke of his sins, did not appear offended, but manifested decided kindness to his reprover. Bad men seldom despise those whose holy and consistent character condemns their wicked conduct.

POINTED REPLY TO A YOUTH.

An eminent man is said to have been so remarkable for his reverence of the Divine name, that even the bold blasphemer was awed before him, and could not swear. A youth, who was his nephew, one day said to him, "Sir, I believe some parts of the Bible." The uncle replied, "Great condescension in you, no doubt, to believe any thing your Maker has said. Vain boy! whether you believe it or not, that word with which you trifle, shall judge you in the last day."

"SIR, I FEAR GOD."

On one occasion, the Rev. A. Fuller, when travelling in the Portsmouth mail, was much annoyed by the profane conversation of two young men who sat opposite to him. After a time, one of them, observing his gravity, accosted him with an air of impertinence, inquiring, in rude and indelicate language, whether, on his arrival at Portsmouth, he should not indulge himself in a manner corresponding with their own vicious intentions. Mr. Fuller, lowering his ample brows, and looking the inquirer full in the face, replied in a measured and solemn tone, "Sir, I fear God." Scarcely a word was uttered during the remainder of the journey.

IRRELIGION REPROVED.

A man was tried at Cambridge, for a robbery committed on an aged lady, in her own house. The judge was Baron Smith, who maintained a consistent profession of religion. He asked the lady if the prisoner at the bar was the person who robbed her? "Truly, my

lord," said she, "I cannot positively say it was he, for it was rather dark when I was robbed; so dark that I could hardly discern the features of his face." "Where were you when he robbed you?" "I was in a closet that joins to my bed-chamber, and he had got into my house while my servant had gone out on an errand." "What day of the week was it?" "It was the Lord's day evening, my lord." "How had you been employed when he robbed you?" "My lord, I am a Protestant dissenter; I had been at the meeting that day, and had retired into my closet in the evening for prayer, and meditation on what I had been hearing through the day." When she uttered these words, the court, which was crowded with some hundreds of persons, including many young men, rung with a peal of loud laughter. The judge looked round the court as one astonished, and with a decent solemnity laid his hands upon the bench, as if going to rise, and, with great emotion, spoke to the following effect: "Where am I? Am I in the place of one of the universities of this kingdom, where it is to be supposed that young gentlemen are educated in the principles of religion, as well as in all useful learning? and can such persons laugh in so improper a manner on hearing an aged Christian relate that she retired into her closet on a Lord's day evening, for prayer and meditation! Blush, and be ashamed, all of you, if you are capable of it, as well you may." And then turning to the lady, he said, "Do not be discouraged, madam, by this piece of rude and unmannerly, as well as irreligious conduct; you have no reason to be ashamed of what you have on this occasion, and in this public manner, said. It adds dignity to your character, and shame belongs to those who would expose it to ridicule."

THE SERVANT AND THE SABBATH-BREAKER.

When Rev. John Fletcher was residing, as a tutor, in the family of Thomas Hill, Esq., of Tern Hall, in Shropshire,

though he felt the importance of religion, he was far from being an open and decided servant of Christ. On one Sabbath evening, a servant coming into his room to make up his fire, observed he was writing music, and looking at him with serious concern, said, "Sir, I am sorry to see you so employed on the Lord's day." At first his pride was offended, and his resentment excited, at being reproved by a servant; but, upon reflection, he felt that the reproof was just. He immediately put away his music, and from that hour became a strict observer of the Lord's day.

DR. JOHNSON AND PROFANITY.

Dr. Johnson never suffered an oath to pass unrebuked in his presence. When a libertine, but a man of some note, was once talking before him, and interlarding his stories with oaths, Johnson said, "Sir, all this swearing will do nothing for our story; I beg you will not swear." The narrator went on swearing: Johnson said, "I must again entreat you not to swear." He swore again, and Johnson indignantly quitted the room.

DR. GIFFORD'S REPROOF OF PROFANITY.

As the Rev. Dr. Gifford was one day showing the British Museum to some strangers, he was much shocked by the profane language of a young gentleman belonging to the party. Taking down an ancient copy of the Septuagint, he showed it to the youth; on which he exclaimed, "Oh! I can read this." "Then," said the doctor, "read that passage," pointing to the third commandment. The reproof went home to his conscience, and he immediately refrained from swearing.

THE SURGEON AND HIS PATIENT.

Mr. Meikle, a gentleman of eminent piety, was a surgeon at Carnwath. He was once called to attend a gentleman who had been stung in the face by a wasp or bee, and found him very im-

patient, and swearing, on account of his pain, in great wrath. "O doctor," said he, "I am in great torment; can you any way help?" "Do not fear," replied Mr. M., "all will be over in a little while." Still, however, the gentleman continued to swear, and at length his attendant determined to reprove him. "I see nothing the matter," said he, "only it might have been in a better place." "Where might it have been?" asked the sufferer. "Why, on the tip of your tongue."

POINTED REBUKE OF PROFANITY

A minister travelling in a stage coach, had the mortification of being shut up for the night with a naval officer, who was much addicted to swearing. At length the conversation turned on the topic of the day, the Boulogne flotilla; when the officer observed, "If one of our ships meet with them, she will send them all to the devil." "There is a great deal of propriety, Sir," said the minister, "in your observation; for as it is probable there are many profane swearers on board the French ships, should these men die in their sins, they will certainly go to the devil."

WESLEY AND A YOUNG OFFICER.

The Rev. John Wesley once travelled in a stage coach with a young officer, who swore and uttered curses upon himself in almost every sentence. Mr. W. asked him if he had read the Common Prayer Book; for, if he had, he might remember that collect beginning, "O God, who art ever more ready to hear than we are to pray, and are wont to give more than either we desire or deserve." The young gentleman, who had contracted a very common, but despicably vulgar and sinful habit, had the good sense to make the application, and behave accordingly.

HOWE AND THE NOBLEMAN.

At the time when the Conformity Bill was debated in Parliament, Mr. Howe passed a noble lord in a chair in

St. James's Park, who sent his footman to call him, desiring to speak with him on this subject. In the conversation, speaking of the opponents of the dissenters, he said—"D—n these wretches, for they are mad." Mr. Howe, who was no stranger to the nobleman, expressed great satisfaction in the thought, that there is a God who governs the world, who will finally make retribution to all according to their present characters; "And he, my lord, has declared he will make a difference between him that sweareth, and him that feareth an oath." The nobleman was struck with the hint, and said, "I thank you, Sir, for your freedom. I take your meaning, and shall endeavour to make good use of it." Mr. Howe replied, "My lord, I have more reason to thank your lordship for saving me the most difficult part of a discourse, which is the *application*."

MEMNON AND HIS SOLDIER.

During the war between Alexander the Great and Darius king of Persia, a soldier in the army of the latter thought to ingratiate himself with Memnon, the Persian General, by uttering the fiercest invectives against Alexander: Memnon gently struck the fellow with his spear, and answered, "Friend, I pay you to fight against Alexander, not to revile him."

MR. HOWE AND THE PROFANE.

The excellent Mr. Howe being at dinner with some persons of fashion, a gentleman expatiated largely in praise of King Charles I., introducing some harsh reflections upon others. Mr. Howe, observing that the gentleman mixed many oaths with his discourse, told him that, in his humble opinion, he had omitted a singular excellence in the character of that prince. The gentleman eagerly desired him to mention it, and seemed all impatience to know what it was. "It was this, Sir," said Mr. Howe; "he was never heard to swear an oath in common conversation."

hint was as politely received as given; and the gentleman promised to break off the practice.

At another time, passing two persons of quality, who were talking with great eagerness, and imprecating curses on each other repeatedly; Mr. H. said to them, taking off his hat in a respectful manner, "I pray God save you both;" for which handsome reproof they immediately returned him thanks.

THE DEIST AND THE QUAKER.

A gay young man, travelling in a stage coach to London, forced his deistical sentiments on the company by attempting to ridicule the Scriptures; and, among other topics, made himself merry with the story of David and Goliath, strongly urging the impossibility of a youth like David being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink into the gaint's forehead. On this he appealed to the company, and particularly to a grave Quaker gentleman, who sat silent in one corner of the carriage. "Indeed, friend," replied he, "I do not think it at all improbable, if the Philistine's head was as soft as thine." This grave rebuke reduced the young man to silence.

ALLEINE'S REPROOF.

The Rev. Joseph Alleine was very faithful and impartial in administering reproof. Once, when employed in a work of this kind, he said to a Christian friend, "I am now going about that which is likely to make a very dear and obliging friend become an enemy. But, however, it cannot be omitted; it is better to lose man's favour than God's." But, so far from becoming his enemy for his conscientious faithfulness to him, he rather loved him the more ever after, as long as he lived.

REPROOFS FROM DR. WAUGH.

At one of the half-yearly examinations at the Protestant Dissenter's Grammar School, at Mill Hill, the head master informed the examiners that he had been exceedingly tried, by

the misconduct and perverseness of a boy who had done something very wrong; and who, though he acknowledged the fact, could not be brought to acknowledge the magnitude of the offence. The examiners were requested to expostulate with the boy, and try if he could be brought to feel and deplore it. Dr. Waugh was solicited to undertake the task; and the boy was, in consequence, brought before him. "How long have you been in the school, my boy?" asked the doctor. "Four months, Sir." "When did you hear from your father last?" "My father's dead, Sir." "Ay! alas the day! 'tis a great loss, a great loss, that of a father. But God can make it up to you, by giving you a tender, affectionate mother." On this the boy, who had previously seemed as hard as a flint, began to soften. The doctor proceeded: "Well, laddie, where is your mother?" "On her voyage home from India, Sir." "Ay! good news for you, my boy: do you love your mother?" "Yes, Sir." "And do you expect to see her soon?" "Yes, Sir." "Do you think she loves you?" "Yes, Sir, I am sure of it." "Then think, my dear laddie, think of her feelings when she comes here, and finds that, instead of your being in favour with every one, you are in such deep disgrace as to run the risk of expulsion: and yet are too hardened to acknowledge that you have done wrong. Winna ye break your poor mother's heart, think ye? Just think o' that, my lad." The poor culprit burst into a flood of tears, acknowledged his fault, and promised amendment.

On one occasion a young minister having animadverted, in the presence of Dr. Waugh, on the talents of another minister, in a manner which he thought might leave an unfavourable impression on the minds of some of the company, Dr. W. observed, "I have known Mr. ——— many years, and I never knew him to speak disrespectfully of a brother in my life."

At another time, in a company of

nearly forty gentlemen, a student for the ministry entertained those around him with some ungenerous remarks on a popular preacher in London. Dr. Waugh looked at him for some time with pity and grief depicted in his countenance, and when he had thus arrested the attention of the speaker, he mildly remarked, "My friend, there is a saying in a good old book which I would recommend to your consideration; 'The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy.'"

MARTYN AND THE GOWNSMAN.

When the Rev. Henry Martyn was at college, he was called to visit a family in great distress on account of the expected death of the husband and father. Some of the family, lest the agony of their grief should add to the distress of the dying man, had removed to another house, where Martyn found a gownsman reading a play to them with a view to their consolation. He very properly rebuked him with some severity for this great impropriety, and was led to fear, from the manner in which his reproof was received, that some unpleasant results might follow. But mark the goodness of God, in blessing the means employed for the advancement of his glory. When this gownsman again saw Martyn, it was to thank him for his faithful admonition, which proved the means of a saving change of heart; and these two holy men laboured together in India in extending the knowledge of the Lord Jesus.

FULLER'S SEVERITY.

The natural temper of the Rev. Andrew Fuller, of Kettering, though neither churlish nor morose, was not distinguished by gentleness, meekness, or affability. He could rarely be faithful without being severe; and, in giving reproof, he was often betrayed into intemperate zeal. Once, at a meeting of ministers, he took occasion to correct an erroneous opinion, delivered by one of his brethren; and he laid on his censure so heavily, that Dr. Ryland

called out vehemently, in his own peculiar tone of voice, "Brother Fuller! brother Fuller! you can never admonish a mistaken friend, but you must take up a sledge hammer and knock his brains out!"

RESTITUTION.

A PENITENT YOUTH.

A draper, in Yarmouth, discovered that a lad in his service had stolen his property. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' transportation; but, on account of some favourable traits in his character, application was made to the Secretary of State, and the punishment was mitigated to five years' imprisonment in Millbank Penitentiary. At the expiration of three years, his conduct induced the authorities to release him, when he went at once to Yarmouth, called on his former employer, and, in the spirit of a sincere penitent expressed his sorrow for his dishonesty and ingratitude to so good a master, and said, "Sir, I have taken care of the money that I took away, and am now come to return your property." The gentleman was surprised at this announcement; and seeing him put his hand in his pocket, began to expect to receive from him a few pounds. Great was his astonishment, when the lad handed to him £102 16s. 6d.

STOLEN WATCH RESTORED.

As a gentleman in London entered his house, he found a well dressed female sitting on the stairs, who asked pardon for the liberty she had taken, saying, that hearing the alarm of a mad dog, she had taken refuge in his house, and had almost fainted away. On hearing her story, the gentleman gave her some refreshment, when she recovered and walked off, thanking him for his civility. In the evening his lady missed a gold watch, which she had left hanging at the head of her bed; the servants said no person had been in that room since they had made up the bed, when they were certain the watch was there. It was therefore concluded that this female was the thief.

Fifteen years afterwards, the guard of the York mail coach called with a small parcel, saying, that a gentleman had given him five shillings to deliver it. On opening the parcel, it was found to contain the lost watch, and a note from a female, saying, that as the gospel had changed her heart, she desired to return the watch to its rightful owner.

RICHES.

RICHES AND COVETOUSNESS.

A respectable widow lady, with a very small income, which she was obliged to eke out by the produce of her own industry and ingenuity, was remarkable for her generous liberality, especially in contributing to the cause of religion. When any work of pious benevolence was going forward, her minister hesitated to call on her, lest her liberal spirit should prompt her to contribute beyond her ability; but she was always sure to find out what was in hand, and voluntarily to offer a donation equal to those of persons in comparative affluence, accompanied by a

gentle rebuke to her minister for having passed her by. In process of time, this lady came into the possession of an ample fortune, greatly to the joy of all who knew her willing liberality. But it was with no small degree of regret that her minister observed she no longer came forward unsolicited towards the cause of Christ, and that when applied to, she yielded her aid but coldly and grudgingly, and sometimes excused herself from giving at all. On one occasion she presented a shilling to the same cause to which she had formerly given a guinea, when in a state of comparative poverty. The minister felt it his

duty to expostulate with her, and remind her of her former generosity when her means were so circumscribed. "Ah! sir," she affectingly replied, "then I had the shilling means, but the guinea heart; now I have the guinea means, but only the shilling heart. Then, I received from my heavenly Father's hand, day by day, my daily bread, and I had enough, and to spare; now, I have to look to my ample income, but I live in constant apprehension that I may come to want!" Can any reader be at a loss to decide which was the time of her poverty and which of her riches?

"IT WILL NOT DO."

Mr. Jeremiah Burroughs, a pious minister, mentions the case of a rich man, who, when he lay on his sick-bed, called for his bags of money; and having laid a bag of gold to his heart, after a little he bade them take it away, saying, "It will not do! it will not do!"

CHOOSING AFFLICTION.

The Rev. H. Venn once told his children, that he would take them to see one of the most interesting sights in the world. He would not tell them what it was; but in the evening led them to a miserable hovel, whose ruinous walls and broken windows showed an extreme degree of poverty and want. "Now," said he, "my dear children, can any one that lives in such a wretched habitation as this be happy? Yet this is not all; a poor young man lies there on a miserable straw bed, dying of disease, at the age of nineteen, consumed with fever, and afflicted with nine painful ulcers." "How wretched!" they all exclaimed. He then led them into the cottage, and addressing the poor dying young man, said, "Abraham Midwood, I have brought my children here to show them that it is possible to be happy in a state of disease, and poverty, and want: now, tell them if it is not so." The dying youth, with a sweet smile, replied, "Oh! yes, Sir; I would not change my state with that of the richest person on earth, who has not those views which

I have. Blessed be God! I have a good hope, through Christ, of being admitted into those blessed regions where Lazarus now dwells, having long forgotten all his sorrows and miseries. Sir, this is nothing to bear whilst the presence of God cheers my soul, and whilst I can have access to him, by constant prayer, through faith in Jesus. Indeed, Sir, I am truly happy, and I trust to be happy through eternity; and I every hour thank God, who has brought me from a state of darkness into marvellous light, and has given me to enjoy the unsearchable riches of his grace."

CECIL'S RICH HEARER.

Mr. Cecil had a rich hearer, who, when a young man had solicited his advice, but who had not, for some time, had an interview with him. Mr. C. one day went to his house on horseback, being unable to walk, and, after the usual salutations, addressed him thus:—"I understand you are very dangerously situated!" Here he paused, and his friend replied, "I am not aware of it, Sir." "I thought it was probable you were not; and therefore I have called on you. I hear you are getting rich; take care, for it is the road by which the devil leads thousands to destruction!" This was spoken with such solemnity and earnestness, that it made a deep and lasting impression.

FULLER'S QUESTION.

"This morning," says Mr. Fuller, "I have read another of Edwards' sermons, on *God the Christian's Portion*, from Psalm lxxiii. 25. The latter part comes very close, and I feel myself at a loss what to judge as to God's being my chief good. He asks, whether we had rather live in this world rich and without God, or poor and with him? Perhaps I should not be so much at a loss to decide this question as another; namely, had I rather be rich in this world, and enjoy but *little*, of God; or poor and enjoy *much* of God? I am confident the practice of great numbers of professing Christians declares that they

prefer the former ; and in some instances I feel guilty of the same thing."

"POSSESSING ALL THINGS."

A lady in England, more than seventy years of age, who had long been known as an "Israelite indeed," was called, in the providence of God, to pass her last days in a *poor-house*.

She was visited one day by a Wesleyan minister ; and while in conversation with her on the comforts, prospects,

and rewards of religion, he saw an unusual lustre beaming from her countenance, and the calmness of Christian triumph glistening in her eye. Addressing her by name, he said, "Will you tell me what thought it was that passed through your mind, which was the cause of your appearing so joyful?" The reply of the "old disciple" was, "*Oh! Sir, I was just thinking, what a change it will be from the POOR-HOUSE TO HEAVEN!*"

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

PHYSICIANS OF ROCHESTER.

Dr. F. Backus and seven other respectable physicians of Rochester, New York, have given the following testimony : "Having most of us lived on the Erie Canal since its completion, we have uniformly witnessed the same deteriorating effects of seven days' working upon the physical constitution, both of man and beast, as have been so ably depicted by Dr. Farre." They are more sickly than others, bring upon themselves, in great numbers, a premature old age, and sink to an untimely grave.

EXPERIMENT IN A MILL.

The experiment was tried in a large flouring establishment. For a number of years they worked the mills seven days in a week. The superintendent was then changed. He ordered all the works to be stopped at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, and to start none of them till one o'clock on Monday morning, thus allowing a full Sabbath every week. And the same men, during the year, actually ground thousands of bushels more than had ever been ground, in a single year, in that establishment before. The men, having been permitted to cleanse themselves, put on their best apparel, rest from worldly business, go with their families to the house of God, and devote the Sabbath to its appropriate duties, were more healthy, moral, punctual, and diligent. They lost less time in drinking, dissipation, and quarrels. They

were more clear-headed and whole-hearted, knew better how to do things, and were more disposed to do them in the right way.

RESULT OF EXPERIENCE.

In the year 1839 a committee was appointed in the legislature of Pennsylvania, who made a report with regard to the employment of labourers on their canals. In that report, they say, in reference to those who had petitioned against the employment of the workmen on the Sabbath, "They assert, as the result of their experience, that both man and beast can do more work by resting one day in seven, than by working on the whole seven." They then add, "Your committee feel free to confess, that *their own experience* as business men, farmers, or legislators, corresponds with the assertion."

EXPERIMENT IN THE LAST WAR

An experiment was tried on the northern frontier of the United States, during the last war. When building vessels, making roads, and performing other laborious services, the commander stated that it was not profitable to employ the men on the Sabbath, for it was found that they could not, in the course of the week, do as much work.

BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In the year 1832, the British House of Commons appointed a committee to investigate the effects of labouring seven

days in a week, compared with those of labouring only six, and resting one. That committee consisted of Sir Andrew Agnew, Sir Robert Peel, Sir Robert Inglis, Sir Thomas Baring, Sir George Murray, Fowell Buxton, Lord Morpeth, Lord Ashley, Lord Viscount Sandon, and twenty other members of Parliament. They examined a great number of witnesses, of various professions and employments. Among them was John Richard Farre, M.D., of London; of whom they speak as "an acute and experienced physician." The following is the testimony:—

"I have practised as a physician between thirty and forty years; and during the early part of my life, as the physician of a public medical institution. I had charge of the poor in one of the most populous districts of London. I have had occasion to observe the effect of the observance and non-observance of the seventh day of rest during this time. I have been in the habit, during a great many years, of considering the *uses* of the Sabbath, and of observing its *abuses*. The abuses are chiefly manifested in labour and dissipation. Its use, medically speaking, is that of a day of rest.

"As a day of rest, I view it as a day of *compensation* for the inadequate restorative power of the body under *continued* labour and excitement. A physician always has respect to the preservation of the restorative power; because, if once this be lost, his healing office is at an end. A physician is anxious to preserve the balance of circulation, as necessary to the restorative power of the body. The ordinary exertions of man *run down* the circulation every day of his life; and the first general law of nature, by which God prevents man from destroying himself, is the alternating of day and night, that repose may succeed action. But, although the night apparently equalizes the circulation, yet it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a *long* life. Hence, one day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is

thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system.

"I consider, therefore, that, in the bountiful provision of Providence for the preservation of human life, the sabbatical appointment is not, as it has been sometimes theologically viewed, simply a precept partaking of the nature of a political institution, but that it is to be numbered amongst the *natural* duties, if the preservation of life be admitted to be a duty, and the premature destruction of it a suicidal act."

NEW HAVEN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

At a regular meeting of the New Haven Medical Association, composed of twenty-five physicians, among whom were the professors of the Medical College, the following questions were considered:—

1. Is the position taken by Dr. Farre in his testimony before the committee of the British House of Commons, in your view, correct?

2. Will men who labour but six days in a week be more healthy and live longer, other things being equal, than those who labour seven?

3. Will they do more work, and do it in a better manner?

The vote on the above was *unanimously in the affirmative*; signed by Eli Ives, chairman, and Pliny A. Jewett, clerk.

TESTIMONY OF WILBERFORCE.

The celebrated Wilberforce ascribes his continuance, for so long a time, under such a pressure of cares and labours, in no small degree, to his conscientious and habitual observance of the Sabbath. "O what a blessed day," he says, "is the Sabbath, which allows us a precious interval wherein to pause, to come out from the thickets of worldly concerns, and give ourselves up to heavenly and spiritual objects. *Observation and my own experience have convinced me that there is a special blessing on a right employment of these intervals.* O what a blessing is Sunday, interposed between the waves of

worldly business, like the divine path of the Israelites through Jordan. There is nothing in which I would recommend you to be more strictly conscientious than in keeping the Sabbath holy. By this I mean not only abstaining from all unbecoming sports and common business, but from consuming time in *frivolous conversation, paying or receiving visits*, which, among relations, often leads to a sad waste of this precious day. I can truly declare that to me *the Sabbath has been invaluable.*"

MAKING BRIEFS ON SUNDAY.

The distinguished Dr. Wilson, pastor of the first Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, for a number of years before he became a preacher of the gospel, was an eminent lawyer in the state of Delaware. He was accustomed, when pressed with business, to make out his briefs and prepare for his Monday's pleading on the Sabbath. But he so uniformly failed, during the week, in carrying out his Sunday plans, that it arrested his attention. As a philosopher, he inquired into the cause of his uniform failure, and came to the conclusion that it might be, and probably was, on account of his violation of the Sabbath, by employing it in secular business. He therefore, from that time, abandoned the practice of doing any thing for his clients on that day. The difficulty ceased. His efforts on Monday were as successful as on other days. Such were the facts in his case, and many others have testified to similar facts in their experience.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS ESQUIMAUX.

In December, says Mr. Barsoe, the missionary, a pleasing circumstance occurred; it showed the reverence of our Esquimaux for the Lord's day. Owing to the state of the weather, during the preceding month, but few seals had been taken; and Saturday, the second December, was the first day on which the state of the ice permitted our people to go out on the seal-hunt. Considering the great uncertainty which

ever attends this occupation, the inducement to pursue it on the following day, in the hope of securing a better provision for their families, was any thing but slight. We were, therefore, not a little pleased to learn that a meeting of fathers of families had been convened on the Saturday evening, and that it had been resolved that they would none of them go out on the ensuing day of the Lord, but would spend it in a manner becoming the disciples of Christ, who were invited thankfully to commemorate his coming into the world to save sinners. They expressed their belief that their Heavenly Father was able to grant them, on Monday, a sufficiency for the supply of their wants. The meeting they closed with the singing of some verses, during which they felt the presence and peace of their Lord and Saviour. Their confidence in God was not put to shame. On Monday the weather proved so favourable that they captured no fewer than one hundred seals; but in the course of the following night the frost became so intense as to close all the bays and inlets, and to preclude any further attempts to take seals.

STATEMENT OF CAPTAIN SCORESBY.

"It is a little remarkable," says Captain Scoresby, in his voyage to Greenland, "that during the whole of this voyage, no circumstance ever occurred to prevent us engaging in public worship on the Sabbath day. In a few instances, the hour of worship could not be easily kept, but opportunity was always found of having each of the services in succession on a plan adopted at the commencement of the voyage. And it is worthy of observation, that in no instance, when on fishing stations, was our refraining from the ordinary duties of our profession on the Sunday ever supposed, eventually, to have been a loss to us; for we in general found, that, if others who were less regardful, or had not the same view of the obligatory nature of the command respecting the Sabbath-day, succeeded in their

endeavours to promote the success of the voyage, we seldom failed to procure a decided advantage in the succeeding week. Independently, indeed, of the divine blessing on honouring the Sabbath-day, I found that the restraint put upon the natural inclinations of the men for pursuing the fishery at all opportunities, acted with some advantage, by proving an extraordinary stimulus to their exertions when they were next sent out after whales. Were it not out of place here, I could relate several instances in which, after our refraining to fish upon the Sabbath, while others were thus successfully employed, our subsequent labours succeeded under circumstances so striking, that there was not, I believe, a man in the ship who did not consider it the effect of the divine blessing."

FOUR FISHING VESSELS.

Captain Bourne states that about 1829, he went out from Rhode Island in a brig on a fishing voyage along the coast of Labrador, with a crew of thirteen men. Three other vessels, with larger crews, from the same State, accompanied him. When they arrived upon the ground, Captain B. determined that he and his crew should sacredly regard the Sabbath; but the other crews prosecuted their employment on that day the same as on others. After fishing with them in company for two weeks, and finding it in some respects quite disagreeable, he parted from them and went farther north, and fished in company with English vessels, who pursued the same course respecting the Sabbath-day which he did himself. Trusting in that Providence which favours those who regard the true and right, he was not disappointed. He and his men succeeded in getting a "full voyage," cured their fish and sold it some four weeks sooner than any of the Sabbath-breaking vessels that accompanied them. What was better, Captain B. and his crew made more profits to a share in less time, than those who profaned the Sabbath and wore themselves out by

labouring hard seven days in the week.

MATTHEW HALE'S EXAMPLE.

The following declaration of Sir Matthew Hale is an illustration of this truth:—

"Though my hands and my mind have been as full of secular business, both before and after I was judge, as, it may be, any man's in England, yet I never wanted time in six days to ripen and fit myself for the business and employments I had to do, though I borrowed not one minute from the Lord's day to prepare for it, by study or otherwise. But, on the other hand, if I had at any time borrowed from this day any time for my secular employment, I found it did further me less than if I had let it alone; and therefore, when some years' experience, upon a most attentive and vigilant observation, had given me this instruction, I grew peremptorily resolved never in this kind to make a breach upon the Lord's day, which I have now strictly observed for more than thirty years."

JOHN ADAMS AND THE SABBATH.

The elder John Adams, while President of the United States, as he was returning from the country to his family in Boston, was interrupted by a New England snow storm, which effectually blocked up his way. He was then at Andover, twenty miles from Boston, where his family, as he had learned, were waiting his arrival. Sabbath morning, the roads became for the first time passable. On the question of going to Boston that day, it was the opinion of the clergyman of the place, that the circumstances of his detention, and the sickness of his family would justify his travelling on the Sabbath. His reply was, that the justifiable occasion in this case would not prevent the bad influence of his example on those who might see him travelling on the Sabbath, without knowing the cause. He therefore decided to wait till Monday.

ENGLISH CRIMINALS.

A gentleman in England, who was in the habit, for more than twenty years, of daily visiting convicts, states that, almost universally, when brought to a sense of their condition, they lamented their neglect of the Sabbath, and pointed to their violation of it as the *principal cause* of their ruin. That prepared them for, and led them on, step by step, to the commission of other crimes, and finally to the commission of that which brought them to the prison, and often to the gallows. He has letters almost innumerable, he says, from others, proving the same thing, and that they considered the violation of the Sabbath the great cause of their ruin. He has attended three hundred and fifty at the place of execution, when they were put to death for their crimes. And nine out of ten who were brought to a sense of their condition attributed the greater part of their departure from God to their neglect of the Sabbath.

VOICE FROM AUBURN PRISON.

Of twelve hundred and thirty-two convicts who had been committed to the Auburn State Prison previously to the year 1838, four hundred and forty-seven had been watermen, either boatmen or sailors—men who, to a great extent, had been kept at work on the Sabbath, and thus deprived of the rest and privileges of that day. Of those twelve hundred and thirty-two convicts, only twenty-six had conscientiously kept the Sabbath.

SABBATH-KEEPING MILL-OWNER.

At the second annual meeting of the Society for Promoting the due observance of the Lord's day, the Rev. H. Stowell stated, that at a large meeting, which was held at Manchester, to petition the legislature on the better observance of the Sabbath, a leading spinner came forward, and said, that there was nothing more common than

to hear from his brother spinners and master manufacturers this assertion, "If you stop the mill altogether on Sunday, you must frequently stop it on Monday also; because, if the engine gets out of order, or any other necessary repair be required, it must be done on the Sunday, or the mill cannot proceed on the Monday." Now, all this seems mighty plausible, said the good man, but I can prove it to be false; for in my mill I never suffer a stroke to be struck on the Sabbath; and on one occasion, my boiler had suffered a misfortune on a Saturday, and I feared the mill must stop on the Monday, but determined to try what could be done. I sent for a leading engineer, and said to him, "Can you have the mill ready to work on Monday morning?" "Yes, certainly I can." "But then," said I, "you mean to work on Sunday?" "Of course, Sir." "But," said I, "you shall not do it in my mill." "But I cannot mend the boiler, if I do not," said he. I said, "I do not care, you shall not work in my mill on Sunday. I would rather that my mill stood the whole of Monday, than that the Sabbath should be violated in it!" The man said, "You are different from all other masters." I said, "My Bible, not the conduct of others, is my rule; and you must do it without working on Sunday, or I will try to get somebody else." This had the desired effect: they set to work, and worked till twelve o'clock on the Saturday night, and began again at twelve o'clock on the Sunday night; and the repairs were finished, and the mill was in full work, at the usual hour on Monday morning.

CRIMINALS IN MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON.

Of one hundred men admitted to the Massachusetts State Prison in one year, eighty-nine had lived in habitual violation of the Sabbath and neglect of public worship.

SABBATH-BREAKERS REPROVED.

MR. CRUDEN AND THE GARDENER.

Mr. Cruden, during the last year of his life, lived in terms of the strictest intimacy with the Rev. David Wilson, minister of the Presbyterian congregation, Bow Lane, London. The two friends were in the habit of paying frequent visits to Mr. Gordon, a pious nurseryman in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. One evening Mr. Gordon informed Mr. Wilson, that a young Scottish gardener in his employment, who usually attended divine service at Bow Lane, sometimes absented himself from public worship without a sufficient cause, and was besides rather indolent, desiring the minister to admonish him. The young man was accordingly called into the parlour, and Mr. Wilson concluded a solemn address with these words: "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." "Have

you done, sir?" said Mr. Cruden. "Yes," replied Mr. Wilson. "Then," rejoined Mr. Cruden, "you have forgotten one half of the commandment: Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work, &c.; for if a man does not labour six days of the week, he is not likely to rest properly on the seventh."

THE LOST MOTION.

A motion was once made in the House of Commons for raising and embodying the militia, and, for the purpose of saving time, to exercise them on the Sabbath. When the resolution was about to pass, an old gentleman stood up, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I have one objection to make to this; I believe in an old book called the Bible." The members looked at one another, and the motion was dropped.

SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

MILITARY PENSIONER.

An aged man in America, a military pensioner, who commenced his Christian life at threescore years and ten, was induced to join a Sabbath-school. Speaking of the benefits derived from the school, he said he had been in the habit of reading the Bible from his youth, and had read it through many times, and thought he understood it tolerably well; but when he joined the Sabbath-school, he found it was necessary to do something more than read the Bible. He had to *search* the Scriptures. And it led him to observe, that we are nowhere commanded to read the Bible, but everywhere directed and encouraged to "*search* the Scriptures."

LEADING PARENTS TO WORSHIP.

A little girl one Sabbath morning was much affected under the sermon, and on her return home, earnestly entreated her mother would accompany her to chapel in the evening to hear how delightfully the minister talked about Jesus Christ.

The child was so intent on this object that she made the request with tears, and the mother, at last, consented to accompany her importunate girl to the chapel. The preacher chose for his text, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation," Rom. i. 16. The woman was seriously and effectually impressed by the word of God, was led earnestly to seek salvation, and obtained mercy by faith in Christ Jesus. The wife now naturally became anxious for the salvation of her husband, and persuaded him also to attend the chapel. He also submitted to the influence of the truth, and both the parents became grateful to God for the child whose importunity led them to hear the gospel of salvation.

DYING GIRL AND HER FATHER.

A little girl went to the Peter-street, Wardour-street, Sunday-school, Westminster, for about two years: her conduct and conversation were always very exemplary. Her parents paid little or

no regard to religion; but when, on a Sunday, her father was going out to take his pleasure, she would often say, "Father, the people are going and coming out of church, why do you not go?" and such like expressions. Her death was caused by an accident, some boiling liquid being thrown over her, on the 20th of November, 1821. She lingered until the next day, and then died, aged eight years. She bore the anguish with great patience and resignation; and about two hours before her death, she said to her father, "I am going to heaven; I hope you will go to chapel, that you may go to heaven when you die;" and he solemnly promised to do as she requested. He accordingly attended public worship, and the first discourses he heard all seemed to be directed only to and for him. He then had reason to remember his dear child, and her words; and a radical change ensued. He constantly attended there; the word of eternal life was blessed to his soul, and he became a communicant. There was also a change at home; the mother generally attended with her husband. Thus, through the instrumentality of this little girl, a whole family was brought near to God.

BRITISH CONSUL AND SABBATH-SCHOOL BOY.

The following anecdote is copied from a New York paper, of July, 1818, in which it appears as a communication to the Editor:—

"This moment the British consul has related to me an anecdote too interesting to be suffered to pass unnoticed. A few days since, a young man, about nineteen years of age, called at the consul's office, and made himself known as one whom, but a few years before, the consul had taken into his own Sunday-school, in the north of Ireland. He was then a poor, little, helpless, wretched outcast. No father owned him for a son; but the Sunday-school was to him as a father, a sister, and a brother. The precepts of religion and morality, which he learned there, have

taken deep root in his heart, and are now ripened into abundance of fruit. He put into the consul's hand more than one hundred dollars, the little earnings he had laid up, to be remitted to his destitute mother, the forlorn daughter of shame and sorrow."

LITTLE BOY AND HIS TRACT.

A little boy, belonging to a Sabbath-school in London, having occasion every Sunday to go through a certain court, observed a shop always open for the sale of goods. Having been taught the duty of sanctifying the Lord's day, he was grieved at its profanation, and for some time seriously considered if it was possible for him to do any thing to prevent it. At length he determined on leaving a tract, "ON THE LORD'S DAY," as he passed by. On the next Sabbath, coming the same way, he observed that the shop was shut up. He stopped, and pondered whether this could be the effect of the tract he had left. He ventured to knock gently at the door; when a woman within, thinking it was a customer, answered aloud, "You cannot have any thing; we don't sell on the Sunday." The little boy still begged for admittance, encouraged by what he had heard, when the woman recollecting his voice, opened the door, and said, "Come in, my dear little fellow: it was you who left the tract here last Sabbath against Sabbath breaking, and it frightened me so, that I did not dare to keep my shop open any longer; and I am determined never to do so again while I live."

SCHOLARS AND THEIR SICK TEACHER.

A number of boys who had been taught in a Sabbath-school, near Sheffield, met in a field, and instead of spending their money in oranges, on what is called Shrove Tuesday, they agreed to give all they had to their teacher, who they knew was in great distress. They tied up the money in an old cloth; and, when it was dark, they opened his door, and threw it into

the house. Inside of the parcel was a small piece of paper, on which was written "Trust in the Lord, and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed."

THE BOY AND HIS FARTHINGS.

At the anniversary of a Sunday-school, at Copthall, a village in Essex, on Sunday, October 5, 1834, whilst the collection was making, a little boy, about seven years of age, put a bag upon the plate. As it was rather heavy, the collector was curious to ascertain its contents. On examination, it was found to contain two hundred and eighty-five farthings, or five shillings and elevenpence farthing. Upon inquiry, it was found that the boy was in the habit of going on errands for his mother, and was allowed the farthings in change, to be disposed of as he pleased, which he perseveringly saved, and generously gave to the support of the Sunday-school.

SOLDIER GIVING AWAY HIS PENSION.

At the annual meeting of the Sunday-School Union, in 1822, the Rev. George Marsden stated, that as a gentleman, who by the providence of God had become reduced in his circumstances, was walking along the street, he was met by an old soldier, who immediately recognised him, and mentioned the pleasure he felt in having been one of his Sabbath scholars. The soldier had heard of the circumstances which had reduced his former teacher to distress, and thus addressed him:—"You were my teacher; I have a pension from government; I can work a little, and will willingly give my pension for your relief."

SABBATH-SCHOOLS AND PRISONERS.

Jos. Lancaster says:—"I was naturally desirous of gaining information and instruction from a venerable man of seventy-two, who had, in a series of years, superintended the education of 3,000 poor children; who had been actively engaged in visiting both the city and the county prisons, whereby

he had gained an ample opportunity of knowing if any of the scholars were brought in as prisoners: and who on appealing to his memory, which, although at an advanced age, is strong and lively, could answer—"None!"

REPORTS OF THIRTY-FIVE SCHOOLS.

In the report of 35 schools of Massachusetts in 1829, it was definitely stated, that no individual from their number had ever been arraigned before a civil tribunal for immoral conduct; while only two from all the schools in the State, are mentioned, who had been arrested; and these attended the Sabbath-school irregularly, for a very short time.

REV. MR. CHARLES' TESTIMONY.

The excellent Rev. T. Charles, of Bala, informed the general meeting of the Sunday School Union, in 1813, that, throughout the country in which he resided, they received most of the members into their churches from Sunday-schools; and that, during the preceding year, nearly one hundred persons had been received into Christian communion from the Sunday-schools in the town of Bala.

THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR.

A young man, about to retire from a school in Scotland, received from the Rev. D. Colquhoun, on one occasion that he visited the institution, a Bible, with a suitable inscription, as a reward for good conduct. Many, who were present on that occasion, will long remember with what earnestness that venerable servant of God invoked the blessing of the Almighty on the young man here alluded to, while he stood with the sacred gift in his hand; that he might be protected by God in whatever situation he might be placed, and that the Bible he had that night received might prove a source of consolation to him in the hour of adversity and distress. The subsequent history of this unfortunate youth, showed that these supplications had been abundantly answered;

for shortly after he went to sea, and the vessel in which he was on board, as a mariner, was wrecked on the western coast of Scotland, and all hands perished. The corpse of the young sufferer was found stretched on the shore, and his name and birthplace came to be known by the inscription on this Bible, which was found in his bosom.

HAPPY RESULTS OF ONE SCHOOL.

In a certain school in New England, in 1832, *sixty-one* out of fifteen classes of 160 pupils, under 16 years of age, became hopefully pious. In six classes, embracing 71 young persons over 16 years of age, *sixty* indulged hope that they had passed from death unto life, making in all ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE who became hopefully pious, in a school of 231 scholars.

REPORT OF 1836.

The Report for 1836, mentions *one hundred and seventy-three* teachers, and *one thousand four hundred and forty-four* scholars, who had united with the church during the year.

REVIVALS IN TEN SCHOOLS.

In a County Sabbath-school Society, in Massachusetts, embracing ten parishes, and the same number of schools, the Lord smiled upon this institution, in 1834-5, and shed down upon it the influence of his Holy Spirit. Six schools were blessed with powerful revivals of religion. THREE HUNDRED scholars from these ten schools made a profession during the year. It is supposed the whole number that passed from death unto life is over FOUR HUNDRED! "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

THE CHILD'S LAST PRAYER.

A pious little boy, who attended the Sabbath-school, a few hours before his death broke out into singing, and sung so loud, as to cause his mother to inquire what he was doing. "I am singing my sister's favourite hymn, mother." "But why, my dear, so loud?" "Why," said he, with peculiar emphasis, "be-

cause I am so happy." Just before his death, with uplifted hands, he exclaimed, "Father! Father! take me, Father." His father went to lift him up, when, with a smile, he said, "I did not call you, father; but I was calling to my heavenly Father to take me; I shall soon be with him:" and then expired.

CHILDREN'S INFLUENCE ON PARENTS.

I can state, says Mr. Wilderspin, that a man discontinued drunkenness from the simple prattle of his infant. He was in the habit of frequently getting drunk; there were two or three children under seven years of age, and they all slept in the same room, though not in the same bed. The man came home one night drunk; his wife remonstrated with him, when he struck her. The woman cried very much, and continued to cry after she got into bed; but a little creature, two or three years old, got up, and said, "Pray, father, do not beat poor mother;" the father ordered it to get into bed again: the little creature got up again, and knelt down by the side of the bed, and repeated the Lord's prayer, and then concluded in this simple language:—"Pray God, bless dear father and mother, and make father a good father. Amen!" This went to the heart of the drunkard; the man told me he covered his face over with the bed-clothes, and that the first thoughts he awoke with in the morning, were thoughts of regret, that he should stand in need of such a remonstrance from such a young child, and it produced in him self-examination and amendment of life. The family became united to a Methodist chapel in that neighbourhood, and I have learned that they are useful and valuable members of that society.

LEARNING FROM THE BEST TEACHER.

The Rev. John Griffin, of Portsea, gave the following account of the death of one of his Sunday scholars, in the year 1813. His mother at first had opposed his going to the school, but

afterwards determined to go and hear what was taught there, and by this means was converted to God. Not long after this, her son, about eleven years of age, was brought to his death-bed, and was visited by his ministers and teachers.

The first time I asked if he expected to go to heaven; "I do," was the reply. I asked him, "Why do you expect to go to heaven? All that die do not go there, do they? and why then do you think you shall go to heaven?" He replied, "I hope I shall go there, because I love the employment of the heavenly. I think I shall be happy in praising God, and serving him without sin; and I think I shall go to heaven, because I delight in the society of heaven; I shall rejoice in the presence of a holy God, and holy angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect." He paused, and I asked if he had any other reason. He replied, "I hope I shall go to heaven, because my heart is already there; and I do not think the Spirit of God would have drawn my heart to him, and made me delight in holiness and his service, if he had not intended to take me to heaven." I asked him if he had always thought in this way. "No, no," said he; "I was once a naughty and wicked boy, but by attending the Sunday-school I have learned this: but I hope I have learned it from a better Teacher than our Sunday-school teachers. I think I have learned it from the Spirit of God."

"SPELLING REPENTANCE."

In one of the counties in England, celebrated for its valuable mines, there lived a collier, grossly ignorant of divine things; and the doctrines of the gospel were totally unknown to him. From his habits of vice, and aversion to the worship of God, there seemed little hope that any moral change could be effected in him. But that which to man seemed so doubtful, God was pleased to accomplish in a way exceedingly simple, yet truly marvellous. Destitute, as he appears to have been,

of concern for his spiritual welfare, he was induced to permit the attendance of his children at a Sunday school, conducted on religious principles; where the children were taught to practise moral duties, and instructed in the essential doctrines of Christianity. It pleased God to visit one of the daughters of this wicked father with mortal sickness; but before her death she was instrumental in exciting the attention of her parent to the concerns of his soul. "Father," inquired the dying child, "can you spell repentance?" This artless question, through the blessing of God, was effectual to awaken concern. "Spell repentance!" repeated the astonished father; "why, what is repentance!" Thus he became desirous of knowing, and ultimately was taught its sacred meaning; and discovered that he had been a stranger to it, both in theory and experience. He also discovered that he needed repentance; that he was a guilty condemned sinner, deserving God's wrath and everlasting misery; and repentance unto life was granted to him. He spelled out its divine import; and obtained an acquaintance with that Saviour whom God has exalted to give repentance and remission of sins; and, by bringing forth the fruits of righteousness, he, in after life, supported and adorned his Christian profession.

VARIOUS INSTANCES.

It is said, that of the missionaries who have gone from Great Britain to the heathen, nineteen-twentieths became pious at the Sabbath-schools; and that, of the orthodox ministers in England, who are under forty years of age, more than two-thirds became pious at the Sabbath-schools.

Henderson and Patterson, who have done such wonders on the continent, in regard to the Bible cause, it is said, received their first impressions at Sabbath-schools. The celebrated Dr. Morrison, missionary in the vast empire of China, who has translated the whole Bible into Chinese, a language spoken

by the largest associated population on the globe, became pious at a Sabbath-school! O! who can tell how many Brainerds, and Buchanans, and Morrisons, and Martyns, and Harriet Newels God is training in these schools, to become the blessed instruments of renovating the world!

ROBERT MAY AND HIS SCHOOL.

Robert May was the son of a common mariner, in indigent circumstances. He was sent to the Sunday school at Woodbridge, where he obtained his education, and greatly improved his privileges.

One Lord's day morning, as the minister was going to the meeting-house, Robert put into his hand a humble petition, requesting that he might be permitted to be a teacher in the Sunday-school; an office in which he afterwards appeared to be both happy and useful.

On the eleventh of March, 1806, when he was seventeen years of age, he was admitted a member of the Independent Chapel at Woodbridge.

Robert now felt an earnest desire to go abroad as a missionary. He often told his minister that he thought there were plenty of teachers at home, and that he should like to go abroad, to teach poor black children to read the Bible, and to learn hymns and catechisms.

After being eminently useful in improving and extending the Sunday-school system in the United States, his final destination was Chinsurah, in the neighbourhood of Calcutta. Here he spent his time chiefly in instructing the children of the poor benighted heathen in the great principles of Christianity, and in other parts of useful knowledge.

In connection with his other exertions, he published a small volume of sermons, which he had preached to children, and which have since been reprinted in England.

He had three thousand children under his care, and was about to add two thousand five hundred more to that

number, when he was seized by a violent fever, which, in a few days, terminated his valuable life, and brought him to the house appointed for all living.

THE BEREAN CLASS.

A writer, speaking of a certain Sabbath-school in Boston, says: "One of the former teachers in that school is now settled in the ministry in this vicinity; another is a useful printer in the Sandwich Islands; another is a superintendent of a Sabbath-school in this city; and a fourth is studying in Andover, to fit himself for teaching in a day school. One of the former pupils is now studying with reference to the ministry; two others are far advanced in their college course, and one of these will probably become a herald of that gospel which he loves.

KNILL'S TESTIMONY.

The Rev. Richard Knill wrote from St. Petersburg, in 1819, as follows:—"As an individual I feel peculiarly indebted to such institutions, and to the glory of God I record it, that all the blessings which have been given to others, through my instrumentality, may be traced up to a Sunday-school. It was my privilege to be a teacher in a Sunday-school at Bideford: hearing a sermon preached in behalf of the institution led me first to think of being a missionary. Most of my fellow-students at Axminster had been Sunday-school teachers; and out of twenty missionaries, who were my colleagues at Gosport, three-fourths of them have been engaged in the same way.

HANDS' TESTIMONY.

At a public meeting, the Rev. W. Hands, a missionary in the East Indies, observed, that he owed every thing to Sunday-schools; for it was there that the heavenly spark had first caught his soul; it was there that he had first lifted up his voice for the purpose of imparting Christian instruction to others. If it had not been for that opportunity,

he should probably never have offered himself to the Missionary Society. Therefore, again he said, that he had every reason to bless God that he had begun by being a Sunday-school teacher, especially as he believed that it was principally through the labours of Sunday-schools, that the Gospel of the Redeemer was extended throughout the world.

MUNDY'S TESTIMONY.

On the same occasion, the Rev. George Mundy, missionary at Chinsurah, in the East Indies, states that he mightily truly say, that if he had never been a Sunday-school teacher, he should never have been a missionary.

REPORT OF BATH UNION.

The Bath Sunday-school Union Report, of 1824, gives the pleasing information, that several missionaries, and upwards of twenty other persons, had been called out of its schools, to preach "the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

PHILIP'S TESTIMONY.

At the annual meeting of the Sunday-School Union, in May, 1829, the Rev. Dr. Philip, missionary from the Cape of Good Hope, stated that he commenced his labours in the church of Christ as a Sunday-school teacher. The first prayer that he offered up, in the presence of others, was in a Sunday-school. The first attempt he ever made to speak from the Holy Scriptures was in a Sunday-school. And he was fully persuaded, that had it not been for his humble exercises in the capacity of a Sunday-school teacher, and the advantages he there acquired, he should never have had the confidence to become a minister of the gospel, or a missionary of Jesus Christ. He informed the meeting further, that when he commenced his ministerial labours in Aberdeen, he felt the importance of promoting Sunday-school instruction; and the benefits which had resulted from the schools established in that town were, at the present moment, incalculable. During the period that

he laboured there, twelve or fourteen young men went out into the field of ministerial labour, many of whom became missionaries. One of them was the lamented Dr. Milne, and the other was the amiable Keith. Several other ministers owed their first religious impressions to the tuition they received in Sunday-schools.

FOURTEEN MINISTERS FROM A CLASS.

Mr. Clark, afterwards schoolmaster at Sierra Leone, taught a Sunday-school at Edinburgh. His method of giving instruction was, after the pupils had read, or repeated a portion of Scripture, to put such explanatory and practical questions to them as naturally arose out of the passage, and to conclude with a short address and prayer. Of one class, consisting of sixteen boys, fourteen of them at adult age, were brought to the saving knowledge of God, and acknowledged the early instruction he had given them as the means of their conversion. The whole of these were afterwards engaged in preaching the gospel, some of them in Great Britain, and others in foreign lands.

THE ORPHAN HOUSE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

At a meeting of teachers connected with the Newcastle-on-Tyne Sunday-School Union, in 1823, an old teacher observed that he had known the Orphan House Methodist Sunday-school for twenty-one years; and that, during this period, no less a number than twenty-six preachers had issued from it, either from the scholars or the teachers. Can there be a stronger proof of the utility of Sunday-schools?

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL AND JUDGE WASHINGTON.

Chief Justice Marshall and the late Judge Washington, of the Supreme Court of the United States, were both active in the Sabbath-school cause. At the age of seventy, the chief justice regarded it as his high honour to walk through the city of Richmond at the head of a Sunday-school procession.

PRESIDENT HARRISON A TEACHER.

President Harrison taught, for several years, in a humble Sabbath-school on the banks of the Ohio. The Sabbath before he left home for Washington, to assume the duties of chief magistrate of the nation, he met his Bible class as usual. And his last counsel on the subject to his gardener, at Washington, it may be hoped, will never be forgotten by the nation. When advised to keep a *dog* to protect his fruit, he replied—"Rather set a *Sunday-school teacher* to take care of the boys."

EXAMPLE OF SEVERAL STATESMEN.

A writer in the *New York Journal of Commerce* for 1844, says: "The present Chancellor of the University of New York city, (Mr. Frelinghuysen,) was a Sunday-school teacher while he held the office of Attorney General of New Jersey, and afterwards, while a Senator in Congress; and he may still

be seen cheerfully associating with the humblest teachers.

"The Hon. B. F. Butler was a Sunday-school teacher while holding the office of Attorney General of the United States, and has, at the present time, his Bible class for young men.

"And the visitor at Saratoga Springs, who will look into the Sunday-school, may there see the Hon. Chancellor of the state of New York, (R. H. Walworth,) with other literary gentlemen, animating the young in their Bible investigations.

"Hon. Wm. Ellsworth, while governor of the state of Connecticut, instructed a Bible class from Sabbath to Sabbath, in one of the Congregational churches of Hartford. He remarked, that when he quitted the gubernatorial chair in the State house and came before his class to teach them the word of God, he felt that he was not going down, but *going up*."

AGENCY OF SATAN.**A HARD QUESTION.**

An islander in the South Seas once proposed the following query to the missionaries:—"You say God is a holy and a powerful Being; that Satan is the cause of a vast increase of moral evil or wickedness in the world, by exciting or disposing men to sin. If Satan be only a dependent creature, and the cause of so much evil, which is displeasing to God, why does God not kill Satan at once, and thereby prevent all the evil of which he is the author?" In answer he was told, "that the facts of Satan's dependence on, or subjection to the Almighty, and his yet being permitted to tempt men to evil, were undeniable from the declarations of Scripture, and the experience of every one accustomed to observe the operations of his own

mind. Such an one, it was observed, would often find himself exposed to an influence that could be attributed only to satanic agency; but that why he was permitted to exert this influence on man, was not made known in the Bible."

"THE DEVIL IS WROTH."

"I asked the Rev. Legh Richmond," says one, "how we were to reconcile the increase of religion with the acknowledged growth of crime, as evinced in our courts of justice? He answered, 'Both are true. Bad men are becoming worse, and good men better. The first are ripening for judgment, the latter for glory. The increase of wickedness is, in this respect, a proof of the increase of religion. The devil is wroth, knowing that his time is short.'"

SELF-CONTROL.**THE MERCHANT AND THE QUAKER.**

A merchant in London had a dispute with a quaker respecting the settlement

of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the account into court, a proceeding which the quaker

earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home; the merchant hearing the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called out from the stairs, "Tell that rascal I am not at home." The quaker looking up at him, calmly said, "Well, friend, God put thee in a better mind." The merchant, struck afterwards with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the quaker was right and he was wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said "I have one question to ask you, how were you able, with such patience, on various occasions, to bear my abuse?" "Friend," replied the quaker, "I will tell thee; I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful; and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always spake aloud; and I thought if I could control my voice, I should repress my passion. I have, therefore, made it a rule, never to let my voice rise above a certain key; and by a careful observance of this rule, I have, by the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper." The quaker reasoned philosophically, and the merchant, as every one else may do, benefited by his example.

MARLBOROUGH AND HIS SERVANT.

The Duke of Marlborough possessed great command of temper, and never permitted it to be ruffled by little things, in which even the greatest men have been occasionally found unguarded. As he was one day riding with Commissary Marriot, it began to rain, and he called to his servant for his cloak. The servant not bringing it immediately, he called for it again. The servant being embarrassed with the straps and buckles, did not come up to him.

At last, it raining very hard, the duke called to him again, and asked him what he was about, that he did not bring his cloak. "You may stay, Sir," grumbled the fellow, "if it rains cats and dogs, till I can get at it." The duke turned round to Marriot, and said, very coolly, "Now I would not be of that fellow's temper for all the world."

NEWTON AND HIS DOG.

Sir Isaac Newton's temper, it is said, was so equal and mild, that no accident could disturb it. A remarkable instance of which is related as follows:—

Sir Isaac had a favourite little dog, which he called Diamond. Being one evening called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find that Diamond had overturned a lighted candle among some papers, the nearly finished labour of many years, which were soon in flames, and almost consumed to ashes. This loss, from Newton's advanced age, was irreparable; but, without at all punishing the dog, he exclaimed, "O, Diamond, Diamond! you little know the mischief you have done!"

THE HARDEST FOE.

Peter the Great made a law in 1722, that if any nobleman beat or ill-treated his slaves, he should be looked upon as insane, and a guardian should be appointed to take care of his person and of his estate. This great monarch once struck his gardener, who, being a man of great sensibility, took to his bed, and died in a few days. Peter hearing of this, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "Alas! I have civilized my own subjects; I have conquered other nations; yet I have not been able to civilize or to conquer myself."

SELF-CONTROL OF SOCRATES.

Socrates finding himself in great emotion against a slave, said, "I would beat you if I were not angry." Having

received a box on the ear, he contented himself by only saying, with a smile, "It is a pity we do not know when to put on a helmet." Socrates meeting a gentleman of rank in the streets, saluted him, but the gentleman took no notice of it. His friends in company observing what passed, told the philosopher "they were so exasperated at the man's incivility, that they had a good mind to resent it." But he very calmly made answer, "If you meet any person in the road in a worse habit of body than yourself, would you think you had reason to be enraged at him on that account? pray then, what greater reason can you have for being incensed at a man for a worse habit of mind than any of yourselves?"

His wife, Xantippe, was a woman of a most fantastical and furious spirit. At one time, having vented all the reproaches upon Socrates her fury could suggest, he went out and sat before the door. His calm and unconcerned be-

haviour but irritated her so much the more; and in the excess of her rage, she ran up stairs and emptied a vessel upon his head, at which he only laughed, and said, "that so much thunder must needs produce a shower." Alcibiades, his friend, talking with him about his wife, told him he wondered how he could bear such an everlasting scold in the same house with him: he replied, "I have so accustomed myself to expect it, that it now offends me no more than the noise of carriages in the streets."

A GREAT CONQUEST.

Antigonus, king of Syria, during one of his campaigns, one day overheard some of his soldiers reviling him behind his tent. But instead of summoning them to appear and answer for their contumely, and exercising his authority in their punishment, he barely drew aside the curtain of his tent, and said, "Gentlemen, just remove to a greater distance, for your king hears you."

SELF-DENIAL.

SELF-DENIAL OF VARIOUS MARTYRS.

Julius Palmer, in Queen Mary's days, had life and preferment offered him if he would recant his faith in Christ. His answer was, that he had resigned his living in two places for the sake of the gospel, and now was ready to yield his life on account of Christ.

William Hunter, when urged by Bonner to recant, replied, he could only be moved by the Scriptures, for he reckoned the things of earth but dross for Christ; and when the sheriff offered him a pardon at the stake, if he would renounce his faith, he firmly rejected it.

Antonius Riceto, a Venetian, was offered his life, and considerable wealth if he would concede but a little; and when his own son, with weeping, entreated him to do so, he answered, that he was resolved to lose both children and estate for Christ.

The Prince of Condé, at the massacre of Paris, when the king assured him that he should die within three days if

he did not renounce his religion, told the monarch that his life and estate were in his hand, and that he would give up both rather than renounce the truth.

UNPURCHASED, UNSEDUCED.

The Marquis de Bougy, a gallant general in the service of Louis XIV., was greatly esteemed by that monarch, and by his prime minister, Cardinal Mazarin. He would have made a great fortune if he had been a Roman Catholic; and he received several letters from the queen and from the cardinal, wherein they exhorted him to change his profession, and thereby remove the obstacle which lay in the way of his advancement. They also offered him a marshal's staff, and a considerable government, provided he would become a Roman Catholic. His answer was, that if he could resolve to betray his God for a marshal's staff, he might betray his king for a less advantage; but that he

would do neither of them, being contented to see that his services were acceptable, and that his religion was the only reason why he was not rewarded for them.

THE ONLY DRESS.

A missionary in India, says: "I rode to Nallamaram, and saw some people of the congregation there, together with the catechist. The clothes of one of the women were rather dirty, and I asked her about it." "Sir,"

said she, "I am a poor woman, and have only this single dress." "Well, have you always been so poor?" "No, I had some money and jewels, but a year ago the Maravers (thieves) came and robbed me of all. They told me," she said, "If you will return to heathenism we shall restore you every thing." "Well, why did you not follow their advice? Now you are a poor Christian." "O, Sir," she replied, "I would rather be a *poor Christian* than a *rich heathen*."

SERVANTS.

MELANCTHON'S SERVANT.

Philip Melancthon, who is universally known as one of the reformers, was highly esteemed for his great generosity. Indeed, his friends were astonished at his liberality, and wondered how, with his small means, he could afford to give so much in charity. It appears to have been principally owing to the care and good management of an excellent and faithful servant named John, a native of Sweden. The whole duty of provisioning the family was intrusted to this domestic, whose care, assiduity, and prudence, amply justified the unbounded confidence reposed in him. He made the concerns of the family his own, avoiding all needless expenditure, and watching with a jealous eye his master's property. He was also the first instructor of the children

during their infancy. John grew old in his master's service, and expired in his house, amidst the affectionate regrets of the whole family. During a service of thirty-four years, how much usefulness was effected by honest John, and by his master, through his instrumentality! Melancthon invited the students of the university to attend the funeral of his faithful servant, delivered an oration over his grave, and composed a Latin epitaph for his tombstone, of which the following is a translation:—

"Here, at a distance from his native land,
Came honest John, at Philip's first command;
Companion of his exile, doubly dear,
Who in a servant found a friend sincere;
And more than friend—a man of faith and prayer,
Assiduous soother of his master's care.
Here to the worms his lifeless body's given,
But his immortal soul sees God in heaven."

SIN.

USHER'S LAST WORDS.—SINS OF OMISSION.

The last words that Archbishop Usher was heard to express, were, "Lord, forgive my sins, especially my sins of omission."

NEWTON'S OPINION.

"Many have puzzled themselves," says Mr. Newton, "about the origin of evil; I observe there is evil, and that there is a way to escape it, and with this I begin and end."

FIVE DIRECTIONS.

"Five persons," says Mr. Brooks, "were studying what were the best means to mortify sin; one said, to meditate on death; the second, to meditate on judgment; the third, to meditate on the joys of heaven; the fourth, to meditate on the torments of hell; the fifth, to meditate on the blood and sufferings of Jesus Christ; and certainly the last is the choicest and strongest motive of all. If ever we would cast off our despairing thoughts,

we must dwell and muse much upon, and apply this precious blood to our own souls; so shall sorrow and mourning flee away."

DEATH PREFERRED TO SIN.

Count Godomar, a foreigner of note, often professed, in the declining part of his years, when death and the eternal world seemed nearer, "That he feared nothing in the world more than *sin*; and whatever liberties he had formerly

taken, he would rather now submit to be torn to pieces by wild beasts, than knowingly or willingly commit any sin against God."

THE INFANT'S ANSWER.

At a missionary station among the Hottentots, the question was proposed, "Do we possess any thing that we have not received of God?" A little girl of five years old immediately answered, "Yes, Sir, *sin*."

SLANDER.

WAY TO AVOID CALUMNY.

"If any one speaks ill of thee," said Epictetus, "consider whether he has truth on his side; and, if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee." When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ay," says he "then I must learn to sing better." Plato being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, "It is no matter," said he; "I will live so that none shall believe them." Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, "I am sure he would not do it," said he, "if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny—a *good conscience*.

XIMENES AND ADRIAN.

Adrian, the coadjutor of Ximenes in the government of Castile, was much disturbed at the libels which flew about against them. Ximenes was perfectly easy. "If," said he, "we take the liberty to act, others will take the liberty to talk and write: when they charge us falsely, we may laugh; when truly, we must amend."

DR. WAUGH'S REBUKES.

Dr. Waugh, of London, had a great dislike to every thing bordering on slander or defamation. The following

is an illustration of his character in this point:—

One of his people had travelled all the way from Newton to his father's house, where he usually resided, to communicate to him an unfavourable report concerning another member of the congregation. Some friends being with him, this person was requested to stay and dine with them. After dinner, he took occasion, in a jocular manner, to ask each person in his turn, how far he had ever known a man travel to tell an evil report of his neighbour; when some gave one reply, and some another. He at last came to this individual, but without waiting for his self-condemning reply, or unnecessarily exposing him, he stated, that he had lately met with a christian professor, apparently so zealous for the honour of the church, as to walk fourteen miles with no other object than that of making known to his minister the failings of a brother member. He then in a warm and impressive manner enlarged on the praise of that charity which covers a multitude of sins; which "rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

The same excellent man being in company with a number of ministers, the bad conduct of a brother in the ministry became the subject of conversation, and every gentleman in the room joined warmly in condemning him. Dr. Waugh sat for a time silent. At last he walked up to his companions, and said, "My dear friends, surely we

are not acting in accordance with our profession. The person you speak of is one of ourselves, and we ought not to blow the coal. But do you know that he is as bad a man as he is represented? and if he is, will railing against him do any good? It is cowardly to speak ill of a man behind his back; and I doubt if any of us would have sufficient courage, if our poor friend were to appear among us, to sit down and kindly tell him of his faults. If there be one here who feels himself quite pure, and free from error, let him throw the first stone; but if not, let us be silent; and I confess that I feel that I must not say one word." He resumed his seat, and the company looked at each other, struck silent by this rebuke from one so good and mild.

HENRY AND THE BROKEN STORY.

Mr. Philip Henry used to remind those who spoke evil of people behind their backs, of that law,—“Thou shalt not curse the deaf.” Those that are absent are deaf, they cannot right themselves, and therefore say no ill of them. A friend of his, inquiring of him concerning a matter which tended to reflect upon some people; he began to give him an account of the story, but immediately broke off, and checked himself with these words,—“But our rule is to *speak evil of no man*,” and would proceed no farther in the story. The week before he died, a person requested the loan of a particular book from him. “Truly,” said he, “I would lend it to you, but that it takes in the faults of some, which should rather be covered with a mantle of love.”

EFFECTS OF SLANDER.

The famous Boerhaave was one not easily moved by detraction. He used to say, “The sparks of calumny will be presently extinct of themselves unless you blow them.” It was a good remark of another, that “the malice of ill tongues cast upon a good man is only like a mouthful of smoke blown upon a diamond, which, though it clouds its

beauty for the present, yet it is easily rubbed off, and the gem restored, with little trouble to its owner.”

WHY BOERHAAVE BECAME A PHYSICIAN.

The affecting story of *Boerhaave*, so distinguished in the medical profession, is well known. With piety, and learning, and gifts, and an ardent zeal to glorify his divine Master, his heart was fixed upon consecrating his life to the sacred ministry. The preliminary steps had been so far taken, that he had gone to Leyden to obtain his license to preach—when to his utter astonishment he found the way completely hedged up. An insinuation was dispersed through the University that made him suspected of error no less shocking than Atheism itself. It was in vain that his friends pleaded his published sentiments, which contained unanswerable confutations of the very heresies with which he was charged; the torrent of popular prejudice was irresistible; and thus this *pre-eminently* great and good man was utterly frustrated in his pious purpose by the slander of an insignificant person, who had become his enemy from mortified pride. So true it is, as his biographer well observes, that no merit, however exalted, is exempt from being, not only attacked, but wounded by the most contemptible whispers. Those who cannot strike with force, can *poison* their weapons, and weak as they are, give mortal wounds, and bring a hero to the grave.

PHILIP AND THE ATHENIAN ORATORS.

Philip of Macedon was wont to say, “that he was much beholden to the Athenian orators; since by the slanderous and opprobrious manner in which they spoke of him, [*e.g.* that he was a barbarian, an usurper, a cheat; perfidious, perjured, depraved; a companion of rascals, mountebanks, &c.] they were the means of making him a better man, both in word and deed. For,” added he; “I, every day, do my best endeavour, as well as my

sayings and doings, to prove them liars."

Let Christians be benefited in a similar way, by the reproaches of the world.

SUBMISSION TO GOD'S WILL.

DUMB BOY'S EXAMINATION.

A clergyman once paid a visit to a deaf and dumb asylum in London, for the express purpose of examining the children in the knowledge they possessed of Divine truth. A little boy, on this occasion, was asked in writing, "Who made the world?" He took up the chalk, and wrote underneath the question, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The clergyman then inquired in a similar manner, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?" A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow, as he wrote, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." A third question was then proposed, eminently adapted to call his most powerful feeling into exercise: "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?" "Never," said an eye-witness, "shall I forget the look of holy resignation and chastened sorrow which sat on his countenance as he took up the chalk and wrote, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.'"

FENELON AND HIS PUPIL.

A most remarkable instance of Christian resignation was discovered on one particular occasion, in the conduct of Archbishop Fenelon. When his illustrious and hopeful pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, lay dead in his coffin, and the nobles of his court, in all the pomp of silent sadness, stood round, the archbishop came into the apartment, and having fixed his eyes for some time on the corpse, broke out at length in words to this effect:—"There lies my beloved prince, for whom my affections were equal to the tenderest regard of the tenderest parents. Nor were my affec-

tions lost; he loved me in return with all the ardour of a son. There he lies; and all my worldly happiness lies dead with him. But if the turning of a straw would call him back to life, I would not for ten thousand worlds be the turner of that straw in opposition to the will of God."

THE WISEST PREFERENCE.

There was a good woman, who when she was ill, being asked, whether she was willing to live or die, answered, "Which God pleaseth."

"But," said one standing by, "if God should refer it to you, whether would you choose?"

"Truly," said she, "if God should refer it to me, I would even refer it to him again."

ALL WITH CHRIST, OR IN CHRIST.

"I have had six children," said Mr. Elliot, "and I bless God for his free grace they are all with Christ, or in Christ; and my mind is now at rest concerning them. My desire was, that they should have served Christ on earth; but if God will choose to have them rather serve him in heaven, I have nothing to object to it. His will be done."

THE BEREAVED OFFICER.

During the siege of Barcelona, in 1705, Captain Carleton witnessed the following affecting fact, which he tells us in his memoirs:—"I saw an old officer, having his only son with him, a fine man about twenty years of age, going into their tent to dine. Whilst they were at dinner, a shot took off the head of the son. The father immediately rose up, and first looking down upon his headless child, and then lifting up his eyes to heaven, while the tears ran down his cheeks, only said, 'Thy will be done.'"

THEATRES.

THE CURATE AND THE TRAGEDY.

When Racine composed the tragedy of Esther, to please Madame Maintenon, she very strongly recommended it at court, and every one was charmed with the performance, except one honest curate, who refused to see it. Being very urgently pressed for his reasons, he told Madame M. that she knew he was in the habit of publicly reprobating the stage from the pulpit, and, that though the tragedy of Esther was far different from the generality of plays, yet it was still known to be a play: adding, that were he to yield to the request, his hearers would compare his conduct with his sermons, and, in their practice, would pursue the course most suited to their sinful inclinations.

UNHEARD OF PRAYER.

"He that is not satisfied," says Bishop Wilson, "that plays are an unlawful diversion, let him, *if he dare*, offer up this prayer to God *before he goes*, 'Lord, lead me not into temptation, and bless me in what I am now to be employed.'" There are many other occupations and amusements, in which the same advice is worth attending to.

PLEASURES OF THE THEATRE.

While travelling, Mr. Hervey met with a lady who largely expatiated on the amusements of the stage, as being, in her opinion, superior to all other pleasures. She remarked that there was the pleasure of thinking on the play before she went, the pleasure she enjoyed while there, and the pleasure of reflecting on it on her bed at night. Mr. Hervey, who had heard her remarks without interruption, now said, with his usual mildness, that there was one pleasure more, which she had forgotten. "What can that be?" she eagerly asked; for she thought she must have included them all. With a grave look, and striking manner, Mr. H. replied, "Madam, the pleasure it

will give you on a death-bed." A clap of thunder, or a flash of lightning, could not have more surprised her; the remark went to her heart. She had no reply to make; the rest of the journey was occupied in deep thought; she abandoned the theatre, and heartily pursued those pleasures which can afford satisfaction even on a death-bed.

WORDS OF PLATO.

Plays raise the passions, and pervert the use of them; and of consequence are dangerous to morality.

WORDS OF ARISTOTLE.

The seeing of *Comedies* ought to be forbidden to young people until age and discipline have made them proof against debauchery.

WORDS OF TACITUS.

The *German* women are guarded against danger, and preserve their purity by having no playhouses among them.

OPINION OF OVID.

Ovid in a grave work addressed to Augustus, advises the suppression of theatrical amusements as a great source of corruption.

THE COMEDIAN'S CONFESSION.

A celebrated comic performer on the English stage, retiring from London for a short time on account of ill-health, and meeting with a pious friend whom he had once intimately known, said, "I have been acting *Sir John Falstaff* so often, that I thought I should have died; and had I died, it would have been in the service of the devil." The testimony of a player against himself.

OPINION OF ROUSSEAU.

"It is impossible," says Rousseau, "that an establishment [the Theatre at Geneva] so contrary to our ancient manners, can be generally applauded. How many generous citizens will see, with indignation, this monument of *lux-*

wry and effeminy raise itself upon the ruins of our ancient simplicity! Where would be the imprudent mother who would dare to carry her daughter to this *dangerous* school? And what respectable woman would not think herself dishonoured in going there? In all countries the profession of a player is dishonourable, and those who exercise it are everywhere contemned."

RESOLUTION OF CONGRESS.

The American Congress, soon after the Declaration of Independence, passed the following motion:—

"Whereas, true religion and good morals are the only foundation of public liberty and happiness,

"Resolved, that it be, and hereby is, earnestly recommended to the several States, to take the most effectual measures for the encouragement thereof, and for the suppression of *theatrical entertainments*, horse-racing, gaming, and such other diversions as are productive of idleness, dissipation, and a general depravity of principles and manners."

PRYNNE'S COLLECTION OF TESTIMONY.

William Prynne, a satirical and pungent writer, who suffered many cruelties for his admirable productions in the time

of Charles I., has made a catalogue of authorities against the stage, which contains every name of eminence in the heathen and Christian world: it comprehends the united testimony of the Jewish and Christian Churches; the deliberate acts of fifty-four ancient and modern, general, national, and provincial councils and synods, both of the Western and Eastern churches, the condemnatory sentence of seventy-one ancient Fathers, and one hundred and fifty modern Popish and Protestant authors; the hostile endeavours of philosophers and even poets; with the legislative enactments of a great number of pagan and Christian states, nations, magistrates, emperors and princes.

THEATRES IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

During the progress of the most ferocious revolution which ever shocked the face of heaven, theatres, in Paris alone, multiplied from *six* to *twenty-five*. Now, one of two conclusions follows from this: either the spirit of the times produced the institutions, or the institutions cherished the spirit of the times, and this would certainly go to prove, that they are either the parents of vice, or the offspring of it.

TOLERATION.

BURNING A HERETIC.

A popish princess was entreated by some Romish ecclesiastics to concur with them in bringing a supposed heretic to the flames. "Is it not true," asked she, "that heretics burn for ever in hell fire?" "Without doubt," was the reply of the priests. "Then," added she, "it would be too severe to burn them in both worlds. Since they are devoted to endless misery hereafter, it is but justice to let them live unmolested here."

REPLY OF A POLISH KING.

When certain persons attempted to persuade Stephen, king of Poland, to constrain some of his subjects, who were of a different religion, to embrace his,

he said to them, "I am king of men, and not of consciences. The dominion of consciences belongs exclusively to God."

HENRY VIII. AND HIS BUFFOON.

Henry VIII., king of England, wrote a silly book against Martin Luther, for which the Pope conferred on him the title "*Defender of the Faith*." As that tyrant appeared to be overjoyed at the acquisition, the Jester of the court asked the reason; and being told that it was because the Pope had given him that new title, the *shrewd fool* replied—"My good Harry, let thee and me defend each other, and *let the faith alone to defend itself*." That pretended buffoon

must have been the wisest man of his day; for at that period no party had learned the wisdom of leaving truth to support itself by its own vigour.

RELIGIOUS TRACTS.

TRACT IN THE BARBER'S SHOP.

At the annual meeting of the Religious Tract Society, in 1824, the Rev. S. Cnrwen related, that a poor man was reduced to profligacy, and determined to rush, unbidden, into eternity. He went into a barber's shop, intending to use one of the razors for his horrid purpose. The boy had a broad sheet in his hand, containing "THE SWEARER'S PRAYER:" it had been left there to be affixed to the wall. It engaged the attention of this wretched man. It struck him to the soul; he forgot his purpose, but he could not forget what he had just read; it brought him eventually to sit at the feet of our Saviour, "in his right mind."

FIRST ORIYA CONVERT.

"The conversion," says a quarterly missionary paper "of *Gunga Dhor* the first Oriya convert, a Brahmin of high caste, and of great respectability and influence among his own people of every class, was an event of no ordinary importance. It may, in truth, be said, that, when *Gunga Dhor* threw off his poita, the badge of his divinity, and assumed a Christian profession by public baptism, the temple of *Juggernaut* received a severe shock. Then, that progress of ruin commenced, which will work till one stone shall not be left upon another, which shall not be thrown down. When he delivered his first Christian address, the Brahmins gnashed their teeth upon him, and uttered their curses and imprecations, wishing that he might die.

"The first Christian light, which entered *Gunga Dhor's* mind, was from a small tract, (written by Rev. Mr. Ward,) entitled '*Jugnatha Ruth na chullebar a kottha,*' or '*The account of the not proceeding of Juggernaut's car.*' The tract induced on his mind a supreme contempt for that idol; then

he found other tracts and single Gospels; these led him to the house of the missionary at *Cuttack*, whom he woke from his bed very early in the morning of January 1, 1826, *begging an explanation* of his books. Mr. Sutton was immediately sent for; and 'great was the day, the joy was great,' when the missionaries met the first Christian inquirer at *Orissa*. He accompanied Mr. Lacey on a tour to *Calcutta*; saw Dr. Carey; returned to *Orissa*; parted with kindred, friends, and every thing for Christ; was baptized, and became a laborious and faithful native Christian evangelist."

RENOUNCING MOHAMMEDANISM.

"On a late visit to *Soerabaya, Java,*" says Mr. Medhurst, in 1841, "I was informed of a spirit of inquiry which had broken out among the natives of a village about eight miles from that town, *forty of whom* had resolved to renounce Mohammedan customs, and to adopt the profession of Christianity.

On inquiry, it appeared that one of them formerly obtained a tract, at the annual fair held at *Soerabaya*, from which he learned, that *he was a sinner, and in danger of perdition, while the only Saviour to whom he could look for help, was Jesus Christ, the Son of God.* He communicated his views to some of his fellow-villagers, who shared with him in a desire to know more of this new way. They accordingly proceeded further into the interior, to the house of a Dutchman, who was in the habit of instructing his tenants in the outlines of Christianity; and having been taught by him to a certain extent they were directed to go back to *Soerabaya*, and inquire further after Christians there. This they accordingly did, and have continued to this time coming and going weekly for instruction.

They abstain from work on the Sabbath day; when they meet together,

they read the New Testament, *sing the tracts* for hymns, and offer up such prayers as they find therein contained. They have committed to memory a short catechism, printed in Javanese, and know a great portion of the contents of the tracts by heart.

Their knowledge of Christianity is of course circumscribed, but they stick fast to the great truth of trusting in Jesus Christ alone for salvation. I gave them what instruction I could, during my stay, and put means in operation for having them regularly visited in their own village, for the purpose of maintaining Christian worship among them.

DR. COKE AND HIS HOSTESS' FAMILY.

In attempting to cross a river in America, Dr. Coke missed the ford, and got into deep water; he and his horse were carried down the stream, and were in considerable danger; he caught hold of a bough, and with some difficulty got upon dry land; his horse was carried down the stream. After drying his clothes in the sun, he set out on foot, and at length met a man, who directed him to the nearest village, telling him to inquire for a Mrs. —, from whom, he had no doubt, he would receive the kindest treatment. Dr. Coke found the good lady's house, and received all the kindness and attention she could show him; messengers were sent after his horse, which was recovered, and brought back. The next morning he took leave of his kind hostess, and proceeded on his journey. After a lapse of five years, Dr. Coke happened to be in America again. As he was on his way to one of the provincial conferences, in company with about thirty other persons, a young man requested the favour of being allowed to converse with him; he assented with Christian politeness. The young man asked him if he recollected being in such a part of America about five years ago; he replied in the affirmative. "And do you recollect, Sir, in attempting to cross the river, being nearly drowned?" "I remember it quite

well." "And do you recollect going to the house of a widow lady, in such a village?" "I remember it well," said the doctor; "and never shall I forget the kindness which she showed me." "And do you remember, when you departed, leaving a tract at that lady's house?" "I do not recollect that," said he; "but it is very possible I might do so." "Yes, Sir," said the young man, "you did leave there a tract, which that lady read, and the Lord blessed the reading of it to the conversion of her soul; it was also the means of the conversion of several of her children and neighbours; and there is now in that village, a little flourishing society." The tears of Dr. Coke showed something of the feelings of his heart. The young man resumed, "I have not, Sir, quite told you all. I am one of that lady's children, and owe my conversion to God, to the gracious influence with which he accompanied the reading of that tract to my mind, and I am now, Dr. Coke, on my way to conference, to be proposed as a preacher."

THE SOCINIAN AND THE TRACT.

At one of the anniversaries in Paris, a clergyman rose, and related the case of a Socinian minister, who had read many books of controversy respecting the Divinity of Christ, and the kindred evangelical doctrines, but still remained a champion of Socinianism, living himself in darkness and sin. While in this frame of mind, he was presented with a little tract, entitled "The Best Friend," which simply told of Jesus. There was not one word of controversy in it. But he felt that this was just the friend he needed. He laid the tract on the table, fell on his knees, and yielded up his heart to Jesus. "And now," says the clergyman, "I am that man." He is now one of the most devoted ministers in France.

THE NORWEGIAN FARMER.

Many years ago, a Norwegian farmer was, at the age of twenty-five, in the

habit of making excursions from his father's dwelling, for the purpose of distributing religious tracts, which he had caused to be printed at his own expense, and which he sold or gave away. The effects of his labours were perfectly astonishing; not less than 50,000 peasants dating the period of their conversion to sound and vital Christianity, at the time when they first became known to that remarkable individual. To the sufferings which he had undergone, it is most distressing to advert; he endured eleven several imprisonments, one of which lasted for a period of ten years. There is a passage towards the close of his journal, dated in the year 1814, from which it appears, that a fine of a thousand rix-dollars was imposed upon him, and that all which he possessed on earth was sold for the liquidation of that debt: he might have escaped it, could he have prevailed on

himself to petition the king, saying that he was unable to pay the amount; but such was his love of truth, that no consideration under heaven could induce him to declare a falsehood; and, in consequence, he suffered himself to be reduced to the lowest degree of poverty: he allowed every thing which he possessed, down to the meanest utensil, to be sold, rather than declare that which he knew to be false.

"THE GREAT QUESTION ANSWERED."

It is related by Dr. Henderson, that during his travels in Northern Europe, he was detained for a time in Copenhagen. While there, he states that he employed himself in translating the tract entitled, "The Great Question Answered," and that the circulation of this tract had been traced as the source of all the Bible Societies in Russia, Sweden, and the neighbouring countries.

UNITARIANISM.

DR. PRIESTLEY'S AVOWAL TO DR. MILLER.

The Rev. Dr. Miller, of Princeton, N. J., in a note to his sermon preached at the ordination of Rev. Mr. Nevins, in Baltimore, speaking of the dreadful and soul-destroying errors of Arius and Socinius, remarks, that in conformity with this view of the subject, the author cannot forbear to notice and record a declaration made to himself by the late Dr. Priestley, two or three years before the decease of that distinguished Unitarian. The conversation was a free and amicable one, on some of the fundamental doctrines of religion. In reply to a direct avowal on the part of the author that he was a Trinitarian and a

Calvinist, Dr. Priestley said, "I do not wonder that you Calvinists entertain and express a strongly unfavourable opinion of us Unitarians. The truth is, there neither can, nor ought to be, any compromise between us. If you are right, *we are not Christians at all*; and if *we* are right, *you are gross idolaters*." These were, as nearly as can be recollected, the words, and, most accurately, the substance of his remark. And nothing certainly can be more just. Between those who believe in the Divinity and Atonement of the Son of God, and those who entirely reject both, "there is a great gulf fixed," which precludes all ecclesiastical intercourse.

CHRISTIAN USEFULNESS.

A COLPORTEUR IN NORWAY.

When there was great spiritual darkness on the continent of Europe, and every thing seemed to threaten that the light of the gospel would be completely removed from Norway, God, in his pro-

vidence, raised up a poor peasant, who lived near Indenkihill, on the confines of Sweden. He had received nothing but a common education, but the Lord made him acquainted with the truth, and filled him with zeal to communicate

that truth to his countrymen, who were perishing for lack of knowledge. This good man, with his knapsack on his back, set out on the road, went through the length and breadth of Norway, proclaiming the gospel in that wild and romantic country, to thousands and tens of thousands; and the Lord gave testimony to the word spoken in a most remarkable manner; for hundreds were in a short time, by his instrumentality, made to see and embrace the truth. It may be easily conceived, that he was not allowed to go on in peace: the unenlightened clergy would not endure him; they stirred up the magistrates against him, and he was cast into prison; as soon, however, as he got out, he was again at his work; but, at length, having come to Christiana, the capital, a most bigoted place in regard to religion, he was apprehended, and cast into a dungeon, and kept eleven years, from 1800 to 1811. But he was not idle

there; for, like Bunyan, he was writing treatises, and sending them forth into every part of the country; contriving, in the space of a very short time, to have one hundred and twenty-two tracts published at Cassel. The effect of this peasant's labours is, that at this day there are not fewer than ten thousand followers of the Lord Jesus in that country.

"I HAVE HANDS, AND I CAN WORK."

A man in W., who depended for support entirely on his own exertions, subscribed five dollars annually in support of the Bombay schools. His friends inquired, "Why he gave so much, and how he could afford it?" He replied, "I have for sometime been wishing to do some thing for Christ's cause, but I cannot preach, neither can I pray in public, to any one's edification, nor can I talk to people, but I have hands, and I can work."

VANITY OF THE WORLD.

DYING WORDS OF SEVERUS.

When Severus, Emperor of Rome, found his end approaching, he cried out, "I have been every thing, and every thing is nothing;" then ordering the urn to be brought to him in which his ashes were to be enclosed, on his body being burned, he said, "Little urn, thou shalt contain one for whom the world was too little."

PITT LYING IN SOLITUDE.

Pitt died at a solitary house on Wimbledon Common. Not far off, by the roadside, stood a small country inn, where the various parties interested in the great statesman's life were accustomed to apply for information, and leave their horses and carriages. On the morning of the 23d of January, 1806, an individual having called at the inn, and not being able to obtain a satisfactory reply to his inquiries, proceeded to the house of Pitt. He knocked, but no servant appeared—he opened the door and entered—he found no one in atten-

dance—he proceeded from room to room, and at length entered the sick chamber, where, on a bed, in silence and in perfect solitude, he found to his unspeakable surprise, the dead body of that great statesman who had so lately wielded the power of England, and influenced, if he did not control, the destinies of the world. We doubt whether any much more awful example of the lot of mortality has ever been witnessed.

NEWTON AND MARLBOROUGH.

It is truly humbling to the pride of man to see to what a state of mental and physical ruin he is brought by the lapse of time. Sir Isaac Newton, that wonderful scholar, of whom it is said, that he "surpassed the whole human race in genius," and who, if any one can be properly styled great and illustrious, is surely entitled to these epithets, when in his declining years he was requested to explain some passage on his chief mathematical work, could only, as it is reported, say, that he knew it

was true once. A circumstance in some degree similar is related of that celebrated military commander, the first Duke of Marlborough, who flourished about the same period. When the history of his own campaigns was read to him, to beguile the tedious hours in the evening of life, we are told, so far were his intellectual faculties impaired, that he was unconscious of what he had done, and asked in admiration, from time to time, "who commanded?" Here, then, not to cite more examples, we have fresh proofs that "all the glory of man," even in what he is most especially apt to value himself, is but "as the flower of grass."

CONSTANTINE AND THE MISER.

Constantine the Great, in order to reclaim a miser, took a lance and marked out a space of ground of the size of the human body, and told him; "Add heap to heap, accumulate riches upon riches, extend the bounds of your possessions, conquer the whole world, and in a few days such a spot as this will be all you will have."

INSTABILITY OF GREATNESS.

Xerxes crowned his footmen in the morning, and beheaded them in the evening of the same day; and Andromachus, the Greek emperor, crowned his admiral in the morning, and then took off his head in the afternoon. Roffensis had a cardinal's hat sent to him, but his head was cut off before it came to hand! Most say of their crowns, as a certain king said of his, "Oh, crown, more noble than happy!"

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S CONFESSION.

The Earl of Chesterfield was a nobleman for whom nature had done much, and birth and education more. He was in his day universally allowed to be the most elegant and accomplished man in Europe; and he was no less conspicuous in the political than in the fashionable world. No man ever possessed greater advantages for the attainment of and the enjoyment of worldly pleasures; and

no man ever drank deeper of the sweet, but poisonous draught. Let us hear him at a time when disease and age hung heavy upon him, and rendered him incapable of further enjoyment. "I have seen," says he, "the silly rounds of business and of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is, in truth, very low; whereas those that have not experienced, always overrate them. They only see the gay outside, and are dazzled at the glare. But I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminated the whole decoration, to the astonishment of the ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry of bustle and pleasure of the world had any reality; but I look upon all that is past 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. Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with that meritorious constancy and resignation, which most people boast of? No, for I really cannot help it. I bear it, because I must bear it, whether I will or no! I think of nothing but killing time the best way I can, now that he has become my enemy. It is my resolution to *sleep* in the carriage during the remainder of my journey."

DIOGENES' REPLY TO ALEXANDER.

Diogenes was not in the wrong, who, when the great Alexander, finding him in the charnel-house, asked him what he was seeking for, answered, "I am seeking for your father's bones and those of my slave; but I cannot find them, because there is no difference between them."

VERACITY.

MAGNANIMOUS INDIAN.

A pledge is considered very sacred and binding among the North American Indians. The following is an instance. During the Winnebago war of 1827, Dekkerre, a celebrated chief of that nation, with four other Indians of his tribe was taken prisoner at Prairie du Chien. Colonel Snelling, who then commanded that garrison, despatched a young Indian into the nation with orders to inform the chiefs of Dekkerre's band, that unless the Indians who were perpetrators of the horrid murders of some of our citizens were brought to the fort, and given up within ten days, Dekkerre and the other four Indians who were retained as hostages, would be shot at the end of that time. The awful sentence was proclaimed in the presence of Dekkerre, who, though proclaiming his own innocence, of the outrages that had been committed by others of his nation, exclaimed, that he feared not death, notwithstanding it would be fraught with serious consequences to his large and dependant family of little children; but if necessary, he was willing to die for the honour of his nation. The young Indian had been gone several days, and no intelligence was yet received from the murderers. The dreadful day being near at hand, and Dekkerre being in a bad state of health, asked permission of the Colonel to go to the river and indulge in his long accustomed habit of bathing; in order to improve his health. Upon which Colonel S. told him that, if he would promise, on the honour of a chief, that he would not leave the town, he might have his liberty and enjoy all his privileges until the day of the appointed execution. Accordingly he first gave his hand to the Colonel, thanked him for his friendly offer, then raised both his hands aloft, and in the most solemn

adjuration, promised that he would not leave the bounds prescribed, and said, if he had a hundred lives, he would sooner lose them all than forfeit his word, or deduct from his proud nation one particle of its boasted honour. He was then set at liberty. He was advised to fly to the wilderness and make his escape. "But, no," said he, "do you think I prize life above honour; or that I would betray a confidence reposed in me for the sake of saving my life?" Nine days of the ten elapsed and his nation was not heard from, but Dekkerre remained firm, his fidelity unshaken, his countenance unmoved. It so happened that on that day General Atkinson arrived; the order for the execution was countermanded, and the Indians were permitted to repair to their homes.

KING JOHN AND HIS HOSTAGE.

John, king of France, left in England two of his sons as hostages for the payment of his ransom. One of them, the Duke of Anjou, tired of his confinement in the Tower of London, escaped to France. His father, more generous, proposed instantly to take his place; and, when the principal officers of his court remonstrated against his taking that honourable but dangerous measure, he told them, "Why, I myself was permitted to come out of the same prison in which my son was, in consequence of the treaty of Bretagne, which he has violated by his flight. I hold myself not a free man at present. I fly to my prison. I am engaged to do it by my word; and if honour were banished from all the world, it should have an asylum in the breast of kings." The magnanimous monarch accordingly proceeded to England, and became the second time a prisoner in the Tower of London, where he died in 1384.

WAR.

NUMBER SLAIN IN DIFFERENT BATTLES.

At Durham, 1346, there fell 15,000; at Halidonhill and Agincourt, 20,000 each; at Bautzen and Lepanto, 25,000 each; at Austerlitz, Jena, and Lutzen, 30,000 each; at Eylau, 60,000; at Waterloo and Quatre Bras, one engagement, 70,000; at Borodino, 80,000; at Fontenoy, 100,000; at Yarmouth, 150,000; at Chalons, no less than 300,000 of Attila's army alone! The Moors in Spain, about the year 800, lost in one battle 70,000; in another, four centuries later, 180,000, besides 50,000 prisoners, and in a third, even 200,000. Still greater was the carnage in ancient times. At Cannæ, 70,000 fell. The Romans alone, in an engagement with the Cimbri and Teutones, lost 80,000. The Carthaginians attacked Hymera in Sicily with an army of 300,000 men, and a fleet of 2000 ships, and 3000 transports; but not a ship nor a transport escaped destruction, and of the troops, only a few in a small boat reached Carthage with the melancholy tidings. Marius slew, in one battle, 140,000 Gauls, and in another, 290,000. In the battle of Issus, between Alexander and Darius, 110,000 were slain, in that of Arbela, 300,000. Julius and Cæsar once annihilated an army of 363,000 Helvetians; in a battle with the Usipetes, he slew 400,000; and on another occasion, he massacred more than 430,000 Germans, who "had crossed the Rhine, with their herds, and flocks, and little ones, in quest of new settlements."

SIEGE OF GENOA.

In 1800, Genoa, occupied by 24,000 French troops, was besieged at once by a British fleet and a powerful Austrian army. We will not detail the horrors attendant on the sallies and assaults; but let us look at the condition of the soldiers and citizens within. The former, worn down by fatigue, and wasted by famine, had consumed all the horses in the city, and were at length reduced to

the necessity of feeding on dogs, cats, and vermin, which were eagerly hunted out in the cellars and common sewers. Soon, however, even these wretched resources failed; and they were brought to the pittance of four or five ounces a day of black bread made of cocoa, rye, and other substances ransacked from the shops of the city.

SIEGE OF MAGDEBURG.

In the siege of Magdeburg, in 1631, the resistance was long and obstinate; but at length two gates were forced open by the besiegers, and Tilly marching a part of his infantry into the town, immediately occupied the principal streets, and with pointed cannon drove the citizens into their dwellings, there to await their destiny. Nor were they held long in suspense; a word from Tilly decided the fate of Magdeburg. Even a more humane general would have attempted in vain to restrain such soldiers; but Tilly never once made the attempt. The silence of their general left the soldiers masters of the citizens; and they broke without restraint into the houses to gratify every brutal appetite. The prayers of innocence excited some compassion in the hearts of the Germans, but none in the rude breasts of Pappenheim's Walloons. Scarcely had the massacre commenced, when the other gates were thrown open, and the cavalry, with the fearful hordes of Croats, poured in upon the devoted town.

Now began a scene of massacre and outrage, which history has no language, poetry no pencil to portray. Neither the innocence of childhood, nor the helplessness of old age, neither youth nor sex, neither rank nor beauty, could disarm the fury of the conquerors. Wives were dishonoured in the very arms of their husbands, daughters at the feet of their parents, and the defenceless sex exposed to the double loss of virtue and life. No condition, however obscure, or however sacred, could

afford protection against the cruelty or rapacity of the enemy. Fifty-three women were found in a single church with their heads cut off! The Croats amused themselves with throwing children into the flames, and Pappenheim's Walloon's with stabbing infants at their mothers' breasts! Some officers of the League, horror-struck at scenes so dreadful, ventured to remind Tilly, that he had it in his power to stop the carnage. "Return in an hour," was his answer, "and I will see what is to be done; the soldier must have some recompense for his dangers and toils!"

More than five thousand bodies were thrown into the Elbe just to clear the streets; a far greater number had been consumed by the flames; the entire amount of the slaughter was estimated at thirty thousand; and in gratitude to the God of peace for such horrid success in the butchery of his children, for this triumph of Christian over Christian in blood, and fire, and rapine, and brutal lusts, a solemn mass was performed, and *Te Deum* sung amid the discharge of artillery!

BOMBARDMENT OF ST. JEAN D'ACRE.

The bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre, in Syria, English newspapers of the day called "a most brilliant exploit;" but let us see what it was. "At half-past four in the morning," says an eye-witness, "all firing ceased, as if by one consent, when—what a sight!—the whole town seemed to be thrown into the air! We saw nothing but one dense cloud extending thousands of yards into the air on all sides; and then we felt an awful shock, which gave the line-of-battle ships a heel of two degrees. It was the explosion caused by one of our shells bursting in their main magazine of powder, by which, to speak within bounds, two thousand souls, besides beasts of burden of every description, were blown to atoms! The entire loss of the Egyptians is computed at three thousand. At daylight, what a sight was exposed to our view! The stupendous fortification, that only twelve hours

before was among the strongest in the world, was so riddled that we could not find a square foot which had not a shot. I went ashore to witness the devastation; the sight beggared all description! The bastions were strewn with the dead, the guns dismantled, and all sorts of havoc. The spot of the explosion was far worse—a space of two acres laid quite bare, and hollowed out as if a quarry had been worked there for years! What a sight was there before me! Mangled human bodies, of both sexes, strewn in all directions, women searching for their husbands and other relatives, tearing their hair, beating their breasts, and howling and crying most piteously!"

A WIFE AFTER BATTLE.

The battle-field makes terrible havoc of domestic sympathies and hopes. I once read of a devoted wife who left her babes, and walked some forty miles to see her husband in the army. She arrived the night before a battle, and contrived, by a dextrous appeal to the sentinel's heart, to gain admission to her husband's tent. The hours sped swiftly away, and the dawn heard the signal for battle. She hurried from his fond embrace with many a tender kiss for his babes, but lingered near the scene, and watched from a neighbouring hill every movement of the two armies, until the combat ceased, and all was quiet once more. The shades of night now hang in gloom over that battleground, and forbid all search for the wounded, the dying or the dead. Morn approaches; and with its earliest dawn this faithful wife, with a throbbing heart, wanders over that field of slaughter to see if the father of her babes has fallen. Alas, it is too true! There he is, all covered with gore. She sinks on his bosom in a swoon, and rises no more!

CICERO AND SENECA ON WAR.

We could not expect the heathen to denounce a custom so emphatically their own; yet we find the wisest and best

of them reprobating it in the strongest terms. CICERO speaks of war, "contention by violence, as belonging to the brutes," and complains bitterly of its effects on liberal arts and peaceful pursuits. "All our noble studies, all our reputation at the bar, all our professional assiduities, are stricken from our hands as soon as the alarm of war is sounded. Wisdom itself, the mistress of affairs, is driven from the field. Force bears sway. The statesman is despised; the grim soldier alone is caressed. Legal proceedings cease. Claims are asserted and prosecuted, not according to law, but by force of arms."

SENECA, the great moralist of antiquity, is still more strong in his condemnation of war. "How are we to treat our fellow creatures? Shall we not spare the effusion of blood? How small a matter not to hurt him to whom we are bound by every obligation to do all the good in our power!—Some deeds, which are considered as villanous while capable of being prevented, become honourable and glorious when they rise above the control of law. The very things which, if men had done them in their private capacity, they would expiate with their lives, we extol when perpetrated in regimentals at the bidding of a general. We punish murders and massacres committed among private persons; but what do we with wars, the glorious crime of murdering whole nations? Here avarice and cruelty know no bounds; enormities forbidden in private persons, are actually enjoined by legislatures, and every species of barbarity authorized by decrees of the senate, and votes of the people."

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S CONFESSION.

Perhaps few facts would more forcibly illustrate the views, which even reflecting military men take of the nature of war, than the following:—

Thomas Mullet, Esq., an English gentleman, being in America, called on General Washington, at his residence at Mount Vernon, soon after the close of the contest between that country and

Great Britain. Washington asked him, in the course of conversation in his library, if he had met with an individual in that country, who could write the history of the recent contest. Mr. M. replied that he knew of one, and only one, competent to the task. The general eagerly asked, "Who, Sir, can he be?" Mr. M. replied, "Sir, Cæsar wrote his own Commentaries." The general bowed, and replied, "Cæsar could write his Commentaries; but, Sir, I know the atrocities committed on both sides have been so great and many, that they cannot be faithfully recorded, and had better be buried in oblivion!"

DECISION OF A PRIMITIVE CHRISTIAN.

Maximilian having been brought before the tribunal to be enrolled as a soldier, Dion, the proconsul, asked him his name. Maximilian, turning to him, replied, "Why wouldst thou know my name? *I am a Christian, and cannot fight.*" Then Dion ordered him to be enrolled, and bade the officer mark him; but Maximilian refused to be marked, still asserting that he was a Christian; upon which Dion instantly replied, "Bear arms, or thou shalt die." To this Maximilian answered, "I cannot fight, if I die; I am not a soldier of this world, but a soldier of God." He refused the expostulations of Dion, and was accordingly executed.

EARLY CHRISTIANS AND WAR.

The absolute inconsistency of war with the gospel was the prevalent belief of the early Christians. Justin Martyr, A.D. 140, quoting the prophecy of Isaiah already cited, says, "That these things have come to pass, you may be readily convinced; for we who were once slayers of one another, do not now fight against our enemies." Irenæus, bishop of Lyons, 167, discusses the same prophecy, and proves its relation to our Saviour by the fact, that the followers of Jesus had disused the weapons of war, and no longer knew how to fight. Tertullian, 200, indeed alludes to Christians who

were engaged in military pursuits, but, on another occasion, informs us, that many soldiers quitted those pursuits in consequence of their conversion to Christianity; and repeatedly expresses his own opinion, that any participation in war is unlawful for believers in Jesus, not only because of the idolatrous practices in the Roman armies, but because Christ has forbidden the use of the sword, and the revenge of injuries. Origen, 230, in his work against Celsus, says, "We no longer take up the sword against any nation, nor do we learn any more to make war. We have become, for the sake of Jesus, *the children of peace*. By our prayers, we fight for our king abundantly, but take no part in his wars, even though he urge us."

OPINION OF ERASMUS.

Erasmus, the glory of his age, wrote against war with unrivalled beauty and force. "What infernal being, all-powerful in mischief, fills the bosom of man with such insatiable rage for war! If familiarity with the sight had not destroyed all surprise at it, and custom blunted the sense of its evils, who could believe that those wretched beings are possessed of rational souls, who contend with all the rage of furies? Robbery, blood, butchery, desolation, confound without distinction every thing sacred and profane."

WALTER RALEIGH ON WAR.

Sir Walter Raleigh, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier, declares "there is no profession more unpropitious than that of warriors. Besides the envy and jealousy of men, the spoils, rapes, famine, slaughter of the innocent, devastations and burnings, with a world of miseries laid on the labouring man, they are so hateful to God, as with good reason did Monluc, the marshal of France, confess, 'that, were not the mercies of God infinite, it were in vain for those of his profession to hope for any portion of them, seeing the cruelties by them permitted and perpetrated are also infinite.'"

NEVER A GOOD WAR OR A BAD PEACE.

Franklin was a staunch opposer of the war-system. "If statesmen," says he, "were more accustomed to calculation, wars would be much less frequent. Canada might have been purchased from France for a tenth part of the money England spent in the conquest of it; and if, instead of fighting us for the power to tax us, she had kept us in good humour by allowing us to dispose of our own money, and giving us now and then a little of her own by way of donation to colleges or hospitals, for cutting canals, or fortifying ports, she might easily have drawn from us much more by occasional voluntary grants and contributions, than ever she could by taxes. Sensible people will give a bucket or two of water to a dry pump, in order to get from it afterwards all they want.

"After much occasion to consider the folly and mischiefs of a state of warfare, and the little or no advantage obtained even by those nations which have conducted it with the most success, I have been apt to think *there has never been, nor ever will be, any such thing as a good war, or a bad peace.*"

WAR MULTIPLIES LOSSES.

Thomas Jefferson both wrote and acted with great decision in favour of peace. "I stand in awe," he says in 1798, "at the mighty conflict to which two great nations (France and England) are advancing, and recoil with horror at the ferociousness of man. Will nations never devise a more rational empire of differences than force? Are there no means of coercing injustice more gratifying to our nature than a waste of the blood of thousands, and of the labour of millions of our fellow creatures? Wonderful has been the progress of human improvement in other respects. Let us then hope, that the law of nature will in time influence the proceedings of nations as well as of individuals, and that we shall at length be sensible, that *war is an instrument entirely inefficient towards redressing wrong, and multiplies*

instead of indemnifying losses. Had the money which has been spent in the present war been employed in making roads, and constructing canals of navigation and irrigation through the country, not a hovel in the Highlands of Scotland, or the mountains of Auvergne, would have been without a boat at its door, a rill of water in every field, and a road to its market town.

WAR MAKES VILLAINS.

Macchiavel himself denounces war as "a profession by which men cannot live honourably; an employment by which the soldier, if he would reap any profit, is *obliged* to be false, and rapacious, and cruel. Nor can any man, who makes war his profession, be otherwise than vicious. Have you not a proverb, that *war makes villains, and peace brings them to the gallows?*"

PRINCE EUGENE ON WAR.

"The thirst of renown sometimes insinuates itself into our councils, under the garb of *national honour*. It dwells on imaginary insults; it suggests harsh and abusive language; the people go on from one thing to another, till they put an end to the lives of half a million of men. A military man becomes so sick of bloody scenes in war, that in peace he is averse to re-commence them. I wish that the first minister who is called to decide on peace and war, had only seen actual service."

SUFFERINGS OF THE FRENCH.

"The French soldiers," says an eyewitness, "on their retreat from Moscow, would, on halting at night, throng into the houses, throw themselves down on the first dirty straw they could find, and there perish in large numbers, with hunger and fatigue. From such sufferings, and from the infection of the air

in the warmer season by putrefied carcases of men and horses that strewed the road, there sprang two dreadful diseases, the dysentery and typhus fever, before which they melted away like dew before the sun. At times they were so overwhelmed with whirlwinds of snow, that they could not distinguish the road from the ditches, and often found their grave in the latter. The roads, league after league, were checkered with dead bodies covered with snow, and forming undulations or hillocks like those in a graveyard. Many of the survivors scarce retained the human form. Some had lost their hearing, others their speech; and many, by excessive cold and hunger, were reduced to a state of such stupid frenzy, that they roasted the dead bodies of their companions, and even gnawed their own hands and arms.

THE THIEF'S REPARTEE.

A soldier of Marshal Saxe's army, being discovered in theft, was condemned to be hung. What he had stolen might be worth five shillings. The Marshal meeting him, as he was led to execution, said to him:—"What a miserable fool you were to risk your life for five shillings." "General," replied the soldier, "I have risked it every day for fivepence." This repartee saved his life.

THE REWARD OF WAR.

The Duke of Marlborough observing a soldier leaning pensively on the butt-end of his musket, just after victory had declared itself in favour of the British arms at the battle of Blenheim, accosted him thus:—"Why so pensive, my friend, after so glorious a victory?" "It may be glorious," replied the brave fellow, "but I am thinking that all the human blood I have spilled this day *has only earned me fourpence.*"

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