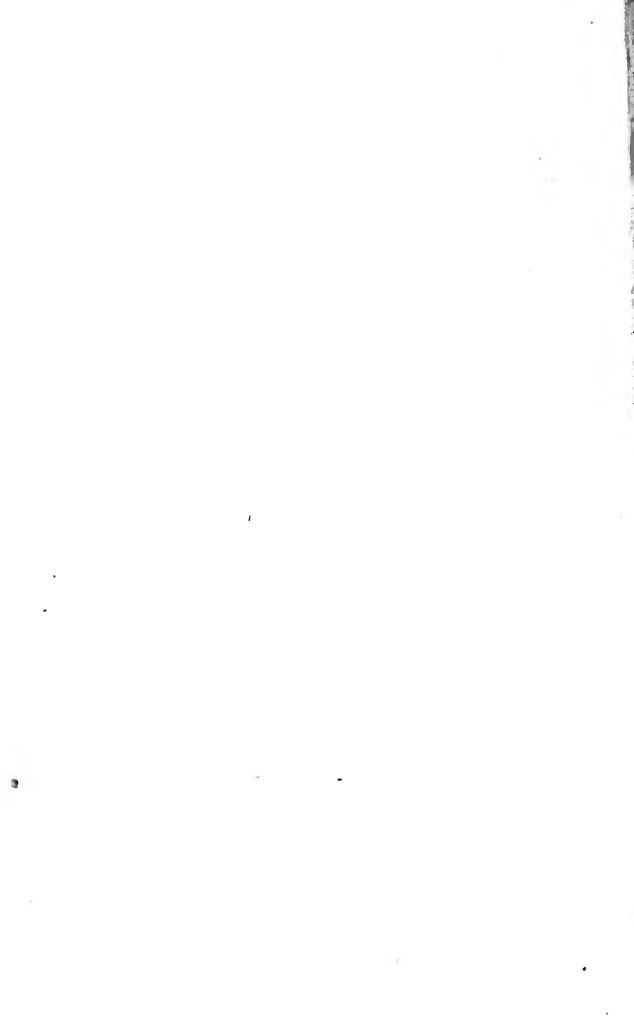


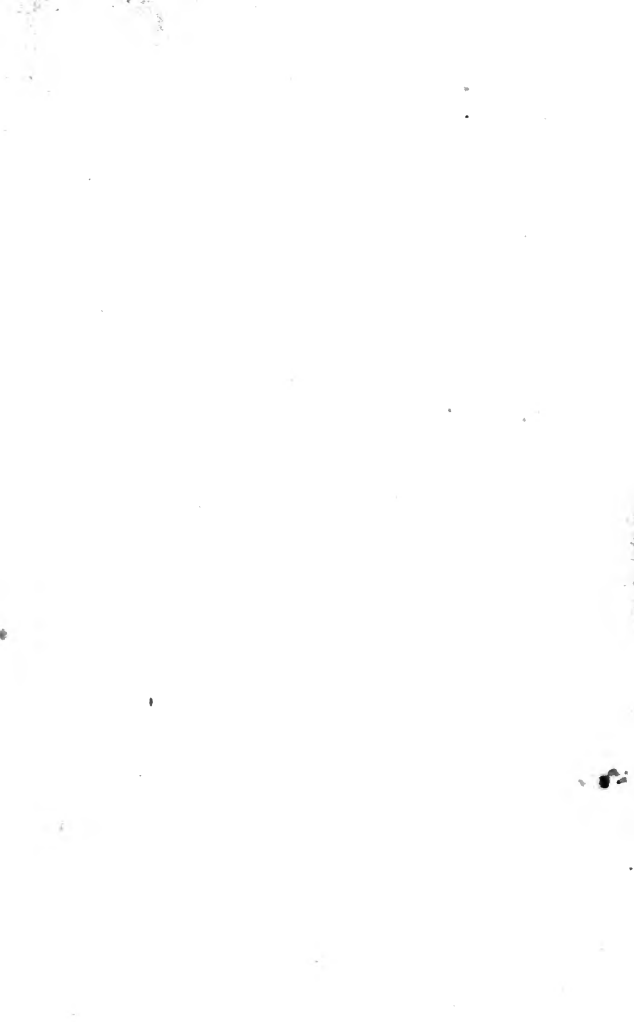
Shelf No.

7309.84
1534

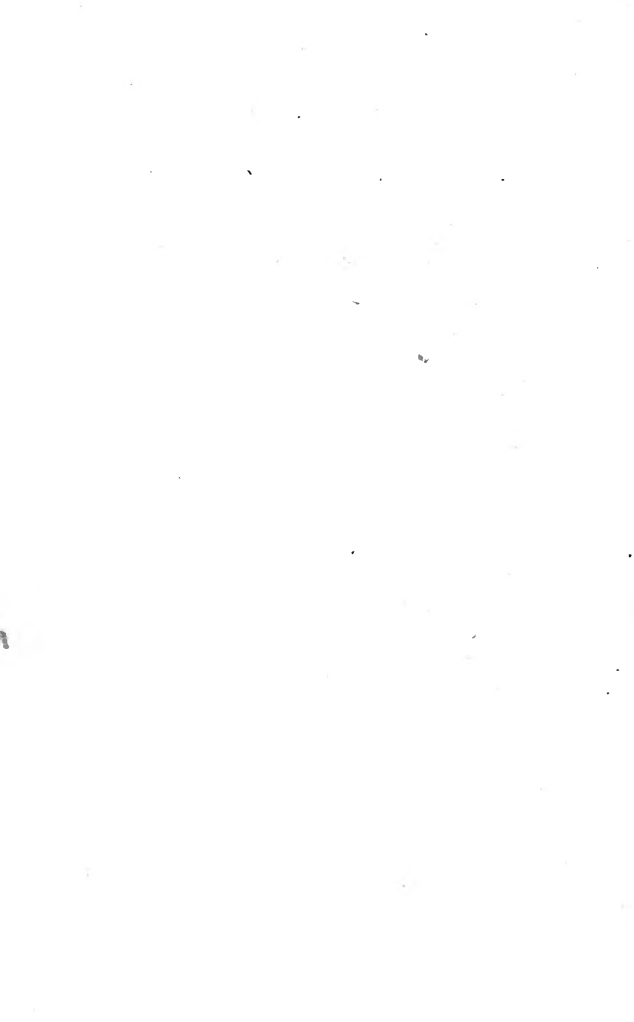










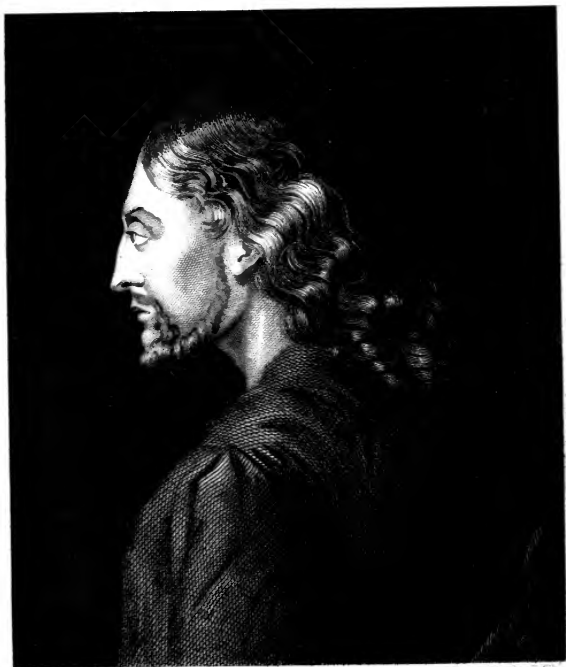












Portrait of C. J. Collins

Portrait of C. J. Collins

THE

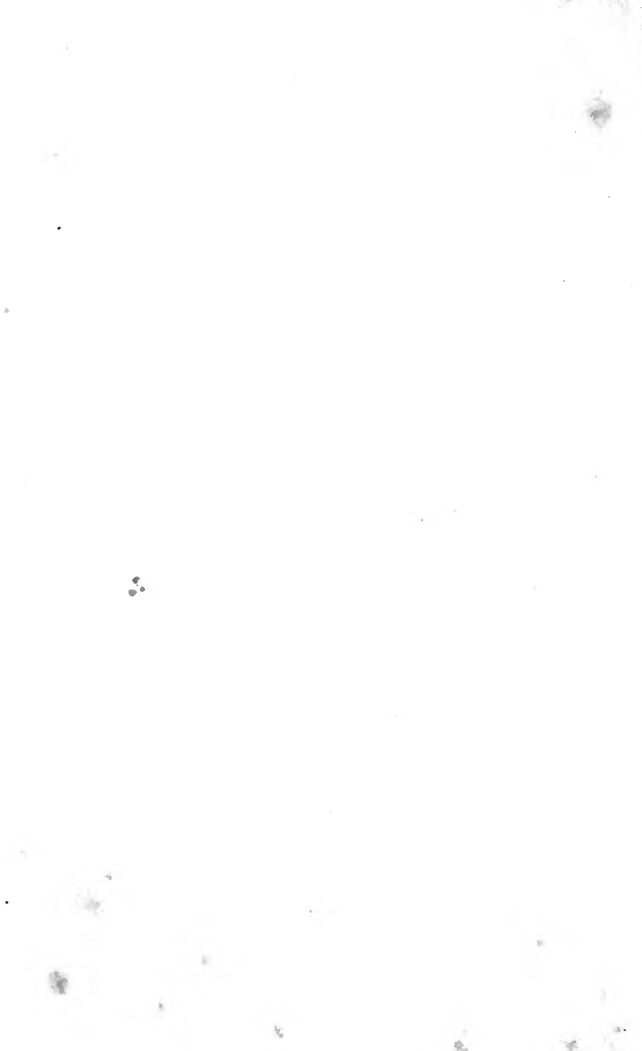
RELIGIOUS

SOUVENIR



WILEY AND BROTHERS

1834.



THE
RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR,

A

Christmas, New Year's and Birth Day Present

FOR

MDCCCXXXIV.

EDITED BY

G. T. BEDELL, D. D.

RECTOR OF SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY KEY & BIDDLE.

1834.

✓

L. H.

Nov. 3, 1883

D.

11. cent.

Entered according to the act of congress, in the year 1833, by
Key & Biddle, in the office of the clerk of the district court of
the eastern district of Pennsylvania.

7309.82

1824

Philadelphia:
Printed by T. K. Collins & Co.
49 Prune Street.

PREFACE.

THE Editor feels grateful for the public approbation so universally bestowed on the Souvenir for 1833, and it has stimulated him to make the present volume still more worthy of the same, by presenting articles generally of a more elevated cast, both in a literary and religious view. As he did in the last, so he can in the present volume declare, that not one word will be found which does not directly or impliedly *honour* or advance religion. As a present, therefore, for a Christian to give, it is conscientiously declared unexceptionable.



CONTENTS.

New Year Thoughts.	9
The Pearl Diver.	22
The Heart is Fixed.	25
The Intemperate.	28
Paul before the Areopagus.	58
Eternity of God.	62
The All-seeing Eye.	66
Sacred Lyrics.	79
Parental Neglect.	84
The Moabitess Widow, or Filial Piety.	88
Evidences of a Christian Character.	108
The Crucifixion.	112
Morning Hymn.	115
The Avalanche, or the Marons of St. Bernard.	117
Christian Laconics.	146
The Young Setting Moon.	158

The Man and the Child.	160
Christ Healing the Sick.	176
The Christian Daughter.	179
A Father to his Daughter.	214
I'll Think on Thee.	216
Now is the Accepted Time.	218
Departure of the Israelites from Egypt.	220
The Celebration of Spring.	226
Auræ Sententiæ.	237
Happiness.	254
The Wish.	258
A Word to a Newly Married Lady.	260
Happy Christmas.	276
Closing Thoughts.	279

EMBELLISHMENTS.

- ✓ I.—Frontispiece. Likeness of our Saviour. En-
graved by Ellis from a Picture by Whittock.
- ✓ II.—Vignette. Engraved by Ellis.
- ✓ III.—The Intemperate. Engraved by Tucker from a
Picture by Grenier. 28
- ✓ IV.—Samuel and Eli. Engraved by Neagle from a
Picture by Copley. 84
- ✓ V.—Mastiff and Child. Engraved by Tucker from a
Picture by Waffard. 144
- ✓ VI.—Christ Healing the Sick. Engraved by Longacre
from a Picture by West. 176
- ✓ VII.—Departure of the Israelites from Egypt. En-
graved by Smillie from a Picture by Roberts. . . 220
- ✓ VIII.—Happy Family. Engraved by Lawson from a Pic-
ture by Krimmel. 254

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

As one great object of a Religious Souvenir is to furnish the means by which a truly profitable, as well as an interesting present may be provided for a *New Year*, our readers who duly appreciate the design of our publication, will naturally expect that the preliminary essay should be appropriate to the season. We fear, however, that an announcement of this kind, will at once operate upon some as an inducement, not indeed to shut the book, for we know that it will generally be read, but to do what is little better, skip the article which thus seems to bespeak for itself an attention more than ordinarily serious. We entreat the reader, however, to go with us step by step, carefully to peruse what we have to say appropriate to the new year; and not to lay the book down until

we have been permitted to pay our tribute of respect and affection, in the best way we know how, by a little wholesome counsel. We may venture to promise, that the five minutes devoted to us, will not be found in the great day of final account standing to the credit of 'time mispent.'

It is the exclamation of one, who appears in his writings to have had a very accurate conception of the value of time, 'behold how short my time is,' and he follows the exclamation with a question, which to us, unacquainted with the peculiarity of the writer's circumstances, may seem singularly querulous, viz: 'wherefore hast thou made all men in vain?' The shortness of time, however, is no valid reason for the supposition that all men were made in vain. It only proves that *time*, short as it is, should be so employed, as to accomplish the design intended by the Great Creator. And if men choose to think, and act, as if they were made for no valuable purpose, instead of impeaching the wisdom of the Creator, it only serves to attach to men themselves, the blame of counteracting the designs which wisdom and goodness have formed for their advantage.

When we say that time is short, we gain no moral benefit from the remark, unless we clearly understand the meaning of the terms we use. Short and long, fix no idea in the mind, except they are considered relatively. That individual's time is *long*, who lives long enough to accomplish the most valuable purposes of his being, even if he dies ere he has attained the age of manhood; and that individual's life is *short*, who lives to the age of the oldest of the patriarchs, if he fails, during its protracted term, to attain the end for which he was brought into being. No life is *short*, then, which accomplishes its grand object; and no life is *long*, which fails to do so.

Nevertheless it is true, and it is here that the subject is capable of so much valuable improvement, that 'time is short,' if we view it in its bearings on our own views and habits of thinking, and of acting; and as we state one or two of the particulars in which this is most emphatically true, we have no doubt that our readers will bear us witness from the results of their own experience.

'Time is short,' compared with patriarchal days.

The youngest of the antediluvian patriarchs died at the age of eight hundred and ninety-five years ; the oldest went so far as to attain the age of nine hundred and sixty-nine years. Now that the limit of human life is most inconceivably brought down below the standard of the age before the flood, we are apt to imagine that those who lived so long, possessed, by so doing, advantages far superior to ourselves. In this we are very greatly mistaken. Our advantages are almost beyond conception greater than theirs ; and such are the facilities for the acquisition of knowledge in the sciences, in the arts, in literature, and even in the pursuits of religion, that we can, if we so please, accomplish more in the brief space allotted to us, than they could in the longest of their lives. If we speak of learning, we have only to instance the art of printing, which has made one year of the present age of the world equivalent to ten of the olden time, when literature was folded up in scanty manuscripts, difficult of access. If we speak of motion, one year is now worth ten before the flood, for man's ingenuity, under the directing energy of

Providence, has almost annihilated time and space. The length of the Holy Land, from Dan on the north to Beersheba on the south, would have taken the most enduring of the patriarchs to accomplish, not less than four or five days. The same number of miles, by steamboat or railroad, could now be accomplished in less than *one*. So that although the time of life is numerically shortened, it is substantially increased; and so far as the actual value of life is concerned, the time of man is no shorter than when he lived to his hundreds of years. Still, 'time is short,' compared with days which have gone before us; and it always was so; for even a patriarch, who in the one hundred and thirtieth year of his age, stood before the throne of the Egyptian monarch, and was questioned as to his years, could say, 'the days of the years of my pilgrimage are a hundred and thirty years. *Few* and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage.' We doubt not, that had Methuselah, towards the close of life, been asked the same question, he

too would have considered that his time had been 'short.'

'Time is short,' compared with our projects. There is this very striking singularity in the constitution of things. The whole of the business of human life is conducted on the principle of anticipation; and yet no man has any positive certainty that any moment *will* be his. He is certain that the present moment *is* his, but beyond this, all except death and eternity are uncertain. And yet did not the all-wise Disposer of events allow us to act upon probabilities, there would be at once a stop to all effort in worldly business. Still, even in all worldly matters, there is no man whose anticipations do not go far beyond all bounds of reasonable expectation. We form projects, which, without miracle, could not be accomplished, even should we live for ages beyond the allotted sphere of human life; and it is no wonder, then, that we complain that 'time is short,' when we find that our projects, even if they go on, fall most lamentably within the limits we had prescribed in our imaginations. But what renders this matter particularly injurious in a

religious point of view, is the fact, that the mind, absorbed in the anticipation of prospective worldly advantages, neglects the *present* opportunity of providing for a *future*, which, though it may appear more distant than any of our imaginings, may be at our very doors. Our time is infinitely shorter than our projects, and yet in giving our minds to these projects, we neglect the present business of salvation. It was one of the wisest of our Saviour's maxims, or rather exhortations, 'Seek *first* the kingdom of God.' If we did this, we should gain this immense advantage—we should find time, though shorter than our projects, yet long enough to secure our best and eternal interests;—and this is all that is really worth living for.

'Time is short,' compared with what we actually have to do. Duties are generally divided into three classes—those which we owe to God, our neighbour, and ourselves. The division is convenient, though not strictly necessary, for all duty may be resolved into that which we owe to God. Our duty to our neighbour arises out of the claims of God upon our obedience to his requi-

sitions; and our duty to ourselves is but another name for obedience to God, for our interest and happiness depend upon it. But leaving speculations of this kind out of the question, 'time is short' when we actually contemplate what we have to do, for man is a being formed for unceasing activity; and there is not a moment of his life which is cut loose from the obligations of positive effort, mental or bodily. If this be so, then every moment of time is actually filled up with responsibilities; and by no species of reasoning, or alchemy, can *time* be lengthened out beyond the period of actual positive obligations. For this reason it is, that at the day of judgment an account will be demanded of all our time; and it is for this reason that the waste of a moment is criminal—

' Throw time away,
Throw empires, and be blameless—
Moments seize,—heavens on their wing—
A moment we may lose, which worlds want wealth to buy.'

He who employs every moment of his time in his duty to God, his neighbour, and himself, will find that 'time is short' to accomplish all he must do;

and yet not *short*, because all filled up profitably. He who has time to waste, will find that it must be dreadfully accounted for.

‘Time is short,’ compared with any man’s expectations of life. There is one thing in which very few feel disposed to derive any advantage from the lessons of experience. We see men die daily. We are aware that the sentence is inevitable, ‘Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.’ We notice that here one is cut off in advanced years; there another in the vigour of manhood;—here one, apparently in health, suddenly cut down; there another sinking under the slow, though certain advances of infirmity and disease. Here we see the youth just coming to his prime, quickly disappearing; and there the tender infant, passing, as it were, from its mother’s arms to the bosom of eternity. And yet there is scarcely an individual who learns the lesson of his own liability to be cut off, and perhaps with little or no warning. All look for lengthened years, and though not one in *ten* can, in the whole analogy of his experience of others, have a reasonable hope of living even thirty years, yet every individual

supposes that he will be that *one* exempt, while the nine are by death disposed of as he pleases. It is obvious that nine out of the ten must be disappointed; and yet, instead of asking, 'Is it I?' and acting upon the possibility that it may be, every one concludes—it is not I, and acts upon that conclusion. There is no living man whose time will not be shorter than he *expects* it to be; and for this plain reason, that he *never* anticipates the period of his death. It is placed by him merely among *remote* probabilities. Reader, is it not so with thyself? When, then, you take into the account your expectations of life, you may well say, 'How short my time is.'

There is but one view more of the subject which we will present. 'Time is short,' compared with *eternity*. Here we are at once overwhelmed. Eternity baffles all our comprehensions. Comparisons do not even bring the subject within the view of our minds. A powerful writer has said 'There is a great difference between one drop of water, and the twenty thousand baths which were contained in that famous vessel in Solomon's temple, which, on account of its matter and capacity,

was called the *sea of brass* ; but this vessel itself, in comparison of the sea, properly so called, was so small, that when we compare all it could contain with the sea, the twenty thousand baths, that one hundred and sixty thousand pounds weight, appear only as a drop of water. There is a great difference between the light of a flambeau and that of a taper ; yet, expose them both to the light of the sun, and the difference becomes imperceptible. In like manner, *eternal duration* is so great an object, that it causeth every thing to disappear that can be compared with it. A *thousand years* are no more before this, than *one day*, and these terms, so unequal in themselves, seem to have a perfect equality when compared with eternity. We, minute creatures, consider a day, an hour, a quarter of an hour, as a very little space in the course of our lives ; we live without scruple, a day, an hour, a quarter of an hour :—but we are very much to blame ; for this day, this hour, this quarter of an hour, should we lose even a whole age, would be a considerable portion of our life. But, if we attend to the little probability of our living a whole age ; if we reflect that this little space of time, of which we are so

profuse, is the only space we can call our own; if we seriously think that one quarter of an hour, that one day, is the only time given us to prepare our accounts, and to decide our eternal destiny, we should have reason to acknowledge, that it was madness to lose the least part of so short a life. But God revolves (if I may so speak) in the immense space of eternity. Heap millions of ages upon millions of ages, add new millions to new millions, all this is nothing in comparison of the duration of an *Eternal Being*.* Compared with eternity, then, 'how short my time is.'

But short as it is, it is long enough to do the great work of preparation for eternity; and he who wastes it, loses his soul. Reader, how are you taking advantage of this *short time*? Are you seeking to use it to the purposes of salvation? Young has eloquently said—

'On all important time, through every age,
 Though much, and warm, the wise have urged; the man
 Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
 'I've lost a day'—the prince who nobly cried,
 Had been an emperor without his crown;
 Of Rome? say rather lord of human race!
 He spoke as if deputed by mankind.

* Saurin.

So should all speak : so reason speaks in all.
From the soft whispers of that God in man ;
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly
For rescue from the blessings we possess ?
Time, the supreme ! Time is eternity ;
Pregnant with all eternity can give.'

THE PEARL DIVER.

I go to risk, for a muscle's shell,
 The worth of my mortal breath;
To take the life in his quiet cell,
 I plunge to the gates of death.

I sink, to snatch from his ocean bed,
 The child of a world of brine,
To pluck a pearl for a lofty head,
 While the billows roll over mine.

I take my breast, with its vital spark,
 Far under the booming tide,
To grope for gems, in the fearful dark,
 To kindle the eye of pride.

The casket spared, with its tender clasp,
 By the monsters that roam the sea,

Must yield to the ruthless human grasp,
And open its lid to me.

Thou peaceful child of a noisy deep!
Thou must bid thy home farewell,
Or he who dives will sleep the sleep
Of death, for a muscle's shell.

But the goodly pearl that the merchant bought,
And for which his all he gave,
Is a purer one than will e'er be brought
From under the foaming wave.

'T will still be bright, when the forms that wore
The treasures I sought to-day,
With their beauty and wealth, to be seen no more,
Have faded and passed away.

Its lustre will far outlast the sight
Of every mortal eye!
When the sun and the stars have lost their light,
'T will shine in the upper sky!

It will not fret while the spheres revolve,
And round it their ways pursue;

It will not melt, though the heavens dissolve,
And the earth, to be made anew!

And those who are wise, and seek to know
The worth of this stainless gem,
They never will ask me, thus, to throw
Myself in the deep for them.

H. F. G.

NEWBURYPORT.

THE HEART IS FIXED.

Heb. xii. 1.

THE heart is fixed, and fixed the eye,
And I am girded for the race :
The Lord is strong, and I rely
On his assisting grace.
Race for the swift—it must be run,
A prize laid up—it must be won.

And I have tarried longer now
(Pleased with the scenes of time)
Than fitteth those who hope to go
To Heaven, that holy clime ;
Who hope to pluck the fruit which grows
Where the immortal river flows.

The atmosphere of earth—Oh! how
It hath bedimmed the eye,
And quenched the spirit's fervent glow,
And stayed the purpose high ;
And how these feet have gone astray,
That should have walked the narrow way.

Race for the swift—I must away,
With footstep firm and free ;
Ye pleasures that invite my stay
And cares, are naught to me ;
For lo ! it gleameth on my eye,
The glory of that upper sky.

' A prize laid up'—said he who fought
That holy fight of old,
' Laid up in Heaven for me, yet not
For me alone that crown of gold,
But all who wait till thou appear,
Saviour, the diadem shall wear.'

Patiently wait—so help thou me,
O meek and holy One,

That dim although the vision be,
The race I still may run ;
This eye thus lifted to the skies,
This heart thus burning for the prize.

G. E. A.

THE INTEMPERATE.

“COME along,” said James Harwood to his wife, who, burdened with two children, followed in his steps. Her heart was full, and she made no reply.

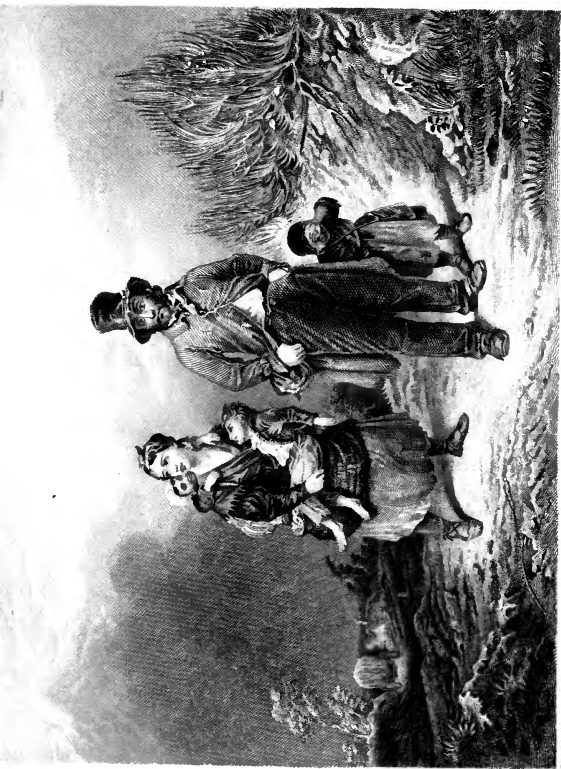
“Well, be sullen if you choose, but make haste you shall, or I will leave you behind in the woods.”

Then, as if vexed because his ill humour failed to irritate its object, he added, in a higher tone—

“Put down that boy. Have not I told you, twenty times, that you could get along faster if you had but one to carry? He can walk as well as I can.”

“He is sick,” said the mother; “feel how his head throbs. Pray take him in your arms.”

“I tell you, Jane Harwood, once for all, that you are spoiling the child by your foolishness.



W. & A. G. & Co. Lith. & Engrs. 15, N. 2d St. N. Y.

Copyrighted by W. & A. G. & Co. Lith. & Engrs. 15, N. 2d St. N. Y.



He is no more sick than I am. You are only trying to make him lazy. Get down, I tell you, and walk," addressing the languid boy.

He would have proceeded to enforce obedience, but the report of a gun arrested his attention. He entered a thicket, to discover whence it proceeded, and the weary and sad-hearted mother sat down upon the grass. Bitter were her reflections during that interval of rest among the wilds of Ohio. The pleasant New England village from which she had just emigrated, and the peaceful home of her birth, rose up to her view—where, but a few years before, she had given her hand to one, whose unkindness now strewed her path with thorns. By constant and endearing attentions, he had won her youthful love, and the two first years of their union promised happiness. Both were industrious and affectionate, and the smiles of their infant in his evening sports or slumbers, more than repaid the labours of the day.

But a change became visible. The husband grew inattentive to his business, and indifferent to his fireside. He permitted debts to accumulate, in spite of the economy of his wife, and became

morose and offended at her remonstrances. She strove to hide, even from her own heart, the vice that was gaining the ascendancy over him, and redoubled her exertions to render his home agreeable. But too frequently her efforts were of no avail, or contemptuously rejected. The death of her beloved mother, and the birth of a second infant, convinced her that neither in sorrow or in sickness could she expect sympathy from him, to whom she had given her heart, in the simple faith of confiding affection. They became miserably poor, and the cause was evident to every observer. In this distress, a letter was received from a brother, who had been for several years a resident in Ohio, mentioning that he was induced to remove further westward, and offering them the use of a tenement which his family would leave vacant, and a small portion of cleared land, until they might be able to become purchasers.

Poor Jane listened to this proposal with gratitude. She thought she saw in it the salvation of her husband. She believed that if he were divided from his intemperate companions, he would return to his early habits of industry and virtue.

The trial of leaving native and endeared scenes, from which she would once have shrunk, seemed as nothing in comparison with the prospect of his reformation and returning happiness. Yet, when all their few effects were converted into the wagon and horse which were to convey them to a far land, and the scant and humble necessaries which were to sustain them on their way thither; when she took leave of her brother and sisters, with their households; when she shook hands with the friends whom she had loved from her cradle, and remembered that it might be for the last time; and when the hills that encircled her native village faded into the faint, blue outline of the horizon, there came over her such a desolation of spirit, such a foreboding of evil, as she had never before experienced. She blamed herself for these feelings, and repressed their indulgence.

The journey was slow and toilsome. The autumnal rains and the state of the roads were against them. The few utensils and comforts which they carried with them, were gradually abstracted and sold. The object of this traffic could not be doubted. Its effects were but too visible in

his conduct. She reasoned—she endeavoured to persuade him to a different course. But anger was the only result. When he was not too far stupified to comprehend her remarks, his deportment was exceedingly overbearing and arbitrary. He felt that she had no friend to protect her from insolence, and was entirely in his own power; and she was compelled to realize that it was a power without generosity, and that there is no tyranny so perfect, as that of a capricious and alienated husband.

As they approached the close of their distressing journey, the roads became worse, and their horse utterly failed. He had been but scantily provided for, as the intemperance of his owner had taxed and impoverished every thing for its own support. Jane wept as she looked upon the dying animal, and remembered his laborious and ill-repaid services.

“What shall I do with the brute,” exclaimed his master; “he has died in such an out-of-the-way place, that I cannot even find any one to buy his skin.”

Under the shelter of their miserably broken wagon, they passed another night, and early in the

morning pursued their way on foot. Of their slender stores, a few morsels of bread were all that remained. But James had about his person a bottle, which he no longer made a secret of using. At every application of it to his lips, his temper seemed to acquire new violence. They were within a few miles of the termination of their journey, and their directions had been very clear and precise. But his mind became so bewildered, and his heart so perverse, that he persisted in choosing by-paths of underwood and tangled weeds, under the pretence of seeking a shorter route. This increased and prolonged their fatigue; but no entreaty of his wearied wife was regarded. Indeed, so exasperated was he at her expostulations, that she sought safety in silence. The little boy of four years old, whose constitution had been feeble from his infancy, became so feverish and distressed, as to be unable to proceed. The mother, after in vain soliciting aid and compassion from her husband, took him in her arms, while the youngest, whom she had previously carried, and who was unable to walk, clung to her shoulders. Thus burdened, her progress was tedious and

painful. Still she was enabled to go on : for the strength that nerves a mother's frame, toiling for her sick child, is from God. She even endeavoured to press on more rapidly than usual, fearing that if she fell far behind, her husband would tear the sufferer from her arms, in some paroxysm of his savage intemperance.

Their road during the day, though approaching the small settlement where they were to reside, lay through a solitary part of the country. The children were faint and hungry ; and as the exhausted mother sat upon the grass, trying to nurse her infant, she drew from her bosom the last piece of bread, and held it to the parched lips of the feeble child. But he turned away his head, and with a scarcely audible moan, asked for water. Feelingly might she sympathise in the distress of the poor outcast from the tent of Abraham, who laid her famishing son among the shrubs, and sat down a good way off, saying, 'Let me not see the death of the child.' But this Christian mother was not in the desert, nor in despair. She looked upward to Him who is the refuge of the forsaken, and the comforter of those whose spirits are cast down.

The sun was drawing towards the west, as the voice of James Harwood was heard, issuing from the forest, attended by another man with a gun, and some birds at his girdle.

“Wife, will you get up now, and come along? We are not a mile from home. Here is John Williams, who went from our part of the country, and says he is our next door neighbour.”

Jane received his hearty welcome with a thankful spirit, and rose to accompany them. The kind neighbour took the sick boy in his arms, saying,

“Harwood, take the baby from your wife; we do not let our women bear all the burdens here in Ohio.”

James was ashamed to refuse, and reached his hands towards the child. But, accustomed to his neglect or unkindness, it hid its face, crying, in the maternal bosom.

“You see how it is. She makes the children so cross, that I never have any comfort of them. She chooses to carry them herself, and always will have her own way in every thing.”

“You have come to a new settled country, friends,” said John Williams; “but it is a good

country to get a living in. Crops of corn and wheat are such as you never saw in New England. Our cattle live in clover, and the cows give us cream instead of milk. There is plenty of game to employ our leisure, and venison and wild turkey do not come amiss now and then on a farmer's table. Here is a short cut I can show you, though there is a fence or two to climb. James Harwood, I shall like well to talk with you about old times and old friends down east. But why don't you help your wife over the fence with her baby?"

"So I would, but she is so sulky. She has not spoke a word to me all day. I always say, let such folks take care of themselves till their mad fit is over."

A cluster of log cabins now met their view, through an opening in the forest. They were pleasantly situated in the midst of an area of cultivated land. A fine river, surmounted by a rustic bridge of the trunks of trees, cast a sparkling line through the deep, unchanged autumnal verdure.

"Here we live," said their guide, "a hard-working, contented people. That is your house which has no smoke curling up from the chimney.

It may not be quite so genteel as some you have left behind in the old states, but it is about as good as any in the neighbourhood. I'll go and call my wife to welcome you; right glad will she be to see you, for she sets great store by folks from New England."

The inside of a log cabin, to those not habituated to it, presents but a cheerless aspect. The eye needs time to accustom itself to the rude walls and floors, the absence of glass windows, and doors loosely hung upon leathern hinges. The exhausted woman entered, and sank down with her babe. There was no chair to receive her. In a corner of the room stood a rough board table, and a low frame, resembling a bedstead. Other furniture there was none. Glad, kind voices of her own sex, recalled her from her stupor. Three or four matrons, and several blooming young faces, welcomed her with smiles. The warmth of reception in a new colony, and the substantial services by which it is manifested, put to shame the ceremonious and heartless professions, which in a more artificial state of society are dignified with the name of friendship.

As if by magic, what had seemed almost a prison, assumed a different aspect, under the ministry of active benevolence. A cheerful flame rose from the ample fire-place; several chairs and a bench for the children appeared; a bed with comfortable coverings concealed the shapelessness of the bedstead, and viands to which they had long been strangers, were heaped upon the board. An old lady held the sick boy tenderly in her arms, who seemed to revive as he saw his mother's face brighten, and the infant, after a draught of fresh milk, fell into a sweet and profound slumber. One by one the neighbours departed, that the wearied ones might have an opportunity of repose. John Williams, who was the last to bid good-night, lingered a moment ere he closed the door, and said—

“Friend Harwood, here is a fine, gentle cow feeding at your door; and for old acquaintance sake, you and your family are welcome to the use of her for the present, or until you can make out better.”

When they were left alone, Jane poured out her gratitude to her Almighty Protector in a flood of joyful tears. Kindness to which she had recently

been a stranger, fell as balm of Gilead upon her wounded spirit.

“Husband, she exclaimed, in the fullness of her heart, we may yet be happy.”

He answered not, and she perceived that he heard not. He had thrown himself upon the bed, and in a deep and stupid sleep was dispelling the fumes of intoxication.

This new family of emigrants, though in the midst of poverty, were sensible of a degree of satisfaction to which they had long been strangers. The difficulty of procuring ardent spirits in this small and isolated community, promised to be the means of establishing their peace. The mother busied herself in making their humble tenement neat and comfortable, while her husband, as if ambitious to earn in a new residence the reputation he had forfeited in the old, laboured diligently to assist his neighbours in the ingathering of their harvest, receiving in payment such articles as were needed for the subsistence of his household. Jane continually gave thanks in her prayers for this great blessing; and the hope she permitted herself to indulge of his permanent reformation, imparted

unwonted cheerfulness to her brow and demeanour. The invalid boy seemed also to gather healing from his mother's smiles; for so great was her power over him, since sickness had rendered his dependence complete, that his comfort, and even his countenance, were a faithful reflection of her own. Perceiving the degree of her influence, she endeavoured to use it, as every religious parent should, for his spiritual benefit. She supplicated that the pencil which was to write upon his soul, might be guided from above. She spoke to him in the tenderest manner of his Father in Heaven, and of His will respecting little children. She pointed out his goodness in the daily gifts that sustain life; in the glorious sun as it came forth rejoicing in the east, in the gently-falling rain, the frail plant, and the dews that nourish it. She reasoned with him of the changes of nature, till he loved even the storm, and the lofty thunder, because they came from God. She repeated to him passages of Scripture, with which her memory was stored, and sang hymns, until she perceived that if he was in pain, he complained not, if he might but hear her voice. She made him acquainted with the life of

the compassionate Redeemer, and how he called young children to his arms, though the disciples forbade them. And it seemed as if a voice from heaven urged her never to desist from cherishing this tender and deep-rooted piety; because, like the flower of grass, he must soon fade away. Yet, though it was evident that the seeds of disease were in his system, his health at intervals seemed to be improving, and the little household partook, for a time, the blessings of tranquillity and content.

But let none flatter himself that the dominion of vice is suddenly or easily broken. It may seem to relax its grasp, and to slumber; but the victim who has long worn its chain, if he would utterly escape, and triumph at last, must do so in the strength of Omnipotence. This James Harwood never sought. He had begun to experience that prostration of spirits which attends the abstraction of an habitual stimulant. His resolution to recover his lost character was not proof against this physical inconvenience. He determined, at all hazards, to gratify his depraved appetite. He laid his plans deliberately, and with the pretext of making some arrangements about the wagon,

which had been left broken on the road, departed from his home. His stay was protracted beyond the appointed limit, and at his return, his sin was written on his brow, in characters too strong to be mistaken. That he had also brought with him some hoard of intoxicating poison, to which to resort, there remained no room to doubt. Day after day did his shrinking household witness the alternations of causeless anger and brutal tyranny. To lay waste the comfort of his wife, seemed to be his prominent object. By constant contradiction and misconstruction, he strove to distress her, and then visited her sensibilities upon her as sins. Had she been more obtuse by nature, or more indifferent to his welfare, she might with greater ease have borne the cross. But her youth was nurtured in tenderness, and education had refined her susceptibilities, both of pleasure and pain. She could not forget the love he had once manifested for her, nor prevent the chilling contrast from filling her with anguish. She could not resign the hope that the being who had early evinced correct feelings and noble principles of action, might yet be won back to that virtue which had rendered him worthy of

her affections. Still, this hope deferred was sickness and sorrow to the heart. She found the necessity of deriving consolation, and the power of endurance, wholly from above. That tender invitation by the mouth of a prophet, was as balm to her wounded soul,—‘as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and as a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, have I called thee, saith thy God.’

So faithful was she in the discharge of the difficult duties that devolved upon her—so careful not to irritate her husband by reproach or gloom—that to a casual observer she might have appeared to be confirming the doctrine of the ancient philosopher, that happiness is in exact proportion to virtue. Had he asserted, that virtue is the source of all that happiness which *depends upon ourselves*, none could have controverted his position. But, to a woman, a wife, a mother, how small is the portion of independent happiness. She has woven the tendrils of her soul around many props. Each revolving year renders their support more necessary. They cannot waver, or warp, or break, but she must tremble and bleed.

There was one modification of her husband's persecutions which the fullest measure of her piety could not enable her to bear unmoved. This was unkindness to her feeble and suffering boy. It was at first commenced as the surest mode of distressing her. It opened a direct avenue to her heart-strings. What began in perverseness seemed to end in hatred, as evil habits sometimes create perverted principles. The wasted and wild-eyed invalid shrank from his father's glance and footstep, as from the approach of a foe. More than once had he taken him from the little bed which maternal care had provided for him, and forced him to go forth in the cold of the winter storm.

“I mean to harden him, said he. All the neighbours know that you make such a fool of him that he will never be able to get a living. For my part, I wish I had never been called to the trial of supporting a useless boy, who pretends to be sick only that he may be coaxed by a silly mother.”

On such occasions, it was in vain that the mother attempted to protect her child. She might neither shelter him in her bosom, nor controul the

frantic violence of the father. Harshness, and the agitation of fear, deepened a disease which might else have yielded. The timid boy, in terror of his natural protector, withered away like a blighted flower. It was of no avail that friends remonstrated with the unfeeling parent, or that hoary headed men warned him solemnly of his sins. Intemperance had destroyed his respect for man and his fear of God.

Spring at length emerged from the shades of that heavy and bitter winter. But its smile brought no gladness to the declining child. Consumption fed upon his vitals, and his nights were restless, and full of pain.

“Mother, I wish I could smell the violets that grew upon the green bank by our old, dear home.”

“It is too early for violets, my child. But the grass is beautifully green around us, and the birds sing sweetly, as if their hearts were full of praise.”

“In my dreams last night I saw the clear waters of the brook that ran by the bottom of my little garden. I wish I could taste them once more. And I heard such music, too, as used to

come from that white church among the trees, where every Sunday the happy people meet to worship God."

The mother saw that the hectic fever had been long increasing, and knew there was such an unearthly brightness in his eye, that she feared his intellect wandered. She seated herself on his low bed, and bent over him to sooth and compose him. He lay silent for some time.

"Do you think my father will come?"

Dreading the agonizing agitation which, in his paroxysms of coughing and pain, he evinced at the sound of his father's well-known footstep, she answered—

"I think not, love. You had better try to sleep."

"Mother, I wish he would come. I do not feel afraid now. Perhaps he would let me lay my cheek to his once more, as he used to do when I was a babe in my grandmother's arms. I should be glad to say good-bye to him, before I go to my Saviour."

Gazing intently in his face, she saw the work of the destroyer, in lines too plain to be mistaken.

“My son—my dear son—say, Lord Jesus receive my spirit.”

“Mother,” he replied, with a sweet smile upon his ghastly features, “he is ready. I desire to go to him. Hold the baby to me, that I may kiss her. That is all. Now sing to me, and, oh! wrap me close in your arms, for I shiver with cold.”

He clung, with a death grasp, to that bosom which had long been his sole earthly refuge.

“Sing louder, dear mother, a little louder; I cannot hear you.”

A tremulous tone, as of a broken harp, rose above her grief, to comfort the dying child. One sigh of icy breath was upon her cheek, as she joined it to his—one shudder—and all was over. She held the body long in her arms, as if fondly hoping to warm and revivify it with her breath. Then she stretched it upon its bed, and kneeling beside it, hid her face in that grief which none but mothers feel. It was a deep and sacred solitude, alone with the dead. Nothing save the soft breathing of the sleeping babe fell upon that solemn pause. Then the silence was broken by a wail

of piercing sorrow. It ceased, and a voice arose, a voice of supplication, for strength to endure, as 'seeing Him who is invisible.' Faith closed what was begun in weakness. It became a prayer of thanksgiving to Him who had released the dove-like spirit from its prison-house of pain, that it might taste the peace and mingle in the melody of Heaven.

She arose from the orison, and bent calmly over her dead. The thin, placid features wore a smile, as when he had spoken of Jesus. She composed the shining locks around the pure forehead, and gazed long on what was to her so beautiful. Tears had vanished from her eyes, and in their stead was an expression almost sublime, as of one who had given an angel back to God.

The father entered carelessly. She pointed to the pallid, immovable brow. "See, he suffers no longer." He drew near and looked on the dead with surprise and sadness. A few natural tears forced their way, and fell on the face of the first-born, who was once his pride. The memories of that moment were bitter. He spoke tenderly to the emaciated mother; and she, who a

short time before was raised above the sway of grief, wept like an infant as those few affectionate tones touched the sealed fountains of other years.

Neighbours and friends visited them, desirous to console their sorrow, and attended them when they committed the body to the earth. There was a shady and secluded spot, which they had consecrated by the burial of their few dead. Thither that whole little colony were gathered, and, seated on the fresh springing grass, listened to the holy, healing words of the inspired volume. It was read by the oldest man in the colony, who had himself often mourned. As he bent reverently over the sacred page, there was that on his brow which seemed to say, 'this has been my comfort in my affliction.' Silver hairs thinly covered his temples, and his low voice was modulated by feeling, as he read of the frailty of man, withering like the flower of grass, before it groweth up; and of His majesty in whose sight 'a thousand years are as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.' He selected from the words of that compassionate One, who 'gathereth the lambs with his arm, and carrieth them in his bosom,' who, point-

ing out as an example the humility of little children, said, 'Except ye become as one of these, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven,' and who calleth all the weary and heavy laden to come unto him, that he may give them rest. The scene called forth sympathy, even from manly bosoms. The mother, worn with watching and weariness, bowed her head down to the clay that concealed her child. And it was observed with gratitude by that friendly group, that the husband supported her in his arms, and mingled his tears with hers.

He returned from this funeral in much mental distress. His sins were brought to remembrance, and reflection was misery. For many nights sleep was disturbed by visions of his neglected boy. Sometimes he imagined that he heard him coughing from his low bed, and felt constrained to go to him, in a strange disposition of kindness, but his limbs were unable to obey the dictates of his will. Then he would see him pointing with a thin, dead hand, to the dark grave, or beckoning him to follow to the unseen world. Conscience haunted him with terrors, and many prayers from pious hearts arose, that he might now be led to repentance.

The venerable man who had read the Bible at the burial of his boy, counselled and entreated him, with the earnestness of a father, to yield to the warning voice from above, and to 'break off his sins by righteousness, and his iniquities by turning unto the Lord.'

There was a change in his habits and conversation, and his friends trusted it would be permanent. She who, above all others, was interested in the result, spared no exertion to win him back to the way of truth, and to soothe his heart into peace with itself, and obedience to his Maker. Yet was she doomed to witness the full force of grief and of remorse upon intemperance, only to see them utterly overthrown at last. The reviving virtue, with whose indications she had solaced herself, and even given thanks that her beloved son had not died in vain, was transient as the morning dew. Habits of industry, which had begun to spring up, proved themselves to be without root. The dead, and his cruelty to the dead, were alike forgotten. Disaffection to the chastened being, who against hope still hoped for his salvation, resumed its dominion. The friends who had alternately re-

proved and encouraged him, were convinced that their efforts had been of no avail. Intemperance, 'like the strong man armed,' took possession of a soul that lifted no cry for aid to the Holy Spirit, and girded on no weapon to resist the destroyer.

Summer passed away, and the anniversary of their arrival at the colony returned. It was to Jane Harwood a period of sad and solemn retrospection. The joys of early days, and the sorrows of maturity, passed in review before her, and while she wept, she questioned her heart, what had been its gain from a Father's discipline, or whether it had sustained that greatest of all losses — *the loss of its afflictions.*

She was alone at this season of self-communion. The absences of her husband had become more frequent and protracted. A storm, which feelingly reminded her of those which had often beat upon them when homeless and weary travellers, had been raging for nearly two days. To this cause she imputed the unusually long stay of her husband. Through the third night of his absence she lay sleepless, listening for his steps. Sometimes she fancied she heard shouts of laughter, for

the mood in which he returned from his revels was various. But it was only the shriek of the tempest. Then she thought some ebullition of his frenzied anger rang in her ears. It was the roar of the hoarse wind through the forest. All night long she listened to these sounds, and hushed and sang to her affrighted babe. Unrefreshed she arose, and resumed her morning labours.

Suddenly her eye was attracted by a group of neighbours, coming up slowly from the river. A dark and terrible foreboding oppressed her. She hastened out to meet them. Coming towards her house was a female friend, agitated and tearful, who, passing her arm around her, would have spoken.

“Oh, you come to bring me evil tidings; I pray you let me know the worst.”

The object was indeed to prepare her mind for a fearful calamity. The body of her husband had been found, drowned, as was supposed, during the darkness of the preceding night, in attempting to cross the bridge of logs, which had been partially broken by the swollen waters. Utter prostration of spirit came over the desolate mourner. Her

energies were broken, and her heart withered. She had sustained the privations of poverty and emigration, and the burdens of unceasing labour and unrequited care, without murmuring. She had lain her first born in the grave with resignation, for faith had heard her Saviour saying, 'Suffer the little child to come unto me.' She had seen him, in whom her heart's young affections were garnered up, become a 'persecutor and injurious,' a prey to vice the most disgusting and destructive. Yet she had borne up under all. One hope remained with her, as an 'anchor of the soul,' the hope that he might yet repent and be reclaimed. She had persevered in her complicated and self-denying duties with that charity which 'beareth all things,—believeth all things,—endureth all things.'

But now, he had died in his sin. The deadly leprosy which had stolen over his heart, could no more be 'purged by sacrifice or offering forever.' She knew not that a single prayer for mercy had preceded the soul on its passage to the High Judge's bar. There were bitter dregs in this grief, which she had never before wrung out.

Again the sad-hearted community assembled in their humble cemetery. A funeral in an infant colony awakens sympathies of an almost exclusive character. It is as if a large family suffered. One is smitten down whom every eye knew, every voice saluted. To bear along the corpse of the strong man, through the fields which he had sown, and to cover motionless in the grave that arm which trusted to have reaped the ripening harvest, awakens a thrill deep and startling in the breast of those who wrought by his side during the burden and heat of the day. To lay the mother on her pillow of clay, whose last struggle with life was, perchance, to resign the hope of one more brief visit to the land of her fathers,—whose heart's last pulsation might have been a prayer that her children should return and grow up within the shadow of the school-house and the church of God, is a grief in which none, save emigrants, may participate. To consign to their narrow, noteless abode, both young and old, the infant and him of hoary hairs, without the solemn knell, the sable train, the hallowed voice of the man of God, giving back, in the name of his fellow Christians, the most precious

roses of their pilgrim path, and speaking with divine authority of Him who is the 'resurrection and the life,' adds desolation to that weeping with which man goeth downward to his dust.

But with heaviness of an unspoken and peculiar nature was this victim of vice borne from the home that he troubled, and laid by the side of his son, to whose tender years he had been an unnatural enemy. There was sorrow among all who stood around his grave, and it bore features of that sorrow which is without hope.

The widowed mourner was not able to raise her head from the bed when the bloated remains of her unfortunate husband were committed to the earth. Long and severe sickness ensued, and in her convalescence a letter was received from her brother, inviting her and her child to an asylum under his roof, and appointing a period to come and conduct them on their homeward journey.

With her little daughter, the sole remnant of her wrecked heart's wealth, she returned to her kindred. It was with emotions of deep and painful gratitude that she bade farewell to the inhabitants of that infant settlement, whose kindness,

through all her adversities, had never failed. And when they remembered the example of uniform patience and piety which she had exhibited, and the saintlike manner in which she had sustained her burdens, and cherished their sympathies, they felt as if a tutelary spirit had departed from among them.

In the home of her brother, she educated her daughter in industry, and that contentment which virtue teaches. Restored to those friends with whom the morning of life had passed, she shared with humble cheerfulness the comforts that earth had yet in store for her; but in the cherished sadness of her perpetual widowhood, in the bursting sighs of her nightly orison, might be traced a sacred and deep-rooted sorrow—the memory of her erring husband, and the miseries of unreclaimed intemperance.

L. H. S.

HARTFORD, CONN.

PAUL BEFORE THE AREOPAGUS.

COME to the Hill of Mars, for he is there,
That wondrous man, whose eloquence doth touch
The heart like living flame. With brow unblanch'd
And eye of fearless ardour, he confronts
That high tribunal, with its pen of flint,
Whose irreversible decree made pale
The Gentile world. All Athens gathers near—
Fickle, and warm of heart, and fond of change,
And full of strangers, and of those who pass
Life in the idle toil, to hear or tell
Of some new thing. See, thither throned the bands
Of Epicurus, wrapt in gorgeous robe,
Who seem with bright and eager eyes to ask,
'What will this babbler say.' With front austere
Stand a dark group of stoics, sternly proud,
And predetermined to confute; but still

'Neath the deep wrinkles of their settled brow
 Lurks some unwonted gathering of their powers,
 As for no common foe. With angry frown
 Stalk the fierce cynics, anxious to condemn,
 And prompt to punish; while the patient sons
 Of gentle Plato bind the listening soul
 To search for wisdom, and with reason's art
 Build the fair argument.

Behold the throngs
 Press on the speaker—drawing still more close,
 In denser circles, as his thrilling tones
 Speak of the God who 'warneth every where
 Men to repent,' and of that fearful day
 When he shall judge the world. Loud tumult
 wakes,
 The tide of strong emotion hoarsely swells,
 And that blest voice is silenced. They have mocked
 The ambassador of Heaven, and he departs
 From their wild circle. But his graceful hand
 Points to an altar with its mystic scroll—
 '*The Unknown God.*'

Ah, Athens! is it so?
 Thou who didst crown thyself with woven rays
 As a divinity, and called the world

Thy pilgrim-worshipper; dost *thou* confess
Such ignorance and shame? *The Unknown God!*
Why all thy hillocks and resounding streams
Do boast their deity; and every house,
Yea, every heart that beats within thy walls,
May choose its temple and its priestly train,
Victim, and garland, and appointed rite;
Thou mak'st the gods of every realm thine own,
Fostering with boundless hospitality
All forms of idol-worship. Can it be
That still ye found not Him who is so near
To every one of us,—in whom we live,
And move, and have a being? He of whom
Thy tuneful poets spake with childlike awe?
And thou, Philosophy, whose art refined
Did aim to pierce the labyrinth of Fate,
And compass with thy fine-spun sophist web
This mighty universe, didst *thou* fall short
Of the Upholding Cause?

The Unknown God!

Thou who didst smile to find an awe-struck world
Crouch to thee as a pupil; wert thou blind?
Blinder than he who in his humble cot,
With hardened hand, his daily labour done,

Turneth the page of Jesus, and doth read
With toil, perchance, that the trim school-boy
 mocks,
Counting him in his arrogance a fool;
Yet shall this poor, wayfaring man lie down
With such a hope as thou couldst never teach
Thy kinglike sages; yea, a hope that plucks
The sting from death—the victory from the grave.

L. H. S.

HARTFORD, CONN.

ETERNITY OF GOD.

And Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the works of thy hands:

They shall perish, but thou remainest; and they all shall wax old, as doth a garment;

And as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail.

HEB. I. 10—12.

THE deep foundations of the earth are thine,
Laid by thy hands, Almighty, when of old
From ancient chaos order rose, and light
From darkness, beauty from a shapeless mass.
A glorious orb from its Creator's hands
It came, in light and loveliness arrayed,
Crowned with green emerald mounts, tinted with
gold,
And wearing as a robe the silver sea,
Seeded with jewels of resplendent isles.

The awful heavens are thine: the liquid sun
That heaves his fiery waves beneath thy eye—
The ocean-fount of all the streams of light,
That pour their beamy treasures through the wide,
Illimitable ether, watering with their rays
The wide spread soil, to where the burning sands
Of dark immensity eternal barriers throw
Against the flowing of their crystal streams,
Was from the Godhead's urn of glory poured.

The stars are thine: thy charactery grand,
In which, upon the page of awful heaven,
Thy hand has traced, in radiant lines, thy grace,
Thy glory, thy magnificence and power,
For eye of man and angel to behold,
And read and gaze on, worship and adore.

These shall grow old, though solid earth with
years
Shall see her sapless body shrivel up,
And her gray mountains crumble piecemeal down,
Like crypt and pyramid, to *primal* dust.

The sea shall labour on his hoary head,
Shall wave his silver tresses, white with years;
The deep pulsations of his mighty heart,

That bids the blood-like fluid circulate
Through every fibre of the earth, shall cease,
And the eternal heavens, in whose bright folds,
As in a starry vesture, thou art girt,
Shall lose their lustre and grow old with time,
And as a wornout garment thou shalt fold
Their faded glories, and they shall be changed
For vesture bright, immortal as thyself.

Yea, the eternal heavens, on whose blue page
Thy glory and magnificence are traced,
With age shall tarnish, and shall be rolled up
As parchment scrolls of abrogated acts,
And be deposited in deathless urns,
Amid the archives of the mighty God.

Thou art the same: thy years shall never fail
In glory *bright*, when every star and sun
Have lost their radiance and expired in night;
Immortal all when time and slow decay
Imprint their ravages on Nature's face,
Triumphantly secure when from the tower
Of highest Heaven's imperial citadel,
The bell of Nature's dissolution toll,
And sun, and star, and planet be dissolved,

And the wide drapery of darkness hang
A gloomy pall of sable mourning round
Dead Nature, in the grave of chaos laid.

N. C. B.

REISTERTOWN, MD.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE.

My early childhood was passed amid scenes of sweet seclusion and calm enjoyment. The thoughts of those dear lost days of my infancy come over my spirits like the breathings of the softest music, filling my eyes with tears, and my heart with emotions which I scarcely know whether to call sorrowful or joyful.

My mother was early left a widow with one other child beside myself, a daughter two years older. Dear, sainted mother! I see thee now, with thy sweet, pensive look, and thy gentle, affectionate manner! As soon as we were old enough, my sister and myself were taught, by her precepts and her example, the excellence of religion, and its indispensable necessity. She taught us how desirable and how blessed it is to have the favour of

God, and how awful a thing it is to have his disapprobation and his frowns. Seated on a stool on each side of her, with our heads resting on her lap, we used to listen often, with breathless interest, to her stories from the Bible, and sometimes to little simple stories of her own creating, illustrative of the loveliness and preciousness of early piety. But nothing made so deep an impression on my young heart, or imagination, or perhaps both, as what she said of the All-seeing Eye of God, and that no sin could be hidden from him, however secretly committed. I never heard her converse on this subject without feeling a thrilling sensation through my whole frame. And I can never remember in my childhood of doing wrong without this same shuddering feeling, that *that* dreadful eye was looking into the deepest recesses of my heart. I recollect that being one day in the garden with my sister, I was very angry with her for a mere trifle; and almost unconsciously casting my eyes to the heavens, I saw a small peculiar looking cloud, which to my excited imagination appeared like an eye; the All-seeing Eye I thought it was; and, trembling with apprehension,

I pointed it out to my sister, for my anger was lost in terror at the sight. She very calmly assured me it was nothing but a cloud, adding, "You know that our mother has often told us that we never can see the eye of God, though he always sees us." I soon became convinced of the truth of what she said, though it was a long time before my agitation had entirely subsided. And that night, while seated as usual by the side of my dear mother, before going to bed, I told her what I thought I had seen, and how much I had been alarmed. I never shall forget what she said to me at this time, and the deep solemnity of her manner. "My dear child," said she, "may this be a lesson which you may never forget! Though you did not see the eye of God, it was looking upon you as certainly as though you had seen it; and he was as truly displeased with you for being angry with your sister, as if you had heard his voice in the garden telling you so."

About a month after this conversation, my beloved mother died. The warmth and tenderness of her maternal affection, together with her constant and unwearied attention to our happiness in both

worlds, had rendered her unspeakably dear to our young hearts, and bitterly did we mourn her loss, though we were far from realizing then how irreparable it was. In the faltering accents of death, she expressed her undying confidence that her God and Saviour would take care of us, her orphan children, and prepare us to meet her in heaven: her spirit departing while these words yet lingered on her pale and quivering lips—‘Leave thy fatherless children with me, I will preserve them alive!’

Far more precious than rubies are even the *thoughts* of a holy, sainted mother; and how infinitely more valuable, then, is the possession of such a mother as mine. As precious, I had almost said, as the soul itself, are her precepts, her example, and her prayers. For who can tell whether the child of such a mother was ever lost forever!

After our dear mother’s death, I was separated from my sister, and placed in the family of an uncle, who was nominally a Christian, and outwardly moral, but who knew little or nothing of the religion of the heart. During the several years which I passed in his family, I was never

personally addressed on the subject of religion; of course, the momentous truths which my mother was at such pains to impress daily on my heart, lost, in a great measure, their influence on my conduct and character. Nothing seemed to remain to me of all her religious instructions but a dread of the all-seeing eye. It was simply a dread, and not a desire that that holy eye might regard me with favour and love. Until I was sixteen, which was about the time I entered college, I never laid me down in my bed without feeling constrained to bend my knees in prayer. This I did from my fear of the unseen but all-pervading eye. I feared that the thoughts of it would keep me awake, or disturb the quietude of my slumbers. Little did I reflect that God was no more pleased with me for offering these worthless prayers, than if I had entirely omitted them.

After I entered college, I threw off even this slight semblance of religion, for fear of the ridicule of my room-mate. But I shall never forget what I suffered the first night I pressed my pillow without my accustomed form. I think it was the first time I had ever felt an absolute hatred to the

bondage in which I thought I was held. My rebellion against it rose to a fearful height, so that I should hardly dare now to express in words my dreadful feelings. I can only mourn over them, in bitterness of spirit, before that Holy One, who, I trust, has long ago pardoned them, for my Saviour's sake.

I did not, I could not, sin with so high a hand as many of my companions, for I felt that the eye so feared, so dreaded, was ever upon me. I longed to escape from it, but oh! I felt that I could not. Oh! how I longed for the blindness of most of my companions. They saw not what I saw, what I *felt* rather! For this searching eye seemed to wither, to blight me, by its scorching beams. And yet, awful to tell! I would sin in spite of it. Sometimes when I thought of my mother, a feeling of compunction and tenderness would pass over me, and I would wish I could be what *she* was, and what I knew she once hoped I should be. But these seasons were, 'like angel's visits, few and far between.'

After I left college I was thrown more into the world, and of course the dark atmosphere of sin in

which I was enveloped, thickened around me, and served to render more awfully bright and burning that eye which sometimes seemed to scorch and scathe my very soul.

How often have I gone to my sad and solitary chamber, after an evening spent in folly and sin, and paced my room for hours together in anguish of spirit, impiously wishing that there were no God, or that his eye were forever turned away from me; that, unmolested, I might be left to revel in sin and pleasure. Nothing else seemed wanting to make life a scene of gay and unceasing delight, so low and depraved had my habits and tastes become. Oh! if there had been a spot in the wide world where I could have been hidden from that terrible eye, how gladly would I have flown thither, even if it had been to the ends of the earth. But I remembered, oh! how bitterly remembered, those words in the Psalms, those harrowing words, to the guilty and the polluted, and most emphatically to me. My mother had early impressed them on my memory, and they seemed to be written there now in characters of living fire—
'Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither

shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.'

Even my mother, dear and precious as her memory had ever been to me in the midst of my wickedness, I thought cruel for entailing such a dreadful evil upon me as this which overshadowed my life, and made it at times absolutely insupportable. True, I knew she had been happy, most happy, with the same views of that All-seeing Eye which harrowed up my very soul. I felt that it was our difference of character that made this difference in our feelings. And here, no doubt, was the secret of my misery.

The instructions of our mother had been remarkably blessed to my dear sister, and she had become, while quite young, truly pious. We had

been widely separated since our mother's death, and had rarely met. At an early age she had married, very happily, I had heard, for I had not seen her since that event. She often wrote to me, and in her sweet and gentle way tried to win me to a life of piety. She knew I was unhappy, though she did not dream how deeply I was so. In her letters she had several times begged me to visit her, and at length, as I still tenderly loved her, I determined to accept her invitation.

I shall never forget how I was struck with the sweet expression of her placid countenance, so indicative of peace within. I was struck, too, with her strong resemblance to my mother. She met me with all the warm-hearted affection for which she was always remarkable, and in a few days I felt myself entirely at home in her quiet, peaceful dwelling. I could not help contrasting my feelings with those of the inmates of this home of love. If, thought I, 'the wicked are like the troubled sea, which continually casts up mire and dirt,' surely the righteous are like the pure and glassy lake, whose surface reflects only the beauty and the brightness of heaven. Every day was I

constrained to feel this more and more deeply, and to confess from my very soul that it was my awful wickedness alone that made me so wretched. At times I almost felt disposed to give up my rebellion, to humble myself before God, and beg his mercy and pardon in the name of my Saviour, for I had been taught every day that my mother lived, that his name was the only name whereby we could be saved. Still, my proud heart would not bow, would not melt, for I had made it by my sins cold as ice and hard as a rock.

‘But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved me, even when I was dead in sin,’ would not suffer me finally to destroy myself, but himself severed the chains which were dragging me to perdition.

One night I was in my sister’s room just before she put her little boy to bed, and he was leaning on her lap just as I used to, on the lap of my mother, when I was a child. I was apparently engaged in a book, and my sister went on with her instructions as usual. But the fact was, though my eyes rested on the book, my mind did not, for I was carried by the scene before me irresistibly back,

with deep and powerful feeling, to the home of my childhood. After talking awhile to her little boy, my sister at length said, "Charles," for he bore my name, "I think you have forgotten to-day the All-seeing Eye, for I don't know when you have done so many wrong things." Oh! how these words thrilled through my very soul. I saw my mother before me! her face, her voice, her attitude, were all there! I wonder now that I did not leave the room directly, for fear of betraying my emotions. But I was spell-bound, and could not or did not move. My sister talked some time to her little boy on this, to me, most thrilling subject, and at length lifting her eyes to my face, she said, "Do you remember, brother, how much our mother used to talk to us about the All-seeing Eye, and how much alarmed you were one day in the garden, when you thought you saw it?" This was too much! I could bear it no longer, but bursting into tears, I hurried from the room into my own chamber, and there falling on my knees before God, I implored him to look upon me with the eye of his mercy, as he had so long with that of his just *indignation!*

Here, then, at this most affecting, ever memorable hour, my rebellion, at least my *willing* rebellion, against God my Maker and God my Saviour, was given up. Here was the dawning of a new life. Here was that spell of delusion finally broken, which sin and Satan had woven to blind my eyes and harden my heart. Not that I at once found a life of piety easy and delightful—far from it; bitter, bitter were my struggles for a long period with my inveterate corruptions. And still do the dark shadows of that gloomy season, which I have attempted to describe, linger in my path. I still feel the deadly effects of that poisoned cup of sin of which I then drank. But blessed be the name of my Saviour, in whom I have righteousness and strength, for he has washed away the foulest stains of my corruption, and will ere long make me whiter than snow. And blessed, blessed be his name! that the one harrowing idea which once made my life so wretched, now constitutes my chief joy: that now, instead of calling upon the ‘rocks and the mountains to hide me from the presence of his face,’ my prayer daily is, ‘Lord, lift thou up thy countenance upon me!’

And oh! wonderful to relate, the dark and wretched creature I have been describing, now delights to proclaim the 'glorious Gospel of the blessed God,' having received power and authority to do so, as his appointed minister!

E.

NOTE.—As the authoress of the above article has been lately called from time into eternity—from earth to Heaven—I may venture to mention her name; and I do this the more readily, because I am persuaded that many of the readers of this book will rejoice to have in their possession a memorial of **MRS. ELIZABETH SMITH**, the late estimable wife of the **RIGHT REV. BISHOP SMITH**, of Kentucky. She was one of the numerous victims of that dreadful epidemic which was so severely felt in Lexington; but she died in the faith which she had lived to adorn, and now sleeps in Jesus.

How far the tale which is the production of her pen is founded on facts, I am not prepared to say, but believe that, for the most part, it is the relation of an actual occurrence.

EDITOR.

SACRED LYRICS.

Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil.

PSALM XLIX. 5.

I.

IF 'reft of health, why should I mourn,
Since 'God is love,' and he
Has said that evil he will turn
To greatest good for me?

If riches fail and honours fly,
In that no curse I see,
For God, who loves me, will deny
No real good to me.

If friends desert, betray, or die,
No hopeless grief is mine,

My Friend of Friends is *ever* nigh,
Then why should I repine.

If age steal o'er me, and decay
My yielding form invade,
The sooner 't will be cast away,
For one that cannot fade.

If pain and peril hold me fast,
I'll bear them well, for they
Are trials of my faith, and last
But for a winter's day.

Why should I mourn for *any* loss,
Since it is sent by him
Who bore for me a cruel cross,
Though king of seraphim:

Who gave his *life* for me and mine,
And but to bless me tries,
And longs to see my spirit shine,
A saint in Paradise?

Oh, Master! good or evil send,
As seemeth best to thee;

And teach my stubborn soul to bend,
In love to thy decree.

Whatever come, if thou wilt bless
The brightness and the gloom,
And temper joy, and soothe distress,
I fear no *earthly* doom :

Life cannot give a cureless sting,
Death can but crown my bliss,
And waft me on an angel's wing,
Away—to happiness.

M.

PHILADELPHIA.

II.

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God.

PSALM XLII. 1.

THE stricken Arab hart had fled
Far from the streamlet's side,

And on the desert's fiery bed,
Had drooped, and sunk, and died.

Whilst all around was scorched and bare,
And strength and hope were gone,
He made his last, his burning lair,
Unfriended and alone.

Oh! what an agony to think
How far his native rill!
Its crystal fount, its grassy brink,
In fancy fresher still.

But stricken hart ne'er panted more,
When life was on the wing,
For cooling brook and grassy shore,
Than I for *Zion's* spring.

Fountain of glory, grace and love,
Oh come, oh come to me!
And let not, *Lord*, my spirit rove
Again from home and thee;

Lest I, too, make my burning lair,
Unpitied and alone,

In that dark desert-world of care,
Where hope is never known.

Where fancy paints the verdant plain,
And blossom-shaded spring
Of Heaven, to barb the dart of pain,
And keener anguish bring.

Poor Dives ! what a hart-like doom :
From out that fiery glow,
You saw the fields of Eden bloom,
And heard its waters flow ;

E'en to a beggar meanly clung,
In suppliant's humblest strain,
And asked *one drop* to cool your tongue,
And asked that drop in vain.

M.

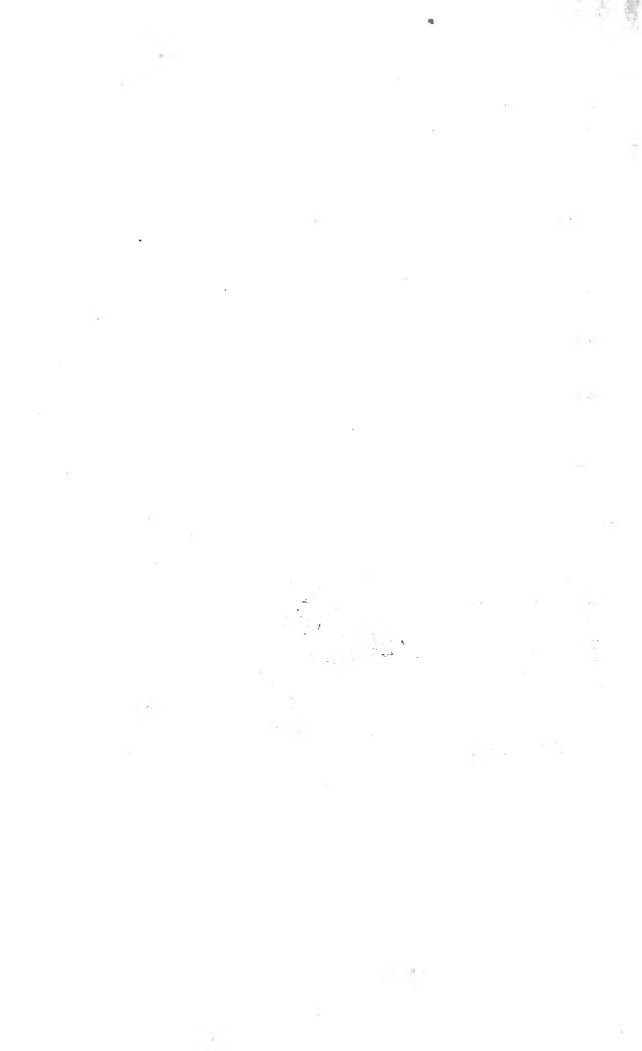
PHILADELPHIA.

PARENTAL NEGLECT.

THERE are few histories of disaster arising out of parental neglect more touching than that of Eli; and it shows how often even good men may err in the rearing of their children, and thus bring ruin and disgrace upon their families, and everlasting wretchedness on the souls of their offspring. The characteristic deficiency in Eli, was want of parental firmness. He could not but have seen the evil dispositions of his sons; and even had he not seen this, the complaints of the people were long and loud against their misconduct. Instead of dismissing them from the high and responsible office which they held, or, by the exercise of parental or official authority, restraining their vicious practices, he contented himself with advice and exhortation. The sacred history tells us that Eli was '*old,*'



THE BISHOP AND THE CHILD



perhaps it may palliate, but certainly not excuse his indecision. It informs us that he 'heard all that his sons did unto all Israel,' and gives us a brief account of the very inadequate steps which he took to remove their wickedness. 'He said unto them, why do ye such things? for I hear of your evil doings by all this people. Nay, my sons, for it is no good report that I hear: ye make the Lord's people to transgress.' This mildness of parental reproof, however, had no effect to remove or decrease the evil. These disobedient sons 'hearkened not to the voice of their father,' and went on adding sin to sin. A prophet of the Lord was sent to warn Eli of the fatal consequences which his neglect of restraint would inevitably produce, yet heeded he not the warning.

At this period of the history of Eli, commences the interesting story of Samuel. From his birth he was dedicated to the service of the Lord by his mother, and at the tender age of three years he was taken to Shiloh, according to the tenor of the maternal vow. Here he was suffered to wait on the aged Eli, whose eyes had 'waxed dim.' It came to pass in the early stage of his ministration,

that on one occasion he was waked by a supernatural voice, calling him by name, and he answered, 'Here am I,' supposing that it had been Eli who had called him. He ran in haste to the couch of the aged priest, and found that it had not been he who called him. Scarcely, however, had he rested his head on the pillow again, than the same voice audibly pronounced his name, and quickly rising up, he went to Eli's couch and confidently said, 'Here am I, for thou didst call me.' Eli again remanded him to his rest, and a third time the same voice pronounced his name. Then Eli understood that the call was supernatural, and he directed Samuel how to receive the divine communication. The Lord opened to the mind of this infant prophet the disasters which were to befall the house of Eli, and the cause of which is distinctly stated, 'Because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not.'

The beautiful plate which has given occasion to these remarks, exhibits aged Eli in the robes of office, the infant Samuel in the act of communicating the will of the Lord, in the ruin of his house.

The whole relation has a word of caution to

those unhappy parents who, having in their early years indulged their children, find no method of restraint for their wickedness as they advance in life. Early parental neglect paves the way for the ruin of the child, and the bitter, though unavailing, repentance of the parents. 'A neglect of parental duties, or an injudicious manner of performing them, are among the most prevalent and threatening evils which are to be found among us. There is perhaps nothing which threatens more evil to the cause of religion, and I may say, the prosperity of our country.' If parents would not experience the heart-breaking sorrow of Eli, in their old age, let them shun his example, and never have it said of them, that their 'sons made themselves vile, and they restrained them not.'

B.

THE MOABITNESS WIDOW, OR FILIAL PIETY.

WE take it for granted, that the reader is familiar with the interesting history of the individual here alluded to. In consequence of a famine in the land of Judah, Elimelech of Bethlehem, with his wife and sons, sought the plenty of the land of Moab. In this thing he most undoubtedly was criminal; for the famine was not so extreme but that others could endure it patiently; and by removing from the privileges and the ordinances of God's worship into a heathen land, he exposed his sons to the temptations necessarily connected with such a situation. And they appear to have fallen into the snare; for, contrary to the express command of God, they 'took them wives of the Moabitish women.' From the history it is to be directly

implied that Naomi, the wife of Elimelech, was a woman of eminent faith and piety, and she appears to have taken singular pains to bring her daughters-in-law to a knowledge of the true religion. In this respect she is worthy of special imitation; her success will be seen in the sequel. The domestic happiness in which they all appear to have lived, was broken up, however, by the death of Elimelech and his sons; and the widowed mother and her widowed daughters-in-law were left to mourn over the ruins of their earthly felicity. It was impossible that the pious Naomi could rest satisfied in a land of strangers and a land of heathen; and when the circumstances of the case permitted, she prepared to return to her beloved country. Orpah and Ruth, the widows of her sons, had endeared themselves to Naomi by the uniform correctness and affection of their deportment; for in what she meant as her parting benediction, she recognizes their fidelity and kindness: 'The Lord deal kindly,' says she, 'with you, as ye have dealt with the dead and with me.' But though she loved them, she would not exercise an unauthorized controul. They had no natural ties in the land of

Israel, as she had none in the land of Moab; and she wisely and prudently left them their choice, either to remain in their native land, or to follow her to hers. And here, as often in the mysteries of Providence, we observe the different influence of the same religious instruction. Orpah, though she loved her mother-in-law, and wept as they separated, yet loved the land of Moab and her idolatrous relations better; while Ruth, deeply impressed as it would seem with the true religion, determines to forsake all, and to follow the fallen fortunes of her mother-in-law. The difference in the religious dispositions of the sisters-in-law, is clearly discovered in the speech of Naomi to Ruth, as well as in the fact of Orpah's return: 'Behold,' says Naomi to Ruth, 'thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people and to her gods; return thou after thy sister-in-law.' The answer of Ruth exemplifies the difference I have stated: 'And Ruth said, entreat me not to leave thee, *or* to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people *shall be* my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be

buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me.'

This short history is full of deep, and of touching, and of captivating interest. Few, if any, among the fictions of modern times can compare in any sense with the simple recital of this history of facts. But the circumstance which throws a charm over the whole, and spreads a lustre over the situation, fate and character of the parties principally concerned, is that Divine principle of piety, and affection, and devotedness to God, which presents Naomi and Ruth before us as worthy of especial admiration.

We use this history as affording an apt illustration of some principles intimately connected with the welfare of every reader—an illustration as interesting as it is important.

That religion is a matter of *unbiassed choice*, there can be no question in the mind of any individual, who is at all conversant with the sacred Scriptures. When Joshua, in his valedictory address, touched upon this subject, he uses this expressive language: '*Choose* you this day whom ye will serve.' His predecessor Moses had also

said, 'Behold I set before you blessing and cursing, life and death.' A compulsory service can in no possible sense be acceptable to God. He desires the sacrifice of the heart, with its passions and affections; and the *heart* must be given up to him, else there is no real religion. But though religion is essentially a matter of choice, yet that choice is not a matter of indifference. It is not equally well with us, whether we choose the right or the wrong. Though the choice was with the sisters, yet there was something essentially erroneous in the determination made by Orpah. A correct and safe choice implies, that we weigh the interposing claims, and only decide on that which deserves to be preferred. Though Moses, in his address to the Israelites, had said, 'Behold I place before you life and death, blessing and cursing,' yet he does not follow it with the advice, choose either of these at your discretion; but he adds, 'therefore choose life.' And it is in consequence of this that the choice made by Ruth was so much better than that determined on by Orpah. The choice between God and Mammon is with every reader; but let it be solemnly remembered, that the everlasting wel-

fare of the soul depends upon the *correctness* of the decision. If the choice should fall upon the world, he who makes it, makes the world his God, his portion, and his reward; and when the 'world passeth away, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth,' he will share the lot of all earthly things; and having made a decision essentially erroneous, that decision will determine his fate through the ceaseless ages of eternity. We know that Orpah chose her country Moab, and the society of her ungodly and heathen associates. The history is silent as it regards her destiny; but had her views been subsequently altered, we should have heard of so important an occurrence. In all probability, for we well know the influence of evil society and example, she returned to her false Gods, and perished amongst those against whom the anger of God was terribly poured out. Hers was an awful example of a defective choice. Ruth, on the contrary, chose the God of Israel. In the providence of God she became distinguished as among the earthly ancestors of the great Messiah; and the blessings in life and in death which she enjoyed, and in eternity which she now enjoys,

testifies to the truth of the proposition, that upon the choice, correctly made, depends the salvation of the soul.

It is unquestionably true that religion calls for extraordinary self-denial. What is meant on this subject, will be clearly seen by a very little examination of the circumstances of the history. Never was an individual placed in a situation of greater difficulty, or more trying to flesh and blood, than was the heroine of our story. In her determination to follow Naomi to the land of Israel, and to become a true servant of the living God, Ruth was compelled to burst asunder the most endearing natural ties which had been left her in her widowed condition. In the language of Scripture, she had to 'forget her own kindred and her father's house;' and, added to this, she was about to become a wanderer and a stranger, and upon her she knew would devolve the cares of an aged, feeble, sorrow-worn mother-in-law. And all this *for the sake of religion*. Here is the example of self-denial worthy of admiration. We are aware that in the judgment of the world, as society is at present constituted, Ruth would be considered by many as a most unjustifi-

able fanatic; and many who would not judge her quite so harshly, would be apt to form erroneous estimates, and perhaps be disposed to ask the question—Was all this sacrifice and self-denial necessary? We will anticipate some questions which may serve as a specimen of worldly casuistry. Might not Ruth have retained her religion, and yet remained among her relations in the land of Moab? Why did she not show some attachment to her mother as well as to her mother-in-law? Why did she leave her parents with a determination never to return, that she might go to a land which she knew not? Did she not, then, with all her firmness to her religious principles, forget a part of her duty? These are very specious questions, and they are put in all their force, and with all their plausibility. But the answer is ready. To some of them we may say, she may have lost her father and mother, and then her strongest obligations were broken. But we waive this. It is not an easy matter for persons who are not fully animated by religious principles, to judge correctly as to the motives of others; and to many it would be unintelligible, were we to write of that holy jealousy

which a believer will exercise over his heart, lest he be drawn away from his allegiance to God. This itself is a sufficient answer, were persons in general qualified to understand the merits of that answer. But there are answers to these questions perfectly level to the comprehensions of all. In the first place, Ruth must have known that, had she returned to her own country, she would have been exposed to very grievous temptations on the subject of religion. Had she returned to live in her heathen mother's house, she would have daily seen the homage rendered to the false gods of the Moabites, and doubtless would have been solicited to join in the practice of those abominable idolatries which she had once in principle renounced. And added to this, as children were under the absolute controul of parental authority, she might have been given in marriage to a worshipper of *Chemosh*, god of the Moabites, and the difficulties of her situation been almost infinitely increased. With a becoming humility, she appears to have judged herself as but little prepared to encounter the temptations to which she would have been continually exposed, in the residence either of a heathen mother or a

heathen husband. These are reasons which enter fully into the justification of her conduct; and it shows in her the influence of that religion which had been taught her by the spirit of the Lord, for without that spirit, so self-denying, so disinterested, so devoted a conduct could not have been pursued.

In this enlightened age of the world, and in this country, so highly favoured of God as to religious privileges, we are not compelled to forsake our father's house, and our relations and friends, for the sake of religion. For, generally, religion is tolerated, if not always approved; and though the declaration of our Saviour is true, that frequently 'a man's greatest foes are they of his own household,' yet so well is religious liberty understood, that no outward persecutions or restraints are permitted. But in a spiritual sense, the same principle which animated Ruth, must find its appropriate place in our bosoms, and fit us for the emergency, should it be called into exercise. Would we be the true disciples of a crucified Redeemer, we must be ready, if the case require it, to give up every thing sooner than to sacrifice the everlasting salvation of our souls. Religion must not stand second

to any consideration whatever; it must be first and supreme; for this is the law, as established by Divine authority: 'He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me. He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.'

For the time during which Orpah and Ruth lived with their husbands, Mahlon and Chilion, and during the time in which, after the death of these, the widows lived with their mother-in-law, in the land of Moab, the history does not record any marked difference in the conduct of Orpah and Ruth. But when the period came that their principles were to be tested; when there was to be a *choice* made between true and false religion, between the land of Israel and Moab, between earth and heaven, then we ascertain the difference. And the reality of the religion of Ruth is ascertained in the *perseverance* with which she pursued her determination of devotion to the cause of God. Many individuals, especially the young, make a

beginning on the subject of religion, and in their present ardour you can perceive no difference between them. You cannot tell how superficially or how deeply it may be seated in their hearts. They seem to be the same. By-and-by, however, you discern the difference. One becomes lukewarm and indifferent, and at last is completely a backslider. Another 'grows in grace and in knowledge,' and 'adorns the doctrine of Christ.' Frequently have we observed this difference. If this remark should strike the conscience of any among our readers, let them beware of the slippery ground on which they tread; let them repent and return. Remember Orpah, who returned to her idolatry, and Ruth, who persevered in the love of God. Let your language to the close of life be that of Ruth, 'Thy God shall be my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried.'

The common, every day profession of religion is comparatively easy. It meets with but little opposition from the world, and little from corrupted nature. But the situation of things is materially altered, when we would adopt that religion in which the heart gives up the entireness of its affections.

It is then that lukewarm or irreligious friends are roused to opposition. It is then that the world begins the terrific part of its persecution, reproach, and ridicule. It is then that the great enemy of salvation is particularly busy; and then that decision and resolution are particularly required. Want of resolution to withstand the shock of worldly ridicule, has caused many an individual to shrink from the responsibilities of true, heart-felt religion. Want of resolution has caused many to waver in the course they had intended to pursue; and when they waver, they are well nigh lost. Ruth maintained the ground she had occupied with an invincible firmness; and she was enabled as well to withstand the temptations and allurements of her heathen relatives, as she was the permission to return given by her mother-in-law. She halted not between two opinions. She had counted the cost of the course she was pursuing, and nothing could make her waver in the determination or change the purpose of her heart. Oh, how does the conduct and resolution of Ruth put to shame the backwardness of many. Few were the advantages which Ruth enjoyed, and dim was the light of revealed

truth which shone upon the path of her pilgrimage. Many of our readers, vastly her superiors in the Gospel advantages which they enjoy, yet fall infinitely behind her in true elevation of character. They have not resolution enough to set at nought the world, and to despise its unmeaning ridicule. They frequently halt between two opinions, or still more frequently give up God for the world.

While contemplating the character of Ruth, observe the *loveliness of religion*.

True religion is calculated to throw the splendour of its own divinity around the character of all who embrace it; no matter what their sex, or what the condition of life in which they move. But religion, lovely and important as it is, in every situation and circumstance of life, comes over the heart with an interest more deep and solemn, when we are obliged to look to it as our only consolation amidst all the calamities of life. And as there is no individual but who must, as the very condition of the present existence, be called upon to suffer, so there is no one but whose earthly comfort, even apart from salvation, has a vital connection with this subject. If ever our readers expect to

have some green spot upon which their wearied and tear-filled eyes may rest, amidst all the afflictions of their present condition, they can only find it in that cheering contemplation of an interest by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, which makes him precious in their sight, and enables them to adorn his doctrine by the loveliness of a true and heart-felt profession. But how consoling to themselves, and how lovely in the eyes of others, is that pure, grace-implanted religion of the heart which is frequently exhibited in many of the female sex. Well has it been said, that 'youth, beauty and sorrow united, present a most interesting object; but let religion animate, and mark how the interest rises, how the frame is embellished, how the deportment is ennobled.' If there is a lovely sight beneath the skies, it is the sight of some young female, who, from the most deeply felt religious impression, consecrates herself to God. The *sublime* in nature may be, the mountain whose top is hid among the clouds, and adown whose sides rushes the far sounding cataract. The *beautiful* in nature may be, the verdant landscape with its low murmuring rivulet, and its meadow filled with flocks and

herds. But the *sublime* and the *beautiful* in religion, is the bending of the youthful form before the majesty of heaven, the eye moistened with the tear of contrition or of gratitude, the upraised hand, and the soul poured out in prayer and self-dedication, all—all animated by the warm inspiration of a heart changed and sanctified by grace.

Our readers are probably principally of the female sex, whom we would entreat to study the history of Ruth, and to imitate the example of her self-denying, resolute, persevering attachment to true, vital religion. The circumstances in which she was, and the circumstances in which many of you are placed, are undoubtedly those of strong temptation and most powerful struggles between God and the world. But no matter what your condition may be, whether in your father's house or 'married to a husband;' no matter whether at home or in a strange land, in society or in solitude, followed or neglected, the choice of God is your only security of present or of future happiness. Upon your easy, gentle, flexible, and generally complying dispositions, will many inordinate demands be made, which will tend to jeopardize your salva-

tion; and frequently, for a parent, a husband, or a friend, will you be tempted to neglect the worship of God, to violate the Lord's day, to intermit your devotions, or to engage in worldly pleasures which wean your hearts from their love and their duty to their Maker and Redeemer. There is one grand distinction to be made. Easy, and gentle, and flexible, and complying, as you should be, in things *indifferent* or praise-worthy, yet it is your privilege—nay, it is your duty—nay, upon it in a measure depends your salvation—that where your religious principles are concerned, where the testimony of a good conscience is concerned, and where your duty to God is involved, you should set your 'faces like a flint' against all the encroachments of temptation; and rather than bend in the compliance, break beneath the blast. For better is it that temporal happiness be rooted from the earth, than that the soul should lose its hold upon eternity.

Observe, if you please, a moment, the attractions of friendship and affection, when founded upon religious principles.

While Ruth bore to Naomi the relation and affection of a daughter-in-law, she also stood con-

nected with her in the bonds of a friendship founded on a community of religious interest.

The history does not tell us how long this affection continued. They were lovely in their life; we know not at what distance one followed the other to the tomb. They were blessed by God with great prosperity and happiness, and now they rejoice together. But, superior to all these reflections, let every reader learn the everlasting importance of true religion, and the indispensable necessity of a choice between God and the world. The final state of the departed is a matter now hidden from our view only to be fully revealed at that tremendous day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, and the destiny of men determined by the irrevocable decree of heaven. We are permitted, however, to form a humble opinion, from the life and conversation of the individual; and if we judge by this rule, the destiny of Orpah and of Ruth will be as different as the choice which they made on earth. Upon our choice will depend our position on the right or the left hand of the Judge; and we may rest assured that while eternal life is the rich provision of the mercy

and grace of God in Christ Jesus, the sinner's everlasting doom is that which he will have brought upon himself by his continued rejections of that tender mercy which founded a way of salvation for poor and perishing sinners. O, let us be wise, and let us make that choice of which we shall never repent. If we shall ever cleave to the Lord with full purpose of heart, it is necessary that our hearts be renewed by the grace of God; if ever we expect to be true followers of those who have left all and followed Christ, we must be delivered from the power of that attachment to the things of this present world, which not only keeps many even from a solitary thought about religion, but which, to the detriment of the Christian cause, makes so many unstable in their ways. Ours should be the constant, the earnest, the persevering prayer to God that he would put his fear in our hearts, for then we should not depart from him. If we are left to the natural impulse of our hearts, however amiable those hearts may be, we shall inevitably follow, not the example of Ruth, but of Orpah, who *kissed and left* Naomi. How lamentable is the fact, that while there are many who have a sort of external

respect for religion, few, very few, decidedly espouse it; and still more melancholy is the truth, that to all such who are half-way, or almost, or lukewarm, or indifferent, or careless, there 'remaineth nothing but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation.'

One remark, and we have done. Death, instead of parting Christian friends, brings them into a nearer and immediate union. Death, which sunders natural, strengthens spiritual ties; and in that eternal and glorious kingdom which, through the merits of a Saviour's blood and his free gift, believers shall enjoy, nothing can ever separate friend from friend—all is life, happiness and immortality.

B.

EVIDENCES OF A CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

My dear friends, I have delayed writing to you, because there are so many demands now of the same kind. You want the evidences of a Christian character; it is a voluminous subject. All I can do is to expand the idea that 'if any man is in Christ, he is a new creature.' If you are converted, your views, feelings, purposes, objects of affection, train of thought, topics of conversation, objects of pursuit, and your conduct, will be new, your judgment of men and things altered essentially. Your feelings towards sin, yourselves, God, Christians, sinners, time, eternity, are new. When pride, ambition, selfishness, solicit gratification—when the world presents its allurements—you answer, No, I am not my own, for 'to me to live is

Christ,' his approbation is my highest ambition, his sacrifice the source of my hope, his intercession and his glory my chief desire, his will my rule of action.

I think it is not so difficult to ascertain whether we are Christians as is generally imagined. We can tell what objects we love supremely, what gratifies and what distresses us most. Is the blessed and ever-glorious Jesus the Alpha and Omega, the all and all with us? Can we find our chief enjoyments in serving, praising, supplicating him? Does nothing distress us so much as the dishonour we and others cast upon him? Does nothing delight us so much as to see sinners turn to him? What think ye of Christ? is the question to try both your state and scheme. But I always feel an objection to dwelling upon the evidences of Christian character—for this reason, that so many rest in what they call examining themselves. There is much self-deception in it; there are two laws of human nature, which ought to be borne in mind on this subject; first, no feeling can be excited except by an appropriate object. Now, you are chasing a rainbow when you are searching your heart for love to God,

unless you fix your thoughts on the character of God. The way in which a mother would test her affections for an absent son, would not be to look into her bosom by a kind of corporeal exertion; but she would recall the image of her boy, review the recollection of his thousand infant gambols and expressions of affection, his smile, his tear, the budding of his genius, and the display of his noble disposition; and it is when the image is distinct before her mind, heightened by all the recollections and associations, that she feels her heart beat quick, her affections kindle, her anxieties awaken, and the silent prayer trembling on her lips. This instance may then show you how to examine your hearts. Bring your sins distinctly before you; sometimes set apart a day to revise the recollections of all the sins of your life. Let it be a day of fasting and prayer. And then, when they are before your minds, watch what emotions they excite with regard to the character of God, the person of Jesus Christ, &c. The second principle I referred to is, that the way to strengthen and develope any class of feelings, is to exercise them; and this remark must close what I have to say.

I hope you will be active Christians. If a great many professors that I know are Christians, then there are two kinds of religion. The one is cold and selfish; it seems to be satisfied to creep to heaven without a self-denying effort for the salvation of others. The other is a benevolent religion, which consists in love to God and true practical benevolence to men. It is not only anxious to get to heaven, but desirous also to glorify God as far as is possible in this world, and to bring as many perishing sinners to Christ as possible. Cultivate personal piety; make thorough work in the closet; spend every leisure hour in efforts, strenuous and self-denying, to benefit a perishing world; seek out objects to benefit. If none come immediately under your notice, do not live a day without having some important scheme of usefulness under way. My dear children, I have more in my heart to say to you, but must close. Live near to Jesus, live for Jesus, and may we meet at his blessed feet in glory. Your friend and brother.

K.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

LUKE XXIII. 33.

WHAT vision bright, of heavenly mould,
Lifts his pale hand to summon me?
On his fair brow the death-damps cold
Hang like a dew-wreath o'er the sea;
He beckons sadly, silently,
And points him to Mount Calvary.

A shroud enwraps his radiant form,
A thorny chaplet girds his brow;
While the fast-oozing life-drops warm,
From his bruised temples darkly flow.
'Tis Him! the Saviour—who for me
Gave up the ghost on Calvary.

Yes!—He who died on earth for me,
For me—the lost, the unforgiven—
Now seeks his Father's face to be
My intercessor still in Heaven.
Oh! not my life's eternity
Can pay the debt of Calvary.

Wake, torpid spirit!—break the spell
Which sin and folly wove around—
Taste not the opiate of Hell,
Though high the sparkling cup be crown'd.
Thy gilded fetters rend—be free—
And upward mount to Calvary.

There kneel before the sacred cross,
And cast thy sins and sorrows there;
Leave, too, the world's poor tinsell'd dross,
Such toys ill suit the Son's co-heir:
Let nought impede thy eager way,
Haste—gain the rock of Calvary.

The path is steep, but plain to sight—
His bloody footsteps mark it well:

Come, as we climb the dizzy height,
Let our glad notes of triumph swell.
Hail, blessed Saviour!—praise to thee!
Who died for us on Calvary.

H. S.

MORNING HYMN.

WATCHFUL guardian of our slumber!

Where shall we begin thy praise,

Whose loving-kindnesses out-number

The moments that make up our days?

When her wing night darkly foldeth

O'er the hush'd earth and starry sky,

'Tis thou in life our souls that holdeth,

While we in sleep unconscious lie.

And afresh with every morning,

Notwithstanding all our sins,

With the first glad day-beam dawning,

Lord! thine unwearied love begins.

Of all thy mercies, though unworthy

We confess ourselves to be,

Yet our household now before thee,
Great God ! we would commend to thee.

Oh guard, and govern, and direct us
In the straight and narrow way,
From perils and from sins protect us,
And keep us near thee through the day.

Worthy, O Lord ! of our high calling
Let our conversation be ;
Keep our unstable feet from falling,
And teach us how to live to thee

Through him who 'takes away transgression'
By his own atoning blood,
Make us in more than mere profession
The followers of 'the Lamb of God.'

And unto thee, our great Creator,
Kind preserver of our days !
To Christ our glorious mediator,
And Holy Ghost, be all the praise !

S. S. C.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE AVALANCHE, OR THE MARONS OF ST. BERNARD.

ALTHOUGH liberal in name and aspect, the constitution of Switzerland is not so favourable to liberty as is usually supposed. 'Privileges of orders, of corporations, of localities, and of families, interfere with the equal rights of the majority of the citizens.' The federal diet lords it over the cantons, the large towns infringe the natural rights of the country, and the most valuable privileges of the towns are monopolized by a few families or trades. In countries subsisting under the most despotic forms of government, liberty is always found unfettered in the wild, poor, and thinly peopled districts; for,

'Men *remote* from power but seldom feel
Luke's iron crown or Damien's bed of steel.'

The democratic cantons of Switzerland are generally situated in the wildest and poorest part of these Alpine regions, while the aristocratic members of the confederation, richer and more populous, present most of the evils without the forms of regal government. Even in many of the new cantons of the Swiss confederacy, constructed on the principle of a perfectly popular representation, the defects of the system admitted of such practical abuses in the management of elections, as to throw the whole power into the hands of a small number of patrician families. But it was not in the nature of the brave and hardy inhabitants of the country tamely to endure inequitable assumption of privilege and power; and frequent insurrections of various fortune disturbed the tranquillity of the confederation.

Among those who distinguished themselves as the champions of popular rights and equal privileges, not the least remarkable was Albert Keller, a native of Basle. Defeated, however, and proscribed by an aristocracy irresponsible because numerous, and vindictive because insecure, Keller was driven from his sylvan possessions, and, with

his wife and his children, sought a temporary asylum in the wild pass of St. Bernard, at no great distance from the *Hospice*,* which, under that name, has gained so much reputation for the hospitality and disinterested benevolence of its inmates. There, in a hut rebuilt out of the ruins of one destroyed many years before by an *avalanche*, Keller earned a precarious subsistence by hunting, acting as a guide, and occasionally performing the dangerous duties of a winter post-rider through the pass.

When otherwise unoccupied, Keller not unfrequently sallied forth, amidst storms and snow-drifts, in search of bewildered travellers, surprised in spring and autumn by those sudden condensations of moisture so remarkable in Alpine regions. A little time sufficed to give to his hardy and agile frame the useful habits of his new position; and, under the assumed name of Steinmitz, he soon became conspicuous for the courage, fortitude and sagacity which belong to the character of the Swiss hunters and shepherds, and which gave to them

* A convent for the shelter and accommodation of strangers.

that heroic moral elevation, signified so gloriously in the bloody battles of Morgarten, Sempach and Murten. According to the place in which he found them, Keller conveyed those whom he rescued, either to his own hovel, or to the better shelter of the *Hospice* of St. Bernard. The monks were thus very soon apprized of his enterprize and skill, and were glad to avail themselves of his assistance in their charitable task. They had planted themselves aloft, amidst storms and perpetual winter, far from the comfort and abundance of the cloisters of the valleys, for the sole purpose of administering to the spiritual and temporal wants of those whose pleasure or whose business led them to encounter the dangers and fatigue of the pass of the great St. Bernard. A community of purpose and action, in so wild and unfrequented a region, naturally attached the good fathers to their new associate. Observant of his humanity and disinterestedness, and struck with his noble deportment and elegant manners, they could not fail to wonder at the cause of his sojourn on the wild acclivity of *Mont-Mort*; but they respected him too much to pry into his secrets, and loved

him too well to doubt his virtue. It was always, therefore, with that peculiar interest which is felt for misfortune and honour, especially when shrouded in mystery, that the good brothers of St. Augustine received the frequent visits of Keller. Sometimes, when the conversation diverged insensibly from literature and pass-adventures, to the political condition of Switzerland, the eye of their mysterious guest would kindle, and his whole manner become so animated, as to lead them to a shrewd conjecture as to the causes of his solitude. But he betrayed himself but for a moment, and by an abrupt transition to less inciting topics, intimated his unwillingness to discuss subjects which evidently produced a too painful interest.

“What a singular fate must have been that of Steinmitz;” said one of the monks to his brethren, as, at the close of a winter’s day, they were engaged in scrutinizing the aspect of the confused clouds, which began to scatter in wild eddies from around the snow-peaks of *Le Drossa* and *Velan*; “there seem about him strange inconsistencies. Sometimes he appears moody and perfectly regardless of life; at other times, full of rich discourse, he

seeks the shelter of our *Hospitium*, when he might easily have continued his journey to his own abode." "That arises, probably," said another, "from the conflicts in his bosom between disgust of life and the love he bears to his wife and children. As these are prest upon his attention variously by varying circumstances, his character seems to change; but it is always so with men of strong passions, under the constraint of powerful events and contrasted incidents. But *there* is the man himself, in company with our faithful dog *Barré*. Something extraordinary has brought them together? *Benedicite*, Steinmitz! Our dog! how came you together?" "Good evening, fathers! That noble fellow found me in the pass, entirely exhausted by the loose snow which has drifted into the path by which I was returning home, and but for his warm cloak and replenished wine-flask, I should have seen the roof of the *Hospice* for the last time. *Barré* seemed himself fatigued when we met, for, as I afterwards discovered, he had scratched a hole into a snow-bank to the depth of nearly twenty feet, where he found the mortal remains of the poor mineralogist who

dined with you last week, and whom, with incredible exertion, he had entirely uncovered. When he heard my horn, he left the dead man, and came down the pass to my assistance; and by dint of dragging, he has succeeded in making me once more a guest of St. Bernard." "I ought not," continued he, "to forget the kindness of that other *Maron*,* who was brought to our aid by the bells around Barré's neck. He is following us, dragging along the mineral bag of the traveller, which he found on the way, and could not be induced to abandon, except for a few minutes at a time, when the larger snow-banks rendered our passage very difficult, and called for his assistance." "You are most welcome, son," said the superior! "We expected your arrival, and our anxiety for your safety made us scan more curiously the signs of the weather. The blasts by which the snow was thrown on the pass, escaped our observation, as they did not reach the summit; but it seems that our dogs knew it, for they nearly all set off in the afternoon, and most of them are yet out. It was

* Alpine dog.

these fantastic movements of the clouds which arrested our attention, and the storm they promise already hides the peaks of *Mont-Mort** and *Barrasan* in the driving snow. If auguries fail not, this will be a most memorable night for St. Bernard. But come, let us minister to our fatigued friend's wants, and pray that the signs of the heavens prognosticate no increase to the population of our *morgue*. It has had a fearful accession of numbers lately, and there is scarcely room among its inmates for another corpse."

Supper was soon ready, but the guest and the dogs partook of it with very different zest. Keller was moody and restless, ate little, and appeared to be attentive to every sound that came from without; while Barré and his fellow, after a voracious meal, ensconced themselves beneath the table, near the blazing hearth, and were soon buried in sleep. "You seem fatigued, Steinmitz," said the superior, "even to the loss of appetite and spirits. Suffer brother Antoine to conduct you to bed?" Keller fixed on the bene-

* Hill of death.

volent father a look of sad decision. "My bed," said he, "must be this night on the cold side of *Mont-Mort*." "To-night!" cried the good father; "to-night, Steinmitz! It is impossible! Do you not hear how the wind howls over these hills! The storm from the frozen peaks is dashing its wild snow-drifts over the passes. I would not suffer a dog to leave St. Bernard to-night. Even our brave Barré would shrink from such a tempest." "*I* must go, however," replied Keller earnestly, "and that speedily, too. My helpless and solitary family is in peril, and the very danger of the tempest is an incentive to reach those who know so little how to provide against it, and are perhaps even now in want of my assistance. These unexampled snow-drifts may, before morning, hide my poor little cottage from the sight, and what would Steinmitz be then, when the last of mortal ties to earth had been so fearfully sundered?" As he said this, he moved towards the door, and opening it, looked out upon the waste. "It is indeed a wild night, but—" a low distant crushing sound came on the blast, and interrupted his discourse. He stood rigid with attention

until it passed away. "That is what I most feared," said he; "that awful sound is the death-note of the *avalanche*.* The mighty mass of snow is becoming too heavy for the rocks to detain it longer. I must fly to my family, for to-morrow may be too late. If alive, the morning will bring us back to your hospitable abode, for longer my wife and children must not remain on that dreadful slope. The snow is beginning to break from its fastnesses. The signs are not to be mistaken. The chamois and the steinboch† have forsaken their hiding places, and the lammergeier‡ are congregating from every quarter of the heavens. They have an unerring instinct in these things. They have heard, before us, the low sounds which the over-burdened mountain utters, as its soil slips, and its projecting rocks bend before the resistless weight of the snow. The vast accessions of the week have hastened the coming woe, and I have already periled my life to get thus far, and cannot now hesitate to proceed. The Great Being, who

* Snow-slip.

† Rock-goat, ibex, bouquetin or *capra alpina*.

‡ Vulture of the Alps.

holds the hills in a balance, can, if it seems good to him, guide me now, as easily as on the brightest day, and *I am in the path of duty*. If I perish, I have only one favour to ask:—This packet must not be opened until my death is ascertained; it will instruct you whither to send my poor family. Do that, I ask no more.” Girding around him tightly his mountain dress, Keller was about to issue from the gate, when the dog which had first found him in the evening, seized him by the skirts. “Let go, Barré,” said the superior. The dog obeyed, but getting in front, blocked up the wicket, and with a low growl debarred his exit. “The very dog opposes your departure, Steinmitz. Take his advice. He knows you must perish if you venture abroad to night. It is not long since he offered resistance to the departure of the poor fellow whom you found dead in the pass to-day.” “There!” cried Keller, “let me go, in the name of God!—that awful, deep sound comes again on the wind, and warns me to fly.” His tone and look put an end to resistance; and even the dog, retreating into the court-yard, stood stiff with attention to the deep voice of the mountain. As Keller

passed him he wagged his tail, and looking up into the face of the superior, invited his signal of permission to accompany the traveller. It was given, and pressing close to the side of Keller, he waited for his customary flask and cloak.* They were fixed. "You forget your staff, Steinmitz," said the monk, putting into his hands a long slender pole, armed at one end with a sharpened iron ferrule. "You have need of all help to night; God bless you in your perilous path of duty. Barré, keep close to him." The dog signified his acquiescence by taking, at a very short distance, the lead; and in this manner the travellers left the hospitable court-yard of St. Bernard.

"I can scarcely believe Steinmitz right in his fears, said the superior. The avalanche descends only in the spring, when the snow is heavy with rain, and when its hold on the rugged soil is loosened by the water which trickles down the hills." "That is usually true," rejoined an old monk, whose life had been spent among the passes, "but the immense mass of snow which now lies

* Usually fastened to the dogs for the use of travellers.

above his residence, and the boding signals of the hill, and the flight of the chamois and bouquetin, and the gathering of the lammergeier, are things too significant of danger to have escaped the anxious and instructed notice of our neighbour. God grant we may see him and our poor Barré again; but I feel as if we had taken our last look of them."

While the benevolent fathers sat over the decaying embers, conversing of the traveller, and endeavouring to console themselves by the recollection of the many wonderful escapes of those whom winter caught in those wild regions, Keller and his four-footed companion, following the irregular course of the pass, hastened towards that home in which lay all the earthly treasure of the exiled patriot. They were to him kindred, friends, riches, honour, country. He had nothing on earth but what reposed in his air-hung cottage; and the attraction which drew him onward was the whole power and concentration of human motives and affections. The deep meditation of his heart rendered him little observant either of the direction of the road, or of its difficulties. The guide

whom he followed had often visited his abode, and to his unerring instinct he implicitly trusted. Sometimes the bare and precipitous ice called for the use of his pointed pole, and his guide was then dependent on him for a share of its support. Sometimes, up to the waist in the fleecy snow-bank, Keller availed himself of the prodigious strength and agility of the dog for an escape otherwise impracticable. In the singularly varied windings of their obscure path, the wind, in a favourable direction, would sometimes have forced the tall, broad figure of the mountaineer too hastily along, but for his pole, and the restraint imposed on the tail of his leathern coat by the teeth of Barré; while often blowing fiercely in opposition, nothing but the friendly drag of his four-footed guide could have enabled Keller to advance. By slow and most laborious progress, they at length reached the end of the narrow pass, and issued out upon the broad platform of the glacier, which, extending for a considerable distance, terminated at the base of the steep acclivity, on which hung the cottage of Keller.

At this place the fathers of St. Bernard had

erected a *chalet*, or hut, in which they left, in perilous seasons, blankets and refreshments. Keller saw, by the light which hung from the ceiling, that it was furnished for the storm; but though hungry and fatigued, he passed it rapidly, and reached the angle of the *morgue* of the *chalet*, beyond which he expected to have an unobstructed view of *Mont-Mort*. There was a light also in the *morgue*, and the quick eye of Keller observed, through the grated windows, that the glass case or cover of the black marble slab in its centre was not unoccupied. The bare possibility of having a near interest in these remains, carried him to the table. It contained the wife and child of the courier of *St. Pierre*, who had perished, as he had heard, by leaving home to meet the husband and father on his return from a distant service. The bonds of human sympathy are never drawn so closely as when the links in the chain of misfortune are of the metal of our own destiny. Time could not mark the briefness of the moment in which Keller's mind ran through the terrible parallel, and rushing out from the *morgue*, he sought the open plain.

At this point he paused, to look for that light which, in this wild country, never failed to illuminate his window, and which had often led the bewildered traveller or benighted hunter to his shed. For the first time it was absent, and the low piteous moan of the dog assured him that *his* keener eye failed to discover it. "Oh, Barré, they are gone!" said the stunned father and husband. "Buried in the leeward snow-drift, they are debarred escape from the avalanche. To their rescue, or to death!" and with impetuous haste and unearthly energy, the tired hunter rushed across the bare surface of the icy plain. Barré kept before him for some time, but at length suddenly paused, and turning round, attempted to obstruct his progress. Dashed impatiently aside, he instantly seized his skirt, and in the effort to detain him, threw him to the ground. The fall recalled Keller to his senses, and he soon perceived by his significant movements that his companion had discovered a new rift in the ice, which, filled by the storm with light drifted snow, would, in a few onward steps, have absorbed him and his hopes and fears forever. Turning aside to a narrow part of the chasm, Barré,

by a few extraordinary and struggling bounds, succeeded in reaching the solid bank beyond. With cautious and probing steps Steinmitz felt its verge, and extending his long pole deeply into its centre, sprang with the agility of the ibex to the other side. But it was a long leap, and the snow clinging to the pole, would have drawn him back from his faithless footing into its cold abyss. Barré expected this, and stood ready to seize him as he alighted, and with the temporary loss of his pole, Keller was again on his feet. To bring the end of the pole to his hand was but a short struggle for the dog, and again they resumed their journey.

On the afternoon of the day whose dreadful night we are now describing, George Steinmitz, the eldest son of the hunter, came down from the hill. He had nearly reached its summit by the bed of a stream, which seemed to have its 'source in the clouds.' "I wish," said he to his mother as he entered the cottage, "that our father were here." Old Seiper, our neighbour, is up there, looking at the snow-bank, and says that it will come down before to-morrow. I was just going to

shoot at a fierce looking *lammergeier*, when my gun was suddenly and roughly wrested from me by the strong old fellow. Although he appeared angry, he spoke to me almost in a whisper, and told me that one shot would have brought down the snow-bank. I was, as you may suppose, scarcely pleased at his roughness, and was beginning to talk loudly about it, when he very coolly clapt his hand on my mouth, and told me not to shake the air so much. "Don't you see," said he, "that that old vulture wants you to shoot. He keeps just out of reach of your gun. I cant help thinking he knows the effect of sound, for just before you came up, he was screaming in a way which, old as I am, I never heard before. That fellow is old enough to have remembered the former avalanche, and may live to scream for many more, rather than that you should shoot at him now." "Mother," continued George, "it is awful to see the snow at the top beginning to sag down on the snow beneath, and force itself up into huge wreaths. Rough as is the hill below, it cannot long resist the pressure. Old Seiper begs you

will not lose a moment in setting off to the monastery. He has gone to remove *his* family."

In compliance with the advice of the experienced hunter, and in accordance with the conditional injunctions of Keller, so often repeated before his departure, the little family, with heavy hearts and tearful eyes, took leave of the hut, which, though rude and inconvenient, had received them when all the world beside had rejected them. When Keller was rich, the cares of the world, the business of life, absorbed his attention, and too often shared in his affection; but there was nothing here to divide the heart which misfortune had only softened; and in the long winter nights, undisturbed by visitors, and unoccupied by business, he gave himself up to his family. Sage counsel, affectionate pleasantries, agreeable narrative, gave wings to time, and the wife, a true woman, forgot, on the throne of her domestic felicity, even the cherished vanities and the showy pageantry of her former life. Dear to the sex as such things are, they vanish into darkness before the light of the heart, as do the stars before the brightness of the morning.

To collect the materials, and assemble the family for the journey, consumed so much time, that, notwithstanding the louder warnings from the mountain, it was late in the day before they departed. The family consisted of George and a sister just on the verge of womanhood, an infant, and the little fellow who is seen in the accompanying engraving. An Alpine mastiff, the brother of Barré, a gift from the benevolent monks of the *Hospice*, completed the group. They had scarcely reached the broad table-land or ice-field, when the sudden and turbulent snow-storm, already described, overtook them. The driving snow from the adjacent hills, mingled with that from the clouds, darkened the air, and entangled their footsteps; until at length, bewildered, tired and despairing, they huddled together on the wild waste, to wait for that morning which was never to shine for them. George, his mother, and the dog, placed their backs to the wind, and collected the children to the shelter of their bosoms. "Now, my son," said the heroic mother, "we have done all that in this dreadful situation our duty called for, and we must leave our fate to Him, 'in whose hands our

breath is, and whose are all our ways.' It is impossible for us to proceed. This plain is broken into rifts so full of snow as to be undistinguishable, and if we fall into them, our doom is certain. *The terrific roar of the glacier*, heard this morning, must have come from a new rent of no common size. It was prolonged until distance made it inaudible, and ran in a direction across our course. The storm took from us half an hour of day-light, otherwise we might have reached the *chalet* before night-fall. We must now submit to the dispensation. By keeping close together, we shall retain warmth enough; and if the snow-whirls do not cover us, nor the avalanche descend, we have little else to fear. The very severity of the night is a safeguard against the wolves, whose instinct of preservation will keep them in their rocky dens."

The extreme coldness of the air, added to fatigue, soon produced its usual effect, and a deep sleep fell on the desolate party. The dog seemed aware of their danger, and, by varied effort, vainly endeavoured to keep them awake. His solicitude arose almost to madness, when the snow began to

cover the bodies, and with incredible patience and labour he kept down the drift, and scattered the snow. But as his strength failed him, and the driving flakes increased in number and size, his exertions became feeble and fruitless, and at length, abandoning himself to despair, he crept close to the little boy who had been his playfellow and feeder, and covering him with his shaggy coat, seemed by his sympathizing whine to express at once his sorrow and its slender consolation. But the snow had no sympathies. The heap already collected by the backs of the group, became the centre of aggregation, and at length the family of Keller were concealed from view, and buried deeply in its cold white bosom.

At the moment when the event just described had been completed, Keller arrived at the spot, and was about to pass around the bank which obstructed his path, not without wondering at the cause of such an unusual collection of snow in so exposed a situation. Barré had hitherto led the way, but stopping at the mound, fell behind, and began to snuff the air, scratch the snow, and whine most piteously. "Come away, Barré," cried

Keller, "we have no time to look for dead men now. Something is wrong, for Carlo, my own dog, is abroad; *I hear his bells faintly in the distance!* Come away, I say, or I will leave you!" Hurrying onward, regardless of the hoarse and solemn bark which informed him that Barré had discovered something, Keller's course was once more arrested by his associate, who, seizing his coat, and whining most piteously, entreated him to go back. The patience of the man could hold out no longer, and he struck the dog with his foot so violently as to throw him to some distance. But Barré, nothing discouraged, laid hold of his pole, and pulling backwards, strove to force Keller to return. "Let go, you beast," cried Keller, whose solicitude for his family seemed to absorb all other interests; and at the same moment he jerked the pole with maddened violence from the grasp of the poor dog. As the iron shoulder of the ferrule encountered his teeth in its progress, the faithful fellow gave a short yelp never before heard from him; but, regardless of his injuries, again laid hold of the coat of the hunter, as if determined to detain him in spite of all opposition. "Well! I must either

kill you or return, must I," said Keller, as he drew back the sharp point of his pole to dart it into the dog. "No, Barré, I will not kill you; I owe you my life; but it is a hard alternative to spare a moment now." As he said this, Keller turned back to the snow-bank. Barré watched him keenly as he thrust cautiously the pole into the cold bosom of the loose snow-heap. It encountered something *soft and elastic*. "Poor dog," ejaculated Keller, "you knew that the victim of the storm was not dead. I am sorry I struck you." In the attempt to withdraw the pole, Keller found, to his surprise, great difficulty. It would not come away. Barré scratched, and whined, and barked, and pulled at the pole; and sometimes, amidst the incessant jingle of his bells, Keller's ear caught the sound of other bells, which seemed to him to issue from the bank. Believing now that one of the dogs of the Maronnier of St. Bernard was there, and unwilling to waste time in his rescue, the hunter was again about to leave the place, and abandon his pole, when he found himself once more under arrest. With the impatient energy incident to so stimulating a position,

Keller rushed back, and throwing his whole soul into the effort, grasped the buried pole, which, with a sudden slip, burst from its hold, and brought out, attached to its nether end by his teeth, a huge black beast. The unexpected yielding of the snow threw Keller on his back, and the strange quadruped on the top of him. A lick on his face, a bark from the stranger, and his own dog Carlo lay down beside him with a moan which was not to be misinterpreted. In an instant the bank was again probed, and his pole told him the dreadful truth. To clear away the snow was the work of a few fearful moments, and to drag out the loved ones, one by one, served to delay for a few moments longer the burst of despair. It came at length, and who would dare to depict it? On the cold bosom of his wife lay the pledge of their love, encircled by arms stiffened in the embrace of the last agony of dying maternity. Keller threw himself on that bosom never before cold to him. He had hastily examined the rest, and believed that the last link of the chain of affection had been broken away, and he had only now the consolation

of dying beside the woman who had been his light in prosperity, his bow of hope in adversity.

“A form of life and light,
Which seen, became a part of sight,
And rose, where'er he turned his eye,
The morning star of memory.”

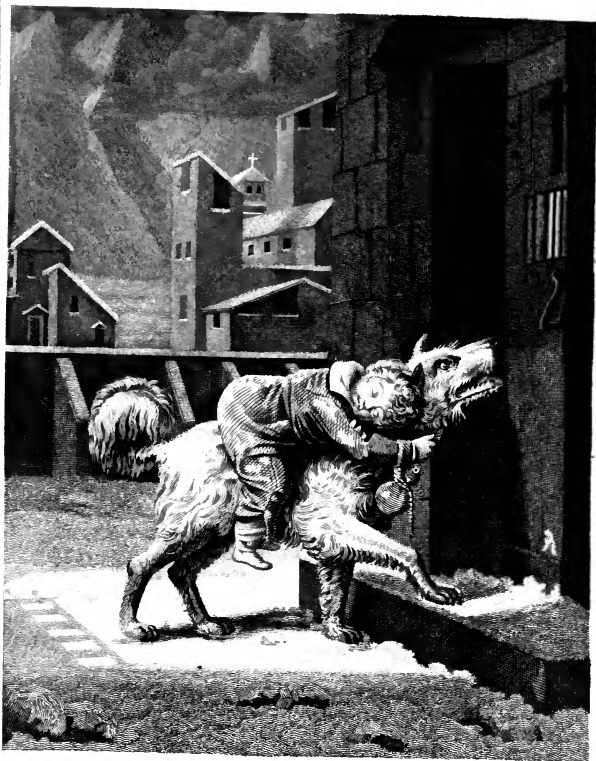
In the mean time the dogs, with wonted sagacity, had drawn aside the little boy, in whom they yet discovered signs of life, and lying close to him in the lee of the bank, gradually re-animated him. As soon as this was effected, Barré endeavoured to call Keller's attention to his child, but in vain. It was to no purpose that he tried every art. Heart-broken, benumbed, over-wrought, the desolate man was just falling into that lethargy from which no human aid could have withdrawn him, when, as a last resource, the dogs dragged the child to his side, and compelled him to observe it. As Keller's eye rested on the young image of his lost partner—what a revulsion! “Dear Father!” “My boy! My *William Tell* is left to me, and to *his country*. In his wrath, God has remembered mercy. My poor

orphan boy, preserved to me by so strange a providence! I will make an effort to save you."

After marking carefully the situation of the snow-mound, Keller took his only child on his back, called off the reluctant dogs, and, full of woe, set his face again towards the monastery. In a short time they reached the ice-rift, and, after exploring its margin for some distance, the dogs crossed it at the same point at which Keller had passed before. "Now, William, my son, hold fast to my neck, I am going to leap over this rift, and you must cling closely." The pole was fixed, the leap was made, but the increased weight snapt it in two, and poor Keller, never foiled before, struck against the icy edge of the opposite ledge, and was thrown back into the chasm, and buried deeply in the light snow. In a moment, both the dogs were there; but the blow had been fatal; and the poor, exhausted, heart-broken man, was found perfectly lifeless. This, their sagacity soon taught them, and, after pausing for a considerable time, they set about extricating the little boy from his dangerous situation. Owing to the loose texture of the snow, and the slipperiness of the sharp

edge of the rift, this was no easy matter. But after many unsuccessful efforts, they finally succeeded in dragging him out upon the plain. There, by lying close together, they restored to him the almost exhausted warmth, and endeavoured by pulling his clothes to compel him to proceed onwards. Embarrassed by the snow, unwilling to leave his father, and ignorant of the motives of the dogs, the poor little fellow could not be induced to go forward. By kind caresses, and crouching closely to the ground, Barré finally succeeded in getting the boy's legs across his back, and rising with him as he clung to his shaggy neck, he brought him to the gate of the *Hospice*, where he is represented in the act of barking to call the porter to his assistance.* The other dog, after following Barré for a short distance, as if to assure himself of his little friend's safety, returned to the side of Keller, where the monks found him next morning, just expiring, and, in the very moment of death, licking the hand which had so often caressed him, *and which had never inflicted on him a blow.*

* The engraving represents a fact.





Keller and his family were conveyed to St. Bernard, and by the removal of older bodies, were admitted to a place in the *morgue*, where, *standing erect against the wall, their frozen corpses* exhibit a melancholy group, sad examples of the turns of fate below, and of the little security this world can offer for the stability of any sublunary good.

“There is nothing true but Heaven.”

M.

PHILADELPHIA.

CHRISTIAN LACONICS.

I.

SOULS to whom Christ has been made wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption, should never complain of poverty or neglect. They have that which worlds cannot purchase. They may be aged and destitute, solitary, having buried the friends of their youth, just ready to sink unmourned to the tomb, still let them rejoice. Shall not the traveller, though he be lonely and destitute, rejoice as he draws near his home, where the sweet voice of affection shall welcome him, and every want be fully supplied?

II.

You may have seen the forest in the leaflessness of winter, to which the rain-storm, freezing as it

fell, had given a transparent covering: when the clouds had rolled away, and the sun shone forth, you beheld it exhibiting all the glories of the rainbow—sparkling as if adorned by a thousand diamonds. Similar is the scene which the world presents to those who stand at its entrance, and thus cold, and unreal, and evanescent, will they find its promised joys.

III.

THAT proud and lofty independence of character which we hear so much praised, and see so often assumed, is inconsistent with true benevolence and a just appreciation of the responsibilities of life.

IV.

AGED sinner, have you performed the work for which life was given you? If not, there is no time to be lost. The shadows of the evening are gathering around you, and will soon deepen into everlasting night; and amid its darkness you must set sail on the shoreless ocean of eternity.

V.

THERE may be hopeful appearances; such as great awakenings, convictions of guilt, conscientious avoiding of sin, frequency of meditation and prayer, delight in religious conversation, without true conversion to God. We have seen this in others—why may it not be thus with ourselves ?

VI.

WHEN we see an individual of strictly moral and attractive deportment, unconverted, yet respectful to piety, we are prone to forget the depravity of his heart, and to suppose that he needs but little to become a Christian. But, in truth, he needs a new creation—without it, he can no sooner enter heaven than the most hardened sinner that was ever spared to fill up the measure of his iniquity.

VII.

IF, what is by no means probable, the eye of a theatre-going woman should fall on these pages, to such an one I would say—would you like to go

from the theatre to the judgment seat? Think of this question when you next enter the theatre: think, as you gaze upon the crowd and scenery, that at the judgment day the crowd will be much greater and the scenery much more august and imposing.

VIII.

THERE is a difference between spiritual deadness and death. The latter is the *state* of the wicked, the former the *disease* of the renewed. The possession of any of the true signs of spiritual life warrants the indulgence of hope. The infant may be unable to converse, yet, if it breathe, that is a sure token of life.

IX.

SUPPOSE an individual traversing the mountain wild: he has to cross an awful chasm, through whose depths the torrent rushes in its fury; across this chasm a single tree is thrown—on it he must pass; a false step plunges him into the flood below. The day is far spent, a dark night is coming on, the sleety rain begins to descend, and

fierce winds roar in the distant valleys. Now, in view of these dangers, might we not with propriety urge him to make no delay? We admit that, possibly, he may pass in safety amid the coming darkness; but the chances are numerous against him. Similar and no less dangerous is the condition of the sinner; he has to prepare for heaven or suffer hell; the dangers are thickening around him; we do not say that if he delays repentance he cannot repent at a future day, but that the chances are fearfully against him.

X.

OFTENTIMES some one sin keeps men from closing with Christ. Reader, is it so with you? Its indulgence is no doubt for the moment pleasant, but will it compensate for eternal damnation?

XI.

IMPORTUNITY in prayer is but little practiced, yet Christ seems to intimate, that sometimes this alone has occasioned success; as in the parable respecting the borrowing of loaves, and of the unjust judge. There may be importunity that is not ex-

pressed in words ; a breathing of the soul after God, as constant as the inspiration of air ; an ardour that language cannot express. But ah ! how seldom is this experienced ! How much of carelessness and hypocrisy in our prayers ! What a fearful sight if they were all spread out before us !

XII.

SINNER remember that every sin, however small in your estimation, adds fuel to the everlasting burnings.

XIII.

SUPPOSE a man on board a vessel borne by a swift current towards the rocks ; in his madness he has thrown away his rudder, and is thus helplessly dashing towards the reef. He is plainly helpless, he cannot save himself, but shall he therefore fold his arms and refuse to lay hold of the rope thrown from another vessel, by which he might be saved ? Is the fact that he cannot save himself a reason why he should refuse to let others save him ? So with the sinner. Is the fact that he is unable to

save himself a reason why he should refuse to allow Christ to save him?

XIV.

WORSHIPPER of this world, why will you not consent to be happy—really happy; not in the excitements of novelty and the gratification of desire, but in the exercise of the purest and noblest affection, in the favour and fellowship of heaven, in the prospect of a triumphant death and a glorious immortality?

XV.

THE Christian character is in a great degree formed by the external dispensations of God's providence. Hence, in judging in a particular instance, we are not only to survey the facts, but to survey them in relation to the attendant circumstances. Were these more regarded, there would be less of error and injustice in our decisions.

XVI.

THE minister who labours solely for a reputation among men, who makes the sublime truths of the

Bible themes for the wanderings of an unsanctified imagination, and Calvary an eminence from which he may exhibit himself, will, of all others, have the most fearful reckoning at the judgment day.

XVII.

How dreadful is the condition of that soul who has been left to fill up, undisturbed, the measure of his iniquity. He is no longer troubled with serious thoughts. The most solemn providences of God create no alarm. The awful declarations of God's word make no impression. Conscience has ceased her compunctious visitings. The spirit has taken its everlasting flight. All is calm. But it is the awful stillness that precedes the tempest. It will continue but for a moment, when it will be broken by the ceaseless storm of the Almighty's wrath.

XVIII.

In thy presence there is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore,—joys perfect and eternal. No cloud shall ever obscure

the brightness of that celestial sky ; no desert spot mar the beauty of the heavenly landscape ; no discordant note disturb the eternal anthem. The glorified spirit, standing on that lofty point, the right hand of God, and gazing down on the outspread and lengthening ages of eternity, will see nothing but increasing happiness and glory.

XIX.

ONE of the puritan writers compares the conduct of those ministers who lose sight of divine truth, in the vain attempt at eloquent display, to that of Nero, who, when the people at Rome were starving, employed ships coming from Egypt, at that time the granary of nations, in bringing sand for the use of the wrestlers.

XX.

PRAY without ceasing. This cannot be understood literally, for then obedience to the command would be impossible. When we are told that a man labours without ceasing, what do we understand by the expression ?—why, that he is very diligent, that he labours at suitable times. So a

man prays without ceasing when he prays at all suitable times. These are in some degree to be determined by the leadings of Providence.

XXI.

WHAT so delightful as the voice of an approving conscience. Happiness consists not in the indulgence of appetite, or in fitful bursts of emotion. It is not when the pulse beats high, and the cheek is suffused with an unnatural bloom, and the eye beams with an unearthly fire, that pure and permanent happiness is enjoyed. The state of mind necessary to this, is best expressed by the term peace—that peace which the voice of an approving conscience gives. This can be destroyed only by a violation of duty. Enemies may attack us, friends may prove faithless, afflictions may befall us from without—still there are whispers of consolation within. The storm of adversity may roll over us, yet on the bosom of the darkest cloud, conscience paints the rainbow of peace.

XXII.

LET the accomplished but unconverted woman of fashion remember that her accomplishments will

give her no precedence in a future world. She must there take her station with the vulgar sinner, and hopelessly mourn over the folly that has ruined her soul.

XXIII.

WHAT heart-rending separations will there be at the judgment day! Friends, dear to each other on earth, will be parted forever. The pious mother may see the son whom she has instructed, and warned, and prayed over, on the left hand. Brothers will be parted from sisters, and husbands from wives. O, what eternal farewells will be bidden by those whom the unpassable gulf is to separate forever.

XXIV.

A THOUSAND excuses are pleaded by those who are urged to repent. Is it wise for a man to rest until he has found one that he is sure will meet with the acceptance of the Judge at the great day?

XXV.

It is astonishing to observe how little interest professing Christians feel for the salvation of their

friends. If inquired of as to the spiritual prospects of a friend, they often answer, they are hopeful; he has a great respect for religion; at times thinks on the subject. Suppose it were asked, what are your friend's prospects of acquiring a fortune? would it be answered, they are hopeful; he has a great respect for business; and at times thinks on the subject? Has that man a prospect of gaining a fortune?—just as good an one as the other of saving his soul.

J. A.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE YOUNG SETTING MOON.

THE fair, young moon, in a silver bow,
Looks back from the bending west,
Like a weary soul that is glad to go
To the long-sought place of rest.

Her crescent lies in a beaming crown,
On the distant hill's dark head,
Serene as the righteous looking down
On the world, from his dying bed.

Her rays, to our view, grow few and faint;
Her light is at length withdrawn !
And she, like a calmly departing saint,
To her far-off home is gone !

O ! what could have made the moon so bright,
Till her work for the earth was done ?

'T was the glory drawn from a greater light!

'T was the face of the radiant sun!

For she on her absent king would look,

Which the world saw not, the while;

Her face from him all its beauty took,

And conveyed to the world his smile.

By him, through night, has the moon been led

'Mid the clouds that crossed the sky,

While she drew her beams o'er the earth to shed,

From the god where she fixed her eye.

And thus does Faith, 'mid her trials, view,

In the God to whom she clings,

A *Sun*, whose glories, forever new,

Unfold in his healing wings!

'T is this that will guide our course aright,

Though grief overcloud the heart;

And it is but faith being lost in sight,

That is meant, when the good depart!

H. F. G.

THE MAN AND THE CHILD.

I HAVE never seen the difference between a man and a child so strikingly portrayed as by the Apostle Paul, when he said, ‘When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.’ There is a shade of thought in the sentence of the original Greek, which, though correctly given in the translation, may, perhaps, have been more *forcibly* expressed.

As if the apostle had said, ‘*I had the wishes, the tastes, the enjoyments of a child, but, &c.*’

It may be a curious, and I hope an interesting and a valuable speculation, suitable to the pages of a work like the present, to get a clear view of the diversity of character alluded to, by instituting a

brief comparison between the *speech*, the *inclination*, and the *judgment*, of the *man* and the *child*; and it will be found that some *children* are *men*, while a vast multitude of *men* will be discovered to be no more than *children*. Let us try:

SPEECH.

The apostle, by placing the characteristic of childhood in the speech, may possibly be understood to intimate that a child speaks *before he thinks*. Whether this be particularly intended or not, it is certainly a fault very observable in such children as are not restrained, but very unbecoming and inconvenient in men. We readily and fully excuse a child who speaks without care or thought: gaiety and inattention are natural to his age: and neither the subject, nor the matter of his prate, can be important; he talks of trifles only, and as they appear to his puerile conception: but when the mind is employed on many subjects, the speech will, of course, be deliberate; some degree of gravity will prevail in it; and to a greater degree, when the points under consideration are difficult

or interesting. A mature understanding has constant, gentle exercise in the government of the tongue; and, either remissness on the one hand, or eagerness on the other, will certainly betray itself in the discourse. Faults of these opposite kinds are to be found in young men of different dispositions; but both are to be referred to the same childish folly, of *speaking before they think*.

One of a lively imagination and cheerful temper, is apt to pour forth, without attention, a multitude of unmeaning words; but it can seldom happen, that, amidst much discourse, thus indiscreetly and wantonly uttered, nothing should escape detrimental or dangerous to the speaker; nothing offensive to modest or pious hearers; no groundless accusation or severe censure of others. Some or all of these transgressions may be observed in him who talks much, thinks little, and cares not at all. Some will often bring inconvenience on themselves in another way; I mean, by too much eagerness to speak of matters which they do not yet fully understand; exposing themselves to the contempt and ridicule of those who under-

stand them better ; but this is not the worst consequence of hasty speeches ; for, when the subjects of conversation are controverted points of importance, such as those which relate to religion or government, he who leads the discourse can hardly avoid taking part with one side or the other, from which, though determined by accident rather than judgment, it may be to himself difficult, and may appear to others dishonourable, to recede ; and thus a young man, by declaring opinions before he has well considered them, becomes afterwards ever unable to consider them without prejudice ; and his thoughts, which should have governed his speech, are by it enslaved. Another part of the character of a child is, that he speaks *all he thinks*. Intending no ill, and suspecting none, he communicates all his sentiments and designs without reserve or caution : he believes every one with whom he converses to be his friend, and he is seldom mistaken—almost every one wishes him well ; but the same unlimited openness is not suitable to the transactions among men. Their views are often inconsistent, their attempts un-

friendly to each other. He cannot expect any success, nor indeed any reputation, among them, who has not some degree of discretion and reserve.

Nor is it only in the conduct of business, and to guard his own interests, that a prudent man will be often silent. He will not too freely discuss the character of other men, nor speak too much of himself, lest he incur the reproach, in one case of envy or ill nature; in the other of self-conceit or arrogance.

Nay, even in conversation on general topics, or matters of science, the same caution is useful; since it has been observed, that more persons gain the reputation of wisdom, by selecting prudently from their various thoughts, such as are proper to be declared, than can claim it by any real superiority of their inward conceptions:—and so much for the speech.

INCLINATIONS.

The next note by which the apostle distinguishes the characters of a man and a child, is taken from the difference of their *inclinations*.

Those of a child are always governed by trifles; the things which strike his fancy, which offer him immediate pleasure, how minute, how momentary soever, are the objects of his pursuit. Of the chief enjoyments which human life affords, he cannot form a notion; or, if he could, yet these enjoyments, being far out of his reach, would not excite his desires. A small number of slight amusements fill up his capacity for happiness: he has no wish, no taste, for any thing more important. But *manly prudence* includes in it, attention to the different kinds of good; the power of comparing them, with regard both to their intense-ness and duration; and the habit of resisting the allurements of trifling, short-lived pleasures, and of being directed by views of greater and more lasting happiness. He who suffers his mind to be continually engaged by mere amusements, and drawn away by them from every serious employment worthy of a rational being; whether of furnishing himself with useful knowledge and virtuous habits at one period of life, or, at another, of providing for the interests of a family, a neigh-

bourhood, or the public; though his years may not be few, nor his amusements the same as in his childhood, is yet in the eye of reason still a child.

Nor ought we to wonder that a child's inclinations for these trifles are vehement; that he catches at them impetuously, whenever they fall in his way. All his happiness is collected in them; all his wishes lead to the same point. He has no interfering interests to divide his thoughts; no opposite motives to balance each other, and keep his mind in suspense. With these ardent desires, and with no foresight of any consequences which might deter him from gratifying them, he applies all the little powers of his mind and body to gain the object of his present inclination. But his endeavours, though earnest, are not lasting. He soon finds that the pleasure which he pursues so eagerly, is not satisfactory. He waits with impatience, till another object of a similar kind appears, which he is equally earnest to obtain; which, when obtained, soon becomes indifferent or disgusting, and is in its turn quitted for a new one; till at length some friend insinuates, or experience

teaches him, that these are not the things in which happiness consists, and he begins by degrees to relish the enjoyments, and to form the inclinations of a man. When these are well formed, they differ in both the qualities here remarked from that of a child: they are neither vehement nor fickle. A man's views of happiness are not confined to one acquisition: the many kinds of good which he has any hopes of possessing, all share his desires, and by thus dividing, subject them to controul. Amidst the variety of his wishes, whether for near or distant prosperity, whether for wealth or power, knowledge or pleasure, reputation or retirement, each is usually checked by its opponent, and none of them engross his whole attention. The disappointment, too, which every man has experienced, no less in the accomplishments than in the miscarriage of his desires, must help to abate their force; especially if he observes, as he frequently may, that their violence itself occasions the disappointment; sometimes by raising too high expectations, sometimes by frustrating the designs it means to

advance, and sometimes by depriving him of other blessings greater in value than those he covets so earnestly. Even the best endeavours are liable to be thus defeated. On all these accounts the desires of a wise man are moderate, but they are not unsteady: he suffers them not to vary with the shifting scene of present gratifications, but keeps them fixed and settled by the constant view of real happiness; which happiness is no where to be found but in real religion; for having observed the several paths of human life, some smooth and flowery, others steep and rugged, and having considered, too, through what regions each of them passes, and where it terminates; he makes a deliberate choice, and the wisest choice soon becomes the most pleasing. His inclinations are steady, because they *follow* his judgment, whereas, those of children and weak people *lead* it. Let the reader lay down the book now for a few moments, and if he is not *afraid*, ask himself whether he is a child or a man. Judged by his inclinations and pursuits, how near does he come to the definition of the apostle—‘I understood,

&c.' *i. e.* I had the wishes, tastes and enjoyments of a child. By this standard, how few *men* are there in the world.

JUDGEMENT.

In the judgement consists the third great distinction between the characters of a man and a child.

With little experience, and less exercise of his rational faculties, a child cannot have formed for himself any principles on which he may build real knowledge. Whatever general truths first gain admission into his mind, must be received on the authority of others; not necessarily from any defect in education, or from the mismanagement of parents and instructors, as some have fancied; but from the institution of nature, unalterable by any human care. He must of necessity learn many truths, without their proper evidence, which yet he may afterwards by slow degrees discover.

Nor are they the principles of knowledge only which he receives implicitly. Rules of conduct also he gathers from examples, before he is able to understand their foundations. But the truths and

rules thus learned are not unsuitable to his age. The former, though improperly called knowledge, will yet bring him to it, by exercising and strengthening his feeble faculties; and the latter, though fallible and sometimes deceitful guides, are yet necessary to preserve him from the immediate dangers to which he would otherwise be exposed: but it becomes a *man* to judge and act for himself; to examine as a critic, not receive as a disciple, all the reasoning proposed to him; and to direct his conduct by his own judgment, not by a blind submission to examples. He who takes his *opinions without inquiry*, though from the most accurate philosopher, has no more real knowledge than the child who *takes them from his nurse*; for in science, that only is our own which we have earned by our attention and labour. What is cast on us from the stores of others, without our claim or merit, loses its value in passing, and cannot enrich us: and he who, in the regulation of his life, is influenced by foolish fashions, of which he has formed no judgment, or can give no approbation, may be justly charged with the weakness of a child.

It is remarkable, that opinions received on the

slightest evidence, are often held with the strongest confidence;—it is also remarkable, that those which are held for a time with strong confidence, are yet resigned without reluctance. But these apparent inconsistencies may be observed in the judgments of children, and of such *men* as think like *children*. A child's principles, as we have seen, are early instilled by his teachers; their authority is the evidence on which he admits them; but this is the only kind of evidence to which he has been accustomed; he has never found any difficulties opposed to it; he has never entertained a doubt concerning its force, but has considered it always as irresistible. What wonder, then, that opinions, thus fixed in the mind, should be mistaken for knowledge, and should grow by degrees to perfect assurance? But this ill-formed assurance is easily dissolved. The mind that has not been exercised with difficulties, cannot withstand them; produce but the appearance of a doubt, and you destroy its utmost confidence; present a new, a contradictory opinion, and it shall be admitted on the same poor proof, and retained with the same positive zeal, as the

former. Very different is the process of a *manly understanding*; which, before it yields to the position of any sect or master, endeavours to survey them on every part, carefully to weigh the arguments for and against every disputable question, and to proportion its assent to the excess on that side which preponderates; but because this care and labour cannot be bestowed on every subject, nor employed at all times, and yet the mind does not patiently withhold its judgments, nor human affairs allow of perpetual delay, a wise man will generally so regulate his assent, as not to exclude farther inquiry.

Being accustomed to see things in many different views, he is not hastily convinced that he has seen them all; he is, therefore, not peremptory in his determinations, nor unwilling to hear what may be objected to his tenets or practice. The same habit of calm investigation will also prevent mutability in his judgments or counsels; he must often have encountered difficulties in the pursuit of truth and happiness; and must know, that nothing in science is so clear, nothing in manners so im-

portant, as to leave no place for doubts; but such doubts cannot effect his steady mind; his deliberate judgments are not shaken by sudden blasts of vain doctrine, nor his settled purposes over-ruled by the baneful influence of bad examples.

These are differences generally observed in the behaviour of men and children; but such observations are not universal. Some few, whose years would require us to consider them as children, either by the early maturity of their minds, or by a happy education, are men in understanding and temper, and prudent conversation; whilst others, through every period of life, continue where they began—in a state of childhood.

I hope my readers will think my remarks worthy of some reflections. It is no unimportant matter to ascertain whether we are *children* or *men*; and if to have the thoughts, the inclinations, and the judgment of a child, is to be essentially a *child*, then it had better be understood at once, so that we may seek to grow a little. And the same apostle tells us—that the *man* ‘puts away childish things.’

There is a remarkably good story told by

Xenophon of Cyrus, which, whether true or not, has a good moral. 'Cyrus was going out of Persia into Media, and when approaching the confines of the two kingdoms, he stopped with his attendants, and, turning round, took a solemn leave of the deities whom he supposed to preside over his native country; and then, immediately entering the other kingdom, he committed himself to the guidance and protection of its tutelary gods.' The ceremony was decent, as corresponding to the notions then entertained of a number of gods, each the guardian and governor of a distinct region; and it may afford a useful lesson to those who are just passing from childhood to manhood; teaching them to attend to the different laws which nature has appointed for these different ages; to consider themselves as dismissed by the laws of the former age, and to submit with reverence and cheerfulness to those of the latter. Especially does this apply to the subject of religion; the child, whether a *man* or not, busies himself with earthly trifles, as his supreme good. The man, be he *child or adult*, has learned to know that he has an immortal soul to

save, and that 'this world passeth away, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth.' The apostle sums the whole matter up in this expressive sentence. 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; *old* things are passed away, behold all things are become new.'

For the weighty remarks above given, we are indebted mainly to an old writer, unknown this side of the Atlantic. We have altered, arranged, and sought to make them suit this meridian. They are worth reading, not only twice or thrice, but every week, till thoroughly mastered.

B.

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

Giver of health and life,
Where, but to thee, can pain and sorrow go,
Amidst the weary strife,
The fitful fever, and the maddening throe,
Which wring the bosom in this world of woe?
Oh thou, of all, the meekest and the best,
Where, but with thee, can the sad heart find rest?

Calmly thou standest there:
The temple's arches vast are swelling round:
Thy presence fills the air
With holy radiance and with peace profound,
And bids an influence, as of hope, abound;
On thee the languid eye in trust is turned,
Where late the baleful fires of frenzy burned.



FIG. 2. — JESUS, THE MARY MAGDALENE, AND THE WOMAN AT THE TOMB

THE MARY MAGDALENE

THE MARY MAGDALENE



On thee the mother bends
Her tearful glance, and checks the rising sigh
Which on her hope attends,
As to the Lord she draweth fondly nigh,
And meets the light of his benignant eye;
She clasps her breathing infant to her breast—
She marks the power of Jesus—and is blest.

And they who linger near,
With friends in sickness yet more fondly loved—
Betwixt a smile and tear
Gaze on the Saviour, and with faith are moved
To see the wonders of his kindness proved;
Around his robes they cling—the faint revive—
The stings of pain are quenched—the dying live.

The face, that wore but now
The settled paleness of the suffering hour,
Reclaims its healthful glow;
The red lip, faltering, speaks of heavenly power,
While crystal tears descend—a grateful shower;
Watering the damask cheek, that changed so soon,
Like some fair lily to a rose of June.

'T is done,—and from the crowd
Sweet voices, filled with joy and thanks, arise—
The healed ones sing aloud;
And like rich incense, soaring to the skies,
Ascend the anthems of their glad surprise:
The lame, the blind are healed, the sick restored,
And with rejoicing hearts they praise the LORD.

W. G. C.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE CHRISTIAN DAUGHTER.

It was the last of those holy sabbaths which, among some denominations of Christians, are set apart to commemorate the forty days fasting of our blessed Lord, and the sacred services had already commenced in the church consecrated to the Trinity, when a female, closely veiled, and enveloped in a rich silk mantle, slowly entered, and with faltering steps took her seat in one of those pews appropriated to the stranger. This was already the third or fourth time that she had mingled in the devotions of the sanctuary, in the same mysterious and stealthy manner. She came and went alone, as noiseless as a spirit. She spoke to no one, she looked at no one, and she seemed alike unknown to all. The majesty of her demeanour, the richness of her attire, the profound humility and

dejection of her attitudes, and withal, the extreme care with which she preserved her incognito, attracted attention and awakened interest. She carried no book, and took no share in the external services of the sanctuary; but her heart was manifestly bowed before that God who dwells with the humble and contrite spirit.

The scriptures appropriated to the day, contained the conspiracy of the rulers against the Blessed One—his last most affecting interview with his disciples—when, overcome with the sense of treachery and ingratitude, he mournfully asserted, ‘One of you shall betray me,’—the agony which induced him to exclaim, ‘My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death,’—his pathetic and repeated prayers to his Father, that the cup might pass from him,—his resignation, nevertheless, to suffer for his enemies,—his betrayal,—his arraignment before an impious tribunal,—the mockery, the contumely, the insults which he suffered from his oppressors,—and, finally, that cruel denial of Peter, which must have stung him most of all, because it was from a heart he loved and trusted. During the recital of these painful scenes,

the stranger seemed to lose the impression that any one was present but herself. At first she was fixed so immovably in her station, that nothing but the deep sighs which burst from her lips, gave evidence that she was a breathing thing, and not the sculptured marble. As the affecting narrative proceeded, her sobs and tears were eloquent with the assurance that she felt its pathos. But the chapter concluded, and again she seemed to retire within herself, and to have no sympathies in common with the worshippers around her.

The voice of praise and the lofty peals of the organ had faded into silence; heads that had been bowed in prayer were again lifted; and all were listening to that most touching recital of the last hours of the Holy and the Just One, in the gospel for the day. The remorse of Judas, and his filling up the measure of his crimes by suicide, were now rehearsed; the fulfilment of prophecy in the appropriation of the thirty pieces of silver, that striking evidence of the true messiahship of Jesus; the appearance of that man of sorrows before Pilate; his feeble attempts to release him; the opposition of the Jews; and the awful malediction which

they invoked upon themselves, '*His blood be on us, and on our children!*' As the minister pronounced these words of woe, a deep groan burst upon the ears of the congregation. Every eye was turned in inquiry and alarm. The stranger had fallen from her seat, as if struck by a thunderbolt from Heaven. The man of God paused in the solemn services; doors were instantly thrown open, and the mysterious female was carried from the sanctuary. A lady, who might have been taken for a spirit of mercy, from the extraordinary sweetness of her mild and serious aspect, followed with light step, and directed that she should be conveyed in her insensibility to the near residence of the pastor of the parish. This lady was his young and happy wife; the gentle participator in his works of benevolence; the genius of many fair structures of compassion and love.

The stranger was placed upon a couch, her mantle was unfolded, her long veil thrown aside, her deep and shading bonnet removed, and the form and features which had been so studiously concealed from the public gaze, now lay revealed to one, whose curiosity had been mingled with

better feelings, and who bent over the couch in the engrossing interest that was filling up her soul. Youth and loveliness were stamped upon the features of the prostrate maiden. She lay like some fair vision of the imagination. Her hair, which in its dark and shining beauty might have shamed the raven's plumage, was turned back from her face of foreign aspect, and confined by a band of pearl, that occasionally peeped through the rich curls as they fell luxuriantly over it—thus almost wholly exposing a high, rounded forehead, seemingly formed for lofty and poetic inspiration. Our kind hostess, whom we shall call Adela, when her patient showed symptoms of recovery, delicately retired a little, that her presence need excite no alarm. The stranger languidly opened her eyes, but again closed them, as if too much overcome by debility to make any exertion. At length she was heard to murmur—

“Ah! now I recollect—that fearful malediction, ‘His blood be on us, and on our children.’ Alas! Alas!” she exclaimed, clasping her hands—“the vengeance is at work—the vengeance brought upon yourselves, by your own sacrilege,

your own blindness, your own cruelty, your own inveterate obstinacy. My people! oh, my people! —my father! my unhappy father!”

This burst of feeling seemed to be too much for her already excited system, and she relapsed into insensibility. Adela now plied her remedies with double vigilance, and she had soon the satisfaction of greeting, with tears of sympathy, the large dark eyes that were fixed in wonder upon her face.

“Are you an angel?” said the bewildered girl. “Oh, no! for angels weep not. Is it for Israel you weep? Alas! I have wept for her till the fountain of my tears is dried up. She is a rebellious and a wandering child—but, ah! how has she suffered! Alone and loveless, ‘her tears are on her cheeks, and there is none to comfort her!’”

The pitying Adela replied not, for she thought how strikingly the wrath of God had been poured out on that devoted people. Solitary, in the midst of a multitude; unloved, in the full harvest of sympathetic and warm affections. Every one turns with dislike and shuddering from the Jew, and the ardent nature that springs forth to meet and mingle emotions with its kind, is chilled into

apathy and distrust, when it encounters the Heaven-judged Israelite. These were the people first called and first chosen of the Lord; the people whom he protected, defended, cherished; whom he moved Heaven, as well as earth, to magnify and exalt. The sun and the moon, 'the stars in their courses,' fought for the Israelites. They 'became great among the nations, princes among the provinces.' They were lofty, powerful, magnificent—the admiration and wonder of the world. What are they now? oppressed, despised, rejected; without country, without home, without nation; they are looked upon as the murderers of the Holy One, as the condemned of heaven, as the sediment of earth, as a melancholy monument of the wrath of God.

These reflections passed through the mind of Adela, as she sat contemplating the pallid and touching countenance that lay before her. At length she said:

"I sincerely pity your unhappy nation! I once entered the synagogue of her worshippers, and felt how truly soul was wanting there. The glory of the Lord had departed from among them, and I

saw only a sad remnant of that once favoured people, giving utterance to the forms of a dead, cold, and joyless faith. In my compassion I could scarcely forbear crying out—deluded beings, ‘look on Him whom ye have pierced,’ and be ye saved! drink at ‘the fountain of living waters,’ and let your tossed and wearied spirits find refreshment! Is there no way to convince them of their error?”

“Alas! I fear not, till the purposes of the Lord are all accomplished. The Jew obstinately closes his eyes to the light. He turns away from every thing that tells of Jesus. It is a mystery to me that I am a Christian; I don’t know how it is; I can only say that my very earliest education was received at a school in our neighbourhood, where the Testament was the book in which we read our daily lessons. My parents troubled not themselves to inquire into this—trusting, I suppose, that I was yet too young to be contaminated. But, even at that tender age, some of its texts were so strongly fastened in my memory, that in after days they would break in upon my thoughts, and upon my amusements, unbidden, with a pertinacity I

found it impossible to resist. At length I lost my mother, my affectionate mother, my companion and guide. My father sat solitary in his bereavement, and I had none to comfort me. And then, in the loneliness of my chamber, the words continually forced themselves upon me, 'Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' I knew they were contained in that book that had so often wearied my school-day moments; but I had by this time learned that it was a book prohibited to me. The fever of my soul, however, would not suffer me to rest; and perhaps, also, that eager spirit for things forbidden, which seems inherent in our nature, stimulated me to obtain it at all hazards."

"Rather say," interrupted Adela, "it was the spirit of God leading you to Jesus."

"May it prove so!" replied the Jewess. "Oh! I indeed found hope and consolation in its pages for a time; I found the Saviour, the Messiah whom my people are still so vainly looking for. But though it brought to me motives for joy, it still opened visions of more than mortal sorrow. It showed me my father's hopeless faith; the faith

my mother died in; and the wretchedness and delusion of obstinate, rebellious Israel. I dwell on these depressing thoughts, until my brain is wild. Then comes the consciousness that I am acting the hypocrite to man, if not to God. It is by stealth I read his Word; and when I dare to enter his holy temple, and mingle with his worshippers, my step is timid, and my heart is sad. I am conscious of doing that in which I fear detection; and the necessity of deceiving my father, who loves and trusts me, weighs me to the earth. He has none but me, and I have abandoned him in the thing which is nearest to his soul. I fear to tell him of my apostacy, for, much as he loves me, he would spurn me from him; I am sure he would spurn me! and then what would become of him—what would become of me? Oh, I talk wildly to a stranger! but my heart has so long suppressed its griefs, that they will have way.”

“Be composed, dear friend,” said Adela. “You are yet too new in our faith to have learned all its fruitful sources of consolation. ‘Cast your care upon the Lord, who careth for you.’ Come oftén

to me; my husband will counsel you, and I will love you; but the companionship of Him, who 'came to the lost sheep of the house of Israel,' shall be your most precious consolation. Be not afraid to confess him before men, and he will 'confess you before the angels of God in heaven.' This is a positive duty. He will strengthen you for its accomplishment; and who knows but he will give your father's salvation to your example and your prayers? Then shrink not from a trial that may involve so great a blessing."

The timid Jewess promised she would strive to collect her energies for such an effort; and with renewed faith and hope she departed to her father's house.

Her father was one of the richest and most powerful among the Jews. He looked for the deliverance of his people by Messiah; but he was almost impatient with long waiting for him. He was never weary of reading the triumphs of Israel, in their contests with the heathen, under Joshua. His heart dilated with pride as he thought how emphatically the Lord had favoured them—how the powers of earth and heaven had combined to

render them conspicuous: but he wilfully shut his eyes to their rebellion, their idolatry, their impurity, and their unbelief; he wilfully shut his eyes to the proofs which have accumulated, heaps upon heaps, that prophecies of the Christ had been fulfilled. He made his daily sacrifice with his face toward the east—but his prayers were without humility, and, therefore, without sanctification; they were without love, and, therefore, lingered about his heart, in emotions of pride and self-gratulation; they wanted the illumination of the ‘Sun of Righteousness,’ to cause them to ascend to heaven, as incense which the Lord loveth.

But there was one thing towards which he looked with animated hope; there was one thing on which he expended all the fervency of his unsubdued and haughty nature. It was his daughter—the sole survivor of his house—the living image of one who had devoted her life to his happiness and comfort—the remaining bud of beauty in his faded garden. Though cold to all the world beside, on her he lavishly bestowed his fondness; though he held to his riches with tenacious grasp, upon her he would have emptied his trea-

sure-house without a sigh. She was dearer to him than wealth, than honour, almost than life.

On this Sunday night he perceived that an unusual sadness shaded her features. She felt that the time had come when she must unfold her faith. She sat by him. He took her hand in his. She looked at him—but his eyes were bent upon her with so much tenderness, that she could not at once resolve to destroy an expression which she now felt to be dear to her, as the light and joyance of day is to the prisoner who is about to be shut out from it forever. Oh! how could she, with her own hand, destroy her purest source of earthly happiness? How could she raise the parricidal knife to a heart that trusted her? Her resolution melted as she lingered, and the words refused to become articulate. Her father laid his hand upon her head; soft thoughts seemed crowding over him:

“Tirzah, my child! the Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.”

Her soul was subdued by his singular solem-

nity and tenderness. She fell upon her knees before him, and bowed her head upon his lap. The snowy band which encircled her dark tresses gave way; and, escaped from imprisonment, they hung about her form like a curtain, and rested upon the rich carpet, as she bent low in the attitude of deep devotion. Her hands were clasped upon her bosom, and she presented a beautiful model of humble and earnest supplication. Not a word was uttered—but the full soul was breathed forth unto Him who sees the inmost thoughts, and in whose hands are the hearts of all men.

“The Lord perform all thy petitions!” at length issued from the lips of the hitherto motionless father, as he bowed himself in softness of soul over his recumbent daughter.

“Amen! *for Jesus’ sake,*” was the firm response of the now strengthened young disciple.

The old Israelite started as if stung by an envenomed insect. He was instantly transformed into an image of horror, amazement, and hatred. His eyes, those windows of the heart, which seemed but now to be revealing depths of unfathomed tenderness, glared upon his daughter

with bigotry, obstinacy, and malignity gathered into them. He attempted to shake her from him—but she clung to his knees with the energy of affection and despair combined. He looked at her face, so full of imploring sweetness; he saw the big tears as they rolled, one by one, over her pale and agitated countenance; he felt the enfolding pressure of an embrace that refused to be withdrawn; and the returning tide of long-cherished love and habit was fast rolling over the violated prejudices of the Hebrew. It needed but a thought, however, to resummon them in all their inveteracy. His daughter was a Christian—a name adhorred, and hated: his dear daughter—she whom he had loved and trusted, had deceived him; the sole depository in whom his heart had wrapped up all its treasures of joy, and hope, and consolation, had secretly, coldly, and cruelly deserted him; had, with her own hands, wantonly robbed his eyes of their delight, and his life of its happiness. These were his thoughts; but he looked at her again, and some droppings of compassion were mingled with his resentment—or rather, it seemed fast turning into a different channel.

“Now, who has done this?” he exclaimed in fury. “Who has seduced a daughter of Israel from the faith of her fathers? Who has persuaded her to believe in the man of Nazareth? May all the curses of the God of Abraham light on his—”

“Oh, father!” interrupted Tirzah, horror-struck; “curse not my Saviour! curse not Messiah! hear me.” But the irritated old man violently threw her from him, and telling her never to see him more till she had abandoned her hated faith, left her prostrate on the floor.

Poor Tirzah! in the anguish of her spirit she was almost ready to yield the hopes of eternity, in order to allay her father’s resentment, and alleviate the sufferings which she was conscious she had created. But with solitude, and meditation, and prayer, came the light of God’s countenance to guide her in this trying emergency; came the softness and sweetness of the Redeemer’s love to comfort and support her heart; came, like a flood, the infinitude of his benevolence and compassion, when he poured out his soul in sufferings and death for her, to awaken gratitude, and strengthen her to endure self-denial, and sorrow, and persecu-

tions, if need be, for him. Her father's salvation, as well as her own, might be the reward of her faith and constancy; and, however painful the thought of the grief which she herself inflicted on him, she hoped that through the sanctifying influences of the Spirit, it might hereafter work out for him an 'exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'

As Jesus had done before her, she passed all night in prayer to God. Not daring to disobey her father's mandate, she divided many days between the solitude of her own chamber and the enlightening and confirming conversation of her new Christian friends; the only acquaintances which she possessed amongst the disciples of the Lord.

Once she sent a timid request to her father that she might appear before him; but he took up a pen, and wrote the brief answer—"Not as a Christian!" and returned again to the darkness of his bosom thoughts.

But it could not be always thus! The father had not the spiritual peace which subdued the tumults of his daughter's heart; the father had not the soft whisperings of heavenly comfort, which

beguiled the solitude of his daughter's chamber. He brooded over her disobedience and cruelty till his irritated soul was almost maddened by reflection; he thought of his own griefs and privations, until, to use the emphatic language of Scripture, 'there was no more spirit in him.' He became listless and enervated; abandoned society and business; and was soon suffering extreme bodily as well as mental sickness. He languished for his daughter; he wanted her kind attentions, her tender sollicitude; but his relentless bigotry still forbade him to admit her to his presence. Her intercessions became more frequent, but they always received the same repulsive answer.

Tirzah wept and prayed. She would readily have sacrificed every temporal blessing to promote his peace; only to see him, and to perform the sweet offices of filial fondness. And the tempter, who is ever watching a favourable moment to ensnare the soul, and lead it captive to his will, often suggested that she was not in the path of duty, so to break the ties of nature. The fabric of her new formed faith was thus endangered, and it would have fallen; but One there was, who

watched over it more closely even than the arch-enemy himself; 'however feeble was her hold on Jesus,' his arms encircled her with the energy of that love which had given life to save her; the still small voice was whispering in her bosom, 'He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.'

The trial of her faith was indeed severe; and when she heard of her father's illness, her heart could endure it no longer. She wandered from room to room in the vain hope that accident would throw her before him. In the fever of her soul she reached the very door of his apartment. Her hand was upon the latch, but she could not summon courage to open it. She went away, and came again; she listened—it was silent as the chamber of death. Imagination was disordered; and her heart beat with fearful anticipations. What if my apostacy has destroyed him? thought she. The bare idea nerved her to desperation. Regardless of consequences, she opened the door, and stood before him whose frown was so much dreaded. But no sound gave token that her presence was perceived.

She started with dismay at the change that had passed upon his features, in the little period since she received from him the kindest expressions of parental love. He was sleeping; but his were not the soft slumbers of a heart at ease. Tirzah dismissed the attendant, and withdrawing herself behind the rich drapery of the curtains, sat down to watch beside him. She had not expected to find her beloved father so emaciated and enfeebled; and her heart reproached her that she so long consented to be kept from him. Twilight drew on, and found her still busied with thoughts like these. At length the old man uttered the name of Tirzah; the tenderness of his voice induced her to think he was at that moment dreaming of happiness.

“Tirzah, my child! where are you, Tirzah?” again he murmured.

“Here, my dear father!” said the sweet voice of her he called upon, as she took his feverish hand within her gentle pressure, while a kiss and a tear were together laid upon its burning surface.

The Jew was restored to recollection in a moment; but the kiss and the tear were yet warm from the fountain of love, and how could he give

utterance to harshness? They were tokens more precious to him than gold, and how could he appear to cast them off as valueless? He sighed deeply as affection and prejudice contended in his bosom: the inveterate obstinacy of the Israelite, however, gained the victory; that curse which seems to be inflicted on their race for such tremendous sins against the clearest light and the most endearing love.

In a voice as stern as he could command after that recent dream of tenderness, he said abruptly—
“ Daughter! why are you here?”

“ I am here to stay by you; to comfort you, my father! to nurse you; and be your own dear Tirzah once again!”

“ Will you renounce that abominable faith?”

“ Oh! speak not of that now, my father! you are sick; and who shall so properly administer to your necessities, as the child whom you have always cherished? I alone am left to you on earth; and will you cast me from you? Oh, no, my father! let me convince you how much I love you! Will you let me, father?”

The old man groaned, and was silent; but his

hand lay passively in hers, as she lavished upon it the store of caresses which had been accumulating during her trying banishment; and her persevering and gentle affection at last overcame the irritated temper of the Jew.

Days passed away, and Tirzah was like a spirit of love and joy around his bed. She was at hand to adjust his pillow, administer refreshment, and supply the thousand little nameless wants which sickness and debility bring with them. She seemed to read his wishes, and her affectionate heart was ever ready to fulfil them.

Oh, with what grace and beauty come these charities of life from lovely, Christian woman! If she is man's ornament and happiness in health, in sickness she appears like an angel commissioned from heaven to alleviate his sufferings, to minister to his wants, and to make his couch of helplessness, and languor, the home of his sweetest recollections. It is here she shows the softness and tenderness of her soul; the delicacy and purity of her nature; the constancy and firmness of her faith; the love which is stronger than watchings, and weariness, and anxiety, and death itself.

Tirzah continued to watch over the protracted illness of her father with unvaried tenderness. His occasional sallies of impatience were always received with the same uncomplaining meekness. His constant demands upon her time were all accorded with the same ready cheerfulness. Her father was astonished. She had been long an only child, and an indulged one; and consequently had not been trained in the paths of self-denial. But she had begun to tread them, since she was taught of Christ; and, therefore, could exhibit something 'of the patience and the faith of saints.' To her father, however, the principle that was operating in her was yet a mystery. He witnessed its beautiful effects, but he was a stranger to the mystic and potent cause.

"Daughter! I wish I could catch a little of your light and joyous spirit!" said he one day, when she had been carolling like a bird in early spring, glad at her father's mending health, "but no light comes to cheer my heart. 'The Lord hath swallowed up all the habitations of Jacob, and hath not pitied. Jerusalem is removed; all that honoured her, despise her.' Her temple is

destroyed, and her children are cast out and trodden down among the nations. We are without a kingdom, and without a name!"

"True! most true!" replied Tirzah, "the Lord hath accomplished his fury, he hath poured out 'his fierce anger.' Jerusalem is smitten 'for the sins of her prophets, and the iniquities of her priests, that have shed the blood of the just in the midst of her.' Yet is there comfort still for Israel! 'Behold I will send my messenger, saith God, and he shall prepare the way before me; and the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant whom ye delight in. Behold he shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts, and he shall purify the sons of Levi; and the offering of Judah and Jerusalem shall be pleasant unto the Lord, as in the days of old, and as in former years.'"

"Mock me not, daughter, by hopes which can never be fulfilled. Seventeen hundred years have passed away since the temple was destroyed, and Messiah still delays to comfort Israel."

"Let your understanding and your faith dwell on this thought, dear father. We know that

more than seventeen hundred years ago the temple was destroyed, and the kingdom departed from Israel: but we *know, also, that the words of our God shall never fail.* These declare not only that the Lord shall come to his temple, our holy temple at Jerusalem—but that ‘the sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come.’ Is not then the destruction of our nation, and of Jerusalem, a sufficient proof that Shiloh has already come? My father, it must be so! or there is no truth in the oracles of God! He has come, ‘and we hid, as it were, our faces from him. He was despised, and we esteemed him not,’—and, alas! for the obstinacy and blindness of Israel, he shall never come again, ‘till he descends from Heaven, with ten thousands of his saints, to take vengeance upon them who know not God, and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.’”

The old man was silent, seemingly lost in thought; and she continued with increasing enthusiasm, an enthusiasm now fed by hope—

“I am but a weak maiden, father! but uninstructed and simple as I am, I can see as clearly

as though an angel from heaven had taught me, that the abounding prophecies with regard to the Messiah have been literally fulfilled in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. The place, and the manner of his birth; his poverty; his oppression; his affliction; his betrayal, and even the price of it; his death, the manner, and even the time of it; the disposition of his garments, with many other particular and remarkable circumstances, were all minutely prophesied hundreds of years before, and as minutely fulfilled in the blessed Saviour, whom I worship; to whose purity, and miracles, and cruel death, even our own historians have given testimony; who must be the same Messiah which our prophet Daniel predicted 'should be cut off, but not for himself.' Father! I would that you could believe as I do! I would that I could prevail upon you to examine Scripture for yourself; not only the Old Testament, but the New; permit me, father," and she took his hand with irresistible persuasion, "to read it to you now."

The prejudiced old man could not find it in his heart, after her unwearied tenderness, to refuse this indulgence, great as it appeared to him; and

Tirzah, without waiting for the little word of acquiescence, yet trembling at her own temerity, opened the book and read.

He heard with a conscience sheathed in unbelief; but he could not long shut his heart to the beauty, purity, tenderness, and pathos, of these inimitable writings. Listening as a mere matter of curiosity and speculation, he could not entirely shut his heart to the unspeakable love and benevolence which give such a touching interest to the character of Jesus. Regarding him as he would a hero of romance, he could not avoid feeling sympathy in his sufferings, and resentment against his persecutors. As he heard the narration of miracles, in which the blind was made to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, and the dead to rise, he could not help thinking—I, too, had I witnessed these things, must have believed. Neither could he forbear contrasting the blessedness of such a belief with the cold and joyless system of the Jews.

‘Sanctify them through thy truth—thy word is truth,’ was the prayer of the Blessed Saviour while on earth. It must needs be that his prayer

was heard; it must needs be, therefore, that the word of truth will be accompanied by salutary influences. Thus exposed to its daily light, the father of Tirzah seemed to become pure, by being purely shone upon: the mild rays of the Sun of Righteousness, as they beamed in her life, and those words of inspiration which came with so much beauty and propriety from her lips, were imperceptibly clearing away the mists of prejudice, blindness, and unbelief.

When the Jew first became sensible of this change of feeling, he was alarmed. He had permitted his daughter to read for her gratification, and because sickness had fastened upon him that inertia which took away the inclination to oppose her. He felt, as the debilitated often do, careless of every thing; but no power on earth could have induced him deliberately to countenance Christianity. He had too violently and inveterately hated and contemned its sacred author, to do this without shuddering at the wrath he had invoked. He had too madly railed against its followers, to do it without shame. Therefore, when he perceived that the strong hold of Judaism in which he

had intrenched himself was weakened, terror gave him energy, and braced him to the purpose of holding out sternly in his opposition, while life lasted.

He was walking in his room, for the first time since his sickness, leaning upon the arm of his now more than ever precious daughter, when the strange fear that he was becoming a Christian smote his heart. He saw the New Testament of the blood of Jesus lying open before him, and it awoke no antipathy; but when Tirzah, who had hoped every thing from his passiveness, laid her hand upon its leaves, and said, with a persuasive and imploring voice, as she looked up at him—

“Oh, father! will you not take this Jesus, whom our nation crucified, to be your Messiah, and your Prince?” the combined passion of fear, remorse, and habitual hatred all broke forth. Like those Jewish murderers of old who half believed the Saviour, but who detested his self-denying precepts, he joined in the cry, “Away with him, away with him!” In his rage he loosed himself from his daughter’s arm, caught up the sacred volume, and tore its precious words of consolation

with the fury of a maniac. But enfeebled nature could not endure such powerful emotions. The book fell from his hand, and he sunk senseless on the floor—as if the vengeance of God had immediately followed the awful profanation.

What a scene for the Christian daughter! The whole fabric of her newly awakened hopes was crushed at once. She was terrified at her father's rashness; she shuddered at the sacrilegious violence; but the prevailing thought, above all others, was, that life had fled; and that, in consequence, perhaps, of her too hasty zeal.

A physician was speedily called in. He found Tirzah on the floor. She had raised the head of her father upon her lap, and her pallid face was bowed over it with an expression of despair and agony. No tear softened the wildness of her eye; no outward act gave token of the horror and dismay that had seized upon her spirit.

“Look here!” said she with frightful calmness, pointing to the inanimate features that lay before her, “look here! I have killed him; this is my work! He was my only parent, but unnatural as

it is, I killed him! Oh Saviour! is it through trials such as these I am to take my path to Heaven?"

Better thoughts soon came to her; thoughts of the love which had purchased her redemption—of the love which afflicts to save. She again bent her face over her father's, and the tears flowed fast and free upon his death-like visage.

The paroxysm was presently relieved; and with a deep sob, the sufferer, as if in a dream, brokenly murmured—

“Oh, God of Abraham! I cannot, cannot be a Christian! too long has my voice been raised against—”

He ceased, and opened his eyes like one awaking; but the words, few, and feeble, and disordered as they were, had breathed new life into the soul of Tirzah.

“Merciful Jesus, is it so!” was her mental ejaculation: “then my prayer is heard, and the holy words which have been read to him have fallen in blessings upon his heart. Then this emotion, which I feared was rage towards my Saviour,

is nature, is prejudice struggling against the strong convictions of truth. "Blessed, blessed Lord! be thine the praise; perfect thou the work of thine own hands."

Her father was soon laid upon the bed, and Tirzah was left alone with him. His thoughts were evidently troubled. She took his hand, and laid it upon her cheek with the utmost tenderness. She felt there was a new tie between them, and longed to have it openly acknowledged. She tried to speak, but for a long time her tongue refused its office. At length she said hurriedly—

"Oh! if you would believe as I do, my dear, dear father!"

The old man groaned, and shook his head. "Tirzah, it cannot be! would Jesus of Nazareth pardon one who had so long and so virulently opposed him; one who possessed the exterminating spirit of his destroyers?"

"And can you have heard me read of his unspeakable compassion, and doubt it? Did he not, even in the agonies of death, pray for forgiveness on his murderers? Did he not weep over the

rebellion and blindness of Jerusalem? Was not Saul of Tarsus, the most bitter and violent of his persecutors, afterwards a chosen and honoured instrument to disseminate his gospel? Oh! doubt not, my father, the love and mercy of the Saviour, even to the chief of sinners!—for he himself says, ‘I will forgive their iniquities, and remember their sins no more.’”

She ceased to speak, but her eloquent eyes were still imploringly fixed upon her father. He returned their gaze with a faint smile, and a brightening countenance. She now prosecuted her pious work with hope and gladness; and was daily cheered by the delightful conviction, that her efforts were not in vain.

We have all felt the force of affection in subduing prejudice. Silently, secretly, but powerfully, do the opinions of those we love, and with whom we constantly associate, operate in us, and transform our thoughts, our feelings, our tastes, and almost our very looks, into their likeness; while we may be perfectly unconscious of the principle which effects the change. It would be wrong,

however, to ascribe to human efforts that which alone proceeds from the wonder-working spirit of our God. In the present instance, the daughter was made the blest instrument to accomplish His high and holy bidding. A stranger almost, as the Jew was, even to the letter of the gospel, he needed instruction in the very rudiments of Christianity. And here Tirzah was the patient, persevering, and delighted teacher. Her spirit never wearied in its task of comparing, expounding, and recapitulating scriptures, for his more perfect satisfaction. But the *Heavenly* Teacher impresses upon the understanding and the heart a new language, new sight, and new impulses, by one Almighty effort. The language and the love of Heaven seem to be conveyed in a single mysterious lesson. No one knows how, and perhaps not when; but there it is in the heart, to be felt and seen, an unerring badge to mark the child of God. As the Jew became acquainted with the speculative faith of Christianity, this blessed illumination of the spirit was not withheld. With peace of mind came health. He was restored to his Tirzah, not

only for this world, but for the world to come. She 'asked his life of God, and he gave long life, even for ever and ever,' to the prayers of the Christian Daughter.

P. H. E.

A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER,

ON PRESENTING HER A BIBLE.

No diamond bright, nor ruby rare,
To grace thy neck, adorn thy hair,
My dearest child I give;
These are vain toys, that please awhile,
But, like the rainbow's transient smile,
Their beauty cannot live.

This sacred treasure, far more dear
Than diamond, pearl, or ruby clear,
This living gift divine,
A father's love presents to thee;
Oh, may it to *thy* spirit be
What it has been to *mine*.

A solace, hope, unerring guide,
Companion constant at thy side,
To check the wrong desire ;
A faithful monitor to warn,
Its purity thy soul adorn,
Its promises inspire.

*

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

I'LL think of thee at that lone midnight hour
When all is hushed in tranquil, sweet repose,
When the wind waves gently through each tree or
 flower,
When the night bird warbles her low tale of woes.

And as I watch that star shoot from its sphere,
And dart with swiftness through the spangled
 heaven,
At that still hour will fall the unbidden tear,
For moments past—for hopes that have been riven.

And when the moon hath climb'd her topmost height,
And sits serenely o'er that cloud-capt tower,
Shedding sweet influence—with her mellow light
Gaily illumining every vale and bower,

I'll send my thoughts to him that sits above,
To him that reigns with majesty on high;
He, with the cheering spirit of his love,
Shall lull each grief, and check each rising sigh.

E. S.

“NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME.”

2 Cor. vi. 2.

Now is the day of grace;
Now, to the Saviour come!
The Lord is calling, ‘seek my face,’
And I will guide you home!

Home to that bright abode
Where Jesus reigns supreme,
Home to those joys prepared by God—
Home of your sweetest dream.

Home, where each sigh is stilled,
Where tears are never shed,
But love and joy have filled
With flowers the path we tread.

A Father bids you speed—

Oh! wherefore then delay?

He calls in love, he sees your need,

He bids you come to-day.

To-day the prize is won,

The promise is to save:

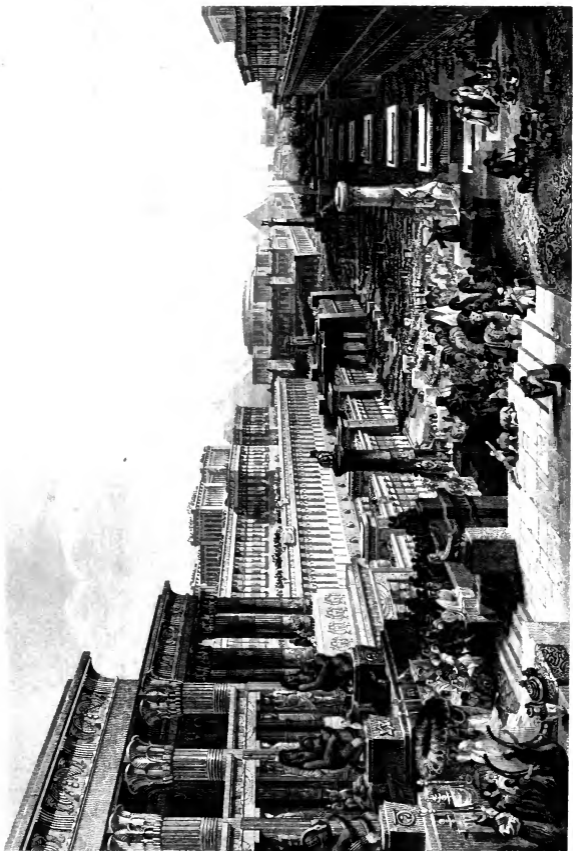
Then, oh, be wise! to-morrow's sun

May shine upon your grave!

P. H. E.

DEPARTURE OF THE ISRAELITES FROM EGYPT.

THE dawn was grey in Egypt. Broken clouds,
In long and wavering companies, o'erhung
The realms of Pharoah and the land of Nile,
Tinct with the crimson of the coming morn.
Faint hues of struggling light enwrap the piles,
The pillar'd halls, and domes, and columns huge,
That with ambitious effort seemed to pierce
The chambers of the sky, and rest in air.
Red rays were on the pyramids. Their tops,
Companions of the clouds, did seem to wear
The orient lustre from their borders flung,
As in rich troops they caught some radiant smile,
Won from the golden fountains of the sun.



THE GREAT STREET, LONDON. (From a drawing by J. G. Thompson, published in the Illustrated London News, 1845.)



A murmur rises from a gathered throng
Of bright rejoicing youth and reverend age,
A band, with groups and trains diversified,
And of dim length immeasurable :—afar,
Beyond the bases of high pillars old,
The throng is wandering on, heavy and slow,
Like some wide deluge, o'er the distant land.

Thus, as with measured strength the living tide
Rolls its long masses on, the man of God,
Moses,—the servant of the mightiest King,
Whose rule is through immensity from heaven,—
In solemn grace, and meim majestic, stands
And views, with tranquil glance, the impressive
scene.

Onward, still on, they move ;—the weary eye
No end to the long column can discern—
But something like a cloudy fire is seen,
Hovering afar, 'twixt Migdol and the sea.
The morning seems to pause—and wavering rays
That play on wreaths of mist, high in the East,
Appear to tremble 'gainst the envious bars
That check the lingering glory of the dawn.

A voice, as of command, through the deep air,
Above the countless throng is heard to move,
And the whole plain is motion. As they tread
In grateful temper on, a song, out-poured
From lips and hearts unnumbered, seems to rise
As the broad concourse lift the joyous lay :

I.

“ We are passing on to the heaving main,
From the bitter curse and the bondsman’s chain ;
From the taunts of the vile and the proud we go,
To the land where rich honey and milk will flow ;
Where the smile of God on our homes will lie,
Like the calm, pure light of a summer sky ;
We go, where peace in our hearts may dwell,
We bid to the region of plagues farewell.

II.

“ We haste from these borders, where now the wail
Of desolate mothers is on the gale ;
The cries of the first-born in death we hear,
Fainter they wax on the pitying ear ;

The yearning bosom, whose sighs are pour'd
O'er the dreamless sleep of the unrestor'd—
These are the sounds in this gloomy land,
So late by the wings of the tempest fann'd.

III.

“ We go, though the journey be long and sad,
To a clime where the mourner will soon be glad ;
Where the waters are sweet, and the air serene—
Where our flocks may wander in pastures green ;
We may faint in our languor, as on we tread,
On the cold earth pillow the weary head ;
But our God hath spoken—we trust his word,
We have heard the voice of the living Lord !

IV.

“ He will guide us onward, whose mighty hand
Scattered cloud and blight over Egypt's land ;
Whose glance unobstructed surveyed it round,
When fire and hail smote the desert ground ;

When the locusts swept through the upper sky,
And drave the light from their course on high ;
When they sank, like poison, to blast the spring,
To destroy each tender and vernal thing.

V.

“He will bear us on ! We shall rest at last,
And, in peace, look back on our journey passed ;
Upon perils averted, on blessings shed,
Like dews of eve on the mountain’s head ;
The Lord will temper the midnight gale,
He will guard our feet from the scorpion’s trail ;
From fiery serpents, from drouth and pain—
Our God is mighty where man is vain.

VI.

“We will praise his name, in that goodly land,
Where tend the steps of this lengthened band ;
Where the pomegranate ripens, and strays the vine,
Where the olive-leaves bloom in the bright sunshine ;

Where the voices of waters and waving trees
Are rich on the fragrant and blessed breeze :
That promised land as a type is given
Of the regions of glory and life in heaven !”

W. G. C.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE CELEBRATION OF SPRING.*

The following article is a translation from the German by Mr. Herman Bokum, Professor of the German language in the University of Pennsylvania. It is from a work singularly entitled "The Sound of the Bell." This work consists of the musings of a young clergyman, and is characterized throughout by the enthusiasm of the German writers. It is written in a style of high devotional fervour. We have been permitted to make use of one of the chapters, for which we return thanks to the translator.—ED.

I FOUND it impossible to stay any longer at home.
The vernal sun threw its rays upon my writing-

* The Celebration of Spring owes its formal existence, in a great degree, to the social relations of Germany; it is by no means a day that has been set apart for this purpose by ecclesiastical authority. It would be wrong, however, to imagine, that the silent institution of these festivals was occasioned solely by the social and communicative spirit of the people. Germany is favoured with a climate in which sudden changes are not very frequent; and in general the different seasons announce themselves in a very regular manner. Its inhabitants, therefore, feel more inclined to celebrate their return.—*Trans.*

table. The nightingale sang in the garden. All the splendour of spring, in sounds and colours, floated around me, whilst I was engaged in writing my first sermon for this season. It was Saturday-eve, when the heart of a pastor always beats in livelier pulsations, and is filled with hallowed emotions, which rouse in him noble resolutions and a hope full of immortality. Never before, however, had my feelings been so powerful on a Saturday-eve. Early in the morning I had arisen and commenced my sermon with prayer. A thousand times I had proffered a welcome to the spring, and again returned to my seat to write a word of celebration. Once more I rose from my table, and took up the psalms, and many a hymn, which celebrated the spring. From one side of the house I looked out upon the gardens and flourishing trees, and from the other side into the deep meadows and upon the fresh foliage of the woods. Then my dear congregation recurred to my mind, and I hastened back to my sermon. In this manner I had continued until evening. But now it was impossible to remain longer at home. If, at such a time, I have no opportunity of speaking, I

feel strongly inclined to walk. I started. My heart was overflowing, my spirit was occupied with God, and my eyes sought every where the traces of his greatness. O how every object seemed to welcome me! As I stood on a knoll, which formed the highest elevation in the garden, I could overlook the whole country; the blue mountains in the back-ground, and the little town, between the dwellings of which the blooming cherry-trees were rising; and as I cast my eyes over my immediate neighbourhood, the pink and the hawthorn seemed to call to me: "Welcome, brother! Behold, we also are fair and young; take a place in our ranks! We sacrifice to the Father in Heaven; come thou, servant of the word in the temple made by human hands, be now his servant in this greater edifice of God, which nature opens to man. We will listen to thee!" And I repeated with a loud voice my psalms, and my celebration-hymns. The people that were passing looked with astonishment over the fence of evergreen, and I heard them remark: "The minister is studying his sermon for to-morrow."

But I could not remain on thee, lovely height,

holy altar, from which my soul has so often elevated itself to God. Into the distance, into the lower world, I felt myself compelled to descend; and I wished to communicate the sentiment of my happiness to the whole country, and to impart my joyful feelings from the height to the valley. There the forge was heard; shadows covered the walks; the meadows sent forth their delicate odours, and the perfumes of May surrounded me from all sides, like breathings of the East. As, at the time of the creation, the Spirit of God moved over the waters, so it seemed to me now floating over the tops of the trees, over the verdure of the meadows, over the whole prospect, and above the little town so beautifully concealed. O! how my heart expanded, when I looked upon the house of God, in which, on this day three years ago, I received the sacred ordination. From the first trembling and fearful feeling of that moment, to the high and confident enthusiasm of the present day, the whole course, all the pleasures and sufferings of my ecclesiastical life, passed in review before me, and I was only able to thank and praise Him.

My eye took then the direction of the pine-forest. There also I desired to be, to see, on every favoured spot, how beautiful the new world of spring had grown. I was now in the grove; but almost all the splendour of spring was lost in its obscurity, and I felt with trembling the intimations of a higher world. It was in a peculiar state of mind that, after some time, I left this grove. I thought of the happy hours I had enjoyed in its shades, and of the time when I first imbibed a love for religion. It was then that a voice from the very depth of my soul inquired whether this happiness and this love would last. A thousand emotions seemed to utter the response. "Shall they not last? *God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him!*" I shall remain a *youth* in spirit and love, although my hair may grow grey.

Engaged in such soliloquies, I went down to the meadows. There the children of my congregation, the delicate lambs of the flock, chased each other, and joyed in their gambols. Here also is a sacrifice, I said to myself, which is brought to the Lord; but the priests are not aware of their dignity.

Lovely childhood, thou art indeed the spring of life. Then every desert spot is green, every plant has its blossoms, every day its joys, every season its sport, and tears and joys follow each other with the same facility. O lovely youth, didst thou but know how beautiful thou art!

I ascended to the house of the Lord. Above all others I was desirous of visiting this spot and of consecrating it for to-morrow, were it only by a look of longings. Yes, if the light of that morrow were now shining, I should be standing there at this moment; and thus I would commence:

“Welcome to the house of the Lord, my friends. My pulses beat more rapidly, my heart is filled with happiness, my lips overflow with gratitude and praise, for I am about to speak of the hour of spring! Before I appeared in your presence, my prayer ascended to God, that I might feel again the glow and pleasure, the joy and happiness, the blessings and gratitude, which I have often felt during those days. O! that they might fill again my favoured spirit with the full consciousness of regenerated life; that they might assist me in pouring forth streams of the inspired word, and to find

that word, which may also inspire you, and, thrilling through your ears, may enter the deepest recesses of your heart; for behold, '*the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the spring is here.*'

"Thus the songster of the canticles spoke. In the beautiful and passionate Orient his sensitive soul vibrated with divine love, and among the perfumes and tints of the blooming East, his agitated heart poured forth in sacred songs. You feel the voice of youth when you read, '*The voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell.*'

"Now, my friends, we also may rejoice. In our native glens we behold the Orient, youth, and spring—for lo! '*the winter is past, &c.*'

"Are there any among you whose hearts are mourning for the sufferings of humanity? O, do not yourselves obstruct the sources of eternal joy! Do not veil your eyes, do not harden your hearts. It is true, this world is full of misery, and the heart returns bleeding from the toil of business and the strife of ambition; but cast them off to-day from

the poor oppressed breast! Do not suffer them to disturb your joys; drown them in your songs of praise, and let all your grief be changed to gladness; *for lo! the winter is past," &c.*

I know not whether I said this aloud whilst I stood under the portico of the church, or whether such were only my thoughts. In the mean time a storm had come up. Lightnings flashed around me; the thunder rolled above; the rain fell slowly, by fits, in big drops. All this while I had been standing in the portico thinking of to-morrow. When the rain had ceased, I intended to cross the church-yard to my home. In the grove I met old Andrew, who is always seated so devoutly opposite to me in the church, and who applies every thing so piously to the practice of his life. His is a Simeon's face, on which is written, 'Lord, thou wilt soon permit thy servant to depart in peace.' As every thing to-day was viewed by me in connection with spring, or as a symbol of its presence, so in this light appeared my meeting with this old man. On his aged and deeply wrinkled face a heavenly spring full of hope was beaming, and his whole soul was expecting a new heaven and a new

earth: "How do you find yourself," I asked; "I long for my home, reverend sir," he replied. "Now, in the spring-time?" I inquired. "O yes," was his answer; "I have been in the church-yard; again my slumbering friends have called me; hardly can I stay longer from them. Each of the graves had at least one new flower, and this always looks like a new welcome from the departed. The earthly spring does not seem quite suited to my wintry, fleshly garment! I am no longer called for by my mother the earth, but by my Father in Heaven." Ere I departed, he continued speaking in this manner for a long time, on the longing he felt in the spring-time for his home in heaven.

I was now in the still shadowy grave-yard. I should not have thought my celebration of spring complete, if I had not been there. He who does not view the earthly spring as a type of the heavenly one, does not understand either of them. No where can the appearance of spring be more solemn than in our church-yard, where, through the thick poplar-bushes, you have so extensive a view over the country, the roads, and, I might say, upon life; for it is from the grave our most solemn retrospec-

tions should be made. On the grave of my pious predecessor the white roses were already budding. A faithful and simple spirit, which even at the grave wished to evince its gratitude, had planted them. On this grave I remained longest. Here the shepherd sleeps in the midst of his faithful flock. The true heart, which purified their joys, which alleviated their distresses, that was so often moved in prayer and intercession, which knew no greater joy than when its children were walking in the truth; not even in death has he abandoned them, but sleeps in peace near his people. The heart is broken and decayed, but its love yet survives in the souls of the congregation he left behind. Thou faithful shepherd, who shinest above like unto the stars, *here* the recollection of thy existence yet warms many a faithful heart,—and among them the heart of thy successor.

The grass was growing over the graves, near which on former occasions I had myself stood, consecrating the remains of many a friend for the dust! Welcome, ye friendly sods! Be witnesses that life grows from death. Many of those over whose heads you spring, were dear to me, and now they

seem to send forth these emblems of hope from their graves as a token of their love and remembrance. I feel myself in a visible, in a sacred communion; I feel that I am approaching an eternal world, where an eternal spring shall bloom. The earthly spring passes by, the summer appears, the flowers ripen into seeds, and not one of them shall remain behind. Autumn appears in its turn, and soon winter and frost; then the forest loses its foliage; no child is to be seen in the meadows; the last leaves will fall to the ground, and soon a new spring shall appear. But in some future time, when all the springs of my life have ceased to bloom, when all its flowers have faded here, still I shall find again all the beauties of spring, every dear and youthful form, every hour of inspiration. We enjoy many anticipations in this world, but we are there for ever blest with the realities of spring.

AURÆ SENTENTIÆ,

OR EIGHT SETS OF GOLDEN SENTENCES FROM THE
RICHEST MINES OF SPIRITUAL WEALTH.

I.

1. I HAVE taken much pains to know every thing that was esteemed worth knowing among 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 acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.’ To this I cleave, and herein I find rest.—*Selden.*

2. What wings are to a bird, oil to wheels, or a loadstone to the needle, such is Christ to the soul of the believer; he gives speed to his devotions,

activity to his obedience, and draws him nearer and nearer to God.—*Mason*.

3. The name of Jesus to a believer, is as honey in the mouth, music in the ears, or a jubilee in the heart.—*Ibid*.

4. Death-bed repentance is a sacrifice made to God from the devil's leavings.—*Dean Swift*.

5. The love of Christ hath a height without a top, a depth without a bottom, a length without an end, and a breadth without a limit.—*Anon*.

6. What we are afraid to do before men, we should be afraid to think before God.—*Sibbes*.

7. Lowliness of mind is not a flower which grows in the field of nature, but is planted by the finger of God, in a renewed heart, and learned of the lowly Jesus.—*Boston*.

8. It is safer to be humble with one talent than proud with ten; yea, better to be an humble worm than a proud angel.—*Flavel*.

9. Men are out of their right minds until they come, by faith and repentance, to Jesus Christ.—*Bain*.

10. Charity, *to the souls of men*, is undoubtedly the highest, the noblest, and the most important

charity. No one knows how much good he may do by dispersing Bibles and books of piety, which may have a tendency to make men wiser and better. Who can tell but with an expense less than *a shilling*, you may 'convert a sinner from the error of his ways and save a soul from death?' A worse doom than to be condemned to the mines, rests upon that soul who had rather hoard up his money than employ it in such a charity.—*Cotton Mather*.

II.

1. SPIRITUAL sloth leads to spiritual poverty. Corrupt nature doth not always discover its opposition to that which is good by passionate contradiction, but oftentimes too successfully by sloth and sluggishness.—*Anon*.

2. If there were no enemy in the world, nor devil in hell, we carry that within us, that if let loose, will trouble us more than all the world beside.—*Sibbes*.

3. Nothing can be very ill with us when all is well within: we are not hurt till our souls are hurt.

If the soul itself be out of tune, outward things will do us no more good than a fair shoe to a gouty foot.—*Sibbes*.

4. In all worldly joys there is a secret wound.—*Owen*.

5. Unreasonable fears are the sins of our hearts as truly as they are thorns in our sides; they grieve the Holy Spirit.—*Burgess*.

6. One rose upon a bush, though but a little one, and though not yet blown, proves that which bears it to be a true rose-tree.—*Ibid*.

7. He that hath tasted the bitterness of sin, will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy, will fear to offend it.—*Charnock*.

8. I would rather obey than work miracles.—*Luther*.

9. God will give the men of the world the blessings of his *footstool*, but to his children he gives the blessings of his *throne*.—*Augustine*.

10. Prayer is chiefly a heart work: God heareth the heart without the mouth, but he never heareth the mouth acceptably without the heart.

This is lying unto God, and flattering him with the lips, but no true prayer, and so God considers it.—*Marshall*.

III.

1. How small a portion of our life is it, that we really enjoy! In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come; in old age we are looking backward to things that are gone past; in manhood, though indeed we appear to be more engaged in things that are present, yet even that is too often absorbed in vague determinations to be vastly happy on some future day, when we have time.—*Anon*.

2. We will not be convinced how basely and foolishly we are busied, though in the best and most respected employments in the world, as long as we neglect our best and noblest trade of growing rich in grace and the comfortable enjoyment of the love of God.—*Leighton*.

3. Hope and fear are the strongest passions of the mind. The apostle urges the *hope* of that glory which the gospel displays, and *fear* of God as the greatest and most powerful judge. This

fear is a holy self-suspicion. The more a Christian believes and loves, the more unwilling he is to displease God.—*Leighton*.

4. Is the heart yet unbroken? give it to God, with a desire it may be broken: and if he break it, thou shalt not repent thy gift.—*Ibid*.

5. We may know what Christ has done *for* us, by what he has done *in* us.—*Mason*.

6. In Christ, the whole gospel is treasured up; he is the light, the food, and the medicine of the soul.—*Ibid*.

7. Patient waiting upon God and importunate calling upon God, are twin sisters, found always in company.—*Ibid*.

8. The *law* presseth on a man till he flies to Christ; then it says, thou hast gotten a refuge, I forbear to follow thee: thou art wise: thou art safe.—*Bengelius*.

9. Great care must be taken as to the end of our actions, for this, like the altar, sanctifies the gift; as is the *end* such is the man. He whose end is worldly, is himself earthly; but if God be a man's end, it makes him Godlike.—*Brooks*.

10. Faith must be the root of the divine

life—that which causes the branches to spread and the fruits to appear. When I take my morning walk in my garden, after the morning sacrifice has been paid for the countless mercies I have received, and the refreshing sleep I have enjoyed in the night past; and, at that beauteous season of the year, when all is health and gaiety and life, and see the leaves just beginning to expand, the flowers to blossom, and the fruits to open their infant bud on the trees; after the first impulse of my admiration has subsided, my next and most improving meditation is on the source to which their beauty and luxuriance and existence are to be traced—that without their First Cause, none of the beauty we admire, none of the fragrance we breathe, none of the fruits, so pleasing to the sight and so good for the taste, ever could be! And as in nature, so in religion, which go hand in hand together—mutually borrowing from and throwing light and strength upon each other. But for the tree of faith, the fruits of virtue and holiness would not vegetate upon, and impart beauty and loveliness to, the moral world. Let them

both, then, grow together, and live in harmony one with another; God will bless and multiply them on the earth, and cause them to be transplanted into the Eden of his Paradise, and flourish in immortal bloom and beauty! Let it ever be our prayer, 'Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief!'

IV.

1. ALL the snares and temptations of the world are allied to some one or other lusts within us, that suits them as tinder to the fire.—*Boston.*

2. Reason can never show itself more reasonable, than in ceasing to reason about things which are above reason.—*Flavel.*

3. He is the best accountant, who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.—*Dillwyn.*

4. Head knowledge and heart experience are not always concomitant.—*Ibid.*

5. No cloud can overshadow the Christian but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.—*Bp. Irvine.*

6. Bees never work singly, but always in company, that they may assist each other. A useful hint to Christians.—*Ibid.*

7. Wisdom prepares for the worst, but folly leaves the worst for that day when it comes.—*Cecil.*

8. With the talents of an angel a man may be a fool. If he judge amiss in the supreme point, judging right in all else does but aggravate his folly.—*Young.*

9. A man without discretion, is as a vessel without a helm, which, however rich the cargo, is in continual danger of being wrecked.—*Dillwyn.*

10. The graces which the Blessed Spirit implants in our hearts, resemble a sun-dial; which is of little service except when the sun shines upon it. The Holy Spirit must shine upon the graces he has given, or they will leave us at a loss, in point of spiritual comfort, and unable to tell whereabouts we are.—*Toplady.*

V.

1. THERE is no eloquence so powerful as the address of a holy and consistent life. It shames the accusers. It puts to silence the ignorance of foolish men. It constrains them to admire.—*Jay.*

2. Grace withereth without adversity.—*Rutherford*.

3. Faith makes us draw all our comforts from a fountain that will never fail.—*Halybruton*.

4. Spiritual pleasures only are greater in fruition than expectation.—*Dillwyn*.

5. Humility of mind is neither arrived at, retained, nor increased, by comparing ourselves with others.—*Ibid*.

6. Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple. Who ever knew truth put to the worst in a free and open encounter?—*Milton*.

7. The depths of misery are never beyond the depths of mercy.—*Sibbes*.

8. Only the power that makes a world can make a Christian.—*Wesley*.

9. The true estimate of being is not taken from *age*, but *action*.—*Jer. Collier*.

10. Faith is the *hand* by which we embrace, or touch, or reach toward, the garment of Christ's

righteousness, for our own justification. A soul who enjoys this, is undoubtedly *safe*. Assurance I consider as the *ring* which God puts upon Faith's finger. A soul who enjoys this is not only *safe*, but also *comfortable* and *happy*. Full assurance we may consider as a brilliant, or cluster of brilliants, which adorns the ring, and renders it incomparably more beautiful and valuable. Where the diamond of full assurance is thus set in the gold of faith, it diffuses its rays of love, joy, peace, and holiness, with a lustre which leaves no room for doubt or darkness. While these high and unclouded consolations remain, the believer's felicity is only inferior to that of angels, or of saints made perfect above. 'Covet' this 'best gift, earnestly.'—*Top-lady*.

VI.

1. God in every dispensation is at work for our good. In more prosperous circumstances he tries our gratitude: in mediocrity our contentment: in misfortunes our submission.—*H. More*.

2. Faith takes God at his word, and depends upon him for the whole of salvation. God is good,

and therefore he *will not*, he is true and faithful, therefore he *cannot*, deceive me: I believe he speaks as he means, and will do what he says.—*Ryland.*

3. God! what more glorious? *Flesh!* what more base? Than God in *flesh!* what more marvellous?—*Augustine.*

4. The Christian's life is *in Christ, on Christ, by Christ, to Christ, for Christ, with Christ.*—*P. Henry.*

5. He that inquires what is the just value and worth of CHRIST, asks a question which puts all the men on earth, and angels in heaven, to an everlasting nonplus.—*Flavel.*

6. Many things in the course of human life, are grievous for want of rightly pondering this truth: that if we needed them not, we should hardly meet with them; and if we do need them, we ought not to wish exemption from them.—*Dillwyn.*

7. A man must be deplorably insensible or blind to the depravity of his own heart, who sees not the necessity of supernatural aid to correct its disorders.—*Ibid.*

8. Glory follows afflictions, not as the day

follows night, but as the spring follows winter. Winter prepares the earth for spring, and afflictions, sanctified, prepare the soul for glory.—*Sibbes*.

9. No books are so plain as the lives of men; no characters so legible as their moral conduct.—*Fuller*.

10. We may be members of a true church, and yet not true members of *the* church.—*Ibid*.

VII.

1. True religion is a refuge inaccessible to either the fraud or the violence of men: happy are they who know it to be their shelter in the day of their trouble.—*Dillwyn*.

2. Some men will follow Christ on certain conditions—if he will not lead them through rough roads; if he will not enjoin them any painful tasks; if the sun and wind do not annoy them; if he will remit a part of his plan and order. But the true disciple, who has the spirit of Jesus, will say, as Ruth to Naomi, ‘whither thou goest I will go;’ whatever difficulties and dangers may be in the way.—*Cecil*.

3. The word of the Lord is a lantern to my

path and a light to my feet; and I will not, and dare not for my life, step one foot further than I have the lantern going before me. And so far dare I boldly go, though all the world counsel and command me to the contrary.—*John Bradford.*

4. Let Christ be your only comfort, who will teach you to think rightly and to live happily. The world indeed accounts this to be mere folly and distraction; yet happy that fool who is wise unto Christ, and miserable folly is it not to know him.—*Erasmus.*

5. The light of Divine Revelation is the only light which can effectually disperse the gloom of a sick chamber, and irradiate even the countenance of death.—*Dr. Reid.*

6. The sun shines on the moon and stars, and they shine upon the earth: so doth God shine in his goodness and grace upon us; that we might shine in good works towards all men, especially to them who are of the household of faith.—*Sibbes.*

7. As the condemnation of the *first* Adam passeth not to us, except as by generation we are his, so grace and remission pass not from the *second* Adam to us, except as by regeneration we are his.—*Flavel.*

8. Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, can do any thing.—*Elliot*.

9. Believers are not promised temporal riches, but they are assured of an aid, which is fully sufficient to reconcile them to their allotment.—*Dillwyn*.

10. Let us beware of judging ourselves by what others think of us.—*Fuller*.

VIII.

1. To know what religion has done for an individual, we should consider what he would have been without it.—*Fuller*.

2. A high conceit of one's self is no proof of excellence.—*Ibid*.

3. Had our heavenly Father intended this world for his children's portion, their accommodations would be better; but they are strangers and pilgrims travelling to a distant home, therefore they must expect *traveller's fare*—which will make home more desirable.—*Anon*.

4. Until we can make a clear distinction between head knowledge and heart experience, we may easily mistake our own works for the work of

religion; which, though wrought *in* us, is not of us.—*Dillwyn*.

5. In religious concerns, every thing which we do of ourselves, independently of divine aid, has a tendency to stop us short of the object we are aiming at; and whatever be the substitute we rely on, whether outward or mental, it is an *idol* at the time.—*Ibid*.

6. What a mercy it is that no one ever *sincerely* desires to know the state of his own soul in vain! In the pursuit of all other knowledge, our motives may be too arrogant and selfish to be gratified; but in this, the deeper the research, the more we are humbled, and consequently the better prepared to receive the desired instruction.—*Ibid*.

7. Prayer is this.—to look into the Bible and see what God has promised; to look into our hearts and ask ourselves what we want, and then, for Christ's sake, ask and expect the promise to be fulfilled.—*Anon*.

8. Paul had *three* wishes, and they were all about Christ; that he might be *found* in Christ, that he might be *with* Christ, and that he might *magnify* Christ.—*Anon*.

9. Persons may go far, and yet not far enough; they may be convinced, yet not converted; like king Saul, have *another* heart, and yet not a new one.—*Jay*.

10. Those who depend on God, shall not want even in a desert.—*Bishop Hall*.

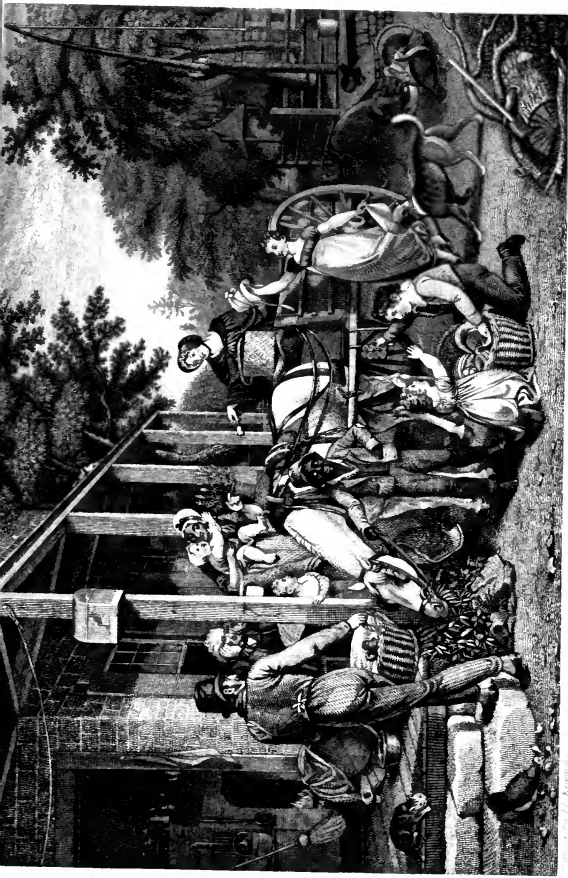
B.

HAPPINESS.

WHAT is happiness? A name.
Ever sought and seldom found,
Wooed amid the heights of fame,
Worshipped on seclusion's ground.

Who has gained the precious boon?
Who, when gained, has held it fast?
Ah! it vanishes too soon,
'T is too frail a thing to last.

Yet to it men sacrifice
Health and all her cheering train,
Grown at length too dearly wise,
When they find pursuit is vain.



Engraved by Mrs. James

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

Published by Key and Baskin, Philadelphia.

See p. 10, opp.



Onward, onward still they press,
Chasing still their airy dream,
All their hope is happiness,
'T is the universal theme.

Little birds on gaudy wings
Seek it 'mid the summer sky,
Till the hunter's weapon rings
Through the forest, and—they die.

In the rattle's tinkling noise,
How it greets the smiling boy!
But soon vanish all his joys
At the breaking of the toy.

Shrined in gilded gingerbread
Childhood's eye its image sees;
But when hunger has been fed,
Soon the baubles cease to please.

More matured, the lightsome girl
Seeks in dress the wished-for prize,

Trims with care the artful curl
To attract her lover's eyes—

And, with riband neat arrayed,
Dons her hat of shining straw,
Proud to be the gayest maid
That her village ever saw.

But, alas ! a storm comes on,
Furious blasts sweep o'er the plain,
Hat and happiness are gone,
Deluged by the drenching rain.

Where seeks manhood ? where seeks age ?
Some in pleasure, some in fame ;
Some from learning's gifted page
Strive to build themselves a name.

Some in wealth the shade pursue,
But when near the hunted prize,
Ever to their wish untrue,
Farther still the phantom flies.

Know, ye seekers, 't is alone

● In Religion's path she goes,

Pointing ever to His throne,

Whence the stream of pleasure flows.

Though this earth has show of cheer,

Hence no lasting bliss is given,

Happiness may visit here,

But she dwells alone in Heaven.

C. W. T.

THE WISH.

And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove ! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.

PSALM LV. 56.

Would that I were a dove ! with silvery wing,
To soar 'mid æther in the blue expanse,
From this cold earth in joyous flight to spring,
And with bright views my longing eyes entrance ;
Then would I fly away and be at rest,
My soul no more with heaviness oppressed.

Upborne with swiftest pinions on my way,
Far would I rise beyond the source of light,
Nearer the regions of unclouded day,
Whilst mortal prospects vanish from my sight :
'These transient scenes I'd leave without remorse,
And Heavenward urge my gladsome, eager course.

Then, as the traveller o'er some desert spot,
Fatigued and parched beneath the noonday beams,
At eve, attain some cool sequestered grot,
And find refreshing shade and limpid streams ;
There would my wearied breast enjoy repose,
And bliss more pure than all the world bestows.

D. F. M.

A WORD TO A NEWLY MARRIED LADY.

ALLOW me to offer you my congratulations on the relative change which has taken place in your social condition, and to assure you, that my prayer to God for you is, that you may live through a long life in the uninterrupted enjoyment of conjugal and domestic happiness. I certainly do not wish to intrude any remarks that may have a tendency to depress your feelings; but, as it is possible that you may anticipate a higher degree of felicity than has ever been enjoyed since the expulsion of the first wedded pair from the Eden of innocence and of joy, you will permit me to suggest to you the propriety of underrating your expectations.

The state into which you have entered is unquestionably more favourable to personal happiness

than what is termed a 'single life,' or it would not have been appointed for us by our benevolent Creator; but as it is a state which brings into the closest union two imperfect beings, it necessarily demands from each the exercise of all the most amiable qualities of our nature, to render it conducive to their mutual happiness. There may be reciprocal affection, and this affection may be so sensitive as to kindle into the glow of ardent excitement by the mere appearance of each other's person; but if there be no congeniality of temper and of disposition, the vision of bliss which is now opening before you such a fascinating scene, will, like the morning cloud and early dew, soon, alas! too soon, pass away; and you will be called to endure the agonies of a forsaken widow, even while your husband is yet living with you.

It is an opinion which I have long entertained, that a good husband generally has a good wife; because, when he acts his part with propriety and tenderness, the female heart, possessing such a responsive quality, is incapable of withstanding his attractive and subduing influence, unless she does violence to her own feelings. But as the best of

men are but men at the best; as they have shades of imperfection obscuring the lustre of their most brilliant virtues; and often, even in the retirement of placid home, feel the vibrations of those shocks which have been given to their passions when encountering the storms of the world; there is ample scope given to the wife for the exercise of her moral powers, in so shaping her interrogations and replies as to prevent any jarring discord disturbing the harmony of their domestic quietude. An intelligent author, when addressing wives, says: 'Nothing will increase your influence, and secure your usefulness, more than being in *subjection* to your own husbands.' This must, doubtless, be limited and qualified. If the demands of a husband oppose the will of God, you are pre-engaged by a law of universal operation, and 'ought to obey God rather than man.' In other cases, perhaps, it will not be so easy to furnish exceptions. 'Therefore, as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in every thing.'

There is a general rule, the spirit of which would easily settle every relative claim: 'Submit-

ting yourselves one to another in the fear of God.' But it cannot be denied, that a peculiar subjection is in the scriptures required of the wife—not indeed the submission of slaves to their masters, or of subjects to their sovereign, or even of children to a father. It has more of equality in it; accords with the idea of a helper, companion, friend; springs originally from choice; and is acquiesced in for the sake of propriety and advantage. For none of the determinations of God are capricious: all are founded in reason, and all are designed to promote both individual and social welfare. In the regulation has God acted partially? Has he sacrificed the happiness of the woman to the dignity of man? Has he not equally regarded the wife, the children, and the connexions? In all communities, whether more or less extensive, there can be no happiness without peace, no peace without order, no order without subordination, no subordination without subjection. Perpetual strife would originate from equality, or contested superiority. Numberless contentions would arise, from diversity of views, from difference of temper, and

perverse adherence to opposite plans, destroying the harmony and tranquillity of families. The only method by which these disorders can be either precluded or removed, is by establishing pre-eminence and authority, and enjoining submission and acquiescence and obedience. This being indispensably necessary, the only question is, where shall the power of decision be lodged ?

“From many considerations, expressive of the divine will, the scripture assigns this prerogative to the man. Witness the priority of his creation: ‘For Adam was first formed, then Eve.’ Witness the manner in which he derived his being: ‘The man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man.’ Witness his destiny: ‘For the man was not created for the woman, but the woman for the man.’ ‘And the Lord said, it is not good for man to be alone, I will make him a help-meet for him.’ Witness his relation: ‘The man is the image and glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man.’ Witness the entrance of sin: ‘Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived, was in the transgression.’ Witness the malediction

denounced upon the woman: 'Thy husband, he shall rule over thee.' There was nothing originally like a curse in the demand.

"In Paradise, nothing oppressive or unreasonable would have appeared in the requisition, and nothing mortifying would have attended the performance. But the fall has shed the poison—sin has rendered it irksome. The woman is disinclined to obey, while the man is often absurd in his designs, capricious in his temper, tyrannical in his claims, and degrading in his authority. But, while you have reason, much reason, to complain, remember, it is the consequence of sin, the sin of your sex. Turn the curse into a blessing—derive real honour from seeming disgrace.

"You cannot dispense with this subjection without opposing the express will of God, and violating the laws of marriage to which you have acceded by a voluntary engagement, and promised obedience in a manner the most solemn."

I have too often seen the ardent and undisguised attachment of the early days of matrimonial life gradually subside into cool indifference, till at length an adverse passion has set in, threatening

the total extinction of every spark of affection. An evil of such a destructive character does not take its rise in any of those ebullitions of feeling to which the most placid, as well as the more turbulent, are occasionally exposed, but may be attributed to negligence—the cherishing of an unaccommodating disposition. I am not disposed to insinuate that wives are exclusively to blame for this declension of attachment, but I would urge you to be on your guard, lest what has destroyed the bliss of others may mar your own. If you wish to retain, as a permanent possession, that ascendancy over the affections of your husband which you have acquired,—do not neglect *yourself*. Your person is precious in his sight; never let it be disfigured by the appearance of negligence.

He may have a more exquisite taste for neatness than he can state, without being supposed to insinuate reproof; and, therefore, for his sake no less than your own, be careful that no offence is unnecessarily given to it. But, after all, he will be more anxious about the brilliant appearance of the jewel than the exterior condition of the casket in which

it is deposited. The mind is the standard of the woman as well as of the man. Her heart is the most valuable treasure her husband possesses on earth; there his attachment has taken deep root; but it requires attention on her part to nourish it, to protect it, to perpetuate it. If you suppose that his affection will be sustained in its vigour by the charm of exterior accomplishments, you may live to deplore the fatal mistake. You ought to dress in a style which becomes your rank in society; but do not imitate those wives who have no ornaments, but what they purchase.

The apostle, when addressing wives upon this delicate question, says, ‘When adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart; in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.’ “He would teach women,” says the intelligent author already quoted, “that they have souls; that they are made capable of greater beauty than the body yields; that they ought to adorn the mind; that their endeavours to decorate

their persons should be infinitely surpassed by their attention to intellectual accomplishments; that they should be ambitious of moral endowments, and above all things, pay an attention to the heart!" For what are talents unsanctified? 'Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.' What are notions the most sublime, and sentiments the most admired, if the disposition be not under the bias of religion? How defective will the whole figure appear, without 'the ornament of a MEEK AND QUIET SPIRIT?' What so unsightly, so odious, as a discontented, fretful, foaming, boisterous, scolding woman? 'A continual dropping in a rainy day and a contentious woman are alike.' 'It is better to dwell in the corner of a house top than with a brawling woman in a wide house.' 'It is better to dwell in the wilderness than with a contentious and an angry woman. Whoso hideth her, hideth the wind, and the ointment of his right hand, that bewrayeth itself.' The Graces were females:—so were the Furies too. Much depends on the cultivation of the mind; more on the regulation of the temper. The necessity of this qualification, in family connexion, is inconceivable.

In managing the concerns of a household, how many things will perpetually arise to disappoint, to ruffle, to unhinge, to vex, to provoke! They require the command of temper. And there are wives who in 'patience possess their souls;' who can feel, but retain their composure; who can calmly remonstrate, but not insist; who can yield and accommodate; who are 'not easily provoked, but easily entreated;' who are disposed rather to endure than complain; and to suffer in secret, rather than disturb others with their grief.

Will my fair readers, then, suffer me to recommend this exchange, this preference of decoration. Like the king's daughter, 'be all glorious within!' Let the Bible be the mirror at which you dress; and while others are weightily engaged in catching a fashion, or adjusting a curl, let the object of your cultivation be the understanding, the memory, the will, the affections, the conscience. Let no part of this internal creation be unadorned: let it sparkle with the diamonds of wisdom, of prudence, of humility, of gentleness. These ornaments alone will confer dignity, and prepare for usefulness. If destitute of these, can you imagine it possible to

obtain real, durable regard? Need you be told, that these skin-deep perfections, these exterior, senseless appendages, imply no excellency in the wearer, and are only admired by the weak, or the worthless? Are you ignorant that men often despise a soul lodged in a form they adore, and admire nonsense, because it is poured from handsome lips? Are you designed for toys or rational beings!—the playthings of the senses, or improving companions? What, are you endued with reason and immortality, only to be enamoured with a piece of embroidery, or to pay your devotions to the colour of silk? Are you sublimely resolved never, never to leave the world of fans, and enter the region of intelligence, and of mind?

Decorations recommended in the Bible are not corruptible, but all other ornaments ‘perish in the using.’ All other attire gives place to the shroud. ‘Beauty consumes away like a moth;’ the sparkling eye ‘is closed in darkness;’ the body is laid in the grave—‘death shall feed upon it.’ Accidents may disfigure, and diseases corrode. How quickly time changes the countenance! How transient the empire of colours and of tints! How soon

wrinkles and gaudy attire disagree! Having laid in no stock of mental influence and sober entertainment against the evil day, what becomes of these delightful creatures? A few years reduce them to insignificance, leaving them only the humiliating claims of pity, or the uncertain returns of gratitude. But an accomplished, pious woman, can never be the object of neglect; she will attract notice, and confer happiness, even when descending into the vale of years. The ravages of time cannot reach the soul: death cannot strip off the habits of immortality: it will only change 'from glory to glory:' only remove from earth, unworthy of her continuance, and give a place among 'the innumerable company of angels.'

You should endeavour to make the home of your husband the most attractive place in the social world; and that you may not fail in doing this, pay a constant attention to the following rules:

Be a '*keeper at home*' yourself. Nothing is more injurious to domestic happiness, than the indulgence of that gad-about propensity which some wives so fondly cherish. They are rarely in a good humour but when they are gone or going

from home; and it generally happens, that what occurs during their absence tends to ruffle and irritate their temper after they return. Avoid this fatal practice. Be *in waiting* to receive your husband when he comes from the drudgery of labour, the toil of anxiety, the wearisome duties of his profession, to repose himself in the calm of his own fire-side. *Do not let him sit there alone*, brooding over the occurrences of the day, with additional feeling of mortification to sting him, arising from the circumstance of your absence. And when he enters, receive him with a complacent smile and a kind expression. This will cheer him, animate his spirits, put fresh life and vigour into him, and induce him, imperceptibly, to forget the contentions of the world. And if he should, as sometimes is the case, come into your presence with a contracted brow, and speak in a repulsive tone, do not imitate this *censurable* part of his conduct, always remembering that ‘a soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger.’

On the question of *receiving* visits, I would advise you not to evince a greater fondness for it than is compatible with the taste and the ability of your

husband to meet the expenses which it necessarily involves. He may prefer the calm of your society to the bustle of a promiscuous, or even a select company, and if so, he ought to have it. Or if prudential reasons should urge him to withdraw from the circles of intimacy in which you have been in the habit of moving, you should not press him *not to do it*. And as it devolves on you to use the utmost degree of discretion in the management of your department of household economy, cautiously avoid all unnecessary expenditure in articles of dress, furniture, and consumption: as it will be found more difficult to curtail the habits of extravagance than to guard against their adoption. Be attentive to the little regulations he may wish to have observed, and then there will be less danger of ever having your mutual tranquillity disturbed by any contention on graver questions of adjustment.

There is one point of considerable importance to your relative happiness, which I wish to press on your attention, and that is, a conformity to the will of your husband in his religious habitudes, when they do not require an actual sacrifice of your religious principles. If he adopt opinions which

you deem anti-scriptural, you ought not to embrace them; or if he attends a place of worship where what you consider the pure gospel of Jesus Christ is not faithfully preached, you ought not to accompany him. But if, on the great questions of religious belief, there is a general agreement between you, and if you can worship where he goes to worship, without doing any act of violence to your own conscience, let me urge compliance with his wishes.

There is something touching to the sympathies of religious feeling to see the husband coming, *alone*, Sabbath after Sabbath, and occupying his pew alone; while his wife goes, *alone*, to some other place of worship. Such a habit as this leaves an impression on two entire congregations, that they are not living in perfect peace; and it must subtract, to a very great extent, from the bliss, if not the sanctity, of the Sabbath.

Where there are children, this habit is most fatal in its influence: it necessarily leads to a division among them, as it gives rise to many discussions and remarks which ultimately involve the feelings of their parents. I have watched the

operation of this habit in different families where it has been unhappily adopted, and the result has been, that it has proved most destructive to their peace and piety. If subjection on the part of a wife be a duty enjoined upon her by the authority of God, surely she ought to yield conformity to the will of her husband, where their mutual happiness and the religious improvement of their children are at stake. To demand or to require submission from him on this point, is no less unscriptural than indecorous; nor ought he to yield, unless he wishes to proclaim his own disgrace.

A spirit of most tender regard for your present and eternal welfare has dictated these hints, and I pray the Lord to bless them.

J. M.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS-DAY, or the day which by some denominations is celebrated as the natal day of the Redeemer of the world, when ‘He was made man and dwelt among us,’ used to be characterized by certain methods of salutation—such as, ‘A happy Christmas to you,’ or, ‘I wish you a merry Christmas.’ But these methods are now out of fashion. Happily, the failure of the custom by no means detracts from whatever real benefit has been brought into the world by the event which Christmas is intended to celebrate. But the merriest, or rather the *happiest*, Christmas which this world is to see, is at that time when there shall be a complete fulfilment of that part of the song of the angels who announced the birth of the Great Redeemer: ‘On earth, peace—*good will towards men.*’ These few

words, 'good will towards men,' are worthy the attention of every reader, who is either anticipating, or at this moment enjoying, the blessings of a Christmas festival.

There are many whose eyes will rest on these pages, to whom it may be said: God has seen fit to shower on your heads his choicest blessings; and the season of Christmas, which you are wont to dedicate to joy and festivity, calls upon you, while you are enjoying the good things your prosperity may afford, to think upon the wretched condition of those who are ready to perish. Before you raise to your lip the cup filled with mellow wine, or taste the delicious viands your table may supply, resolve to spare something from your superfluity to those who are suffering; ask yourselves if you know no poor and worthy family who might be made comparatively happy by the very crumbs which fall from your Christmas-table. Remember that in the cold and wintry season, there are many on whose lot the unfriendliness of poverty is added to the rigours of the season. Christmas-day, a day of festivity to you, is to many around you a day of weeping and of mourning. While you are enjoying

yourselves, thousands are as it were feeding upon ashes, and their tears their drink. Well, indeed, hath the poet said :

“ Ah! little think the gay, licentious, proud,
Whom pleasure, power and affluence surround,
They, who their thoughtless hours on giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste—
Ah! little think they while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment death,
In all the sad variety of pain—
 How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty.”

If you would make a *merry* Christmas to others, and a *really* happy one to yourselves, on Christian principles, ‘feed the hungry, visit the sick, clothe the naked,’ and give the gospel ‘to the poor.’

B.

CLOSING THOUGHTS,

ON THE LATE DREADFUL VISITATION OF PESTILENCE.

As our labours for the present volume of the *SOUVENIR* will terminate with the article on which we are now engaged, we have felt it a sacred duty to ask the attention of our readers of all classes to a few serious thoughts, on a subject which either has been, or soon may be, of very deep personal interest. Except among our hitherto exempted brethren of the eastern states, there is scarcely a section of our country to be reached by our unpretending volume, which has not felt the pressure of the 'pestilence that walketh' comparatively 'in darkness;' and sure we are, that we may safely venture to ask our readers, before they close the volume, to follow us, while, for their good as our object, we offer a few suggestions.

Perhaps it may startle some, to find us aver that we consider the 'cholera' in the light, not of an ordinary, but an *extraordinary* dispensation of Divine Providence. It bears about it no marks of God's ordinary dispensations. It is peculiar, it is unique, it stands alone in the majesty of its desolations. It is the only pestilence which seems to be modified by no change of climate. It kills on the burnt plains of India, and it kills in frozen Russia; it kills in the temperate, as well as the torrid and frozen zones; and, as if to show that no place on earth may safely calculate on exemption, it has visited in its eccentric course every variety of climate, and slain its thousands, among every variety of people—as if it meant to substantiate its title to the character of a *judgment of God*, despite of all the theories and all the atheism of men.

Those who would hesitate to adopt this opinion, might ask: Why are some portions of the earth more severely visited than others? Why are some comparatively exempt? Are the inhabitants of the parts thus visited 'sinners above' all others, 'because they suffer such things?' We answer in the language of the Saviour, 'Nay, but except ye

repent, &c.’ All that we have to answer to an objection of this kind is, that as God is a God of wisdom, there must be reasons why, in his tremendous visitations, he scourges one land more than another; but these reasons he has not seen fit to declare to us. ‘The desolations which are made upon the earth,’ are in scripture declared ‘His work,’ and if his work, there must be wise reasons for the dispensations.

To a believer in the scriptures as the record of the will of God in relation to man, there can be no other conclusion drawn, when he examines the providential dealings of God as compared with his own declarations, than that every affliction and disease which has ever laid its withering hand on the mortal frame of man—that every judgment which has ever desolated the earth and brought ruin in its train, more or less uniform or complicated—arises out of the necessity which exists, that a just and holy God should express his abhorrence of sin, which is direct rebellion against his righteous government. ‘All the disorder of jarring elements; all the commotions in contending nations; all the convulsions that shake the globe,

and all the dispensations that sweep away its inhabitants, imply the existence and publish the malignity of sin.' This is not a speculation, but the mere interpretation of God's own language by the *facts* which exist in God's own government.* Now every form of desolation—*war, famine, earthquake, pestilence, storm and tempest*—are but *facts* which interpret the anger of God against sin. If the question is asked, what object has God in the visitation of the pestilence which 'walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon?' let the general answer be given, that it is to vindicate his own character as a hater of sin; and if the infidel and the scoffer should surmise that this is but a poor way of vindication, let him be told that no other way can be imagined, unless it be by the total ruin of every sinner in one sweeping act of just and terrific vengeance. This would vindicate the character of God's government, and so far as human investigation could come to a conclusion, be a method of perfect justice; but he has not seen

* Jerem. iv. 18, and part of 20th verses. Isaiah, v. 20—25. Leviticus, xxvi. 14—25.

fit thus to pour out his wrath for his own vindication. He has taken a method which as equally displays his anger, though its exhibitions are not so universal. Thus, then, one of the revealed objects of God's works of desolation is, to express, in the language of providential dealing, his essential anger against the sin and rebellion of mankind. And this gives me the opportunity to notice another reason for the afflictive dispensations of God's overruling providence, *viz.* to serve the purpose of such warnings as may lead to repentance, and if not, vindicate his righteousness in the day of eternal condemnation.

The grand reason of all the afflictive dispensations of God's providence, whether they relate to individual or national chastisement, next to the necessity of an expression of abhorrence against sin, is to improve the condition of the sinner. This representation God himself has distinctly stated to us, as will be seen by those who will take the trouble to examine the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, from the ninth to the eleventh verses inclusive.

But the question then recurs, how can that

dispensation of judgment be considered as remedial, which cuts off sinners in such numbers, and thus leaves them beyond the reach of the application of the principle? The answer to this is perfectly obvious: God acts on principles that look to the good of his whole rational creation; and the ruin which falls on some, and which in every case is amply deserved, is intended to carry the warning voice to others, lest they also fall into the same condemnation. To this day there are instances of this, intended for the instruction of us of the present generation; instances which are placed on the records of inspired history, for the express and declared purpose of presenting the same catastrophe of ruin to ourselves. Mark what is said by the apostle in the first twelve verses of his Epistle to the Corinthians, and tenth chapter.

It may be objected, that the judgments of God do not generally produce the effect which is here supposed; and that, therefore, it would argue a want of wisdom in God to adopt a method which does not accomplish its design. In answer to this objection, it may be stated, that the objection itself assumes the untruth of the very point against which

it only professes to object. Who is there wise enough to tell that the judgments of God in the earth do not accomplish the remedial effect which they were intended to answer? We might much more safely assume, because we could give historical instances to prove, that there is many a nation which, by the judgments of God on its neighbour, has been kept from the sins which overthrew the other. But if, descending from this ground, we come down to individual experience, it is a matter of testimony, in thousands and tens of thousands of instances, that the judgments of God *on others* who were deserving of his indignation, have served the purpose of arresting the attention of some, and thus became instrumentally the causes of leading to a repentance which issued in eternal salvation. If in this wide world there could *one* instance be proved of the effect of God's judgment upon the sins of one bringing *another* to repentance, then the principle is established; for what has taken place in one, may take place in another, and the series is made up of individual instances. That the judgments of God on some have led others to repentance, is a matter which can be proved by

hundreds and thousands of instances, and therefore the objection is entirely refuted by the facts.

But suppose that not one individual instance could be found ; suppose that man in his desperate wickedness and perversity, should entirely reject the intended benefit, and refuse to profit by the judgment ; then is one of the designs of God most abundantly answered, viz. the vindication of his justice on the great day of judgment, in the eternal ruin of the rejectors of his mercy. There will be no sinner at the day of judgment who will be able to cast a reproach on God, and say that no warning of his danger was afforded him. Every judgment of God with which either the world or an individual has been visited, would rise up in vindication of the justice of God in punishment. I sent that pestilence on such a nation ; I sent that famine, that war, that earthquake ; I sent on that sinner such a visitation, and thou didst see, and why didst thou refuse to learn ? We remember an apologue : “ Upon a man of venerable age came the angel of death, and said ‘ *come with me.*’ ‘ Stay,’ said the old man, ‘ why didst thou not in kindness give me warning ?’ ‘ Dost thou accuse me of unkind-

ness? .Did I not warn thee? Dost thou recollect the time in which I called for the wife of thy bosom, and took her from thy side? Dost thou remember when once and again I took thy child? Dost thou remember when thou wast laid on the bed of sickness?' 'I remember these, but I did not consider them as warnings.' 'Is that my fault?' said the angel of death; 'these were my plain warnings, and now thou hast nothing to say, come with me.'"

Yes, at the day of judgment every mouth shall be stopped, and God shall be vindicated in the ruin of those who might have profitted, but would not, by his warnings; and out of the mouths of sinners shall they themselves be condemned.

Reader, your only hope is in *repentance* and a *living faith*; your only way to face the pestilence, should it come to you, is to have a 'hope which maketh not ashamed.' If the visitation of the Lord should find you careless and impenitent, and cut you off, it ruins you forever, soul and body, in hell. If, on the contrary, you will humble yourselves before the Lord, repent and lay hold on the hope of the Gospel, the pestilence either shall not harm

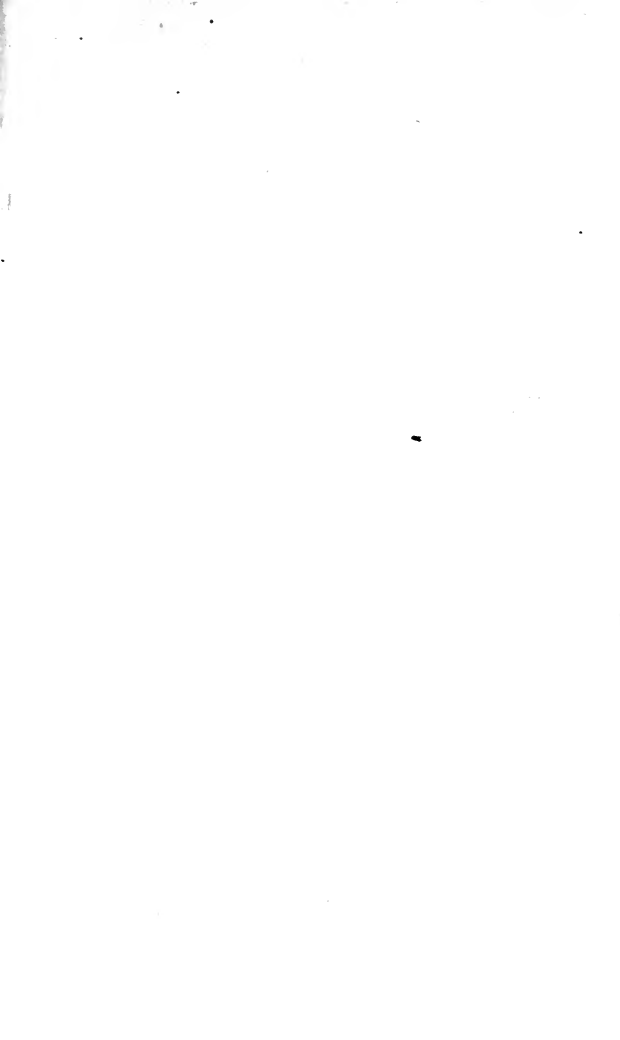
you, though 'thousands fall beside you, and ten thousand at your right hand,' or, if it touches you fatally, it shall be but for a brief moment, and then translate you to glory.

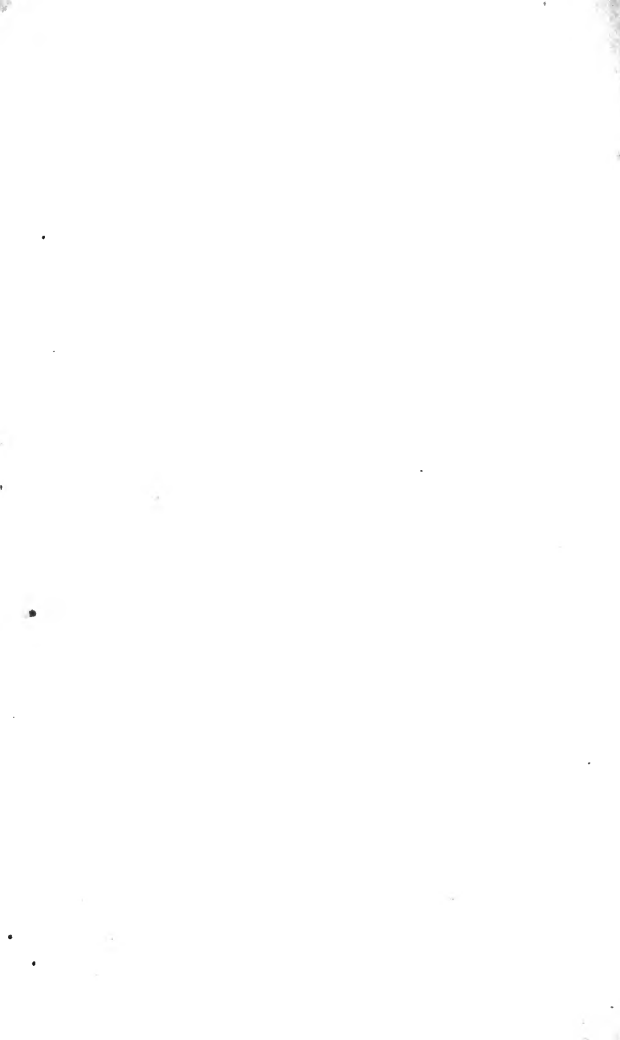
THE END.

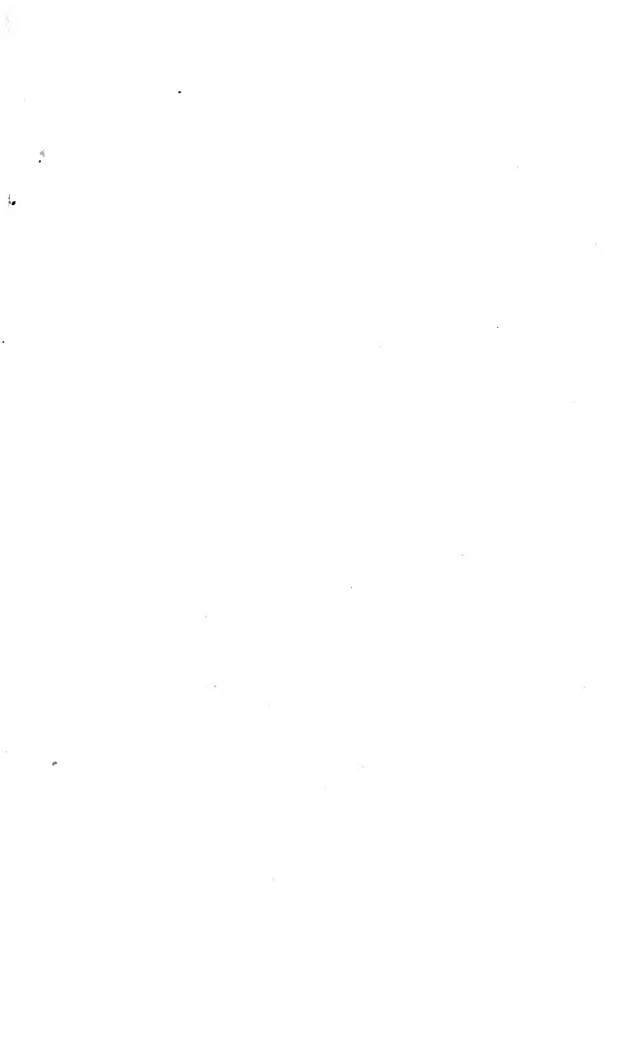
Philadelphia :
Printed by T. K. Collins & Co.
49 Prune Street.













100



